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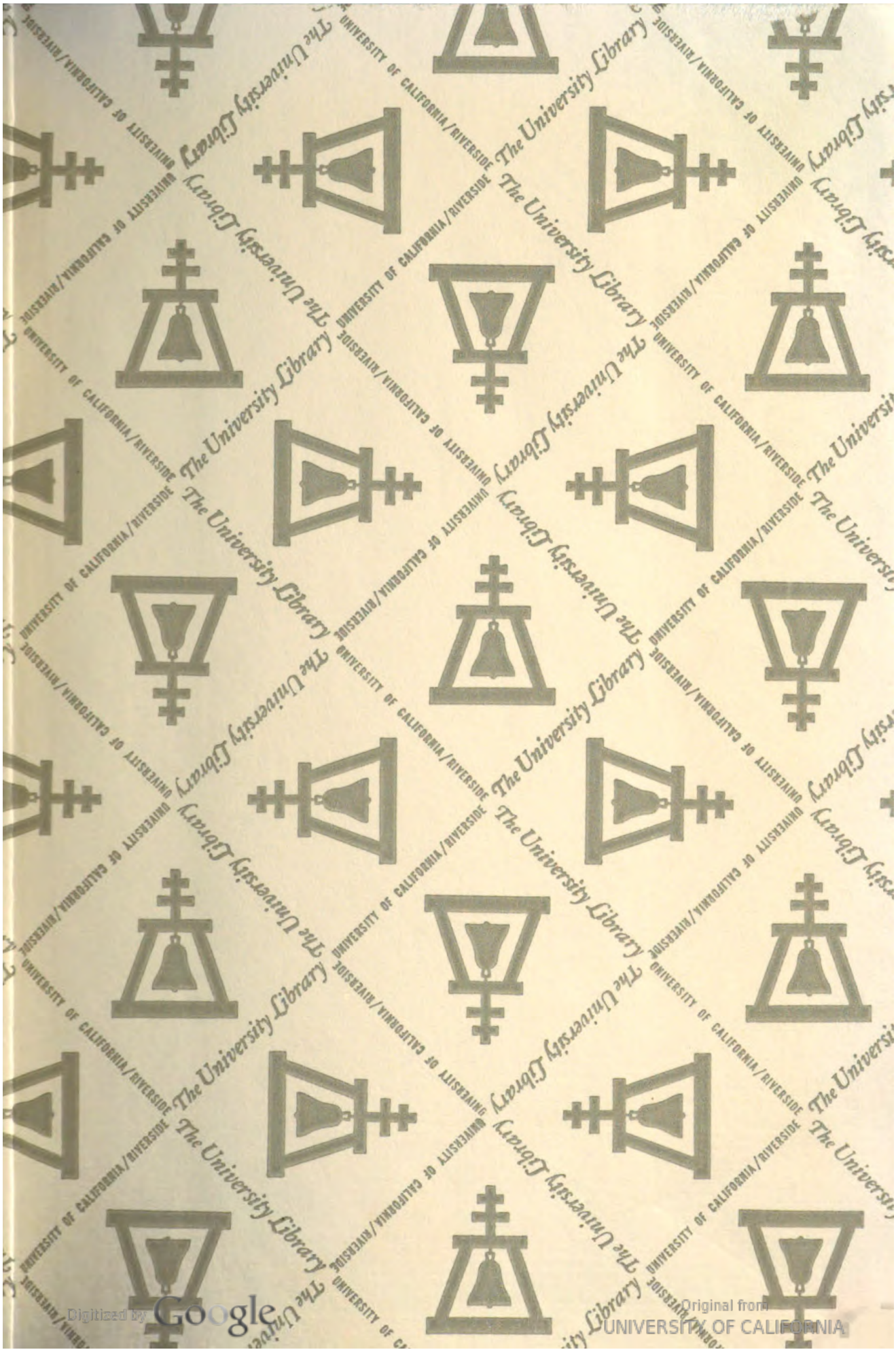
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME LXVII.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1883.

ÆSTHETIC IDEA, AN ..... *A Working-Girl* 136

ALLEGHANIES, THE HEART OF THE ..... *George Parsons Lathrop* 327

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Chimney Rocks 328
On the Juniata 329
Point Lookout 330
Steel-Works at Johnstown 333
Old Portage Road, near Cresson 334
Coke Ovens 335
House and Chapel of Prince Galitzin 336
Prince Galitzin's Tomb 337
Allegrippus Ravine 338
The Omnifarious Store 339

AMERICA.—See "British Yoke," "Independence," "New York, Evacuation of," "War, The Hundred Years'," "Washington at Newburgh."

AMERICA, THE SECOND GENERATION OF ENGLISHMEN IN ..... *T. W. Higginson* 213

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Cotton Mather 213
A Quaker Exhorter in New England 217
Samuel Sewall 220
Arresting a Witch 221
Peter Stuyvesant tearing the Letter demanding the Surrender of New York 223

ART, CONVENTIONAL ..... *Alexander F. Oakey* 183

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Figures 1, 2, 3 183
Figure 4; Figure 5, Suggestion for Plaque 184
Figure 6, Suggestion for Plaque 185
Figure 7, Sketch of Milk-Weed 185
Figure 8, Pods; Figure 9, Sketch from Nature. 185
Figure 10 185
Figure 11, Embroidery Design of Moon, Wheat, and Poppies 186
Figure 12, Japanese Straw-Work on Corrugated cross-grain Veneer 186
Figure 13, Specimen of Renaissance and Rococo Decoration in France and Italy in Seventeenth Century 187
Figure 14, Evolution of an Artist from Brush and Paint-Pot 187

ART, INDIAN, IN METAL AND WOOD ..... *J. L. Kipling* 53

ARTISTIC LONDON. Illustrated ..... *Joseph Hatton* 828

"AT LAST." Frontispiece 812

AUNT MARIA AND THE AUTOPHONE 296

BEST LAID SCHEMES ..... *Harriet Prescott Spofford* 454

BORN TO GOOD LUCK ..... *Charles Reade* 201

BRITISH YOKE, THE ..... *Thomas Wentworth Higginson* 428

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The "Boston Massacre" 431
James Otis 432
General Oglethorpe, Founder of Georgia 433
Lord Chatham 434
Burning of the "Gaspee" 435
Rev. Ezra Stiles, D.D., LL.D. 436
Patrick Henry 437
An out-of-door Tea Party in Colonial New England 438

BUILDING IN NEW YORK, RECENT ..... *Montgomery Schuyler* 557

CÆSAR AND HIS FORTUNES ..... *Lina Redwood Fairfax* 950

CANADIAN HABITANT, THE ..... *C. H. Farnham* 375

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Village of St. Paul 375
An old Mill 377
Outside the Church 379
Within the Church 381
An Interior 382
Wooden Plough of early Days 384
A Barn-Yard 385
Ploughing 387
Reaping and Gleaning 388
Swingling Flax 391
Dressing Flax 392

CARLSBAD WATERS ..... *Titus Munson Coan* 116

CASTLE IN SPAIN, A 32, 267, 406, 578, 745, 851

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Priest placed the Lady on the Ground" 33
"I'm the Curé of Santa Cruz" 34
"His unfortunate Companion sat there" 45
"An' so, I say, ye'll have to look on thim Gin'ral's Clothes as yer own" 51
"Russell fell upon his Knees" 267
"These two had that Banquet all to themselves" 268
"It was—yes, it was Katie" 269
"He stooped forward and picked it up" 274
"The Bench tilted up, and the Royal Person went down" 276
"The Priest was standing directly in Front of Brooke" 406
"He took it for Dolores" 427
"Whoroo, Lads! this bates the Worruld, so it does" 579
"Beaut'ful! oh, lovela!" 581
"Russell followed, not without Difficulty" 583
The Hungarian Countess 584
"He bore it well, however" 591
"She sat with clasped Hands and bowed Head" 745
"He flung himself on his Face on the stony Floor" 746
"Harry, with his Hands tied behind him" 761
"She hurled the Breviary upon the Floor" 764
"They retreated to a rude Bench" 851
"The jovial Monarch caught Mrs. Russell's Hand in his" 852

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CATSKILLS, THE ..... *Lucy C. Lillie* 521

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Rift in the Mist 521
Haines's Falls 523
Leeds Bridge 524
In the Salisbury House 526
Date on the Salisbury House 526
On the Kaaterskill 529
Sleepy Hollow, from the Road 531
Stony Clove 532
View from North Mountain 535
Interior of the "Stone Jug" 536
Bits on South Mountain 537

CHATTERTON AND HIS ASSOCIATES ..... *John H. Ingram* 225

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Chatterton in his Garret 225
Birth-Place of Chatterton 226
Colston's Hospital 227
Chatterton on his Death-Bed 228
Fac-Simile of Note to Walpole 234
Chatterton's House, London 239

CHILDREN'S BODIES, OUR ..... *William Blaikie* 899

CHINA, POLITICAL HONORS IN ..... *Wong Chin Foo* 298

CINCINNATI ..... *Olive Logan* 245

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-Piece 245
The busy River 246
Daniel Gano 247
George Graham 248
On the Upper Rhine 249
A Rhine Schloss 250
Cincinnati from the Kentucky Hills 251
Flat-iron Square 252
The old Longworth Mansion 253
Entrance to the St. Nicholas 254
Richard Smith 255
Murat Halstead 256
The Organ in Music Hall 257
A Cincinnati Wharf-Boat 258
Rookwood Pottery 259
Reuben R. Springer 260
Toll-Gate, Cincinnati Bridge 261
The Suspension-Bridge 262
A Beer Garden on the Rhine 264
Monastery Hill 265

CITIES IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, THE GOVERNMENT OF .... *William R. Grace* 609

COMMEDIETTA.—"QUITE PRIVATE." ..... *Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale* 240

DALECARLIA ..... *F. D. Millet* 489, 672

ILLUSTRATIONS.

At the Railway Station 490
Sunday Morning 492
Arrival of the Church Boats 494
The May-Pole 495
Lake-side Toilets 497
Church Door, Leksand 498
Female Grave-Diggers 499
Farm-yard Scene 501
The Scramble for Gate-Money 502
Interior of a Farm-House 673
Race between Church Boats 675
The Klädekammare 676
Rättvik Church 677
In Rättvik Church 678
Greta 679
Mora Bell Tower 681
Night-Watchman 682
Hair-Dressing 683
Carrying Water 684
The Poor-Box 685
A Funeral in Dalecarlia 687

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN A NEW LIGHT, THE ..... *William L. Stone* 208

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

DRAWER FOR JUNE 157
DRAWER FOR JULY 319
DRAWER FOR AUGUST 481
DRAWER FOR SEPTEMBER 643
DRAWER FOR OCTOBER 805
DRAWER FOR NOVEMBER 967

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

CHAIR FOR JUNE 142
CHAIR FOR JULY 303
CHAIR FOR AUGUST 466
CHAIR FOR SEPTEMBER 631
CHAIR FOR OCTOBER 789
CHAIR FOR NOVEMBER 954

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

UNITED STATES.—Appointments by President Arthur: Judge Gresham, Postmaster-General, 155; Walter Evans, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, 480; Captain S. L. Phelps, Minister to Peru, 642; Richard Gibbs, Minister to Bolivia, 642. State Conventions: Rhode Island Democratic, 155; Georgia Democratic, 155; Kentucky Democratic, 318; New Jersey Prohibition, 480; Kentucky Republican, 480; Ohio Republican, 480; Iowa Democratic, 480; Ohio Greenback, 480; Ohio Prohibition, 480; Ohio Democratic, 642; Iowa Republican, 642; Minnesota Republican, 642; Pennsylvania Republican, 642; Iowa Greenback, 642; Minnesota Prohibition, 642; Pennsylvania Democratic, 804; Minnesota Democratic, 804; New Jersey Nationals, 804; Nebraska Democratic, 966; Pennsylvania Greenback, 966; New York Greenback, 966; New Jersey Democratic, 966; New Jersey Republican, 966. State Elections: Rhode Island, A. O. Bourn, Governor, 155; Georgia, H. D. McDaniell, Governor, 318; New Hampshire, 642; Kentucky, Proctor Knott, Governor, 804. Election of United States Senator Austin F. Pike, from New Hampshire, 804. United States Public Debt Reductions, 155, 480. Internal Revenue Districts reduced, 642. New York Biennial Elections Bill passed, 155. New York Civil Service Commission appointed, 318. New York Legislature adjourned, 318. New York and Brooklyn Bridge opened, 480. Bismarck selected as Capital of Dakota, 480. Illinois High License Bill, 480. General Crook's Victory over the Apaches, 480. Political Assessments Bill, Pennsylvania, 480. Woman Suffrage and Massachusetts, 642. Ohio Liquor Law constitutional, 642. Louisville Exhibition opened, 804. Northern Pacific Railroad completed, 966.

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.—Great Britain: Amendment to Explosive Law, 155; Irish Elective Councils Bill rejected, 156; Local Taxation Reform Bill, 156; British Budget, 156; Affirmation Bill defeated, 318; Woman Suffrage Bill rejected, 642; Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Bill rejected, 642; National Debt Bill, 804; Irish Registration Bill rejected, 966; Irish Land Act declared a failure, 642; Egyptian War Charges, 804; Transvaal and Zululand Policy, 804; English Channel Tunnel Bill abandoned, 804; International Rifle Match, 804. Canada: Dominion Parliament prorogued, 480. France: French Occupation of Porta Negra and Loango in Congo, 156; Bombardment of Madagascar Forts, 480; Capture of Tamatave, 640; Vote of Credit for Tonquin Expedition, 318; Captain Rivière Killed in Tonquin, 480; Operations in Tonquin, 642, 804, 967; Anam Treaty, 967; Chamber of Deputies Adjourned, 804; Election of Members of Councils-General, 804. Prussia: Emperor's Message, 156; Note to the Vatican, 480; Reichstag Closed, 480; Church Bill passed, 642. Holland: New Dutch Ministry, 156. Spain: The Affirmation Bill, 156; Revolt in Favor of a Republic, 804. Italy: Resignation of Ministry, 480. Russia: Two Thousand arrested for plotting to kill the Czar, 156; Conviction and Sentence of Nihilists, 318; Alexander III. crowned Emperor, 480; Anti-Jewish Riots, 480; Collision between Soldiers and People at Ekaterinoslav, 804. Egypt: Riot at Port Said, 318; Alexandrian Incendiaries sentenced, 480, 804; Cholera, 967. South America: Resignation of Brazilian Ministry, 318. Chili and Peru: Treaty of Peace, 318. Pope's Circular on Irish Collections, 318.

DISASTERS: 156, 318, 480, 642, 804, 967—Fishermen lost

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EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.—Continued.

on British Coast, 156; Villages below Mount Ararat destroyed by Snow, 156; Cincinnati Southern Railroad Accident, 156; Boiler Explosion, St.-Dizier, France, 156; Explosion of Powder Factory near Rome, 156; Collapse of Hotel, Greenville, Texas, 156; Large Fire, Vallorbe, Switzerland, 156; Cave-in Red Bridge Mine, Michigan, 156; Fire-damp Explosion, Lourches, France, 156; Collision, Steamers Thames and Magdalena Vicenta, 318; Dynamite Explosion, Lapernecca, Spain, 318; Tornadoes, Western and Southern States, 318; Loss of Ship British Commerce, 318; Mine Explosion, France, 318; Burned to Death in Warsaw, 318; Boat upset, Toulon, 318; Steamer Grappler burned, 318; Vale Mine, Halifax, 318; Oil Tanks, Communipaw, struck by Lightning, 318; Cyclone in Missouri, 318; Caledonian Railway Collision, 318; Steamer Granite State burned, 318; Tornadoes, Texas, Illinois, and Wisconsin, 318; Explosion of Steamer Pilot, 480; Indiana Tornado, 480; East River Bridge Panic, 480; Boat capsized near Milan, 480; Powder Explosion, Scutari, 480; Fall of Government Barracks, Kaluga, 480; Panic, Victoria Hall, Sunderland, England, 480; Collision between Ships Hurunui and Waitara, 642; Floods in Silesia, 642; Disaster in Show Hall, Dervio, 642; Chinamen killed, Northern Pacific Railroad, 642; Steamer Daphne capsized, 642; Saw-mill Boiler Explosion, Huntsville, Texas, 642; Canadian Floods, 642; Soldiers killed at Tripoli, 642; Fire at Lipto-Szent-Miklos, Hungary, 642; Breaking of Steamboat Wharf near Baltimore, 804; Railroad Collision, Albion, New York, 804; Earthquake, Ischia, 804; Mining Explosion, Caltanisetta, Sicily, 804; Kimball House, Atlanta, burned, 804; English Miners killed, 967; Cyclone, Rochester, Minnesota, 967; Accident at King of Bavaria's Palace, 967; Steamer Woodburn lost, 967; Fishing Vessels lost off Grand Bank, 967; Java Earthquake, 967; Steamer Riverdale Explosion, 967; Arctic Steamer Varna, 967; Steamer Ludwig, 967; Railroad Accident, Steglitz, 967; Soldiers killed near Grayville, Illinois, 967; Arctic Steamer Proteus lost, 967.

OBITUARY: 156, 318, 480, 642, 804, 967—Abd-el-Kader, 480; Annam, King of, 804; Anthon, Professor Charles E., 480; Barca, Señor Don Francisco, 804; Barnes, General J. K., 156; Black, Judge J. S., 967; Blair, Hon. Montgomery, 804; Booth, Junius Brutus, 967; Brown, John, 156; Buford, General N. B., 156; Burke, Rev. Father Thomas N., 642; Casserly, Eugene, 480; Chambers, William, 318; Chambord, Comte de, 967; Colenso, Right Rev. John William, 642; Collier, John Payne, 967; Conscience, Henri, 967; Cooper, Peter, 156; Ewing, General Charles, 642; Friedrich Franz II., 156; Fulton, Charles C., 480; Grant, Jesse R., 318; Hastings, H. J., 967; Howe, Timothy O., 156; Jessel, Right Hon. Sir George, 156; Laboulaye, Édouard R. L., 480; Marlborough, Duke of, 642; Mattheson, Arthur, 480; Ord, General E. O. C., 804; Peck, Bishop Jesse T., 318; Peters, William C. H., 318; Pinkney, Bishop William, 642; Purcell, Archbishop John Baptist, 642; Ranavalo II., 967; Sands, Rear-Admiral B. F., 642; Sikes, W. W., 967; Stratton, Charles H. ("Tom Thumb"), 642; Suleiman Pasha, 318; Swann, Ex-Governor Thomas, 804; Tom Thumb, 642; Tourguéneff, Ivan S., 967; Van Wyck, Pierre C., 318; Warren, Judge George W., 318; Washburn, Israel, Jun., 318; Webb, Captain Matthew, 804; Wood, Archbishop, 642.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

Accidents, Early Aid in Injuries and, 477. Africa, Adventures of Two Youths in (Knox), 802. Aldrich's From Ponkapog to Pesth, 316. Altiora Peto, 966. American Four-in-Hand in Britain, 802. Angeline (Calvert), 475. Ants, Bees, and Wasps, 965. Bancroft's History of the Pacific States, 150. Bancroft's History of United States, 474. Basque-Land to Carcasson (Vincent), 316. Battle and Rest, Times of, 804. Bek's First Corner, 155. Beowulf, 152. Bible History, Mosaics of (Willson), 152. Bibliotheca Theologica (Hurst), 799. Bird Life, New England, 478. Birds, North American, Check List of, 479. Books and How to Use Them (Van Dyke), 476. Boy Travellers in the Far East (Africa), 802. Browning's Jocoseria, 474. Bryant's Poetical Works (Godwin), 315. Bryant, William Cullen, by Parke Godwin, 151. Buchanan, James (G. T. Curtis), 794. But Yet a Woman, 479. Byron, the Real Lord, 473. By the Gate of the Sea, 966. Cable's Old Creole Days, 479. Calvert's Angeline, 475. Calvert's Joan of Arc, 475. Calvert's Mirabeau, 475. Calvert's Threescore and Other Poems, 475. Canoe Club, The Cruise of the, 155. Carlyle and Emerson Correspondence, 153. Carlyle, Jane Welsh, Letters and Memorials, 147. Carnegie's American Four-in-Hand in Britain, 802. Ceylon, A Visit to, 956. Chemistry, Organic, Introduction to Study of (Pinner), 154. Church History, Epochs in, and Other Essays, 800. Cook's, Marc, "Vandyke Brown" Poems, 475. Cones's New England Bird Life, 478, North American Birds, 479. Creole Days, Old, 479. Daisy Miller (James), 155. Darwin, Theories of, and their Relation to Philosophy, Religion, and Morality, 315. Daughter of the Philistines, 155. Day Spring (Emma Marshall), 155. Desert, On the; with a brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt, 316. Design-Arguments, Critique of (Hicks), 314. Dictionary, Illustrated, of Words Used in Art and Archæology, 801. Disarmed, 966. Dix, John A., 472. Downward Path, 804. Egypt, On the Desert (Field), 316. Emerson and Carlyle Correspondence, 153. Emerson at Home and Abroad (Conway), 154. Fanchette, 155. Fielding (Dobson), 310. Fight at Finnsburg, 152. Final Causes (Janet), 314. Financial History of United States (Bolles), 312. Foolish Virgin, A, 804. For the Major (Woolson), 316. Foster's Libraries and Readers, 475. French Lyrics (Saintsbury), 476. Glossary of Terms and Phrases (Smith), 801. Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither, 316. Hall's Retrospect of a Long Life, 315. Hammond on Insanity, 796. Hands of Justice (Robinson), 155. Hawthorne's Complete Works (Lathrop), 154, 316, 478. Health, The Maintenance of (Fothergill), 477. His Triumph, 966. Honest Davie, 479. Horatii Flacci Opera, Q., 476. Hot Plowshares, 479. Hurst's Bibliotheca Theologica, 799. Hygiene for Girls, 477. Insanity in its Medical Relations, Treatise on, 796. Irish History, Outline of (Justin H. McCarthy), 312. Italian Rambles (Jarves), 803. Jefferson, Thomas, 310. Joan of Arc (Calvert), 475. Jocoseria (Browning), 474. King Capital (Sime), 317. Knox's Adventures of Two Youths in Africa, 802. Ladies Lindores (Oliphant), 317. Lamb, Mary, 962. Lanier's English Novel, 798. Lawrence, Lord, 149. Led-Horse Claim (Foote), 317. Libraries and Readers, 475. Like Ships Upon the Sea, 317. Limestones and Marbles, History and Uses of, 797. London, Siege of, Pension Beaurepas, and the Point of View (James), 155. Loÿs, Lord Berresford, and Other Tales, 479. Marbles and Limestones, History and Uses of, 797. Mary Barton, 317. McCosh's Philosophic Series, 315. McMaster's History of the United States, 148. Mirabeau, 475. Mississippi River, Life on the (Twain), 799. Mongrels, 479. Monroe, James, 309. Mr. Scarborough's Family, 479. Nan, 479. Nasmyth, James, 155. Negro Race in America, History of the (Williams), 960. New Timothy, The, 966. No New Thing (Norris), 317. Not For Him (Holt), 317. Our Old Home, and English Note-Books, 316. Philosophic Series (McCosh), 315. Political Economy (Perry), 963. Political Economy (Walker), 963. Ponkapog to Pesth, From, 316. Price She Paid, The, 966. Priest and the Man, The; or, Abelard and Heloisa, 479. Pyrences, In the Shadow of the (Vincent), 316. Reid, Robert, Cotton Spinner, 804. Retrospect of a Long Life (Hall), 315. Rolfe's Shakspeare, 801. Saintsbury's French Lyrics, 476. Sea Queen (Russell), 317. Senior Songman, 803. Shakspeare, Parchment: Richard II., Henry IV., 316. Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, and Other Poems (Rolfe), 801. Sheridan (Mrs. Oliphant), 961. Sir Tom, 803. Smith's Glossary of Terms and Phrases, 801. Smith's, R. Bosworth, Life of Lord Lawrence, 149. Social Classes Owe Each Other, What (Sumner), 963. Socialism in Modern Times, French and German, 964. Spanish Vistas (Lathrop), 316. Spurgeon's Sermons, 152. Steam Navigation, History of (Preble), 313. Story of Melicent, 317. Stray Pearls (Yonge), 317. Sumner's Social Classes, 963. Tennyson's Poems (Limp Parchment Antique) 476. Thicker Than Water, 803, 966. Threescore, and Other Poems, 475. Through One Administration, 479. Thucydides, 311. Tiger-Lily and Other Stories, 479. Twain, Mark, Life on the Mississippi, 799. Ugly Heroine, An, 317. Van Dyke's Books and How to Use Them, 476. "Vandyke Brown" Poems, 475. Virgil, Stories from, 965. Virginia Campaign of 1864-5 (Humphreys), 801. War of the Bachelors, The, 155. Washburn, Dr., Epochs in Church History, 800. Washington Winter, A, 804. What Hast Thou Done? 804. Whom Kathie Married, 317. Why We Laugh (Cox), 155. Wilberforce, Right Rev. Samuel, 472. Willson's Mosaics of Bible History, 152. Woolson's For the Major, 316. Wreck of the Grosvenor (Russell), 155. Zoology, Comparative, Structural, and Systematic, 479.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN, THE..... *George Cary Eggleston* 292
FAUSTUS. Frontispiece..... 2

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FREDERIC WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE.—See "Prince."
FRONTISPIECES: Faustus, 2; Witch's Daughter, The, 164; "Town Garden, A," 326; "The Night's Plutonian Shore," 488; George Washington, 650; "At Last," 812.
GARDEN, A TOWN. Frontispiece 326
GERMANY, CROWN PRINCE OF.—See "Prince."
HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—See "London Suburb."
HASHISH-HOUSE IN NEW YORK, A ..... *H. H. Kane, M.D.* 944
HAWAIIAN HISTORY, AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF ..... *J. F. B. Marshall* 511
HIAWATHA, THE HOME OF ..... *Ernest Ingersoll* 68

ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. Paul, Minnesota 68
Silver Cascade, near St. Anthony 69
Suspension-Bridge at Minneapolis 70
Below the Bridge at St. Paul 71
"Short Line" Bridge near St. Anthony Falls 72
Lake Pepin 73
Sugar-loaf Mountain, near Winona 74
Mills at Minneapolis 75
Red Wing 76
Minnehaha Falls 77
Street in St. Paul 79
Tail-Piece, Locomotive and Train 80

HORSES, AMERICAN ..... *Hugh Craig* 340

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Maud S. 340
Parole 341
Iroquois 342
Foxhall winning the Grand Prix 343
Hindoo 344
Glenmore 344
Steeple-chaser Trouble 345
Rarus 346

HORSES, KENTUCKY.—See "Trotters."
INDEPENDENCE, THE DAWNING OF ..... *Thomas Wentworth Higginson* 731

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Paul Revere 731
Dr. Joseph Warren 732
General William Heath 733
Lexington Green: "If they want a War, let it begin here" 734
Fac-Simile of Warren's Address 735
Samuel Adams 739
John Dickinson 741
Sergeant Jasper at the Battle of Fort Moultrie. 743

INDIAN ART IN METAL AND WOOD ..... *J. L. Kipling* 53

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Koft (Damascened) Shield, Modern, Punjab ... 55
Aftába (Water Vessel), Copper tinned, from Peshawur 56
Gunga Ságar (Water Vessel), Brass, Jhelum ... 57
Brass ornamental Chains, Modern, Guzerat 58
Lota (Drinking Vessel), old Brass, Hindu 58
Lota (Drinking Vessel), Silver incrustation on Copper, Tanjore 59
Sacrificial Spoons, Old Brass, Hindu 59
Bidree Hooka, Silver on Black Metal, Modern .. 60
Aftába (Water Vessel), Siyah Kalambari, Moradabad 60
Gulab-pash (Rose-water Sprinkler), Siyah Kalambari, Moradabad 60
Table or Stool, in coarse old Silver 61
Surahi (Water Vessel), Modern Cashmere Ware, Copper tinned 61
Beaten Work in Copper for the "Golden Temple," or "Durbar Sahib," Amritza, Sikh, Modern 62
Water Vessel, Copper tinned, old Cashmere Ware 63
Necklace, Enamel on Silver, semi-barbaric Hill Work, from Kangra, Punjab 64
Perforated Window, copied in Teak from the Window in yellow Sandstone in the Bhudder Mosque, Ahmedabad 66

KEN'S MYSTERY ..... *Julian Hawthorne* 925
KEYSER, NICAISE DE ..... *Zadel Barnes Gustafson* 688
LAMBETH PALACE: "YE ARCHBISHOP'S INNE" ..... *Zadel Barnes Gustafson* 3

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Gateway of Lambeth Palace in 1810 5
The Peddler and his Dog 6
Library and Gateway leading to Lambeth Palace 7
Plan of Lambeth Palace and Grounds 8
The Guard-Room, Lambeth Palace 11
Lollards' Tower 14
Interior of Lollards' Prison and Fac-Simile of Writing on the Walls 15
Lambeth Palace: the Primate's Residence 16
Edward White Benson, D.D., the present Archbishop of Canterbury 17
Drawing-Room, Lambeth Palace 18

LONDON, ARTISTIC, SOME GLIMPSES OF ..... *Joseph Hatton* 828

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. 828
Leighton's Studio 831
Luke Fildes, A.R.A. 833
J. E. Millais, R.A. 835
Millais's Studio 837
Boughton's Studio 839
George H. Boughton, A.R.A. 841
Alma-Tadema, R.A. 843
Alma-Tadema's Studio 845
John Pettie, R.A. 846
John Pettie's Studio 847
Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A. 848
Hubert Herkomer's Studio 849

LONDON SUBURB, A FAMOUS ..... *William H. Rideing* 165

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Gibbet Elm 166
Old Gate, Hampstead 168
At the Pond 169
Map of Hampstead Heath 169
The Vale of Health 170
"A gay Parasol" 171
On the Heath 173
Gordon Rioters at "The Spaniards" 175
Hogarth's Mulberry 176
A Girl of the North End 177
Tea Gardens 178
Court near Church Row 181
In Jack Straw's Castle 182

MARION, FRANCIS.—See "Swamp Fox."
MINNEAPOLIS.—See "Hiawatha, The Home of."
MONTEFIORE, SIR MOSES ..... *Zadel Barnes Gustafson* 890

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Sir Moses Montefiore 890
East Cliff Villa, Ramsgate 891
Gothic Chamber, East Cliff Villa 892

MOUNT OF SORROW, THE ..... *Harriet Prescott Spofford* 128

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NEWBURGH, WASHINGTON AT.—See "Washington."
NEW YORK, EVACUATION OF, BY THE BRITISH, 1783.....*Henry P. Johnston* 909

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last Boat-Load of British leaving New York.. 909
Map of New York..... 911
Old Trinity Church, 1783..... 912
Federal Hall, Wall Street..... 915
Map of the Battery in 1783 and 1883..... 916
The civil Procession..... 917
George Clinton and Mrs. Clinton..... 918
Bull's Head Tavern..... 919
John Rodgers..... 920
James Duane..... 921
The British Fleet ready to leave New York.... 923

NEW YORK, RECENT BUILDING IN.....*Montgomery Schuyler* 557

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Initial..... 557
Recessed Balcony, W. H. Vanderbilt's House.. 558
Post and Railing, W. H. Vanderbilt's House... 561
Doorways on Madison Avenue..... 562
Oriel of House in Fifty-fourth Street..... 563
House in Fifty-sixth Street..... 564
Houses in Madison Avenue..... 565
Oriel of House in Sixty-third Street..... 565
Doorway, Fifth Avenue below Seventy-fifth Street..... 566
Doorway, Fifth Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street..... 569
Glimpse of Columbia College from Madison Avenue..... 570
From ex-Governor Tilden's House..... 571
Bay-Window in W. K. Vanderbilt's House, Fifty-second Street..... 572
Rear of Roof, House of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Fifth Avenue..... 573
Doorway of Guernsey Building, Broadway.... 574
United Bank Building..... 575
"Post" Building..... 576
Gateway of Mills Building..... 577

NEW YORK, THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES IN THE STATE OF.....*William R. Grace* 609
NICAISE DE KEYSER.....*Zadel Barnes Gustafson* 688

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Nicaise de Keyser..... 689
Charles V. liberating Christian Slaves at Tunis. 691
"L'École d'Anvers"..... 693
Studio of Nicaise de Keyser..... 695

"NIGHT'S PLUTONIAN SHORE, THE." Frontispiece..... 488
OPERA-HOUSE, THE METROPOLITAN.....*Montgomery Schuyler* 877

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Apollo crowned by the Muses..... 877
The Proscenium..... 878
Plan of Opera-House (Interior)..... 879
Design of Ceiling..... 880
Side View on Thirty-ninth Street..... 881
Front View, on Broadway..... 881
Back View, on Seventh Avenue..... 882
Design of Pilaster..... 883
Designs for Panels above Curtain..... 885
Terra-Cotta Panels on Façade.....886, 887, 888, 889

POTTER, PAUL.....*E. Mason* 538

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Paul Potter..... 539
Paul Potter's "Bull"..... 541
"Le Vacher" (the Cowherd)..... 543

PRINCE, THE GERMAN CROWN.....*George von Bunsen* 354

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frederic William, Crown Prince of Germany... 355
Entrance into Jerusalem..... 356
William and Henry, Sons of the Crown Prince. 357
Victoria, Crown Princess of Germany..... 358

PRISONERS!.....*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop* 503, 696

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The suffering Man's Gaze again sought the dark Waters"..... 504
At Stein's Grave..... 698

QUITE PRIVATE.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.....*Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale* 240
RAILWAYS, TRANSCONTINENTAL.....*Francis E. Prendergast* 936
With a Map.
RIP VAN WINKLE LEGEND, THE GENESIS OF THE.....*John B. Thompson* 617
ROMANOFFS, THE.....*H. Sutherland Edwards* 99, 188

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ivan the Terrible..... 99
Michael Feodorovitch..... 101
Alexis Michailovitch..... 103
Peter the Great..... 105
Peter II..... 106
Anna..... 106
Catherine I..... 107
Elizabeth..... 108
Peter III..... 109
Catherine II..... 110
Paul..... 111
Alexander I..... 112
Nicholas..... 114
Alexander II..... 189
Alexander III..... 191
The Empress Marie Féodorovna..... 193
Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch..... 195

RUS.....*Charles Reade* 94
SCULPTOR'S ROMANCE, A.....*Tighe Hopkins* 770
SILHOUETTE, A.....*Rebecca Harding Davis* 622
SUNLIGHT MYSTERIES.....*William C. Wyckoff* 81

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mount Whitney..... 81
Upper Camp, Mount Whitney..... 82
Rays through Solar Atmosphere..... 84
Wheatstone's Bridge..... 86
The Bolometer..... 87
The Bolometer in Electric Circuit..... 87
Origin of Fraunhofer Line..... 88
Normal Spectrum..... 92
Prismatic Spectrum..... 93

ST. PAUL.—See "Hiawatha, The Home of."
"SWAMP FOX," HAUNTS OF THE.....*P. D. Hay* 545

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Francis Marion..... 545
The old Magazine, Charleston..... 547
Marion in Camp..... 549
Tarleton's Men chasing "the Swamp Fox".... 551
In Ambush..... 553
Grave of Marion..... 556

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TROTTERS, AMONG THE BLUE-GRASS.....*William Henry Bishop* 715

ILLUSTRATIONS.

King René 715
At the Stables..... 719
Almont 721
The Stranger..... 723
"Whoa!"..... 727
Woodlake..... 728
Old Alexander House, Woodburn, Kentucky... 729

UTAH, SAUNTERINGS IN.....*Phil Robinson* 705

VALLOMBROSA .....*E. D. R. Bianciardi* 347

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Village Street in Val d' Arno..... 347
Pelago 349
A grim-looking Building, half Castle, half Farm-house 350
Convent of Vallombrosa..... 352

VERMONT, A VACATION IN..... .....*Herbert Tuttle* 813

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mount Mansfield from Stowe..... 815
The Nose and Smuggler's Notch..... 816
The Mountain Road..... 817
Mount Washington from Mount Mansfield 818
Old Woman of the Mountains..... 819
Rock of Terror..... 819
Smuggler's Notch 821
Sketches near Stowe 823
A Marble Quarry..... 825
Sutherland Falls 826

WAR PICTURES IN TIMES OF PEACE .....*Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum* 393

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-Piece..... 393
A Corner of the Inn Yard: early Morning 394
The March in the Rain 395
The Company Kitchen 396
The Canteens..... 397
The "Billet de Logement"..... 398
At the Doctor's..... 399
The Patrol 400
The Scout..... 401
The Attack..... 402
The Staff..... 404

WAR, THE HUNDRED YEARS' .....*Thomas Wentworth Higginson* 20

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Death of King Philip..... 23
Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle..... 25
Governor Andros and the Boston People..... 26
Sir William Pepperrell 28
Fac-Simile from MS. of Father Rasle's Abenaki Glossary 29
Louis Joseph Montcalm..... 30
James Wolfe..... 31

WASHINGTON'S ARMY AT NEWBURGH, LAST DAYS OF .....*J. T. Headley* 651

ILLUSTRATIONS.

George Washington..... Frontispiece
Entrance to Washington's Head-Quarters..... 652
Washington's Head-Quarters at Newburgh.... 653
Martha Washington..... 655
Vale of Avoca..... 656
View southward from Washington's Head-Quarters 657
Washington refusing a Dictatorship 659
Old Ellison House..... 660
Interior of Washington's Head-Quarters..... 661
The Temple..... 662
Head-Quarters of Generals Knox and Greene .. 663
Washington and his Generals in Consultation.. 665
Beacon-Fires on the Hudson 667
Relics in Washington's Head-Quarters..... 670

"WITCH'S DAUGHTER, THE." Frontispiece..... 164

WOOD-NYMPH, THE.....*Tighe Hopkins* 770

WOMEN, THE EDUCATION OF.....*George Cary Eggleston* 292

YACHT, THE MODERN.....*J. D. Jerrold Kelly* 441

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Relative Plan of Yacht "America" and her Competitors 441
Development of the English Cutter..... 443
Medium American Centre-board Yacht..... 446
Types of Schooner Yachts..... 447
Rig of American Sloop..... 448
Rig of English Cutter. 449
Relative Dimensions of American Sloop and English Cutter 450

POETRY.

AT LAST!..... .....*Austin Dobson* 908

BEACH, ON THE .....*S. S. Conant* 544

DEFEAT .....*Edgar Fawcett* 935

DIOSCURI, THE FEE OF THE.....*Francis David Morice* 212

DISCIPLINE .....*T. B. Aldrich* 453

DUNLUCE CASTLE.—With an Illustration.....*Sarah Orne Jewett* 924

FAUSTUS .....*S. S. Conant* 115

FOLDING, THE .....*Annie Fields* 19

GARDEN, A TOWN .....*Margaret Veley* 405

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORROW.....*Philip Bourke Marston* 769

LOUIS XVII. .....*Victor Hugo* 827

LOVE, THY .....*Jenny P. Bigelow* 224

MARSH, ON THE EDGE OF THE.....*Miss A. A. Bassett* 67

QUESTION, THE.....*Herbert E. Clarke* 608

SKY, DEATH IN THE .....*George Edgar Montgomery* 114

SONG .....*Robert Browning* 266

STRANGER, THE .....*Wallace Bruce* 374

THRUSH, THE, IN THE OLD CONVENT GARDEN .....*E. C. Bradley* 876

UNUTTERED .....*John B. Tabb* 98

WASHES, BY THE..... .....*Herbert E. Clarke* 898

WHY? .....*Nora Perry* 616

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FAUSTUS.—From a Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

See Poem, Page 115.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCVII.—JUNE, 1883.—Vol. LXVII.

LAMBETH PALACE, OR "YE ARCHBISHOP'S INNE."*

A RIVER of many springs in its bright beginnings among the Cotswold Hills, of many turnings as it gathers depth and speed upon its pleasant way through lush green fields, with farm-houses and sheep and browsing kine, and slopes where castles, palaces, and towers of churches rise between the curving opens of the woods; a river of many bridges too, quaint spans of plank where its bed is laid with rushes, ruddy of brick where the mills and weirs wax busy, and sombrely grand of well-massed stone where the towns have thickened to its verges: such is the river Thames, until at last, wider and swifter and muddier much, yet fair with sky hues still, and very hard worked with every sort of craft that plies for trade or floats for pleasure, it comes rushing in to London town, staying its force a little as it nears the walls of beautiful old Lambeth Palace, thence swirling demurely across to the steps of the towers of Parliament, as if it cherished recollections of the days when church and state, when mace and mitre, wrought their decrees in the jealous intimacy of much conflicting lust of power; then hurrying on beneath the arches of Westminster Bridge to join its crowded water life to the crowded shore life of certainly the largest, perhaps the loveliest, surely the saddest, city in the world.

In describing the palace of Lambeth it is natural to speak, and even to speak first, of this fine river, still flowing so near it, which used to wash its very walls, and rock the archbishop's barge in its old moorings at the palace stairs, which has borne so many scholars and prelates bond and free, so many kings and queens and lordly retinues, to and from its portals. And it is from the river, from the decks of the little steamers speeding by, that its irregular outlines mass in most harmonious effect to the eye.

The history of this stately pile, for upward of seven centuries the home and the official seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury, is not only the story of the English Church in its amities and enmities with the Church of Rome; of the archiepiscopates of more than fifty primates during England's most contentious period of civil, political, and religious evolution; and in its motley structure a record of the art and architectural changes of the ages that have produced it; but it is a romance of court and cloister as strange in its tragic verities, in the crimes and virtues of its actors, the splendor and the shadow of its scenes, as the most improbable of modern tales.

Its Saxon name, originally spelled Lamhethe or Lamehithe, signified "dirty station," which it must have been before the present Thames Embankment was built. One spelling, Lambhyd, "or lambs' harbor," had apparently no other foundation than that of an æsthetic impulse shrinking from the former meaning.

In very early times Lambeth was a royal manor—the Saxon kings lived there, and it was part of the estate of the Countess Goda, sister of Edward the Confessor. It changed hands during the Saxon-Danish wars, but later came to its own again. There is no certain account of what Goda's palace was like, but discussion and deeds of conveyance show that it stood on the present site of Lambeth.

As a home for the archbishops, Lam-

* It is a pleasure to publicly acknowledge my debt to His Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury and his family for their kind attention and courtesy; to bishops and canons of the English Church for valuable information; to the officials of the British Museum, especially to Mr. C. H. Coote and Mr. J. P. Andersen, and to Miss Frances Hays, who most kindly assisted me in my researches. Z. B. G.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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beth—in those days out of the see of Canterbury—was a kind of protest on the part of the English Church against the Church of Rome, and the initiative in this recession was taken by Archbishop Baldwin, who could not "get on" with the monks of Canterbury, and chose, with the countenance of Henry II., a site at Hackington, where he could bring around him a chapter of canons apart from them. This scheme had the favor of a papal bull, but jealousy quickly got that revoked, and at Baldwin's death the monks pulled down his chapel.

Some years later Lambeth—"there being reserved only a small piece of land sufficient to erect a mansion for the Bishops of Rochester whenever they came to Parliament"—became by legal process of exchange the sole property of the see of Canterbury, and a successor of Archbishop Baldwin, about 1197, began to rebuild thereon. Once more the froward cowls of Canterbury drew down on this design three successive papal anathemas, but though his work was destroyed, the archbishop staid on at Lambeth without his college and canons; and that, after its final transfer to the see of Canterbury, Lambeth was the fixed dwelling of the primates is plain from the consecutive record of their activities. It is believed that the consecration of Thomas à Becket took place here, and that as many as five hundred consecrations occurred between the archiepiscopates of Warham and Sumner, and though these ceremonies now more frequently occur in the Abbey, St. Paul's, and elsewhere, Lambeth Palace is not less the "original centre of Anglican Church life." Among accounts of many feasts and assemblies are details of two very large conventions of church, state, university, and law dignitaries banqueting most luxuriously at "ye Archbishop's Inne" at Lambeth in 1408 and 1446; for in spite of the struggle between Rome and the English episcopate it had its cardinals, and because they were learned men in times when few were so, they often held state and judicial offices, and there were eleven Lord Chancellors among them during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Of course the prestige of the great influence this gave them with both church and state still attaches to the primacy. In 1501, Catherine of Aragon rested here with her ladies on her first coming to England; and here, on the 28th of May, 1533, while this most womanly wife and queen was still living, the marriage of her faithless husband with the Lady Anne Boleyn was confirmed by Cranmer—that same Cranmer who gave to the clergy the oath assigning the royal succession to her heirs, yet only two years later, when seated judicially in the under-chapel (crypt) of the palace, annulled the marriage itself, having artfully tempted the captive and already sentenced queen to avow "some just and lawful impediment to her marriage with the king," in the hope of avoiding the stake for herself and her adherents. From that dark crypt the miserable young queen, dishonored by the king, betrayed by her highest earthly spiritual adviser, and forced to affirm in her own disgrace the disinheritance of her offspring, went forth only to the scaffold, and the third day after her beheading, her maid, Jane Seymour, took her place as the wife of Henry VIII.

It is strange reading that in the very next year (1537), by virtue of the Royal Commission, various conventions of the archbishops and bishops were held at Lambeth to "devise the Godly and Pious Disposition of a Christian Man," known to history as the *Bishops' Book*.

And it seems not so inscrutable as many of the so-called acts of Divine Providence that these meetings should have been dispersed by the plague, "persons dying even at the palace gate." That strange man, the eighth Henry, once came in his barge to the foot of the "Water Tower," and called his tool Cranmer down the stairs to tell him of certain plottings of Bishop Gardiner and other of Cranmer's enemies, and put him in the way of triumphing over them.

Among other royal visitors of the past have been Queen Mary, who often called on her favorite Cardinal Pole, and is said to have completely furnished the palace for him; and Queen Elizabeth, who frequently visited Archbishop Parker, whom she warmly liked in spite of his having a wife, a married prelate being the gravest incongruity in her eyes. There is a funny account of her behavior when parting from them after one of these visits. She had been entertained with much devotion and luxury, and could not help feeling grateful even to *Mrs.* Parker. "Madam I may not call you," said the maiden queen, "and mistress I must not call you;

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GATEWAY OF LAMBETH PALACE IN 1810.

yet, though I know not what to call you, I do thank you."

Another queen came to the palace, not as a guest, but as a fugitive. On the 9th of December, 1688, James II.'s unfortunate wife, the beautiful Mary of Modena, in the disguise of an Italian washer-woman, came flying from Whitehall, through dreadful wind and rain, in a little open boat, across the Thames to the foot of the Water Tower, with her six-months old child, the future "Pretender," in her arms, rolled up as a bundle of linen. The coach in which she expected to go on to Gravesend was not there, and she hid in the angle of the tower till it came and she could make her escape.

Queen Victoria visited the palace during the primacies of Archbishops Howley, Sumner, and Longley, and the late archbishop, Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, received the Prince of Wales at Lambeth.

In sailing down the Thames the oldest portions of the palace are first to meet the eye—the tower of the parish church, close to those of the fine Gate-house, the roof and west façade of the Great Hall (Juxon's), Lollards' Tower, the lesser tower, and the graceful lancet windows of the chapel. Portions of the palace show great antiquity, though it is not known whether any of it is of the actual Saxon fabric of the Countess Goda, or whether her palace was identical with that reported to have been repaired by Archbishops Langton and Hubert Walter. Certainly it fell into decay until the advent (1216) of Archbishop Boniface.

This Boniface must have been a very choleric and doughty fellow. While on a visit to the priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, he entered into a spontaneous and deadly wrangle with its prior and canons over some simple matter, and when the indignant canons unclerically but manfully fell upon him tooth and nail, he, after much and telling usage of his powerful fists and scathing tongue, fled away to Lambeth. There he got the king's ear against the canons, and actually excommunicated them. Pope Urban IV. viewed the matter, however, in another light, and bade Boniface, in expiation of his outrageous conduct, restore and increase the Lambeth Palace.

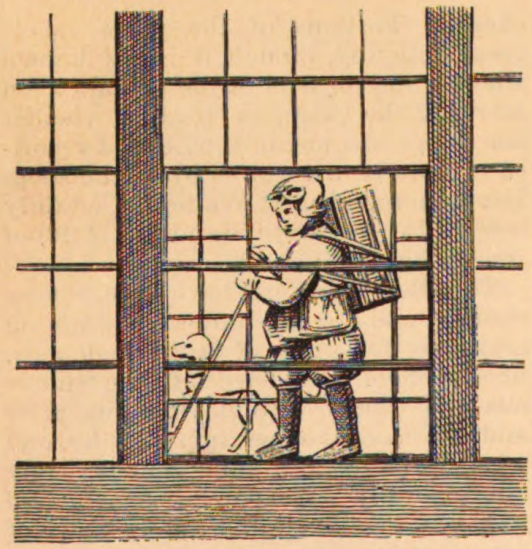
Some authorities think Boniface's predecessor did the actual work upon borrowed sums, while Boniface boasted that

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in paying off their debts the new erections were practically his.

By 1321 (the time of Archbishop Reynolds) the enlargements and improvements of his successors had made the palace an imposing structure. To be orderly in our tour of it we should begin with the parish church, so near as to be almost integral with it, and of which the Doomsday-book and the *Textus Roffense* both have record. It was extensively renovated so late as 1769, but these alterations, especially in the matters of architectural and ecclesiastical art details, were euphoniously condemned as "injudicious treatment," and all but the tower was pulled down and rebuilt in 1851.

The restoration was so capably pushed it was completed in little more than a year, and the church re-opened in 1852 by the Bishop of Winchester, and the voluntary vote of the parishioners, together with other collections, speedily cleared away the £2000 still due on the work. It has long galleries, closely paved and mostly wainscoted, and the western gallery holds a fine organ put there in the reign of Queen Anne. At the bottom of the



THE PEDDLER AND HIS DOG.

middle compartment of the southeast window on a pane of glass is painted the portrait of a peddler and his dog. Tradition explains this quaint design to the effect that about the year 1608 a peddler gave a plot of ground called "Peddler's Acre" to Lambeth parish on condition that he and his dog should figure forever in a painted window of the church. Inscriptions on the pavement are nearly worn away, though one fine bass-relief design lies well preserved under a door mat. Queer tablets are set in the walls with a mummyish death's-head-and-cross-bones effect; but it is a pleasant place to muse in quite alone on those rare English afternoons when the sunlight steals down through the tiny stained window in the belfry.

The peal of eight bells in the tower is certainly a step in advance of the wooden rattles with which previous to 680 the people were raspingly summoned to public worship. "The English are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air," wrote Hentzner at the close of the sixteenth century, "such as firing of cannon, beating of drums, and ringing of bells; .... it is common that a number of them which have got a glass in their heads do get up into some belfry, and ring bells for hours together for the sake of exercise. Hence this country has been called 'the ringing island.'" There are quaint board records in the church tower of these and other ringings.

In the adjoining church-yard rest the ashes of Bishops Thirlby and Turnstall and several of the primates; and here stands the curiously devised and carved tomb of the Tradescant family, whose united collections of natural history were the beginning of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It has the following inscription:

"Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;
The last died in his spring, the other two
Lived till they'd travelled Art and Nature through;
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in sea and air,
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,
Transplanted now, themselves sleep here, and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change this garden for a paradise."

The church tower stands so close to the Gate-house as to look, from the river, like a larger tower of that fine structure, which, standing on the same site as the earlier one, was built in 1484 by Archbishop Morton, and is known as Morton's Gateway.

Probably neither in England nor in all Europe is there another piece of architect-

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LIBRARY AND GATEWAY LEADING TO LAMBETH PALACE.

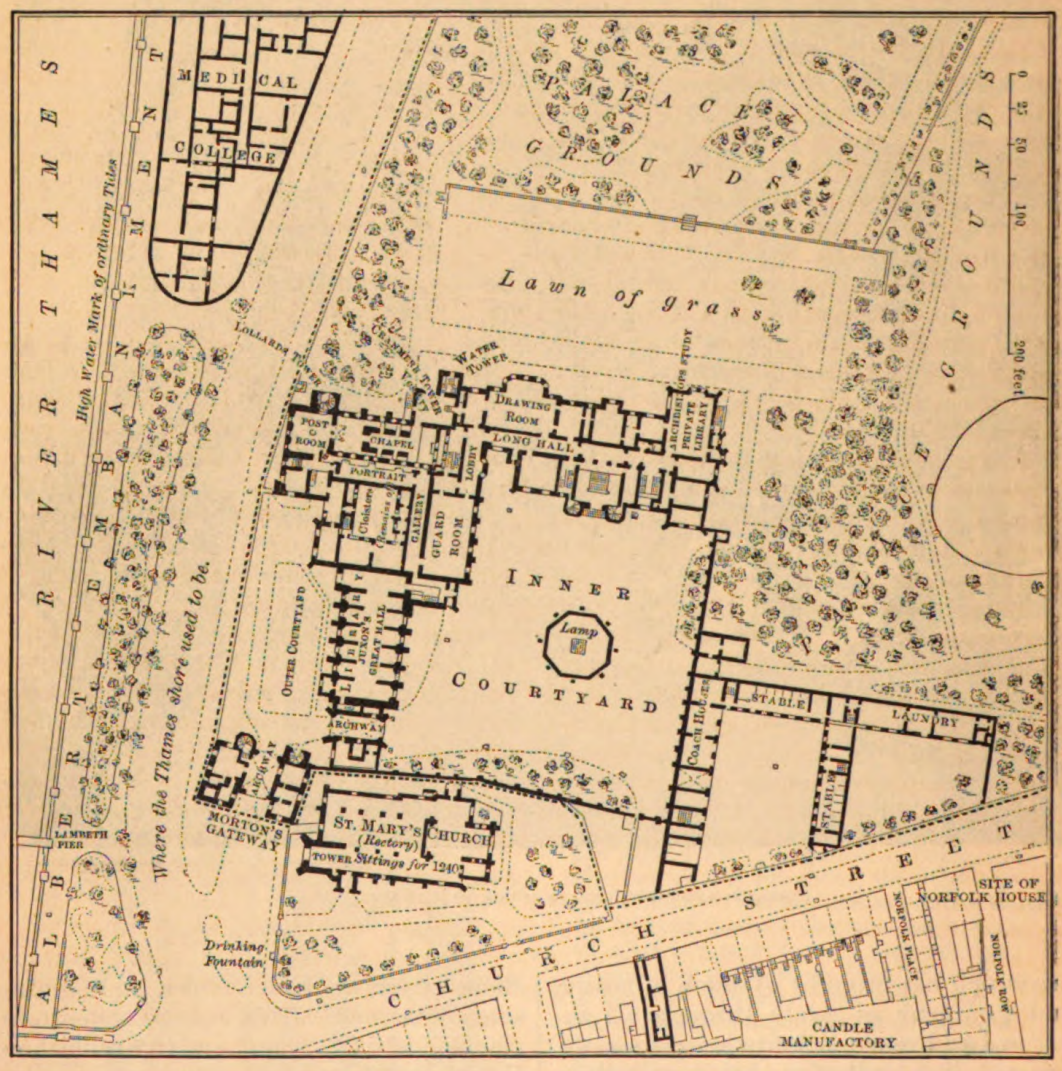
ure which has brought so much of beauty and grandeur as safely through all the natural and made vicissitudes of four centuries. It is built of red brick, with stone dressings, and faces the south. In the first story of the middle portion are the large arched Tudor doorway and smaller arched postern to the right, and a large window looks out from the middle of the second story. This centre piece is flanked by two square and massive towers five stories in height, and heavily battlemented.

At this gate was distributed the "immemorial dole." The meaning of the word "dole"—"share" or "portion"—was very literally observed in those days, the archbishops making up munificent "alms dishes" from their own tables, adding also sums of money. This charity sometimes reached a very grand scale, Archbishop Winchelsey being specially mentioned by Godwin as having "therein excelled all before or after him."

"He maintained," says Godwin, "many poor scholars at the universities, and was exceedingly bountiful to other persons in distress.... Besides the daily fragments of his house, he gave every Friday and Sunday unto every beggar that came to his door a loafe of bread of a farthing price, sufficient for one person one day.... And there were usually on such alms days in times of dearth to the number of 5000, but in a plentiful time 4000, and seldom or nev-

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er under, which alone summed up £500 per annum.... Over and above this he used to give, every great festival day, 150 pence to as many poore people; to send daily meate, drink, and bread unto such as by reason of age and sickness were not able to fetch alms at his gate; and to send



PLAN OF LAMBETH PALACE AND GROUNDS.

money, meate, and apparell to such as he thought wanted the same and were ashamed to beg."

The dole at Lambeth in 1806 consisted of fifteen quartern loaves, nine stone of beef, and five shillings in halfpence. The beef was made into broth with oatmeal, and the whole dole, divided in three equal portions, was distributed among thirty poor persons, who came to receive it in installments of ten persons every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday in rotation. This "dole" continues to be distributed. Entering by the postern, we come under the groined roof of the gateway to the larger open arch which faces the north upon the outer court-yard of the grounds. On the right hand is the door of the porter's lodge, and across to the left, through a door of open iron grating, are glimpses of laundry and culinary arrangements. Passing beyond the arch, immediately to the right is a door leading by a winding stone stair to upper rooms in the eastern gate tower, a portion separate in its internal management from the rest of the Gate-house. There, in olden times, was a

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strongly grated opening in the wall (since turned into a closet), where warders took note of all who passed up or down the stairs. Directly opposite this is a passage through a very thick wall, with heavy double doors, leading to a small room now used as a kitchen. Huge iron rings still fixed in its walls, and inscriptions near and around the iron-barred narrow windows, are similar to those in the dungeon of Lollards' Tower, and it is believed that the overflow from that dismal eyrie were shut in here together, and their convictions frequently secured through the detestable process of eaves-dropping.

In the western tower of the Gate-house a doorway of the same sort has been closed up. In this tower the first floor was the sitting-room and sanctum of Archbishop Morton. On the second floor is the record or muniment room, where were stored the archives of the see, since removed to the fire-proof manuscript room next to Juxon's Hall.

The record room, with its massive door, "spandreled fire-place," and ceils and walls of oak, is a stately presence-chamber, though its cracking seams now lean on strong supports.

Along the south side of the outer court-yard extends what is now called Juxon's Hall, formerly known as the Great Hall. Nothing certain is known of its first foundation, but it existed in the time of Edward II., and the design of the handsome ceiling is supposed to have originated with Archbishop Chicheley. It was spoiled in the time of the Commonwealth, but on the restoration of King Charles, Juxon, in his brief episcopate of three years, expended £10,000 in rebuilding the hall, making as exact a re-creation as possible, in spite of strong influences and counsels in favor of newer designs.

At the south end of Juxon's Hall is a second covered archway, leading into the inner square court-yard. By a small door in the left wall of this arch we enter this hall, and find it a noble room nearly 100 feet long, over 50 feet high, by 38 feet broad. A louvre or lantern-house rises from the roof, and the vane bears the arms of the "see of Canterbury impaling those of Juxon, with a mitre over them, and the date 1663."

The five west windows rise between their deep buttresses to the very roof, and in the north bay beyond, what used to be a doorway is now a beautiful window, in which has been placed all that could be recovered of the glass of the windows of the old hall, comprising likenesses of the saints Jerome, Gregory, and Augustine, and the young portrait of Chicheley, queerly encircled with Parker's motto. Other strange fragments, memorials of Edward III., Philip of Spain, and the age of Queen Mary, together with the brilliant coats of arms of later archbishops, particularly of those connected with the library—for Juxon's Hall is now the palace library—brighten this interesting window, and the arms of Bancroft and Howley appear again in panels in the north and south end walls. The coats of arms of the twelve archbishops who have taken the greatest interest in and given most to the growth of the library have recently, and at his own expense, been placed at the entrances to the book alcoves, at the tops of the cases, by the present librarian, Mr. S. W. Kershaw. The room is wainscoted, and has a paved floor; oak, chestnut, and other woods are wrought into the beautiful ceiling.

"Ah, ma'am," says the gate-keeper's wife, who goes with us, and plainly loves every inch of the old palace, "if you could only stand here when the snow is coming down, when the thick soft flakes fill the air with that wonderful whiteness, then such a strange and beautiful light comes in, ma'am, through the lantern up there, and slips into all the little places where you can see only the shadows now, and brings out all the carvings quite clear in a dim golden light. Oh, it's in a snow-storm you should see that roof, ma'am!"

Between some of the buttresses are thriftily growing some cuttings from the famous white Marseilles fig-trees said to have been planted by Cardinal Pole, which in 1806 rose fifty feet from the soil, covered an area of forty feet, and bore delicious fruit.

The original use for such halls as these, both in Lambeth Palace and other great English mansions, was hospitality. Besides the hospitable Winchelsey, whose enormous charities I have cited, Cranmer, Pole, and Parker were eminent for the same virtue, and this great hall saw noteworthy gatherings.

In Knight's *London* I find that Cranmer's *ménage* comprised the following list of officers: "Steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamators, clerk of the kitchen, ca-

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terers, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewry, bakers, pantlers, yeomen of the horse, yeoman ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porter ushers of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, marshal, groom, ushers, almoner, cooks, chandler, butchers, master of the horse, yeomen of the wardrobe, and harbingers." And Philip and Mary gave Cardinal Pole a patent to retain one hundred servants. From all this service we can imagine what great and generous state was kept up at the palace.

Meals were served here (Juxon's Hall) at three tables, the guests and household being seated in order of precedence. "There was a monitor of the hall," says one chronicler, "and if it happened that any one spoke too loud, or concerning things less decent, it was presently hushed by one that cried 'Silence!'"—which would be a sensible custom for some fashionable dining salons of to-day. All strangers met with full and gentle courtesy, and were assigned to their appropriate places at the archbishop's "well-spread board."

Sometimes, however, the burden of the hospitality was confessedly felt to be too onerous, as in the primacy of Archbishop Abbot when the High Commission Court sitting for Surrey was held at Lambeth. On every Thursday while its term lasted, the palace was literally filled, the lords assembling there, together with the justices of the whole county. "And besides all this great labor for my servants," says Abbot's own account, "it cost me some £2000 in money; but I gave them entertainment and sate with them, albeit I said nothing, for the confusion was so great I knew not what to make of it."

Besides consecration banquets, two meetings of the Houses of Convocation adjourned here, once from St. Paul's and once from Westminster, owing to the illnesses of Archbishops Kemp and Whitgift. It was in this hall that the oath giving the royal succession to the heirs of Anne Boleyn was administered to the clergy by Cranmer; here that Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher stoutly repudiated it; here that Cranmer and his foe Bonner recriminated when Bonner and Gardiner were called before the primate, deposed, and sent to prison; here that Cranmer himself was sentenced to death. Here, too, in 1554, came the contrasting meeting when "the whole body of the reform-tainted bishops and clergy were summoned by Archbishop Pole, with Bonner and Gardiner at his side," and were absolved of their heresies, and instructed for their future course.

Again, some forty years later, was convoked here the equally contrasting assembly, presided over by Whitgift, acting "as a self-constituted body" to draw up the so-called "Lambeth Articles," which were kept in abeyance by Elizabeth. Gradually this hall fell into comparative disuse until 1829, when Archbishop Howley came to the see, and began to repair the palace.

He spent £75,000—half the sum from his own purse—and was careful to preserve whatever was really ancient or of historic interest, but had small scruple in pulling down the "patchwork jumble" that had been barnacled upon it during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Room was thus made for the fine modern buildings of the architect Blore's construction, which reach eastward into the gardens and front on the inner court-yard.

Howley fitted up the hall with bookcases and reading alcoves, to receive the valuable library of ecclesiastical and theological history, exquisitely painted works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, art treasures in illuminated MSS. and missals now stored there, and the series of archiepiscopal registers from A.D. 1279 to 1747, entire but for a single break of twenty-seven years between 1322 and 1349, comprising the registers of four archbishops, supposed to have been transferred to Rome. Since the time of Archbishop Potter this series of registers has been kept at Doctors' Commons.

Lambeth Palace had no public library before the seventeenth century, when Archbishop Bancroft began to gather one, and at his death left the whole of his fine collection for the use of his successors forever, and so wisely protected this bequest in his will that it could not, in any of the violent changes that followed, be averted from its lawful heirs. Abbot, Secker, Cornwallis, and other primates added their books to the generous gift of Bancroft, and in 1826 there were 25,000 volumes. They were, of course, "learned, rare, and curious works;" and besides ecclesiastics and polemics, English history and topography with some wonderful embellishments, and romance, poetry, and general literature.

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Now the library has increased to 30,000 volumes, besides religious, historical, and political pamphlets. Large gaps in the theological department were supplied by King Charles I., in a life of Archbishop Laud, and a MS. has the signature of Canute. Tinted illustrations of the old towers and fortresses that survived the Irish



From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

THE GUARD-ROOM, LAMBETH PALACE.

Professor Selwyn, of Cambridge. The records of the see and about 2000 MSS. are in the fire-proof room adjoining. Archbishops Manners-Sutton and Howley gave much to the library, and their initials or autographs mark the gifts of the successive donors. Among famous autographs are those of Fox and Cranmer, one of agitations of Elizabeth's rule are in a curious work entitled *Ireland Appeased*. One of the four existing vellum copies of the Mazarin Bible, with its profusion of richly artistic initial letters, is here in excellent preservation ; also the very scarce Aggas *Plan of London*, and the collection by Cornwallis of the print portraits

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of the archbishops from the Reformation downward. The MSS. illustrative of many styles of art show specially fine specimens of the Anglo-Irish, Anglo-Saxon, French, English, Flemish, Italian, and Persian illuminations. That of the *Notable Wise Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers* shows its translator, the Earl of Rivers, in the act of presenting Caxton, the printer, to the king, queen, Duke of York, and court. The earl had discreetly omitted from the work certain malicious comments on women, which the sly Caxton, first humorously deprecating, took good care to insert in full as an appendix. A rare MS. of *Gospels of MacDurnan*, illustrated in Irish art, was given to the city of Canterbury in A.D. 900 by King Athelstan. The *St. Albans Chronicle* of the fifteenth century has nineteen large and fifty small illuminations, the Apocalypse of St. John, with seventy-eight illustrations in gold and deep coloring, is very rich, and so is the Limoges missal, a beautiful specimen of French art. The school of Persian art is represented by two copies of the Koran in Arabic text, splendidly illuminated in white, blue, and gold, with Oriental enamelling. Of a fine example of Italian art Archbishop Laud wrote in his diary (1637): "A book in vellum, fair written, containing the records which are in the Tower, I got done at my own charge, and have left it in my study at Lambeth for posterity."

The library is open to the public under proper regulations, the MSS. may be copied from, and are even lent out upon signed orders from the archbishop. Under archbishop Longley it was opened for three days in the week, and this privilege was increased to five days by the late primate, Dr. Tait, and modern works are lent out as in other libraries.

The librarians have been scholarly men, beginning with the pre-eminently learned Dr. Henry Wharton, personal friend of Archbishop Sancroft, and author of the *Anglia Sacra*. Among his successors were Dr. Edmund Gibson, Tenison's chaplain, afterward Bishop of Lincoln, and Camden's editor; Dr. David Wilkins, editor of *Concilia Magna*, etc.; Dr. Ducarel, a profound antiquarian, albeit Walpole testily called him "a poor creature," and author, among much other work, of a very valuable history of Lambeth; Dr. Maitland, in Howley's time; and John Richard Green, the historian of the English people. The present librarian, Mr. S. W. Kershaw, author of an exhaustive catalogue of the "Art Treasures of Lambeth," has in press a new and larger work treating of this famous library.

Leaving it by the northeast door, we enter a square room with nothing in it but a stairway, and by this we reach the long picture-gallery, running first to the north and then to the west, just as the old cloisters and galleries used to lie.

In this quadrangle, sometimes called Pole's Gallery, the paintings are what the apothecary's boy called a "mixtur," mostly portraits of Church dignitaries. Some are exceedingly good; one, said to be a likeness of Bishop Potter in his sixth year, represents the little fellow in a bishop's dress. The head is large, the face bright, with a sweet gravity of expression, and he holds in one hand a book supposed to be the Greek Testament, his finger between the leaves at the point he has reached in reading it.

From this gallery we enter the Guard-room, once as significant in its appointments, as it still is in name, of the time when the primates were not only spiritual but feudal lords and law officers of the Crown, and defended their palace in those early troubled times when crowns were at battledoor and shuttlecock with royal heads. Here probably once hung the very helmet and cuirass in which Archbishop Baldwin died fighting by the side of Richard the Lion-hearted.

A Guard-room is traced to 1424, and it is related of Thomas à Becket that he had "700 knights as part of his household, besides 1200 stipendiary retainers and 4000 followers serving him forty days." But gradually the guardsmen were no longer needed, and their arms, which passed by purchase from archbishop to archbishop, covered the walls, where, in Laud's time, enough were hung up to accoutre 200 men. Now these are all gone, and only the name remains to remind of those times when this handsome room must indeed have been lively with the uproar of voices, the clinking of pledge cups, and the clangor of arms. Yet it did not look a dull scene during the palace garden parties this summer of 1882, when the guests flocked in from the gardens to drink the social cup of tea—or coffee if you chose—and eat of the nice cakes and fresh fruits, so prettily arranged they lent as much charm of color as the flowers. Be-

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sides the white hair, grave eyes, and gentle smile of the host, and the cultured faces of the clergy, my memory singles out most clearly from among the throng, brilliant with costumes and orders, the plain dark dress, slight bent figure, and keen eye of Lord Houghton — the same who sang in younger days,

> "He who for love has undergone
> The worst that can befall
> Is happier thousandfold than one
> Who never loved at all,"

and whose pretty lyric, the "Brook Side," is still sung not only in English homes, but by hosts of American girls who never think of the author as a white-haired old man in the House of Lords.

In the general restoration of 1829 the walls of the Guard-room "being found pithless," the old roof was lifted, and the walls rebuilt; then it was lowered upon them again. The old design was followed in the main, but in place of the four Tudor windows there are two light Early English windows. The floor, like the roof, is of oak; a large Turkey carpet spreads to within three feet of the walls all around the room; the chairs, tables, etc., are of mahogany; and gold and silver ware and candelabra show brightly against the dark panels of the wainscoting.

The old fire-place, so enormous its mantel reached the corbels of the roof, was diminished in the repetition, and the floor raised about three feet to give more space to the rooms below. The wainscoting, which also used to meet the corbels, rises only about four feet, and the space of cream-colored wall thus left between it and the corbels is filled with the portraits of most of the last four centuries of archbishops, twenty-six in all, and the Guard-room is now the dining-hall and portrait gallery of the see.

Of Laud's portrait by Vandyck, Mr. Cave Brown feelingly remarks: "One can not contemplate that face without mingled feelings: respect for that conscientious steadfastness which made him dare to do what he believed to be his duty, regret for that lack of judgment and consideration which made him so uncompromising and unconciliatory to his own ruin, and admiration of the heroism with which, at the age of threescore and ten, still true to his life-long convictions, still unbending before the malice of his enemies, unwavering in his sense of duty, unshaken in his trust in God, the old man closed a career of trouble and trial on the block."

Here are the portraits of Warham—the generous Warham who laid out some £30,000 on episcopal palaces, and most of this large sum on Lambeth—and Cranmer, both by Holbein, Herring, by Hogarth, and Secker, by Sir Joshua. The portrait of Cornwallis, who had a "beautiful foot and leg," and was fond of exercising the light fantastic toe, is appropriately painted, and very well too, by one *Dance*. This prelate and his wife were altogether such merry people that George III. reproved him for festivities which he said were more becoming in a king than in a primate, and forbade Mrs. Cornwallis to give any more of her very pleasant parties on Sundays.

Cornwallis seems to have been sensible as well as merry, for he is recorded as being the first archbishop who allowed his chaplains to sit at table with him. Elsewhere in the palace is a greatly treasured Holbein of Luther and his wife, and a beautiful portrait of Catherine Parr.

Just beyond the Guard-room stands the old red brick building known as Cranmer's Tower, which he put up in 1533. In the lower room, now used as a vestry, is the rare old chest of gopher-wood—and a beauty it is—covered all over its dark rich surfaces with deftly carved scenes from Babylonish history — funerals, and festivals, and hanging gardens. It is believed to have belonged to St. Godiva, the sister of St. Augustine, or to the sister of the Prince of Orange, and is really a fascinating object of study.

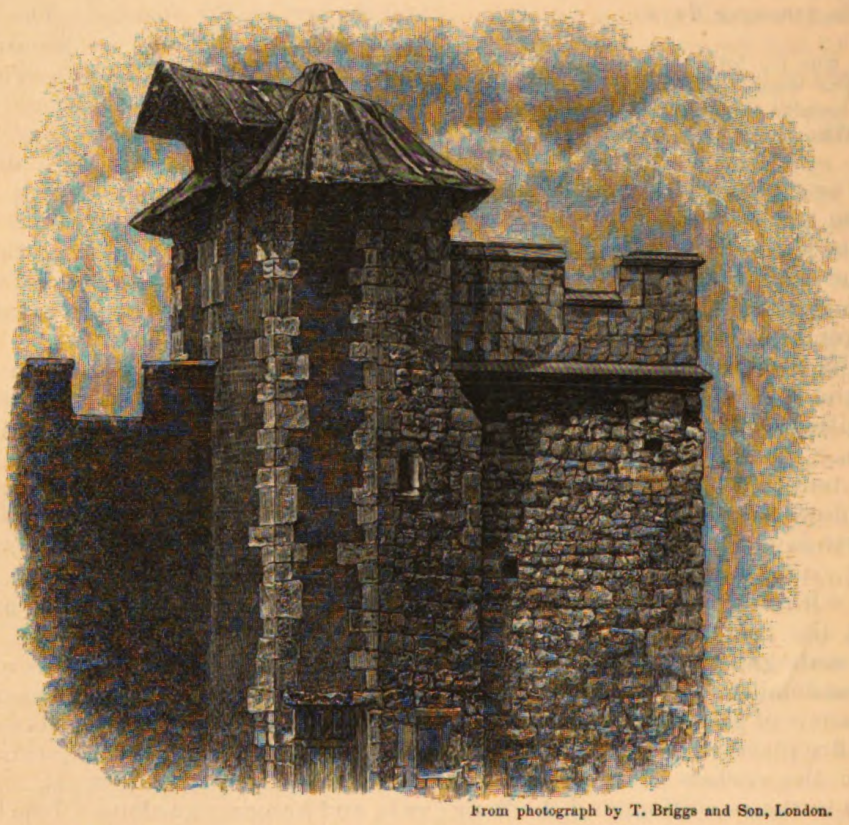
Tradition says that Cranmer, ostensibly a celibate, concealed his wife in this tower, and that there she died in childbed. The vestry and Cranmer's parlor — the room next above, where the organ now stands—have walls and ceilings of solid oak. By the south door of the vestry-room we enter the chapel at its east or communion end.

The chapel dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. The east end has a large very beautiful stained glass window of five graduated lancets set in shafts of Purbeck marble. A similar window in the west end was closed up by the erection of Chicheley's Tower, but its splays and shafts were left, and in the central lancet Juxon placed a small bay-window jutting inward, probably to hold the lamps by which on occasion the atrium,

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or ante-chapel, partitioned off by a handsome oak screen, is lighted.

The roof and walls of this atrium are gray, and its wall pillars of Purbeck marble are said to be 1000 years old. The shafts of the four bay-windows of triple lancets on each side of the chapel, which is seventy-two feet long and twenty-five broad—a very pleasing proportion with the roof—are also of this Purbeck marble. The illuminated windows, and the warm tile painting of the walls, with the richly decorated groined and arched roof—altered in 1846 from the old flat panels—form a beautiful interior. The doorway leading west from the chapel into the post-room was once entered directly from the terrace above the moorings of the archbishop's barge. It is a semi-circular arch of "earliest English period, embracing two cusped arches, each closed by a massive oaken door. The jambs contain a row of four columns, of which the capitals and projections bonding the whole into the main wall are cut *en bloc* out of a single slab of Purbeck marble, as also are their bases, ... while a cluster of Purbeck shafts similarly grouped rise between, dividing the two lesser arches." Probably by this door, scarred and marked, yet looking soberly equal to many centuries more, came into the old chapel an illustrious guest, Peter the Great, who, then on his English travels, attended the services where one Christopher Clarke was ordained here in 1697.



From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

LOLLARDS' TOWER.

Archbishop Morton spent large sums to make the chapel beautiful, but, with the coming in of his successor, literature and, unhappily, religious fanaticism leaped into fresh life together. Yet in spite of much trying and sentencing, mercy sometimes prevailed, for Latimer, brought to Lambeth excommunicated and a prisoner, was kindly treated by Archbishop Warham; and that this primate was kind to Erasmus is shown by the latter's dedication of his *Jerome*, which he sent to Warham by the young artist Hans Holbein. And under Cranmer the palace became a refuge

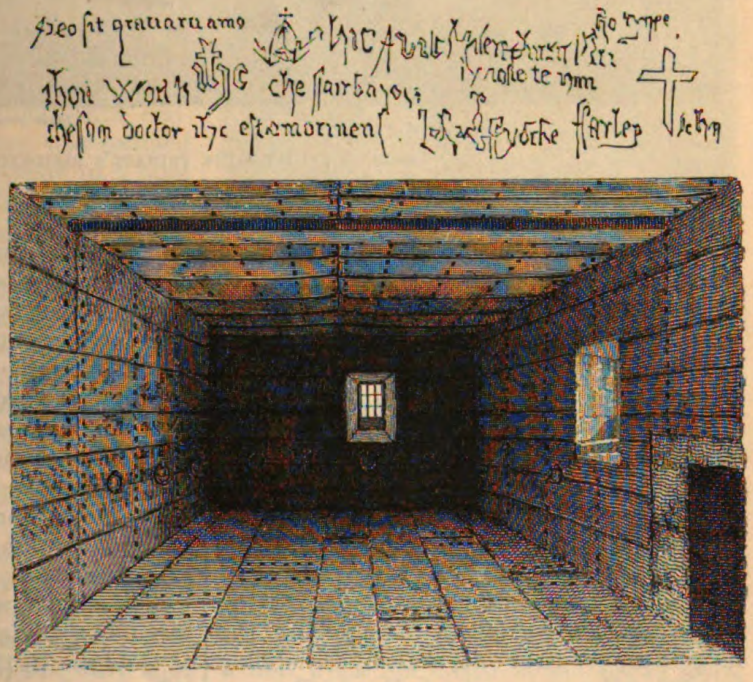
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even for prisoners sent straight from Henry VIII. Archbishop Parker, who was also very kind to his prisoners, is the only archbishop who was ever buried at the palace. His tomb was originally in the southeast corner of the communion, where he usually knelt in prayer. But in the time of the Commonwealth Cromwell's men, in their shameless spoliation of the palace, selected the chapel as a dining or dance hall—some say for a stable—and not liking the vicinity of Parker's tomb, they broke it open, hid the remains in a dunghill, and sold the lead and trimmings of the coffin. On the Restoration Hardynge was forced to tell where the remains were, and they now rest in a handsome tomb of Purbeck marble in the atrium behind the oak screen.

While Laud was earnestly repairing the ruin wrought by Cromwell's men his enemies looked on and cried out that he was copying from the "mass-book," and though he truly protested that his work was that of restoration, pure and simple, they triumphed over him; he went to the block, and the chapel was again despoiled.

Memorable events have happened in this chapel. Five hundred years ago Wycliffe met there the charge of heresy. Once before he had been thus arraigned in St. Paul's Cathedral, with prince and nobles supporting him in his denunciations of the ill-gotten and ill-spent wealth of monastic houses. Now he stood quite alone, though as dauntless. Suddenly the Lollards swarmed into the chapel, and immediately after entered Sir Lewis Clifford, and gave the astounded archbishop the queen-mother's commands to withhold the sentence against Wycliffe.

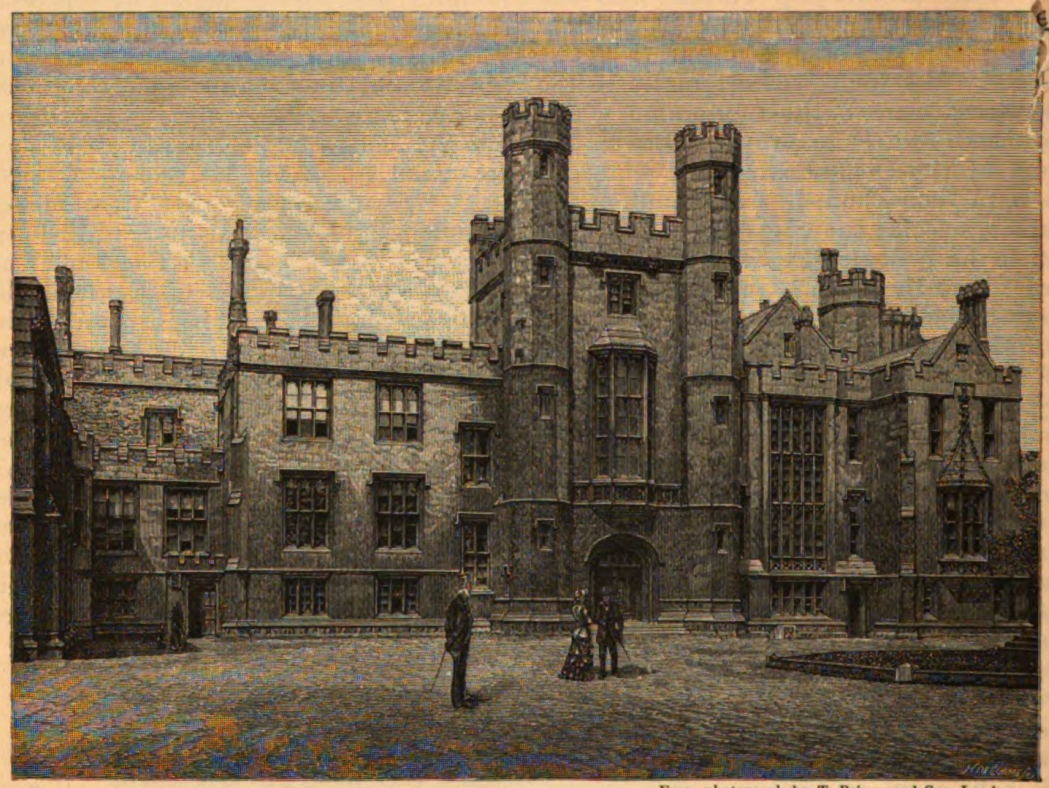
"To the American Church Lambeth Chapel is a shrine especially dear," writes an English clergyman. "Here Provoorst, White, and Madison were consecrated, and here in 1867 the American bishops were most lovingly welcomed by Archbishop Longley, and one of their number preached the opening sermon at the first Lambeth Conference. They won all hearts at that time by their manly, unaffected simplicity, as well as vigor. 'I believe,' said the Archbishop of Dublin, 'that they are about the ablest body of men I ever met.' They, on their part, were moved with delight at the heartiness of their reception, and sent over as a thank-offering to the mother Church of England the handsome alms dish which ornaments the Lord's table at Lambeth. When the next conference met, in 1878, although the shadow of death hung over the palace, they found a welcome extended to them none the less hearty," and in remembrance of this second visit they presented to the chapel the beautiful centre light in one of the south windows. The southeastern stained-glass window was a gift by his many friends to the memory of Craufurd Tait, the late primate's only and indeed well-beloved son, whose pure character, fine mind, and gentle manners won so much love and admiration during his visit to America, and who died just before the last conference met.



INTERIOR OF LOLLARDS' PRISON AND FAC-SIMILE OF WRITING ON THE WALLS.

The Post-room is probably so called from the stout pillar which supports the

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From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

LAMBETH PALACE—THE PRIMATE'S RESIDENCE.

great ceil beam in the centre, though some accounts, lending a less simple interest to the name, state that prisoners who underwent preliminary examinations here were flogged at this post, and thence shown through the south door into a dungeon, through whose upper gratings the Thames sometimes flowed in at high tide.

Now the waters of the Thames lie some yards away, tossing themselves against the beautiful embankment, which renders the archbishop's barge no longer necessary. Of a group of three towers at the northwestern corner of the palace, the largest and central one, built by Chicheley in 1436, is known as the Lollards' Tower.

A winding stair leads to the dungeon at the top, whose thick doors, rude locks, and other peculiarities indicate that it is the oldest portion of this palace, not even excepting the half-filled-up and little-used crypt. It is the only part of the palace now standing that is built of stone, and here it has been thought that the Lollards were imprisoned. Eight large rings are fixed in its oak-lined walls, which are cut and scratched with several inscriptions in old English characters. A dismal cell it is to be found in a religious house; but the privilege granted to the clergy by King John's charter of being arraigned only before ecclesiastical courts is said to have first built prisons in episcopal palaces. Archbishop Bouchier sorrowfully admitted that they were a necessary check to gross profligacy among the clergy. Dean Hook, Dr. Maitland, and other writers think the Lollards were never shut up here; that Peter Lollard, who started Lollardism, suffered as a "disaffected political agitator" at Cologne in 1321, two years before Wycliffe was born; that the latter, though a heretic, was an unswerving loyalist; and that the confusion in this matter arose from the circumstances which brought these two movements so near each other in time, and sometimes seemingly in sympathy.

There was a Lollards' Tower of which Latimer said he "would rather be in purgatory than lie in it," and of which another victim exclaimed, "If I were a dog,

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you could not appoint a worse or viler place." But it is asserted that this tower was never at Lambeth; that, on the contrary, when the great fire swept away all traces of old London House, of Bonner's Inquisition and dungeons, with old St. Paul's, the traditions of the true Lollards' Tower of London House were fastened easily to the dismal iron-ringed cell of the so-called Lollards' Tower at Lambeth. This seems further confirmed by the acknowledged contrast in the characters of Archbishop Pole, tolerant and gentle for a Romanist, and the cruel Bonner, Bishop of London, Pole preferring to pacify the Pope by cremating the dead, while Bonner and Winchester enjoyed burning the living.

Thirlby, the first and last Bishop of Westminster, and the deposed Bishop of Durham, were honored guests rather than captives of Archbishop Parker, and the unfortunate Earl of Essex staid here before being taken to the Tower of London. Still, several authorities contend that the Lollards really suffered at Lambeth. In this disagreement one thing remains indisputable, that the tower was a place of misery for many in the seventeenth century. One Dr. Guy Carleton was rescued from it by his wife. She came in a boat to the foot of the Water Tower, provided with a rope, which she managed to get to him. It was too short, but he let himself down by it, and in dropping the remaining distance both dislocated and broke his leg. With her help he crawled into the boat. She hid him, and sold her clothing and worked at day labor to support him until he could escape to France, whence he returned on the Restoration, and had the bishoprics of Bristol and Chichester.

From June 7 till August 11, in 1780, during the Lord Gordon riots, the palace was regularly garrisoned, the primate and his family having been prevailed on to seek other refuge. The officers were well lodged and entertained by the two chaplains, and the soldiers, with their wives and children, ate in the great hall, and had of the best, and doubtless were a little sorry when the troublesome times were past.

Excellent anecdotes are chronicled of some of the Archbishops of Canterbury. John Moore (archbishop in 1783) was early in his life a poor curate of Brockley, in Northamptonshire. A well-to-do plumber named Watts kept an open table on market-days for neighboring gentry and clergy. Moore ate of this board; but at last Watts noticed that he ceased to come, and bluntly questioned him about it. "I am at this time already £10 in your debt,"



From photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.

EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., THE PRESENT ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

was Moore's reply, "and as I can not pay it, I do feel a little delicacy in further intruding at your hospitable table." But Watts begged him to return, assuring him there were £20 more there at his service. Later, Watts became very poor, but Moore, who had in the mean time "risen to the mitre," sought him out, placed him in comfort, and settled an annuity on his widow, which, until her death, at the age of ninety-seven, was regularly paid by his family. Of John Tillotson, who cried out concerning the French refugees and the Edict of Nantes, "Charity is above rubrics," Tanswell relates that in private life "he always set apart one-fifth of his income for the poor and for good works," and on becoming archbishop spent his income in this way so entirely that he could only at death leave two volumes of his sermons to his family. These brought £2500!

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From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

DRAWING-ROOM, LAMBETH PALACE.

At a dinner of the domestics during Laud's primacy it is told that King Charles I.'s jester pronounced this grace: "Give great praise to God, but little Laud to the devil," for which piece of vicious wit the fool is said to have paid by long imprisonment, if not death. Concerning the wife of Manners-Sutton, Lord Eldon, when dining with that prelate and George III., was quite as rude as the king's jester, and certainly more coarse, when he said: "It's a curious fact that your Majesty's Archbishop and your Lord Chancellor both married their wives clandestinely. But I had some excuse, for Bessie Surties was the prettiest girl in all Newcastle, while Mrs. Sutton was always the pumpkin-faced thing she is at present." On one occasion Erasmus went with Dean Colet by boat to see Archbishop Warham. As the boat glided along, the dean sat poring over Erasmus's *Remedy for Anger*. Arriving at the palace, they were received most cordially, but Dean Colet grew suddenly very glum, and it was only by the gentlest tact that the amiable Warham could win him to good humor again. When they were in the boat once more the dean explained to Erasmus that he had found himself at ta-

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ble just opposite an uncle whom he cordially hated, but that the effect of reading the *Remedy for Anger*, together with the archbishop's patience, had finally overcome his wrath, even to the point of being reconciled to his uncle. As long as Warham lived he was most kind to Erasmus, "the brave, sensitive scholar at whose heels all the ignorance and bigotry of Europe were yelping." Mr. Green relates that Warham once sent a horse to Erasmus, which — very likely getting changed *en route*—appeared so little to advantage in the eyes of his new master, he wrote to Warham that his horse was very "like a father confessor, being viceless except for gluttony and laziness, and only too prudent, modest, humble, chaste, and peaceable."

The officials of the Stationers' Company used to wait formally on the archbishop to give him copies of their almanacs—which were not issuable without the sanction of the Established Church—and receive in return cakes and ale. This custom arose in this way. When Tenison enjoyed the see a relation of his, happening to be master of the Stationers' Company, thought it a compliment to call in full state in his barge with the new almanac. The archbishop sent out wine, bread, cheese, and ale sufficient for all in the barge. Now the custom is limited solely to the giving the almanacs, minus the recompensing "cakes and ale."

The palace grounds as a whole cover an area of about twenty-two acres.

The dwelling apartments of the primate and his family are in the modern range, stretching to the east from Cranmer's Tower, erected by Blore during the primacy of Howley. They are large, and in all their arrangements tasteful and comfortable. His Grace's study* has a quaint fire-place, all the usual literary appointments, is full of books, and convenient to his private rooms, which are large and pleasant. The most remarkable of the rooms is the large drawing-room, with its tall, wide windows looking north upon the pleasant greenswards.

The Houses of Parliament, with a glimpse of the Abbey, are seen to the left, and the handsome wards of the St. Thomas Hospital, and the whole view is lovely.

In the long roll of Primates of All England who have made Lambeth their home, few names will be remembered with more reverence and affection than that of the late archbishop, Dr. Tait. He knew much of personal sorrow, and the readers of that tender and touching book, the memorial of *Catherine and Craufurd Tait*, compiled partly by the husband and father himself, will remember Mrs. Tait's own account of the affliction which befell them in 1856, when her husband was Dean of Carlisle, in the deaths of five lovely little daughters by scarlet fever within as many weeks. And though he lived in a comparatively happy period of English history, the Church knew troublous times, in which its head needed to be the strong, true, broad man that he was. The words of one writer, that "his kindliness, wisdom, and moderation entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the English Church," may be truly cited as expressing the general opinion of his labors. In his summer home at Croydon and at Lambeth Palace he appeared, among the daughters left to him, a loving father and a most gentle host. I heard him speak of Garfield's death from the pulpit of St. Martin's-in-the Fields, and I thought it the justest and fittest utterance made on that theme in England. On his death-bed he remained still mindful of the work that was given him to do, and his last efforts were directed with successful tact to the removal of one of the difficulties in the way of the reconciliation of the parties in the Church. To the new primate, Dr. Benson, who comes from vigorous and able work in his see of Truro, he has left that best of legacies—the fruits of the life of a man who was both good and wise.

* Marked on chart as "private library."

THE FOLDING.

"There shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Wild bird flying northward, whither thou?
And vessel bending southward, what thy quest?
Clouds of the east, with sunshine on your brow,
Whither? and crescent setting in the west?

Still we pursue while the white day is ours:
The wild bird journeys northward in his strength;
The tender clouds waste in their sunny bowers—
One shepherd guides and gathers them at length.

Fly swift, ye birds, against the north wind fly!
And crowd your sail, ye vessel southward bound!
Sleep, sleep, ye clouds, upon the happy sky!
Thus nightly in the fold shall all be found.

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EUROPEAN history makes much of the "Seven Years' War" and the "Thirty Years' War;" and when we think of a continuous national contest for even the least of those periods, there is something terrible in the picture. But the feeble American colonies, in addition to all the difficulties of pioneer life, had to sustain a warfare that lasted, with few intermissions, for almost a hundred years. It was, moreover, a warfare against the most savage and stealthy enemies, gradually trained and re-enforced by the most formidable military skill of Europe. Without counting the early feuds, such as the Pequot War, there elapsed almost precisely a century from the accession of King Philip in 1662 to the Peace of Paris, which nominally ended the last French and Indian War in 1763. During this whole period, with pacific intervals that sometimes lasted for years, the same essential contest went on; the real question being, for the greater part of the time, whether France or England should control the continent. The description of this prolonged war may therefore well precede any general account of the colonial or provincial life in America.

The early explorers of the Atlantic coast generally testify that they found the Indians a gentle, not a ferocious, people. They were as ready as could be expected to accept the friendship of the white race. In almost every case of quarrel the white men were the immediate aggressors, and where they were attacked without seeming cause—as when Smith's Virginian colony was assailed by the Indians in the first fortnight of its existence—there is good reason to think that the act of the Indians was in revenge for wrongs elsewhere. One of the first impulses of the early explorers was to kidnap natives for exhibition in Europe, in order to excite the curiosity of kings or the zeal of priests; and even where these captives were restored unharmed, the distrust could not be removed. Add to this the acts of plunder, lust, or violence, and there was plenty of provocation given from the very outset.

The disposition to cheat and defraud the Indians has been much exaggerated, at least as regards the English settlers. The early Spanish invaders made no pretense of buying one foot of land from the Indians, whereas the English often went through the form of purchase, and very commonly put in practice the reality. The Pilgrims, when in great distress at the very beginning, took baskets of corn from an Indian grave, and paid for them afterward. The year after the Massachusetts colony was founded, the court decreed: "It is ordered that Josias Plastowe shall (for stealing four baskets of corne from the Indians) returne them eight baskets againe, be fined five pounds, and hereafter called by the name of Josias, and not Mr., as formerly he used to be." As a mere matter of policy, it was the general disposition of the English settlers to obtain lands by honest sale; indeed, Governor Josiah Winslow, of Plymouth, declared, in reference to King Philip's War, that "before these present troubles broke out the English did not possess one foot of land in this colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors." This policy was quite general. Captain West in 1610 bought the site of what is now Richmond, Virginia, for some copper. The Dutch Governor Minuit bought the island of Manhattan in 1626 for sixty gilders. Lord Baltimore's company purchased land for cloth, tools, and trinkets; the Swedes obtained the site of Christiana for a kettle; Roger Williams bought the island of Rhode Island for forty fathoms of white beads; and New Haven was sold to the whites in 1638 for "twelve coats of English cloth, twelve alchemy spoons, twelve hoes, twelve hatchets, twelve porringers, twenty-four knives, and twenty-four cases of French knives and spoons." Many other such purchases will be found recorded by Dr. Ellis. And though the price paid might often seem ludicrously small, yet we must remember that a knife or a hatchet was really worth more to an Indian than many square miles of wild land; while even the beads were a substitute for wampum, or wompom, which was their circulating medium in dealing with each other and with the whites, and was worth in 1660 five shillings a fathom.

So far as the mere bargaining went, the Indians were not individually the sufferers in the early days; but we must remember that behind all these transactions there often lay a theory which was as merciless

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as that quoted in a previous paper from the Spanish "Requisition," and which would, if logically carried out, have made all these bargainings quite superfluous. Increase Mather begins his history of King Philip's War with this phrase, "That the Heathen People amongst whom we live, and whose Land the Lord God of our Fathers hath given to us for a rightful Possession"; and it was this attitude of hostile superiority that gave the sting to all the relations of the two races. If a quarrel rose, it was apt to be the white man's fault; and after it had arisen, even the humaner Englishmen usually sided with their race, as when the peaceful Plymouth men went to war in defense of the Weymouth reprobates. This fact, and the vague consciousness that an irresistible pressure was displacing them, caused most of the early Indian outbreaks. And when hostilities had once arisen, it was very rare for a white man of English birth to be found fighting against his own people, although it grew more and more common to find Indians on both sides.

As time went on, each party learned from the other. In the early explorations, as of Champlain and Smith, we see the Indians terrified by their first sight of fire-arms, but soon becoming skilled in the use of them. "The King, with fortie Bowmen to guard me," says Captain John Smith, in 1608, "entreated me to discharge my Pistoll, which they there presented to me, with a mark at sixscore to strike therewith; but to spoil the practise I broke the cocke, whereat they were much discontented." Writing more than twenty years later, in 1631, he says of the Virginia settlers, "The loving Salvages their kinde friends they trained up so well to shoot in a Peace [fowling-piece] to hunt and kill them fowle, they became more expert than our own countrymen." La Hontan, writing in 1703, says of the successors of those against whom Champlain had first used fire-arms, "The Strength of the Iroquese lies in engaging with Fire Arms in a Forrest, for they shoot very dexterously." They learned also to make more skillful fortifications, and to keep a regular watch at night, which in the time of the early explorers they omitted. The same La Hontan says of the Iroquois, "They are as negligent in the night-time as they are vigilant in the day."

But it is equally true that the English colonists learned much in the way of forest warfare from the Indians. The French carried their imitation so far that they often disguised themselves to resemble their allies, with paint, feathers, and all; it was sometimes impossible to tell in an attacking party which warriors were French and which were Indians. Without often going so far as this, the English colonists still modified their tactics. At first they seemed almost irresistible because of their armor and weapons. In the very first year of the Plymouth settlement, when report was brought that their friend Massasoit had been attacked by the Narragansetts, and a friendly Indian had been killed, the colony sent ten armed men, including Miles Standish, to the Indian town of Namasket (now Middleborough) to rescue or revenge their friend; and they succeeded in their enterprise, surrounding the chief's house, and frightening every one in a large Indian village by two discharges of their muskets.

But the heavy armor gradually proved a doubtful advantage against a stealthy and light-footed foe. In spite of the superior physical strength of the Englishman, he could not travel long distances through the woods or along the sands without lightening his weight. He learned also to fight from behind a tree, to follow a trail, to cover his body with hemlock boughs for disguise when scouting. Captain Church states in his own narrative that he learned from his Indian soldiers to march his men "thin and scattering" through the woods; that the English had previously, according to the Indians, "kept in a heap together, so that it was as easy to hit them as to hit a house." Even the advantage of fire-arms involved the risk of being without ammunition, so that the Rhode Island colony, by the code of laws adopted in 1647, required that every man between seventeen and seventy should have a bow with four arrows, and exercise with them; and that each father should furnish every son from seven to seventeen years old with a bow, two arrows, and shafts, and should bring them up to shooting. If this statute was violated a fine was imposed, which the father must pay for the son, the master for the servant, deducting it in the latter case from his wages.

Less satisfactory was the change by which the taking of scalps came to be a recognized part of colonial warfare. Hannah Dustin, who escaped from Indian cap-

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tivity in 1698, took ten scalps with her own hand, and was paid for them. Captain Church, undertaking his expedition against the Eastern Indians, in 1705, after the Deerfield massacre, announced that he had not hitherto permitted the scalping of "Canada men," but should thenceforth allow it. In 1722, when the Massachusetts colony sent an expedition against the village of "praying Indians," founded by Father Rasle, they offered for each scalp a bounty of £15, afterward increased to £100; and this inhumanity was so far carried out that the French priest himself was one of the victims. Jeremiah Bumstead, of Boston, made this entry in his almanac in the same year. "Aug. 22, 28 Indian scalps brought to Boston, one of which was Bombazen's [an Indian chief] and one fryer Raile's." Two years after, the celebrated but inappropriately named Captain Lovewell, the foremost Indian fighter of his region, came upon ten Indians asleep round a pond; he and his men killed and scalped them all, and entered Dover, New Hampshire, bearing the ten scalps stretched on hoops and elevated on poles. After receiving an ovation in Dover they went by water to Boston, and were paid a thousand pounds for their scalps. Yet Lovewell's party was always accompanied by a chaplain, and had prayers every morning and evening.

The most painful aspect of the whole practice lies in the fact that it was not confined to those actually engaged in fighting, but that the colonial authorities actually established a tariff of prices for scalps, including even non-combatants—so much for a man's, so much for a woman's, so much for a child's. Dr. Ellis has lately pointed out the striking circumstance that whereas William Penn declared the person of an Indian to be "sacred," his grandson in 1764 offered $134 for the scalp of an Indian man, $130 for that of a boy under ten, and $50 for that of a woman or girl. The habit doubtless began in the fury of retaliation, and was continued in order to conciliate Indian allies; and when bounties were offered to them, the white volunteers naturally claimed a share. But there is no doubt that Puritan theology helped the adoption of the practice. It was partly because the Indian was held to be something worse than a beast that he was treated as being at least a beast. The truth was that he was viewed as a fiend, and there could not be much scruple about using inhumanities against a demon. Cotton Mather calls Satan "the old landlord" of the American wilderness, and says in his *Magnalia:* "These Parts were then covered with Nations of Barbarous Indians and Infidels, in whom the Prince of the Power of the Air did work as a Spirit; nor could it be expected that Nations of Wretches whose whole religion was the most Explicit sort of Devil-Worship should not be acted by the Devil to engage in some early and bloody Action for the Extinction of a Plantation so contrary to his Interests as that of New England was."

Before the French influence began to be felt there was very little union on the part of the Indians, and each colony adjusted its own relations with them. At the time of the frightful Indian massacre in the Virginia colony (March 22, 1622), when 347 men, women, and children were murdered, the Plymouth colony was living in entire peace with its savage neighbors. "We have found the Indians," wrote Governor Winslow, "very faithful to their covenants of peace with us, very loving and willing to pleasure us. We go with them in some cases fifty miles into the country, and walk as safely and peaceably in the woods as in the highways of England." The treaty with Massasoit lasted for more than fifty years, and the first bloodshed between the Plymouth men and the Indians was incurred in the protection of the colony of Weymouth, which had brought trouble on itself in 1623. The Connecticut settlements had far more difficulty with the Indians than those in Massachusetts, but the severe punishment inflicted on the Pequots in 1637 quieted the savages for a long time. In that fight a village of seventy wigwams was destroyed by a force of ninety white men and several hundred friendly Indians; and Captain Underhill, the second in command, has left a quaint delineation of the attack.

There was a period resembling peace in the Eastern colonies for nearly forty years after the Pequot war, while in Virginia there were renewed massacres in 1644 and 1656. But the first organized Indian outbreak began with the conspiracy of King Philip in 1675, although the seeds had been sown before that chief succeeded to power in 1662. In that year Wamsutta, or Alexander, Philip's brother—both being sons of Massasoit—having fallen under some suspicion, was either compelled or persuaded by Major Josiah Winslow, aft-

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DEATH OF KING PHILIP

erward the first native-born Governor of Plymouth, to visit that settlement. The Indian came with his whole train of warriors and women, including his queen, the celebrated "squaw sachem" Weetamo, and they staid at Winslow's house. Here the chief fell ill. The day was very hot, and though Winslow offered his horse to the chief, it was refused, because there was none for his squaw or the other women. He was sent home because of illness, and died before he got half-way home. This is the story as told by Hubbard, but not altogether confirmed by other authorities. If true, it is interesting as confirming the theory of that careful student, Mr. Lucien Carr, that the early position of women among the Indians was higher than has been generally believed. It is pretty certain, at any rate, that Alexander's widow Weetamo believed her husband to have been poisoned by the English, and she

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ultimately sided with Philip when the war broke out, and apparently led him and other Indians to the same view as to the poisoning. It is evident that from the time of Philip's accession in 1662, whatever may have been his professions, his mind was turned more and more against the English.

It is now doubted whether the war known as King Philip's War was the result of such deliberate and organized action as was formerly supposed, but about the formidable strength of the outbreak there can be no question. It began in June, 1675; Philip was killed August 12, 1676, and the war was prolonged at the eastward for nearly two years after his death. Ten or twelve Puritan towns were utterly destroyed, many more damaged, and five or six hundred men were killed or missing. The war cost the colonists £100,000, and the Plymouth colony was left under a debt exceeding the whole valuation of its property—a debt ultimately paid, both principal and interest. On the other hand, the war tested and cemented the league founded in 1643 between four colonies—Massachusetts, Plymouth, New Haven, and Connecticut—against the Indians and Dutch, while this prepared the way more and more for the extensive combinations that came after. In this early war, as the Indians had no French allies, so the English had few Indian allies; and it was less complex than the later contests, and so far less formidable. But it was the first real experience on the part of the Eastern colonists of all the peculiar horrors of Indian warfare—the stealthy approach, the abused hospitality, the early morning assault, the maimed cattle, tortured prisoners, slain infants. All the terrors that now attach to a frontier attack of Apaches or Comanches belonged to the daily life of settlers in New England and Virginia for many years, with one vast deduction, arising from the total absence in those early days of any personal violence or insult to women. By the general agreement of witnesses from all nations, including the women captives themselves, this crowning crime was then wholly absent. The once famous "white woman," Mary Jemison, who was taken prisoner by the Senecas at ten years old in 1743—who lived in that tribe all her life, survived two Indian husbands, and at last died at ninety—always testified that she had never received an insult from an Indian, and had never known of a captive's receiving any, while she had known few instances in the tribe of conjugal immorality, although she lived to see it demoralized and ruined by strong drink.

The English colonists seem never to have inflicted on the Indians any cruelty resulting from sensual vices, but of barbarity of another kind there was plenty, for it was a cruel age. When the Narragansett fort was taken by the English, December 19, 1675, the wigwams within the fort were all set on fire, against the earnest entreaty of Captain Church; and it was thought that more than one-half the English loss—which amounted to several hundred—might have been saved had there been any shelter for their own wounded on that cold night. This, however, was a question of military necessity; but the true spirit of the age was seen in the punishments inflicted after the war was over. The heads of Philip's chief followers were cut off, though Captain Church, their captor, had promised to spare their lives; and Philip himself was beheaded and quartered by Church's order, since he was regarded, curiously enough, as a rebel against Charles II., and this was the state punishment for treason. Another avowed reason was, that "as he had caused many an Englishman's body to lye unburied," not one of his bones should be placed under-ground. The head was set upon a pole in Plymouth, where it remained for more than twenty-four years. Yet when we remember that the heads of alleged traitors were exposed in London at Temple Bar for nearly a century longer—till 1772 at least—it is unjust to infer from this course any such fiendish cruelty as it would now imply. It is necessary to extend the same charity, however hard it may be, to the selling of Philip's wife and little son into slavery at the Bermudas; and here, as has been seen, the clergy were consulted and the Old Testament called into requisition.

While these events were passing in the Eastern settlements there were Indian outbreaks in Virginia, resulting in war among the white settlers themselves. The colony was, for various reasons, discontented; it was greatly oppressed, and a series of Indian murders brought the troubles to a climax. The policy pursued against the Indians was severe, and yet there was no proper protection afforded by the government; war was declared against them in

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1676, and then the forces sent out were suddenly disbanded by the Governor, Berkeley. At last there was a popular rebellion, which included almost all the civil and military officers of the colony, and the rebellious party put Nathaniel Bacon, Jun., a recently arrived but very popular planter, at their head. He marched with five hundred men against the Indians, but was proclaimed a traitor by the Governor, whom Bacon proclaimed a traitor in return. The war with the savages became by degrees quite secondary to the internal contests among the English, in the course of which Bacon took and burned Jamestown, beginning, it is said, with his own house; but he died soon after, the insurrection was suppressed, and the Indians were finally quieted by a treaty.

Into all the Indian wars after King Philip's death two nationalities besides the Indian and English entered in an important way. These were the Dutch and the French. It was the Dutch who, soon after 1614, first sold fire-arms to the Indians in defiance of their own laws, and by this means greatly increased the horrors of the Indian warfare. On the other hand, the Dutch did to the English colonists, though unintentionally, a service so great that the whole issue of the prolonged war may have turned upon it, because of the close friendship they established with the Five Nations, commonly called the Iroquois.



ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

These tribes, the Cayugas, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Senecas—afterward joined by the Tuscaroras—held the key to the continent. Occupying the greater part of what is now the State of New York, they virtually ruled the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the Great Lakes to the Savannah River. They were from the first treated with great consideration by the Dutch, and they remained, with brief intervals of war, their firm friends. One war, indeed, there was under the injudicious management of Governor Kieft, lasting from 1640 to 1643; and this came near involving the English colonies, while it caused the death of 1600 Indians, first or last, 700 of these being massacred under the borrowed Puritan leader Captain Underhill. But this made no permanent interruption to the alliance between the Iroquois and the Dutch.

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GOVERNOR ANDROS AND THE BOSTON PEOPLE.

When the New Netherlands yielded to the English, the same alliance was retained, and to this we probably owe the preservation of the colonies, their union against England, and the very existence of the present American nation. Yet the first English Governor, Colden, has left on record the complaint of an Indian chief, who said that they very soon felt the difference between the two alliances. "When the Dutch held this country," he said, "we lay in their houses, but the English have always made us lie out-of-doors."

But if the Dutch were thus an important factor in the Indian wars, the French became almost the controlling influence on the other side. Except for the strip of English colonies along the sea-shore, the North American continent north of Mexico was French. This was not the result of accident or of the greater energy of that nation, but of a systematic policy, beginning with Champlain, and never abandoned by his successors. This plan was, as admirably stated by Parkman, "to influence Indian counsels, to hold the balance of power between adverse tribes, to envelop in the net-work of French

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power and diplomacy the remotest hordes of the wilderness." With this was combined a love of exploring so great that it was hard to say which assisted the most in spreading their dominion—religion, the love of adventure, diplomatic skill, or military talent. These between them gave the interior of the continent to the French. One of the New York Governors wrote home that if the French were to hold all that they had discovered, England would not have a hundred miles from the sea anywhere.

France had early occupied Acadia, Canada, the St. Lawrence, on the north. Marquette rediscovered the Mississippi, and La Salle traced it, though Alvar Nuñez had crossed it, and De Soto had been buried beneath it. A Frenchman first crossed the Rocky Mountains; the French settled the Mississippi Valley in 1699, and Mobile in 1702. The great Western valleys are still full of French names, and for every one left, two or three have been blotted out. The English maps down to the year 1763 give the name "New France" not to Canada only, but to the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. New France was vast; New England was a narrow strip along the shore. But there was a yet greater difference in the tenure by which the two nations held their nominal settlements. The French held theirs with the aid of a vast system of paid officials, priests, generals, and governors; the English kept theirs for themselves with the aid of something in the form of chartered authority or deputed power. Moreover, the French retained theirs by a chain of forts and a net-work of trading posts; the English held theirs by sober agriculture. In the end the spade and axe proved mightier than the sword. What postponed the triumph was that the French, not the English, had won the hearts of the Indians.

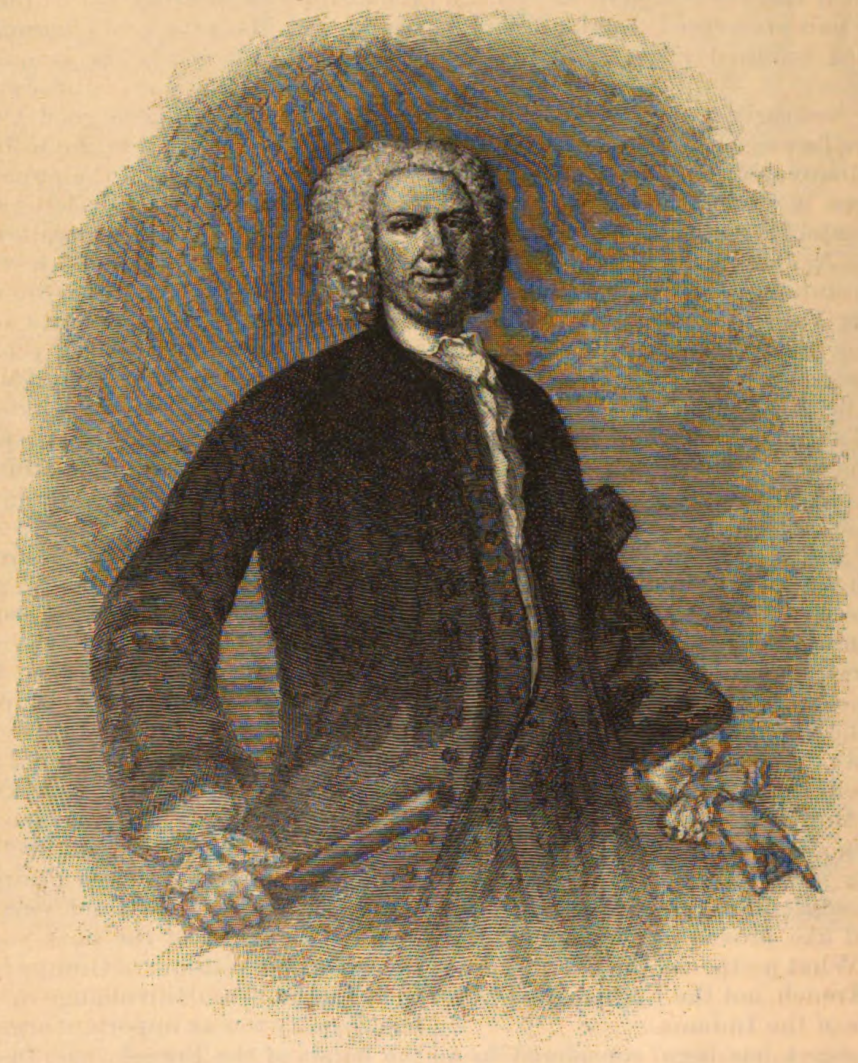
This subject has been considered in a previous paper, and need be only briefly mentioned here; but it should not be wholly passed by. To the Indian, the Frenchman was a daring swordsman, a gay cavalier, a dashing leader, and the most charming of companions; the Englishman was a plodding and sordid agriculturist. "The stoic of the woods" saw men infinitely his superiors in all knowledge and in the refinements of life cheerfully accepting his way of living, and submitting with apparent relish to his whole way of existence. Charlevoix sums it all up admirably: "The savages did not become French: the Frenchmen became savages." To the savage, at least, the alliance was inestimable. What saved the English colonies was the fact that it was not quite universal. It failed to reach the most advanced, the most powerful, and the most central race of savages—the Iroquois. It took the French a great many years to outgrow the attitude of hostility to this race which began with the attack of Champlain and a few Frenchmen on an Iroquois fort. Baron La Hontan, one of the few Frenchmen who were not also good Catholics, attributes this mainly to the influence of the priests. He says in the preface to the English translation of his letters (1703): "Notwithstanding the veneration I have for the clergy, I impute to them all the mischief the Iroquese have done to the French colonies in the course of a war that would never have been undertaken if it had not been for the counsels of those pious churchmen." But whatever the cause, the fact was of vital importance, and proved to be, as has been already said, the turning-point of the whole controversy.

These being the general features of the French and Indian warfare, it remains only to consider briefly its successive stages. It took the form of a series of outbreaks, most of which were so far connected with public affairs in Europe that their very names often record the successive rulers under whose nominal authority they were waged. The first, known as "King William's War," and sometimes as "St. Castin's War," began in 1688, ten years after the close of King Philip's War, while France and England were still at peace. In April of the next year came the news that William of Orange had landed in England, and this change in the English dynasty was an important argument in the hands of the French, who insisted on regarding the colonists not as loyal Englishmen, but as rebels against their lawful king, James II. In reality the American collision had been in preparation for years. "About the year 1685," wrote the English visitor Edward Randolph, "the French of Canada encroached upon the lands of the subjects of the crown of England, building forts upon the heads of their great rivers, and extending their bounds, disturbed the inhabitants." On the other hand, it must be remembered that England claimed the present territory of New Brunswick

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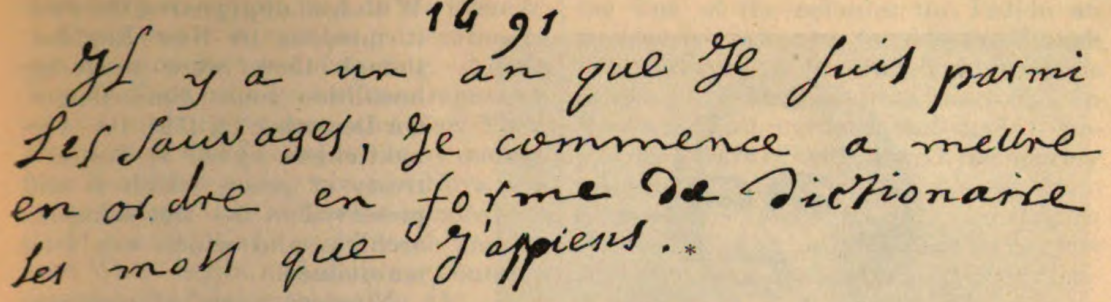
and Nova Scotia, and the provincial charter of Massachusetts covered those regions. Thus each nationality seemed to the other to be trying to encroach, and each professed to be acting on the defensive. With this purpose the French directly encouraged Indian outbreaks. We now know, from the dispatches of Denonville, the French Governor of Canada, that he claimed as his own merit the successes of the Indians; and Champigny wrote that he himself had supplied them with gunpowder, and that the Indians of the Christian villages near Quebec had taken the leading part.

Unluckily several of the provinces had just been brought together under the Governorship of a man greatly disliked and distrusted, Sir Edmund Andros. In August this official, then newly placed in power, visited the Five Nations at Albany to secure their friendliness. During his absence there were rumors of Indian outbreaks at the East, and though he took steps to suppress them, yet nobody trusted him. The friendly Indians declared that "the Governor was a rogue, and had hired the Indians to kill the English," and that the Mohawks were to seize Boston in the spring. This rumor helped the revolt of the people against Andros; and after his overthrow the garrisons at the eastward



SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL.—[FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.]

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FAC-SIMILE FROM MS. OF FATHER RASLE'S ABENAKI GLOSSARY.

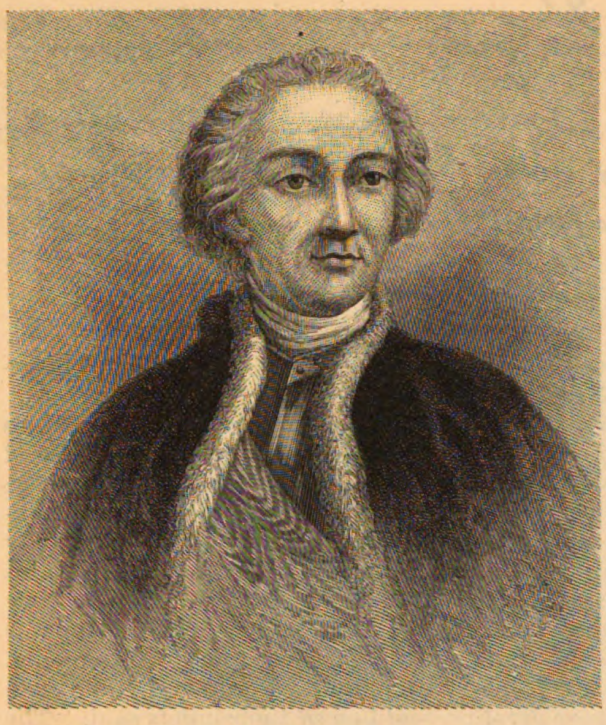
were broken up, and the savage assaults recommenced. Cocheco, now Dover, New Hampshire, was destroyed; Pemaquid, a fort with seven or eight cannon, was regularly besieged by a hundred Christian Indians under their priest, Père Thury, who urged on the attack, but would not let the English be scalped or tortured. From the beginning the movements of the French and Indians were not impulsive outbreaks, as heretofore, but were directed by a trained soldier of fifty years' experience, the Marquis de Frontenac. There were no soldiers of experience among the colonists, and they fought like peasants against a regular army. Yet when, after a terrible Indian massacre at Schenectady, a Congress of delegates was held at New York in May, 1690, they planned with stubborn courage to organize expeditions against Quebec and Montreal. Winthrop of Connecticut was to take Montreal by a land expedition, and Sir William Phips, of Massachusetts—a rough sailor who had captured Port Royal—was sent by water with more than two thousand men against Quebec, an almost impregnable fortress, manned by nearly three thousand. Both enterprises failed, and the Baron La Hontan wrote of Phips—in the English edition of his letters—that he could not have done more than he did had he been engaged by the French to stand still with his hands in his pockets. The colonies were impoverished by these hopeless efforts, and the Puritans attributed their failure to "the frown of God." The Indians made fresh attacks at Pentucket (Haverhill) and elsewhere; but the Peace of Ryswick (September 20, 1697) stopped the war for a time, and provided that the American boundaries of France and England should remain the same.

But a few years brought new hostilities (May 4, 1702), when England declared war against France and Spain. This was called in Europe "The War of the Spanish Succession," but in America simply "Queen Anne's War." The Five Nations were now strictly neutral, so that New York was spared, and the force of the war fell on the New England settlements. The Eastern Indians promised equal neutrality, and one of their chiefs said, "The sun is not more distant from the earth than our thoughts from war." But they joined in the war just the same, and the Deerfield (Massachusetts) massacre, with the captivity of Rev. John Williams, roused the terror of all the colonists. Traces of that attack in the form of tomahawk strokes upon doors are still to be seen in Deerfield. The Governor of Massachusetts was distrusted; he tried in vain to take the small fort of Port Royal in Nova Scotia, "the hornets' nest," as it was called; but it was finally taken in 1710, and its name was changed to Annapolis Royal, afterward Annapolis, in honor of the Queen.

The year after, a great expedition was sent from England by St. John, afterward Lord Bolingbroke, to effect the conquest of Canada. Fifteen ships of war with five regiments of Marlborough's veterans reached Boston in June, 1711. Provincial troops went from New York and New Jersey as well as New England, and there were eight hundred Iroquois warriors. St. John wrote, "I believe you may depend upon our being, at this time, the masters of all North America." On the contrary, they did not become masters of an inch of ground; the expedition utterly failed, mainly through the incompetency of the commander, Admiral Sir Ho-

* Translation: "Having been for a year among the savages, I begin to arrange in order in the manner of a dictionary the words that I learn."

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LOUIS JOSEPH MONTCALM.

venden Walker; eight ships were wrecked, 884 men were drowned, and fleet and land forces retreated. In April, 1713, the war nominally closed with the Peace of Utrecht, which gave to England Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia—the last so poorly defined as to lead to much trouble at a later day.

But in Maine the Indian disturbances still went on. New forts were built by the colonists, and there were new attacks by the Abenaki Indians. Among these the most conspicuous figure was for a quarter of a century the Jesuit priest Père Rasle, who had collected a village of "praying Indians" at Norridgewock, and had trained a band of forty young Indians to assist, wearing cassock and surplice, in the services of the Church. There is in the Harvard College Library a MS. glossary of the Abenaki language in his handwriting. His whole career was one of picturesque self-devotion; but he belonged emphatically to the Church militant, and was in constant communication with the French Governor of Canada. His settlement was the head-quarters for all attacks upon the English colonists, and was finally broken up and annihilated by them on August 23, 1724. With him disappeared the Jesuit missions in New England, though there were scattering hostilities some time longer. On December 15, 1725, the Abenaki chiefs signed at Boston a treaty of peace, which is still preserved in the Massachusetts archives, and which was long maintained.

Nineteen years of comparative peace now followed, by far the longest interval during the contest of a century. In 1744 came another war between England and France, known in Europe as "the War of the Austrian Succession," but in America as "King George's War," or as "Governor Shirley's War." Its chief event was that which was the great military surprise of that century, both at home and abroad—the capture of Louisburg in 1745. Hawthorne, in one of his early papers, has given a most graphic picture of the whole occurrence. A fleet sailed from Boston under Sir William Pepperrell, who led three thousand men to attack a stronghold which had been called the Gibraltar of America, and whose fortifications had cost five million dollars. The walls were twenty or thirty feet high, and forty feet thick; they were surrounded by a ditch eighty feet wide, and defended by two hundred and forty-three pieces of artillery, against which the assailants had eighteen cannon and three mortars. It seemed an enterprise as hopeless as that of Sir William Phips against Quebec, and yet it succeeded. To the amazement of all, the fortress surrendered after a siege of six weeks. Parkman calls this event the result of mere audacity and hardihood, backed by the rarest good luck. Voltaire, on the other hand, in his *Siècle de Louis XV.*, ranks it among the greatest occurrences of the age. The pious Puritans believed it a judgment of God upon the Roman Catholics, and held with delight a Protestant service in the chapel of the fort. When they returned they brought with them an iron cross from the chapel, and it now stands above the main entrance to the Harvard College library. But three years after (1748) the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle provided for the

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mutual restoration of all conquests, and Louisburg was given back to the French.

Every step in this prolonged war taught the colonists the need of uniting. All the New England colonies had been represented at Louisburg by men, and New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania by money. New hostilities taking place in Nova Scotia and along the Ohio, what is called the "Old French War," or "French and Indian War," began, and at its very outset a convention of delegates met in Albany, coming from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. It was called by advice of the British ministry, and a committee of one from each colony was appointed to consider a plan of union. No successful plan followed, and a sarcastic Mohawk chief said to the colonists: "You desired us to open our minds and hearts to you. Look at the French; they are men; they are fortifying everywhere. But, we are ashamed to say it, you are like women, without any fortifications. It is but one step from Canada hither, and the French may easily come and turn you out-of-doors."

For the eight years following it seemed more than likely that the description would be fulfilled. The French kept resolutely at work, building forts and establishing garrisons, until they had a chain of sixty that reached from Quebec to New Orleans. Vainly did the Governor of Virginia send Washington, then a youth of twenty-one, to remonstrate with the French officers in 1753; he traversed the unbroken forests and crossed freezing rivers on rafts of ice; but to no result, except that it all contributed to the training of the future general. The English colonists achieved some easy successes—as in dispersing and removing the so-called "neutral French in Acadia"—a people whose neutrality, though guaranteed by treaty, did not prevent them from constantly recruiting the enemy's forces, and who were as inconvenient for neighbors as they are now picturesque in history. But when Braddock came with an army of English veterans to lead the colonial force he was ignominiously defeated, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (July 9, 1755), and Washington and the provincial troops had to cover his retreat. All along the line of the colonies the Indian attacks only grew more terrible, the French telling them that the time had now come to drive the English from the soil. In Virginia, Washington wrote that the "supplicating tears of women and the moving petitions of the men melted him with deadly sorrow." Farther north, the French General Montcalm took fort after fort with apparent ease, allowing the garrisons, as at Fort William Henry, to be murdered by his Indians. "For God's sake," wrote the officer in command at Albany, to the Governor of Massachusetts, "exert yourself to save a province! New York itself may fall. Save a country! Prevent the downfall of the British government!" Dr. Jeremy Belknap—whom Bryant declares to have been the first person who made American history attractive—thus summed up the gloomy situation in the spring of 1757: "The great expense, the frequent disappointments, the loss of men, of forts, of stores, was very discouraging. The enemy's country was filled with prisoners and scalps, private plunder and public stores, and provisions



JAMES WOLFE.

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which our people, as beasts of burden, had conveyed to them. These reflections were the dismal accompaniment of the winter."

What turned the scale was the energy of the new Prime Minister, William Pitt. Under his inspiration the colonies raised men "like magic," we are told, the home government furnishing arms, equipments, and supplies; the colonies organizing, uniforming, and paying the men, with a prospect of re-imbursement. Events followed in quick succession. Abercrombie failed at Ticonderoga, but Bradstreet took Fort Frontenac; Prideaux took Niagara; Louisburg, Crown Point, and even Ticonderoga itself fell. Quebec was taken in 1759, Wolfe, the victor, and Montcalm, the defeated, dying alike almost in the hour when the battle was decided. Montreal soon followed; and in 1763 the Peace of Paris surrendered Canada to the English, with nearly all the French possessions east of the Mississippi, except a few insignificant fishing stations. France had already given up to Spain all her claims west of the Mississippi, and her brilliant career as an American power was over. With her the Indian tribes were also quelled, except that the brief conspiracy of Pontiac came and went like the last flicker of an expiring candle; then the flame went out, and the Hundred Years' War was at an end.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THE PRIEST SEES A VISION, AND GOES IN SEARCH OF A BREAKFAST.

THE priest placed the lady on the ground near the trunk of a fallen tree, against which she might lean, and then, turning away, he drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, and began cutting armfuls of brush-wood and twigs of shrubs. These he carried into the tower, and spread over the floor with the skill of a practiced hand, while the lady sat where he had left her, with her head bowed down, taking no notice of anything, and seeming like one who was quite prostrated in mind as well as in body. When at last the priest's task was ended he went to her and carried her inside the tower.

"Here," said he, "is some brush-wood. I'm sorry that there isn't anything better, but better is a stone couch with liberty, than a bed of down with captivity. Don't be worried or frightened. If there is any danger, I'll sound the alarm in Zion, and get you off in time."

The lady murmured some inarticulate words, and the priest then left her and went outside. He there spent some little time in gathering some brush for himself, which he spread upon the grass, under the castle wall; after which he seated himself upon it, and pulling out his pipe, he filled it and began to smoke.

Hitherto he had been too much preoccupied to pay any very close attention to the world around; but now, as he sat there, he became aware of sounds which arose apparently from the interior of the great castle on the other side of the chasm. The sounds did not startle him in the least, however, and he was evidently prepared for something of this sort. Between this tower and the great castle there intervened the deep chasm; and though no doubt the two structures had once been connected, yet all connection had long since been destroyed, and now there was no visible way of passing from the one to the other. The priest, therefore, felt as secure as though he were miles away, and listened serenely to the noises.

There came to his ears sounds of singing, and laughter, and revelry, with shouts and cries that rang out upon the air of night. There seemed to be no small stir in the castle, as though a multitude had gathered there, and had given themselves up securely to general merriment. But all this troubled not the priest one whit, for he calmly finished his pipe, and then laying it down, he disposed his limbs in a comfortable position, still keeping a sitting posture, and in this attitude he fell asleep, and slept the sleep of the just.

Very early on the following morning our good priest opened his eyes, and the first object that they rested upon was the lady, who stood there full before him, and greeted him with a gentle smile.

The priest had not seen her very well on the previous evening, and now as he saw her face in full daylight it seemed different from that which had met his view under the moonbeams. The lady was of slender form, a trifle over the middle height, and of marked dignity of bearing. Her face was perfectly beautiful in the

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"THE PRIEST PLACED THE LADY ON THE GROUND NEAR THE TRUNK OF A FALLEN TREE."

outline of its features, but this was as nothing when compared with the refined and exquisite grace, the perfect breeding, the quick intelligence, and the womanly tenderness that were all expressed in those noble lineaments. It was a face full of calm self-possession, and gave indications of a great and gracious nature, which could be at once loving and brave, and tender and true. Her hair, which was very luxuriant, was closely bound up in dark auburn masses; her lips were full of sweet sensitiveness; and thus she stood looking at him with dark hazel eyes that seemed to glow with feeling and intelligence, till the good priest thought that never in all his life had he seen anything half so fair. In fact, so overcome was he that he sat staring at her for some time without one word, and without giving any response whatever to the pleasant words of greeting which she spoke.

"I'm very sorry indeed," said she, as the priest still stared in silence at her, "that I was such a trouble to you, after all your—your kindness; but the fact is, I was so wretchedly fatigued that I was scarcely responsible for my actions. It was too selfish in me; but now I mean to make amends, and help you in every possible way. Would you like me to do anything? Sha'n't I get breakfast?"

She spoke these words with a smile, in which, however, there was not a little sadness. There was nothing in the words themselves beyond that painful consideration for others and forgetfulness of self which the priest had observed in her the night before; but the voice was a wonderful one—a round, full contralto, yet soft and low, with a tremulous under-tone that fell with a thrill upon his ear.

The priest started up.

"Breakfast!" said he, with a short laugh. "That is the very thing I was thinking of myself. I consider that an all-important subject."

"It is certainly a serious matter," said she.

"And you propose to get it for me?"

"Yes," said she, with a faint smile, "if I can."

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"I really wish you would," continued the priest, "for it would save me from a great responsibility; for if you don't get it for me, hang me if I know where I can get any for myself."

"What do you mean?" said she. "Have we nothing to eat?"

"But you must eat it, so as to get back your strength."

"And what will you do?"

"Oh, I'm an old hand at fasting. It's my business."

"As priest, I suppose?" said the lady, with a smile that was brighter, or rather



"I'M THE CURÉ OF SANTA CRUZ."—[SEE PAGE 37.]

"Well, not so bad as that. I have a bit of a sandwich, I believe, and you may have it."

With this he produced from his pocket a tin sandwich case and offered it to her.

She refused.

"If that is the last that you have," said she, "I can wait."

less mournful, than any which the priest had thus far seen on her melancholy face.

"Yes, as priest," said the other, dryly. "And now will you take it?"

"Do you ever think about yourself?" asked the lady, in a low voice, in which the thrill was more perceptible than usual.

"About myself? Oh yes," said he; "I

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never think of anything else. My motto is to take care of Number One. It's only for my own sake that I'm anxious for you to eat; but if you won't take it all, why, perhaps you'll consent to take half. You won't refuse to share with me and take half?"

"By no means. I sha'n't object to take the half, if you choose."

"Well," said he, "that's fair; so let's begin our breakfast. Would you mind sitting on that tree over there?"

He led the way to the fallen tree already mentioned, and the two seated themselves. He then opened the tin case and drew forth a few sandwiches. From these they made their frugal repast.

"You must cultivate patience," said the priest as he ate. "I know exactly what's in your mind. You want to be off. But, according to the proverb, the more haste the less speed. Tell me—would you rather be here or in the hands of the Carlists?"

"Here."

"Well, I'm afraid if we move incautiously we may be seen and captured by the Carlists. So before we start I propose to reconnoitre. Will you remain here?"

"I will do whatever you direct."

"You are very good and sensible."

"Thanks. But where do you propose to go?"

"I'm going to visit the castle over there."

"The castle?"

"Yes. It is full of people. That they are Carlists I haven't a doubt. I mean to visit them, and find out how the land lies."

The lady sat in thoughtful silence for some time.

"I am afraid," said she, "that you are incurring a terrible risk. You are now out of danger; why put yourself into it? Why may we not fly now, or to-night? I can fast for any length of time."

"The danger is," said the priest, "that we may both fall into the hands of the very men we wish to avoid."

"But that is the very thing you are going to do."

"I? Oh, I can go alone anywhere."

"Ah, there it is!" said the lady, bitterly. "It is I who am a drag on you. It is I who am getting you into danger. Yet why not leave me? Tell me where the road is: I will go back alone."

"Oh, well," said the priest, with his usual short laugh, "as for that, we may talk of it again. I'll tell you presently. It may come to that, but I hope not. I am going to that castle all the same. I've been there before, and without harm: I expect to come back. But suppose I do not, how long will you wait here for me?"

"As long as you say."

"Twenty-four hours?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I do not think they will detain me, but it is best to be prepared. And now, by way of preliminary, I will show you how I can go over there. Remember, I have been here before, and have become acquainted with some of the secrets of this place. If you should be in danger, or if I should not come back, you will be able to fly by the way which I will now show you."

The priest arose and entered the tower, followed by the lady. The pavement was of stone. Part of it was open, and some ruinous steps led into a cellar. Here they descended, and found themselves in a place which had been excavated from the rock which formed three sides of the place. On the fourth was a wall, in which was a wide gap that looked out upon the chasm. It seemed as though there had once been a bridge at this point leading over to the castle.

"Here," said the priest, "if you look out you can not imagine any possibility of descent, but if you examine carefully you will perceive a narrow ledge among the shrubbery. Go out on this, and follow it along, and you will find it growing wider as it goes down. It will take you all the way to the bottom of this chasm, and there you will find stepping-stones by which to cross the brook, and on the opposite side a trail like this, which will lead you to the top of the opposite ridge."

"I don't think that I should feel inclined to try it," said the lady; "but I am glad, all the same, that I have a mode of retreat. It makes one feel less desperate."

"Oh, you know, I hope to be back again."

"You seem to me to be going to death," said she, in a low voice, "and I am the cause."

"To death," said the priest, with his usual laugh. "*Morituru te salutat.* Pardon!—that's Latin. At any rate, we may as well shake hands over it."

He held out his hand. She caught it in both of hers.

"God protect you!" she murmured, in a low voice, with quivering lips. "I

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shall be in despair till you come back. I shall never have the courage to fly. If you do not come back, I shall die in this tower."

"Child," said the priest, in a sad, sweet voice, "you are too despondent. I will come back—do not fear. Try and get rid of these gloomy thoughts. And now once more good-by."

He pressed her hand and departed through the gap. He then began his descent, while the lady stood watching him with anxious eyes and despairing face till he had passed out of sight.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE PRIEST BEARDS A LION IN HIS DEN.

THE priest walked down the path into the chasm. Here there was a brook, whose babbling had been heard from above. In winter this was a fierce torrent, but now it was reduced to a slender and shallow stream.

After crossing the brook the priest came to the other side, and ascended a path of the same kind as that by which he had descended, until at last he reached the top of the ridge on which the castle was situated.

He now turned and directed his steps straight toward the castle, which he soon reached. At the gate stood some armed tatterdemalions, whom the priest recognized as having formed part of the gang that had stopped the train the day before. Of these he took no heed, but walked up boldly and asked to see their captain. One of the guards went with him, and after traversing the court-yard they came to the keep. Here the Carlist chief was seen lolling on a stone bench outside, and smoking a villainous cigar. As the priest approached he started to his feet, with no little surprise on his face, together with a dark and menacing frown, which did not by any means augur well for the bold adventurer.

"Who are you?" he asked, fiercely.

The priest in return eyed the Carlist from head to foot, and then said, in a sharp, authoritative tone,

"Your name and rank?"

At this singular rejoinder to his question the Carlist chief looked somewhat amazed.

"My name?" said he, with a sneer. "Never mind what it is. What are you? Who are you? What the devil do you mean by coming here?"

"Give your name and rank," persisted the priest, in the same tone as before, "and beware how you trifle with one who may be your master. Who gave you authority to occupy this post?"

"Master?—authority?" cried the Carlist chief with an oath, which was followed by a laugh. "Who is my master? I never saw him. Here, you fellows!" he cried, to some of his gang who stood near, "take this fellow off—take him inside. Let me see—take him to the lower dungeons, and let him see who is master here!"

At this a score of stout ruffians came forward to obey the order. But the priest remained as cool as before. He simply drew forth a paper, and looking round upon the ruffians, he said, in a quiet voice:

"Keep back, you fellows, and take care what you do! I'm the Curé of Santa Cruz."

At that formidable name the whole band stopped short, mute and awe-struck, for it was no common name which he had thus announced. It was a name which already had been trumpeted over the world, and in Spain had gained a baleful renown—a name which belonged to one who was known as the right arm of Don Carlos, one who was known as the beau ideal of the Spanish character, surpassing all others in splendid audacity and merciless cruelty, lavish generosity and bitterest hate, magnificent daring and narrowest fanaticism. At once chivalrous and cruel, pious and pitiless, brave and bigoted, meek and merciless, the Curé of Santa Cruz had embodied in himself all that was brightest and darkest in the Spanish character, and his name had become a word to conjure by—a word of power like that of Garibaldi in Italy, Schamyl in Circassia, or Stonewall Jackson in America. And thus when these ruffians heard that name it worked upon them like a spell, and they stood still, awe-struck and mute. Even the Carlist chief was compelled to own its power, although, perhaps, he would not have felt by any means inclined to submit to that potent spell had he not seen its effect upon his followers.

"I don't believe it," he growled.

"You do believe it," said the priest, fiercely: "you know it. Besides, I hold

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here the mandate of the King;" and he brandished the paper, shouting at the same time, "Viva el Rey!" at which all the men caught up the same cry, and shouted in unison.

The priest smiled a good-natured, amiable, forgiving smile.

"After all," said he, in a milder voice, "it is well for you to be cautious. I approve of this rough reception: it is soldier-like. It shows that you are true to the King. But read this. Give me something to eat and drink, and then I will tell you my errand."

With these words he handed the paper to the Carlist chief, who took it somewhat sulkily, and read as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, VERA, *August* 23, 1873.

"To all officers of the army, and to all good and loyal subjects, greeting: Receive and respect our friend and lieutenant the Curé of Santa Cruz, who bears this, and is engaged in a special mission in our service. CARLOS."

On reading this the Carlist chief drew a long breath, looked around upon his followers, elevated his eyebrows, and finally turned to the priest.

"What do you want?" he asked, in no very courteous manner.

"Nothing," said the priest. "Not one single thing from you but—breakfast. Don't be alarmed. I haven't come in here to interfere with you at all. My business is elsewhere. Do you understand me?"

The priest gave him a glance which was meant to convey more than the words expressed. At this the whole manner of the Carlist chief underwent a change. He at once dropped all his sourness and gloom.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Certainly."

"Then," cried the Carlist, "you're right welcome, and I hope you'll not mind what's happened. We have to be cautious, you know, and suspicious."

"My dear friend, I assure you I shouldn't have troubled you at all, only I'm starving."

"Then I swear you shall have the best breakfast in all Spain. Come in—come in. Come, in the name of Heaven, and I'll give you a breakfast that will last you for a week."

With these words the Carlist chief led the way inside, and the priest followed.

It was the lower story of the central building, or keep, and was constructed in the most massive manner out of vast blocks of rough-hewn stone. The apartment was about fifty feet in length, twenty-five in width, and twelve in height. On either side there were openings into chambers or passageways. The roof was vaulted, and at the farther end of the apartment there was a stairway constructed of the same cyclopean stones as the rest of the edifice. All the stone-work here visible had the same ponderous character, and seemed formed to last for many centuries to come.

Around the sides of this lower hall were suspended arms and accoutrements. There were also rude massive benches, upon which were flung rugs and blankets. Here and there were little groups, not only of men, but also of women and children. On the left side there was an enormous chimney, which was large enough for a separate chamber. In this a fire was burning, and a woman was attending to the cooking of a savory stew. An aromatic smell of coffee was diffusing itself through the atmosphere; and this was surrounded and intermingled with the stronger and ranker though less pungent odors of the stew aforesaid.

The priest flung himself carelessly into a seat near a massive oaken table, and the Carlist chief took a seat beside him. The priest questioned the chief very closely as to his doings and the disposition of his people through the country, while the chief surveyed the priest furtively and cautiously.

At last he said, abruptly,

"You were on the train yesterday."

"I was," replied the priest, coolly.

"Why did you not tell me who you were?"

"What a question to ask!" said the priest. "Don't you understand? When *I* am out I don't want any one to know or suspect. I did not choose to tell even you. Why should I? I didn't know you."

"But you lost your purse," said the chief, in rather a humble voice.

"And was there much in it?" asked the priest.

The chief laughed.

Breakfast now followed, and of this the priest partook heartily. Then he started up.

"I must make haste," said he, "and continue my journey; but as I am going

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into out-of-the-way places, I shall have to ask you for some supplies."

This request was very cheerfully granted, loaves and cold meats being furnished from the Carlist larder. These the priest put into a wallet, and thus equipped, he was ready for the march.

"*Adios*," said he, "noble captain, till we meet again."

"*Adios*," said the chief.

The priest then shook hands with his entertainer, and turned away. Leaving the castle, he walked down the slope for some distance, until at length he reached the skirts of the forest. Turning round here, he stood looking back cautiously till he felt convinced that he had not been followed, and was not observed. He now plunged into the forest, and worked his way along until he came to the chasm, and found the path before mentioned. Down this he went on his way back to the tower.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE FIRST PRIEST VANISHES, AND ANOTHER PRIEST APPEARS UPON THE SCENE.

As the priest emerged from the brushwood at the top of the path he suddenly found himself face to face with the lady. She had come through the opening, and was standing outside, waiting there, breathless, her hands clasped and her eyes set in a fixed and eager gaze of vigilant outlook and of terrified apprehension. As she recognized the priest, her whole expression changed; her face flushed, her eyes grew moist with tears of joy, her lips quivered.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" she cried. "Oh, how glad I am!"

The priest stood and looked at her in silence, although there was certainly every occasion for saying something. Finally he held out his hand, and she took it in hers, which were cold as ice, and tremulous.

"Poor child!" said the priest, "you have been too excited. But it's worth going over there," said he at last, "to make a fellow-creature happy by coming back."

"Oh no," she said, "not for that. Nothing can compensate for the frightful, the terrible anxiety—nothing. But I will say no more. I am ready now for any fatigue or peril. My worst fear is over."

"Oh, it's all very well to be glad to see me," said the priest, "but that's nothing to the gladness you'll feel when you see what I've brought back with me. You just wait and see—that's all."

With these words he ascended into the tower through the gap, and assisted the lady after him. They then went up the broken stairway, and out into the open air to the fallen tree where they had taken their breakfast. Upon this he seated himself, and the lady did the same. He now opened the wallet, and distributed to her some of his stock of provisions, pointing out to her with an air of triumph the fact that they had enough to last them for a week. The lady said but little and ate but little; the priest, for his part, ate less; so the breakfast was soon dispatched, after which the priest loaded his pipe and smoked the smoke of peace.

The priest, as he smoked, occasionally threw a furtive glance at the lady, who now sat absorbed in her own meditations.

"I propose to ask you a few questions," said the priest, "merely for the sake of conversation, and you needn't answer unless you like. In the first place, you haven't been long in Spain, I take it?"

"No," said the lady; "only a few days."

"And you are on your way back to England?"

"Yes."

"Have you been travelling alone?"

"At first I had a maid, but she got frightened and left me at Bayonne. Since then I have had to travel alone."

"You mustn't think me too inquisitive," said the priest. "I merely wished to know in a general way, and am by no means trying to pry into your affairs."

He spoke in a careless tone. He was lolling in an easy attitude, and appeared to be enjoying his smoke very much. After saying these words he began to fuss with his pipe, which did not draw well, humming to himself at the same time some absurd verses:

"My love he was a draper's clerk;
He came to see me after dark:
Around the Park we used to stray
To hear the lily-white bandsmen play.

CHORUS OF DRAPERS' CLERKS.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My love lies buried under-ground!"

A faint smile came over the lady's face as she heard these nonsensical words from one in the garb of a priest. Still, she reflected that while it was his voice that was

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singing, his mind was no doubt intent on something else.

"By-the-bye," resumed the priest, "as I'm asking questions, I should like to ask one more. May I?"

"Most certainly," said the lady. "What is it?"

"Well, your name, you know. It's awkward to be as we are. Now, if I were shot, and wanted you to help me, I shouldn't know what to call you."

The lady smiled.

"My name is Talbot," said she.

"Ah—*Mrs.* Talbot," said the priest. "Thanks."

"Not 'Mrs.'" said the lady, again smiling; "Miss Talbot. My full name is Sydney Talbot."

"Sydney Talbot," repeated the priest. "Thanks. That's all. Everything else is told. I may add, however, in an incidental way, that my name is Brooke."

"Father Brooke?" said the lady, interrogatively, with a furtive smile, which was perhaps occasioned by the incongruity between the priest's sacred garb and somewhat eccentric manner.

To this question the reply was not particularly appropriate. The priest, or Brooke, as he may now be called, looked with a smile of quiet drollery at Miss Talbot, and then, in a strange whining voice, began to drone out some verses of a song:

"Old Blue-beard was a warrior bold;
He kept his wives in a great stronghold.
One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—
They all of them died and went to heaven.
Old B. fell into a dismal state,
And went and married Number Eight."

"Well," he resumed, in his natural voice, "Father Brooke isn't bad; Brother Brooke, however, would be better; but, on the whole, simple 'Brooke' is the best of all."

"Well, now, Mr. Brooke," asked the lady, anxiously, "what are our prospects? Have you found out anything?"

"Oh yes; I've had a conversation with an amiable Carlist, who was on the point of blowing my brains out, and was only prevented by the unparalleled 'cheek' of the unworthy being who now addresses you."

"Did you really incur such danger?" asked Miss Talbot, in unfeigned anxiety.

"Danger? Oh, a trifle; but a miss is as good as a mile. I'm here now, safe and sound, but for two or three seconds you ran a great risk of making your journey alone. However, I made friends with them, and was entertained royally. Now as to escape. I'm sorry to say that the country is swarming everywhere with these noble Carlists; that there is no such thing as law; that there are no magistrates, no police, no post-office, no telegraph, no railway trains, no newspapers, and no taxes except of an irregular kind."

"That is very bad," said Miss Talbot, slowly, and in a low, anxious voice.

"Oh yes," said Brooke, "but there's no need to despair. It's quite plain that we can not travel by day without being discovered, so we shall have to try it by night. This will be all the better. So you must spend this day in meditation and prayer, and also in laying up a stock of bodily and mental strength. To-night we set forth, and we must move on all night long. I've had an idea all day, which I suppose there's no great harm in mentioning."

"What?"

"What do you say to disguising yourself as a priest?"

"A priest? How can I?"

"Well, with a dress like this of mine. It's very convenient—long, ample, hides everything—just the thing, in fact. You can slip it on over your present dress, and—there you are, transformed into a priest. I hope you're not proud."

"I'm sure I should be only too glad to disguise myself; but where can I get the dress?"

"Take this one."

"The one that you have?"

"Yes."

"But what will you do?"

"Do without."

"But that will expose you to danger."

"No, it won't. It won't make the slightest difference. I'm only wearing this for the sake of variety. The fact is, you see, I found I was growing too volatile, and so I assumed a priest's dress, in the hope that it would give me greater sobriety and weight of character. I've been keeping it up for three days, and feel a little tired of it. So you may have it, a free gift, breviary and all, especially the breviary. Come—there's a fair offer."

"I really can not make out," said Miss Talbot, with a laugh, "whether you are in jest or earnest."

"Oh, then take me in earnest," said Brooke, "and accept the offer. You see, it's your only chance of escape. You know old Billy Magee—

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'Old Billy Magee wore a flaxen wig,
And a beard did his face surround,
For the bailie came racing after he
With a bill for fifty pound.'

So what do you say to gracefully giving way to necessity?"

"If you really think that you will be running no risk—"

"No more than I've always been running until three days ago."

"Well, I shall be very glad indeed, and only too much obliged."

"That's an uncommonly sensible decision," said Brooke. "You see," said he, as he unbuttoned the priest's robe, "I've merely been wearing this over my usual dress, and you can do the same." As he spoke he drew off the robe. "You can slip it on," he continued, "as easy as wink, and you'll find it quite large enough every way."

And now Brooke stood divested of the priest's dress, revealing himself clothed in a suit of brown tweed—hunting coat, knickerbockers, stockings, laced boots, etc. He then took from his coat pocket a travelling cap with a visor, which he put upon his head.

"You can have the priest's hat too," he added, "and— But no, by Jove! I won't —no, I won't let you have the spectacles. You might wear them in case of need, though, for they're only plain glass. But, hang it! I can't—I can't, and you sha'n't. Only fancy putting spectacles on the angel Gabriel!"

Meanwhile Miss Talbot had taken the priest's robe, and had thrown it over her own dress. The clerical frock was of cloth, long enough to reach to her feet, and buttoned all the way from her chin down. Around the neck was a cape, which descended half-way to the knees. As she passed her arms through the sleeves she remarked that it would fit her admirably, and then taking the hat, she retired inside the tower, so as to adjust the outlines of her new costume in a more satisfactory manner than was possible before a spectator. At the door of the tower she turned.

"One thing will be against me," said she. "What shall I do about it?"

"What is that?"

"Why, my hair."

"Your hair!" repeated Brooke. "H'm! well, that is a puzzle."

"It will interfere with anything like a real disguise, of course."

"Well, I suppose it would. In which case we can only hope not to come near enough to the enemy to be closely inspected."

"Had I not better cut it off?" said Miss Talbot.

"What!" exclaimed Brooke, with amazement in his face.

Miss Talbot repeated her question.

"Cut off your hair—that hair!" said Brooke. "What a horrible idea!"

"Will you cut it?"

"Never!" said Brooke, fervently.

"Shall I?"

Brooke drew a long breath and looked earnestly at her.

"Oh, don't ask me," said he at length, in a dejected tone. "I'm floored. It's like throwing overboard a cargo of gold and silver and precious stones to lighten the ship. Yea, more—it's like the Russian woman who threw over her child to the wolves to make possible the escape of the rest of the family. But there are some who would prefer to be eaten by wolves rather than sacrifice the child."

"Well," said Miss Talbot, "your comparison of the child is a little too much; but if it comes to throwing the treasure overboard to save the ship, I shall not hesitate a moment."

Brooke made no reply, and Miss Talbot went into the tower.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW BROOKE AND TALBOT TAKE TO FLIGHT.

THEY started a little after sunset. An hour's walk brought them to the road, at the spot where they had first met, after which they turned toward the place where Brooke had left the train on the previous day. Their pace was a moderate one, for the whole night was before them, and Brooke was anxious to save Talbot's strength as much as possible.

For about an hour more they walked along, until they came to where the country was more open. The moon was shining brightly, and thus far there had been no signs of life. But at this point there came up sounds from the road before them which were not a little alarming. Brooke laid himself upon the ground, and listened for some time.

"People are approaching," said he. "There is quite a large crowd. They

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must be Carlists. It will be dangerous for us to go on any farther. It will be better to hide here until they pass."

"Very well," said Talbot. "I quite agree with you. I should hate to go back again."

There was on their right, not far from the road, an old windmill, which stood upon a gently rising ground, and was quite a conspicuous object. This caught the eye of Brooke as he looked all around him.

"There," said he, "is the place for us. These fellows seem to be on the march. They will soon pass by this and be gone. Let us hide in the old mill."

Talbot at once assented. They then left the road and crossed the fields. In a short time they reached the mill. It was deserted, and the machinery was out of order, but otherwise it was in good preservation. The door was open, and they entered. Having once obtained this concealment, they stood in the doorway anxiously watching. At length they saw a crowd of men come up along the road, and these they regarded with quick-beating hearts.

"Brooke," said Talbot, in a whisper.

"What?"

"What shall we do if they happen to come here?"

"That's a solemn question," said Brooke. "We ought to have something to fall back on. Wait."

He went away for a few minutes, and then returned. As he came back to the door Talbot pressed his arm and pointed. Brooke looked out.

To his horror the whole band had stopped, and some of them were facing toward the mill as though about to approach it.

"What a mistake we've made!" said Brooke.

"They're coming here," said Talbot, in a thrilling whisper. "What can we do? Can we fly?"

"No," said Brooke; "they'll see us. We have only one hope. There's a ladder here, and we can climb up into the loft. Come."

Taking Talbot's hand, Brooke led her to the ladder, and they climbed up into the loft, where they sat listening.

Talbot's anticipation was too true. The band approached toward the mill, and soon the two fugitives heard them all around.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW BROOKE AND TALBOT MAKE SEVERAL NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

FOR some time the two fugitives remained motionless and listened. There seemed to be a large number of men below, of whom a few were inside the mill, but the greater part remained outside. These kept up an incessant jabber; but it was of a discordant character, some talking about getting ready a supper, some about making a fire, some about forage, while at times a word would be dropped which seemed to indicate that they were in pursuit of fugitives. Nothing more definite than this could be learned.

Brooke, however, had been gradually creeping to one side of the mill, where there was a window, while Talbot followed as noiselessly as possible, until they both were able from their concealment to look out upon the scene below, which was in no way calculated to re-assure them. They saw a crowd of men, about a hundred in number, who looked very much to Brooke like the train-stoppers of the day before. Their arms were piled, and they themselves were dispersed about, engaged in various occupations; some eating, some drinking, some smoking, while from them all a confused hubbub arose.

Half a dozen ill-looking fellows came toward the door of the mill.

"A fire!" said one. "Let's burn down the old mill. There's wood enough in it."

"Ay," said another, "wood enough for a hundred fires."

A shout of applause greeted this proposal, but the hearers above felt their hearts quail with horror. Talbot laid her hand on Brooke's arm. Brooke, to re-assure her, took her hand in his and pressed it gently, and felt it cold and tremulous. He drew her nearer to him, and whispered softly in her ear:

"Don't be alarmed. At the worst, we can give ourselves up. Trust to me."

Talbot drew a long breath, and made a desperate effort to master her fears; but the scene below grew more and more terrible. The wild shout of approbation which followed the proposal to burn the mill was caught up by one after another, till at last the whole band was filled with that one idea. A dozen men rushed inside, and began to hammer, and tear, and pull at the flooring and other parts of the wood-

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work, while others busied themselves with preparing splints with which to kindle the fire.

"Brooke," whispered Talbot, in a tremulous voice—"oh, Brooke, let us go down."

"Wait—not yet," said Brooke, on whose brow cold drops of perspiration were already standing. "Wait. Let us see what they will do."

Talbot drew back with a shudder.

"The mill is of stone," said Brooke. "They can't burn it."

"But all the inside is of wood," said Talbot—"the floors, the doors, the machinery, the beams."

Brooke was silent, and watched the preparations outside. These grew more and more menacing. A great pile of wood was soon collected, which grew rapidly to more formidable proportions. If these prisoners hoped for life, they must leave their present hiding-place, and soon, too; for soon—ah, too soon, if that pile were once kindled—the flames would pour in, and burn all the inner wood-work, even if the walls were of stone.

At this moment a man came hurrying forward and burst in among the crowd.

"What's the meaning of all this nonsense?" he asked, in a stern voice.

"Why, we're burning the mill," said one of the most active of the party.

"Fools!" cried the other. "Are you mad? It will attract attention. We shall be seen—perhaps attacked."

"Pooh!" said the man, impudently; "what of that? That's all the better."

The other laid his hand upon his sword, and looked as though he was about to use it; but a wild outcry burst forth from all the crowd, and with an impatient gesture he turned away. By his dress, which was the only uniform visible, and also by his bearing, he seemed to be the captain of the band, yet his authority did not seem to receive any very strong recognition. Still, the sight of this uniform was of itself encouraging to Brooke, who now at once decided upon the course which he should adopt. There was no longer time to hesitate. Already the match was struck, the next moment the flame would be touched to the kindling, and the fires would blaze up.

So Brooke called in a loud voice,

"Stop! stop till we come down!"

At this cry they all looked up in amazement. The match dropped from the hand of the man who held it, and several of the men sprang to their arms.

"Who goes there?" cried the one who seemed to be the captain.

"Friends," said Brooke. "We'll come down."

Then turning to Talbot, he whispered:

"Now, Talbot, is the time to show the stuff you're made of. Courage, my boy! courage! Remember, Talbot, you're not a girl now—not a weak girl, but you're a boy—and an English boy! Remember that, my lad, for now your life and mine too depend upon you!"

"Don't fear for me," said Talbot, firmly.

"Good!" said Brooke. "Now follow me, and be as cool as a clock, even if you feel the muzzle of a pistol against your forehead."

With these cheerful words Brooke descended and Talbot followed. The ladder had not been removed, for the simple reason that it consisted of slats nailed against two of the principal beams, too solid even for Samson himself to shake. On reaching the lower story they hurried out at once, and the gang stood collected together awaiting them—a grim and grisly throng. Among them the man whom Brooke had taken for their captain was now their spokesman.

"Who are you?" he asked, rudely, after a hasty glance at each.

Brooke could not now adopt the tone which had been so effective in the morning, for his gown was off, and he could no longer be the Curé of Santa Cruz. He kept his coolness, however, and answered, in an off-hand manner:

"Oh, it's all right; we're friends. I'll show you our papers."

"All right?" said the other, with a laugh. "That's good too!"

At this all the crowd around laughed.

"I belong to the good cause," said Brooke. "I'm a loyal subject of his Majesty. *Viva el Rey!*"

He expected some response to this loyal sentiment, but the actual result was simply appalling. The captain looked at him, and then at Talbot, with a cruel stare.

"Ah!" said he. "I thought so. Boys," he continued, turning to his men, "we're in luck. We'll get something out of these devils. They're part of the band. They can put us on the track."

This remark was greeted with a shout of applause.

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"Allow me to inform you, señor," said the captain to the unfortunate Brooke, "that you have made a slight mistake. You are not our friends, but our enemies. We are not Carlists, but Republicans. I am Captain Lopez, of the Fourteenth Regiment, and have been detailed with these brave fellows on a special mission. You are able to give us useful information; but if you refuse to give it you shall both be shot."

In spite of the terrible mistake which he had made, Brooke kept his coolness and his presence of mind admirably.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said he to Lopez. "The fact is, I thought you were Carlists, and so I said that I was one too —as any one would do. But I'm not a Carlist; I'm a Republican."

Lopez at this gave utterance to a derisive laugh.

"Oh yes," he said, "of course you are anything we please. And if we should turn out, after all, to be Carlists, you would swear that you are a Carlist again. Doesn't it strike you, señor, that you are trifling with us?"

"I assure you, Captain Lopez," said Brooke, "that I'm not a Carlist, for I'm not a Spaniard."

"You may not be a Spaniard, yet still be a devoted Carlist."

"Yes, but I'm not. I assure you that I'm a Republican. Shall I prove it to you and to all these gentlemen?"

"Try it," sneered Lopez.

"I'm an American," said Brooke.

"An American," repeated Lopez, bitterly. "Better for you to be a Carlist than that. Is it not enough for you Americans to intermeddle with our affairs in Cuba, and help our rebels there, but must you also come to help our rebels here? But come—what is your business here? Let's see what new pretense you have to offer."

"I am a traveller."

"Yes, I suppose so," sneered Lopez. "And who is this other?"

"He is a young priest."

"A young priest? Ah! Then, señor, let me inform you that as Spaniards we hate all Americans, and as Republicans we hate all priests. Spain has had too much of both. Americans are her worst enemies outside, and priests inside. Down with all Americans and priests!"

The echo to this sentiment came in a shout from all the followers of Lopez:

"Down with all Americans and priests!"

With this cry a hundred fierce faces surrounded them, and glared at them with fiery eyes. It seemed as though their last hour had come. The crowd pressed closer, and clamored for their immediate destruction. The only thing that held them back was the attitude of Brooke, who stood perfectly cool and tranquil, with his eyes fixed on Lopez, a good-natured smile on his face, and his hands carelessly in his pockets. Close beside him stood Talbot, pale, it is true, but with a calm exterior that showed not one trace of fear. Brooke did not see her, and did not venture to look at her, but he felt that she was as firm as a rock. Had they faltered in the slightest degree, the storm must have burst; but as it was, the calmness of these two disarmed the fury of the mob, and their fierce passion died away.

"Captain Lopez," said Brooke, in a quiet and friendly tone, "you may have reason to hate my country, but I assure you that you have absolutely no cause for complaint against me and my friend. We are simple travellers who have been interrupted on our journey, and are now trying to get to the nearest railway station so as to resume it as soon as possible."

"How did you get here?" asked Lopez, after a pause, in which he again scrutinized severely the two prisoners.

Brooke had anticipated this question, and had made up his mind as to his answer. It was his intention to identify himself with Talbot, and speak as though he had all along been travelling with "the young priest."

"Our train stopped," said he, "and we took the diligence over this road yesterday. We were stopped again, captured and robbed by Carlists, and we have escaped from them, and are now trying to get back."

"Was your train stopped by Carlists?"

"No; the diligence."

"Where did the Carlists go?"

"I have no idea."

"Where did you come from last?"

"Barcelona."

"Where are you going now?"

"To England," said Brooke; "and finally," he added, "allow me to show you this, which I am sure will establish my character in your eyes."

With these words he drew forth a paper, and handed it to Lopez. The latter took it, and one of the men lighted a bit of

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wood, which served as a torch, after which Lopez read the following:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, VITORIA, *May* 10, 1873.

"This is to certify that the bearer of this is an American citizen named Raleigh Brooke, and is correspondent of a New York journal. He has permission to traverse our lines in pursuit of his business.

"CONCHA."

Lopez read it over a second time.

"A newspaper correspondent!" said he. "H'm! That means a spy." He handed it back again to Brooke, who replaced it in his pocket. "I'll think it over," continued Lopez. "I'll examine you both to-morrow, and inspect your papers. I'm too tired now. You may both go inside again where you were hiding before. We won't burn you up."

At these last words the whole gang burst into a jeering laugh that foreboded something so horrible that the stout heart of Brooke quailed within him, as, followed by Talbot, he once more entered the old mill.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE ANXIOUS RUSSELL SEEKS TO CONCEAL A TREASURE.

THE Russell party, on reaching the castle, were all conducted inside, where they found themselves in an arched hall which has already been described. Traversing this, they ascended the massive stairway at the end, and came to another large hall immediately above the lower one. This had once been the grand banqueting hall of the castle, and was less rough and severe in its appearance than other parts; for while the walls elsewhere showed the unfinished faces of the rude blocks of stone, here there was an effort after something like ornament; yet this was so slight that even here the general air was still one of severe and austere grandeur.

If Harry had cherished any hope of prolonging his acquaintance with Katie, he was now destined to be disappointed; for on reaching this upper hall they were informed that they would have to be separated—the men to go in one direction and the women in another. This arrangement was partly for the comfort of both parties, but still more for their safe-keeping, since escape would thus be far more difficult. Accordingly the ladies were taken away by some female attendants, while Russell, in company with Harry, was taken to their quarters on the opposite side of the great hall.

Here they found themselves in an apartment which was very long, very wide, and very lofty. The roof was arched, and all the stones were of cyclopean dimensions. At one end there was an immense fire-place. On either side there were narrow windows, which on one side looked down on the front yard inside the wall, while on the other they commanded a view of one of the inner court-yards. Harry, on his first entrance into the room, walked about surveying the place, and noting these particulars by the lurid glow of the torches.

On the whole, the prospect was highly unsatisfactory, and Harry turned away from this first survey with a feeling of mild dejection. There was scarcely anything in the room which deserved the name of furniture. In one corner there was a rude structure with straw on it, which was intended for a bed. Opposite this there was a ponderous oaken bench, and upon this old Russell seated himself wearily. Here he sat, and as Harry completed his survey of the apartment his eyes rested upon his unfortunate companion as he sat there, the picture of terror, despondency, and misery. Harry felt an involuntary pity for the man; and as his own flow of spirits was unfailing, he set himself to work to try and cheer him.

"Well," said he, "this is rather a dismal place, Russell; but, after all, it's better than being put in a vault underground."

"It's pup-precious kik-kik-cold," said Russell, his teeth chattering, partly from cold and partly from terror. "This 'll bring on an attack of rheumatiz—that's what it's going to do. Oh, I know it!"

"Well, it *is* a little chilly, that's a fact," said Harry, shrugging his shoulders. "It's a pity we couldn't use that fire-place. But what a tremendous fire-place it is! Why, it's as big as a barn. What do you say to our amusing ourselves by starting a fire? It would be great fun."

"But we've gig-gig-got no fuel," said Russell, with a shiver.

"Fuel? Why, let's cut up that big bench."

"What with?"

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"HIS UNFORTUNATE COMPANION SAT THERE, THE PICTURE OF TERROR, DESPONDENCY, AND MISERY."

"Why, with my pocket-knife, of course. We could whittle enough chips off it to make a good big fire, and still have enough left for a bench. In fact, we could get enough fuel off that for a dozen fires. Why, man, there must be at least a cord of wood in that bench. Whittling's rather slow work, it's true, but in a place like this it 'll be an occupation, and that's something. Prisoners go mad unless they have something to do; and so, just to save myself from madness, I mean to go in for fuel—unless you can think of something else that's better."

Rattling out this in his usual lively fashion, Harry went to the bench, and began a solemn examination of it with a view toward whittling it up into fire-wood. Russell did not move, but regarded Harry with the same silent misery in his face. At last he spoke:

"What did-did-do you think they're a-going to did-did-do?"

"Who?" asked Harry.

"Why, these people—that kik-kik-captured us."

"These Carlists? Well, I don't know: seems to me they want to make some money out of us."

"Why did they let all the Spaniards go and kik-kik-capture us?"

"Oh, well, they think as we're English, we'll probably have more money about us than their own countrymen, and be safer plunder also."

"Did-did-do you think they'll go so far as to pip-pup-plunder us?" asked Russell, in a voice of horror.

"Haven't a doubt of it."

"Oh Lord!" groaned the other.

"What's the matter?"

Russell gave a fresh groan.

"This kik-kik-cursed kik-kik-country!" he at length ejaculated.

"Oh, well," said Harry, "it isn't the country; it's the people."

"Do you think they're really Kik-kik-Carlists?"

"Well, yes. I don't see any reason why they shouldn't be."

"I was thinking that they might be bub-bub-bandits"

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"Well, there isn't any very great difference between the two, so far as we are concerned."

"But isn't there any law among the Kik-kik-Carlists? Can't we appeal to Did-did-Don Carlos?"

"Oh yes, of course—if we could only get at him, and if he could only get at us; but these two things are just what can't be done. And so I'm afraid we'll have to make up our minds to pay the piper."

At this Russell again gave a heavy groan.

"Don't be alarmed," said Harry, in a soothing tone. "We can beat them down."

"No," moaned Russell, "we can't do anything. And I've got too much about me altogether."

"You haven't carried any large sum of money with you, surely?" cried Harry. "Why, man, you're mad!"

"But I didn't think there'd be any danger on the railway," said Russell.

"If your money is in bills of exchange you'll be right enough," said Harry.

Russell shook his head.

"No," said he; "it's worse than that."

"How?"

"My money is in bub-bub-bonds—Spanish bub-bub-bonds."

"Bonds!" repeated Harry.

"Yes," groaned Russell—"kik-kik-coupon bub-bub-bonds."

"Coupon bonds! Why, man, what in Heaven's name are you doing with coupon bonds in this country?"

"Why, they're Spanish bonds, and I was taking them out of the country to England."

"Whew?" whistled Harry. "In how much?"

"Thirty thousand pounds!" wailed Russell, in a voice of despair.

Another prolonged whistle was the result of this information.

"It's no use making it a secret to you," continued Russell. "I'll be searched, I suppose, and the bonds 'll be taken."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Harry: "let me take care of them."

Russell shook his head.

"N-no; you'll be searched too. They'll be no safer."

"Well, then, hide them in this room somewhere."

"I don't know where to hide them," said Russell, dolefully; "besides, we may be taken to another room, and so it's no use hiding them here. I've been thinking of sewing them up inside the lining of my coat, only I haven't any needle and thread to sew with. Oh, if Mrs. Russell were here! I didn't think of this. I'd get her to stitch them inside my coat to-night. And now I don't know what to do. If it weren't for these bonds I should feel safe enough. But the amount is so e-normous!"

"Are they registered?"

"Oh no. I don't believe they register bonds in this miserable country, or do anything but steal them," groaned Russell. "I suppose they'll overhaul us all to-morrow."

"Very likely."

"Can you think of any way by which I can hide these bonds?"

Harry shook his head. At the same moment there occurred to him what Ashby had told him about certain Spanish bonds. If Ashby was right, then this must be the very money which belonged to Katie, and which, according to Ashby, Russell was trying to get hold of for himself. From this point of view it suddenly assumed an immense interest in his eyes, and drove away the thought of every other thing. Even the fire was now forgotten, and the bench was not desecrated by the knife.

"See here; I'll tell you what to do," said Harry, thoughtfully and earnestly. "The very worst thing that you can do is to carry all that money about with you, on your own person, mind that. You'll be searched, of course. To stitch them in your clothes is absurd. These people will examine every square inch of all your clothes, including your shirt collar, your pocket-handkerchief, your silk hat, and your boots. They'd find the smallest fragment of a bit of paper, even if you had it hidden inside your boot-laces. Now, I'll tell you what you'll have to do. You'll have to get rid of that money of yours."

"Bub-bub-bub-but how?" stammered Russell, in fresh consternation.

"How? Why, hide it."

"Where?"

"Somewhere about here—and soon too—before you go to sleep."

"But suppose I am tit-tit-taken away, and don't come back again?"

"Well, in that case your only hope is to confide in me, and then if you are taken away I shall perhaps be left. It's not likely that both of us will be taken away from here. We shall perhaps be sepa-

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rated, and one will be left behind. In that case the one who is left can watch over the treasure. Besides, in case we should escape, we shall know where it is, and we may be able to get the government to send a body of men here to help us recover it."

"Oh yes—the government!" said Russell, bitterly. "I know the government here only too well. The government will send a body of men here to help us recover it, and then—why, then of course they'll keep it all for themselves, every farthing. Yes, sir, that's the Spanish style—every farthing. No; don't talk to me about the government! I'm bound to hold on to this, and not trust to any of your beggarly Spanish governments."

"But if you hold on to it you'll be sure to lose it," said Harry, in great impatience.

"I don't believe they'll examine me at all," said Russell, suddenly changing his tone.

"They will," persisted Harry, "as sure as you're alive, and that, too, before this time to-morrow. In that case you'll lose every penny of the thirty thousand pounds."

(And of course, thought Harry, it 'll be poor little Katie's loss; and all through the infernal obstinacy of this pig-headed tailor.)

"Oh, well, I'll think it over," said Russell, cautiously avoiding any further discussion.

"You won't have much time for that," urged Harry.

"Oh yes, I will—plenty of time. I'll have all night, for I won't sleep a wink, and I shall have nothing else to do but to think over this."

This was droned out in a tone of utter despair.

Russell sat motionless for some time, until at length the heavy breathing of his companion showed that he was asleep. Upon this he rose, and went on tiptoe softly over to Harry's bed, and tried in various ways to see whether the sleep was false or real. Having assured himself that it was real, he took up the torch, and began to survey the apartment more closely. Already, while talking with Harry, his eyes had narrowly scanned every corner of the room, and no place had appeared which could afford the slightest chance of concealment. From the very first he had thought of the stone pavement of the floor; but now, on examination, this proved to be far too ponderous to be moved by any force that he could command. Thus, after having traversed the whole room, he reached the fire-place.

This, as has been said, was of gigantic dimensions, being intended to hold enough wood to heat this vast apartment. Here among the mountains, inside this stone castle, the cold was sometimes severe, and the builders of the castle had in this way made provision for the comfort of its occupants. To this chimney Russell now turned his attention, in the hope that something might present itself here which could be used as a place of concealment. So he walked stealthily and noiselessly toward it, and on reaching it stood surveying its huge dimensions in great astonishment. Such chimneys may still be seen in many an old castle or palace in the north of Europe, though less frequent in the castles of Spain. This one was deep and wide and high, and our friend Russell could easily enter it without stooping.

He entered thus the great fire-place, and looked around, holding his torch so as to light up the interior. Below, there was the pavement of stone, which seemed solid and immovable; above, the chimney arose far on high, and through the wide opening the sky overhead was plainly visible, with its glittering stars.

Now, as Russell stood peering about, he noticed something in the construction of the chimney which struck him as rather peculiar, and this was several stones on the left side which projected from the wall, and were placed one above another. The arrangement was so singular that it at once arrested his attention, and being in search of a hiding-place for his treasure, he could not avoid examining it further with keener interest. This arrangement of the stones one above another was suggestive of climbing. They seemed intended for steps, and he therefore peered upward more curiously to see how far these steps continued, and what was the end. Looking thus upward, he noticed on one side what seemed like a niche in the chimney wall. It was so formed that it was not visible unless one were standing deep inside the chimney and looking up for it, and it seemed to be deep and spacious. No sooner had he caught sight of this niche than he determined to investigate it farther. For a few moments he paused to see whether Harry was still

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asleep or not, and then, being satisfied on this point, he began to climb up. So nicely were the stones adjusted that this was easy even to an inactive and heavy man like him, and after ascending three steps he stood and peered into the niche. It seemed quite deep. He could not see any end to it, or any terminating wall. What the design of it was he could not imagine. He saw, however, that it afforded an admirable place of concealment for his treasure, and he determined at once to avail himself of it. Here he thought it would be secure from discovery, and it might remain here undetected and unharmed for any length of time. As for fire, it was not likely that the chimney was ever used; but even if it were, there was scarcely any possibility that the flames could affect anything in this deep niche.

Russell now took from his pocket a bulky parcel, and leaning far inside the niche, he laid it carefully down. Then he held up the torch, and allowed its light to fall into the niche, so as to see that all was secure; after which, feeling fully satisfied with his work, and experiencing a great sense of relief, he descended from his perch. Shortly after he extinguished the torch, and then, stretching himself out on the bed beside Harry, he resigned himself to oblivion.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH RUSSELL UNDERGOES AN EXAMINATION.

EARLY on the following morning Russell was roused from sleep by a messenger, who made a peremptory demand for him to rise and follow. Harry explained that he was wanted by the Carlist chief for examination, and reproached him for not having concealed the bonds the previous night; at which reproachful words Russell showed no signs of dejection, as Harry had expected, but on the contrary, to his amazement, seemed to have upon his face a slight air of triumph, regarding him with a self-satisfied smile and a cunning leer which puzzled him greatly. This strange and unexpected change in Russell from terror and despair to peace of mind and jocularity was a puzzle over which Harry racked his brains for some time, but to no purpose.

Meanwhile Russell was led away. He didn't take up any time with his toilet, for the unfortunate man saw nothing with which he could even wash his face. However, he made no complaint, and for a very good reason, since he could not speak a word of Spanish; and, moreover, he still felt so joyful over his concealment of the treasure that he was able to bear with considerable equanimity all the lesser ills of life.

In a few minutes he found himself ushered into the presence of the Carlist chief. The latter was seated upon a chest, over which some rugs were spread. Another chest was also there, upon which he signed to Russell to be seated.

"Ye doesn't spake Spanish?" said the chief.

At these words Russell started and stared in surprise. The words were English, with an accent that was not altogether unfamiliar to him. It seemed a good omen.

"Do you speak English?" Russell exclaimed.

"A throifle," said the chief. "I had a frind that learned me a few sintincis av it; so I doesn't moind spakin' it, as it 'll be more convaynient for both av us. Ye must know, thin, that in the first place, I lamint the necessichood that compils me to arrest the loikes av you, but I've got arders from me military shupariors, an' I've got to obey thim, so I have. It's no use protistin', for I'm only an agint. So I'd loike yez to be honest wid me, an' I'll be the same wid you."

"Why, you speak English first-rate—in fact splendid," said the delighted Russell. "I never heard a foreigner speak it so well before."

"Sure an' it's aisy enough," said the chief; "as aisy as dhrinkin', whin ye have practice. I've got a farrn accint, av coorse, but that's nayther here nor there."

Russell thought that his accent had a little smack of Irish about it, and wondered whether all Spaniards spoke English like that.

"Ye'll excuse me," said the chief, "if I have to ax you a few throiflin' interrogations for farrum's sake. I'll now begin. What is your name?"

"Russell."

"Russell—ah! What profession?"

"A gentleman," said Russell, somewhat pompously.

"A gintleman, eh? An' ye live on yer own money?"

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"Of course."

"That's right," said the chief, with deep satisfaction. "It's meself that's the proud man this day to meet wid the loikes av you that's got an indepindint fartune, an' can call his sowl his own. An' have yez been long in Spain, thin?"

"No; only a couple of months."

"Thravellin' for plisure, av coorse?" insinuated the chief.

"Yes; I wanted to take a run through the Continent," said Russell, in a grandiose way, as though the "Continent" was something belonging to him; "and I'm also bringing home with me a ward of mine—Miss Westlotorn."

"Ah! an' so the young lady is a ward av yours? I thought she was your daughter."

"No; she's my ward."

"Is she rich?"

"Well, sir, she's comfortable; she's worth about fifty thousand pounds sterling. Now I don't call that rich; I only call it comfortable."

"An' what do yez call rich?" asked the chief, in a tender voice, full of affectionate interest.

"Well, a couple of hundred thousand pounds or so. You see, when I was worth fifty thousand I thought I was somebody, but I soon learned how paltry an amount that is. No, sir; two hundred thousand pounds are necessary to make a rich man, and not a penny less, sir—not a penny, sir."

"Thim's me own sintimints intirely," said the chief; "that shuits me, so it does. I saw by the cut av yez that ye must be a millionaire at laste, so I did."

"A millionaire!" said Russell, with affected modesty. "Well, you know, in England that's a big word; but I suppose here in Spain, or anywhere on the Continent, I might be called one."

"I suppose," said the chief, after a pause, "that ye've got an ixtinsive acquaintince wid the nobility an' gintry an' all thim fellers?"

"Yes," said Russell, "I have; and not in England only, but throughout the Continent. Not that I think much of the Continental nobility. Between you and me, I think they're a beggarly lot."

"Thrue for you," said the chief. "Thim's me own sintimints."

"Why, sir," continued Russell, who evidently thought he was making a deep impression, and so went on all the more in his vainglorious boastings, "some of these here Continental nobility ain't worth a brass farthing. Why, sir, there's lots of respectable English merchants—tailors, for instance—and other quiet, unassuming gentlemen, who could buy out these Continental nobles, out and out, over and over again."

"Divil a doubt av that same!" said the chief. "Ye know how to ixpriss yourself wid very shuitable sintimints. I'd like to know more av you. I suppose ye've got a passport?"

"A passport?" said Russell. "Well, yes, I believe I did get one;" and fumbling in his pocket he succeeded in bringing to light that important document. This the chief took, and without opening it put it in his own pocket.

"I'll take a luk at it prisintly," said he. "Perhaps ye can tell me about yer frind, the young man that's wid yez. Is he yer son?"

"Son? Oh no; but he's a doosed fine young feller. His name's Rivers."

"Is he rich?"

"Well, he's pretty comfortable, I think. He's in the wine and fruit business, and has an agency at Barcelona."

"Sure an' it's meself that's glad to hear that same," said the chief. "An' can ye tell me annything about that other young man that was shtrivin' to join yer party?"

"That fellow—his name's Ashby."

"Ashby, is it?"

"Yes, and the greatest scoundrel that ever lived—a miserable fortune-hunter, trying to inveigle my ward into a marriage. I came here barely in time to save her. And the only object the infernal scoundrel has now in sneaking after me is to try and get hold of her and get her from me. But he'll find he's got pretty tough work before him. He's got me to deal with this time."

"Is the young gyerrul fond av him?" asked the chief, in a tone of deep anxiety.

"She? Fond of him? Pooh! Nonsense! She's like all girls—likes to have attentions paid her, that's all; and so this poor fool thought she would marry him. Why, the man's an ass. But I guess he's had enough of chasing her by this time. By Jove! there's some satisfaction, after all, in being caught this way, since he's caught too."

Some further conversation followed of the same kind. Russell continued to indulge in a strain of self-glorification, and

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the chief to ask him questions. By yielding to his silly vanity Russell was preparing the way for results which he little expected. Little did he dream of what was soon to disclose itself. He thought that he was impressing the mind of the Carlist chief with ideas of the greatness, grandeur, power, wealth, and glory of the celebrated Russell whom he had made his prisoner, and hoped in this way to overawe his captor so as to secure good treatment, or even to terrify him into letting him go. He little knew that the chief regarded him merely as a bird to be plucked. In his eyes, the more the feathers the greater the yield. The moment the chief found that his prisoner professed to be a millionaire, that moment the fate of Russell and his party was sealed. The effect upon the chief was already manifest in part, for every moment he grew more courteous in his manner.

"Sure it's meself," said he at length, "that's bothered about the accommodations ye have. It's a cowld, damp room that, an' no furniture at all at all."

"Yes," said Russell, "it *is* rather rough; and for a man that's accustomed to high living and luxurious surroundings it's very bad. I'm dreadful afraid of rheumatiz."

"Don't spake another word about it," said the chief, briskly. "I'll find ye another room where ye'll be as comfortable as the Quane av England. Ye'll have as good a bed as the best."

This sudden offer startled Russell and excited dreadful apprehensions. What would become of his bonds? He hastened now to modify his last words.

"Oh, well," said he, "for that matter, you needn't trouble yourself. I dare say I shall do very well where I am."

"Oh, sure ye're too modest, so ye are," said the chief. "But niver ye moind—lave it all to me. I'll fix it for ye."

Russell was in deep dejection and anxiety, yet he felt afraid to press the matter too eagerly. To be taken away from the vicinity of his treasure was indeed a crushing blow, yet he dared not object too strongly lest the chief might suspect something. So he could only submit with the best grace possible under the circumstances, and find faint consolation in the thought that the treasure was at least secure.

After a brief silence the chief resumed: "It's pained I am, so I am, to trouble a gintleman av fartune, but I'm undher the onplisint naycissichood av subjictin' ye to a further examination. It's a mite onplisint at first, but it's nothin' whin ye're used to it."

"Another examination?" repeated Russell, with no little uneasiness. "What is that?"

"Oh, it's only an examination av yer apparel, yer clothes, bit by bit."

"My clothes?"

"Yes—to gyard against annything bein' concailed about ye."

"But I have nothing concealed, on my honor."

At this the chief waved his hands deprecatingly.

"Hush!" said he. "Whisht, will ye! don't I know it? begorra meself does. It's all a mere farrum. It's a laygal inactmint that I've got to follow. Discipline must be kept up. Sure an' if I didn't obey the law meself first an' foremost, me own min 'ud all revolt against me, an' thin where'd I be? But it 'll not be annythin'. Sure to glory manny's the fine man I've shtripped, an' him none the worse for it. So go ahead, fool, an' the sooner ye begin, the sooner it 'll be over."

"I—I don't see—I—I don't know—" stammered Russell.

"Arrah, sure to glory, it's as aisy as wink. Begin where ye are."

"What, here?" cried Russell, aghast.

"Yis."

"Undress here?"

"Av coorse."

"But—but mayn't I have a private room?"

"But ye mayn't, for ye moight concail somethin'. Ye've got to ondress before the examinin' committee—that's me. Sometimes it's done in the prisince av a committee av the whole—that's the whole rigiment av us; but this time, out av jue respict for ye an' considherations av decarrum, I've farrumed a committee av one."

"But what other clothes may I put on?" asked Russell, ruefully.

"Sure an I've got a fine shuit for ye."

"I don't see any."

"Oh, they're handy enough to here: they're in the next room, quite convaynient, and I'll let ye have thim afther ye get these off."

Russell stood still in deep gloom and despondency. All his finest feelings were outraged beyond description at this pro-

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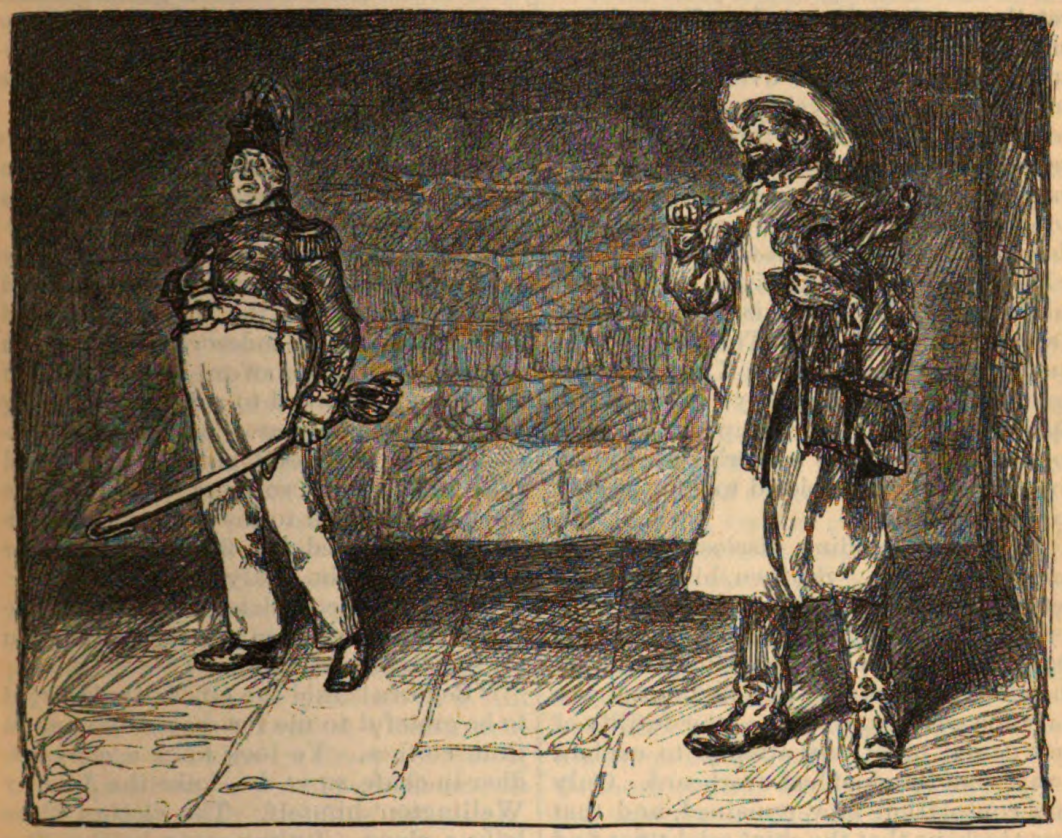
posal. The chief, however, sat calm and smiling, as though quite unconscious of any evil intent.

"Come," said he, "hurry up!"

There was no help for it. He was clearly in this man's power. It was a dreadful thought; yet he had to obey.

chief, who, however, only responded with an impatient gesture. Thereupon Russell took off his waistcoat. Another appealing glance was then thrown at the chief, who only responded by a gesture more impatient than before.

"Come," said he, "be quick! Ye see,



"AN' SO, I SAY, YE'LL HAVE TO LOOK ON THIM GIN'RAL'S CLOTHES AS YER OWN."

So he took off his cravat. This he did slowly and solemnly, as though preparing to bare his neck for the axe of the executioner.

"Come, make haste," said the chief. "I've only got a few minutes to spare; an' if ye can't change yer clothes before me alone, why, I'll have to go off, an' thin ye'll have half a dozen av thim up here at ye."

"And must I?" moaned the unhappy man.

"Av coorse," said the chief. "An' what is it all? Sure it's nothin' at all at all, so it isn't."

Russell gave a heavy sigh, and then taking off his coat he laid it on the floor. Then he cast an appealing glance at the

ye may have no ind av val'able dockymints stitched in between the lining av yer clothes—I've often knowed that same. Begorra, we get more in that way that we find stitched in the clothes, than we do from the wallets an' the opin conthributions."

"But I haven't anything stitched between my clothes."

"So ye say, an' so I'm bound to believe," said the chief. "Sure I wouldn't for the wurruld be afther hintin' that ye iver spake annything but the truth. Howandiver, I'll tell ye somethin'. Ye see, I was standin' at the dure av yer room last night by the marest accidint, an' I happened to overhear a confabulation between you an' Rivers. An' ye know what ye towld him, an' ye

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know what he said to you. Ye said somethin' about havin' Spanish bonds—to the chune av thirty thousand pounds—in yer pocket, or about ye somewhere, an' ye wanted some place to hide it, an' Rivers advised ye to have it stitched in yer clothes. Now I scorrun avesdhroppin', so I does, but when infarrumation av that kind comes free to yer ears, ye're bound to get the good av it. An' so I'm goin' to instichoot an invistigation over yer clothes, an' over yer room, an' over yer thrunks, an' over everythin' ye've got, an' I'm not goin' to rist till I've got thim bonds. Oh, ye naden't say annything—I can see it all in yer face. There's nothin' to say. I don't expect ye to own up an' hand over the money. I'm contint to hunt it up meself—that is, for the prisint. Ye see, it's mine, for it belongs to his R'yal Majesty Carlos, King av Spain. The bonds are issued by Spain, an' as he is King av Spain he owns thim bonds. If ye was a native Spaniard ye'd give thim up out av pure loyalty, but as ye're a farr'ner, why, av coorse ye can't be ixpicted to deny yerself to such an ixtint."

At this astounding disclosure Russell was struck dumb. So, then, his secret was betrayed, and in the most dangerous quarter, and, worst of all, by his own folly! Once or twice he was about to speak, but the chief checked him, and he himself was only too well aware of the utter futility of any denial or of any attempt to explain away what the chief had overheard. Only one consolation now remained, and that was the hope that the chief might not find the bonds. The place in which he had hidden them seemed to him to be very much out of the way of an ordinary search, and not at all likely to be explored by any one.

At length Russell had finished his task, and had divested himself of everything, his remorseless captor insisting on his leaving nothing; and so he stood shivering and crouching on the stone floor.

"Now," said the chief, "walk in there. I'll follow."

He pointed to a passageway on the left, which led to an apartment beyond. At his gesture Russell slunk away in that direction, while the chief, gathering all the clothes up in a bundle, followed. On reaching the apartment Russell saw some garments lying spread out on a bench. They were quite new, and consisted of a military uniform profusely decorated with gold-lace. Everything was there complete.

"There," said the chief, "thim clothes belonged to a frind av mine whose acquaintince I made a month ago. He left these here an' wint away in another shuit, just as ye'll lave yer clothes an' go away, as I thrust, in these. Put thim on now, as soon as ye loike. Ye'll find thim a fine fit, an' they're an excillint matayrial. The frind that left thim was a giniral officer, and be the same tokin that same man swore more, an' faster, an' louder, an' deeper, than anny man I iver met with afore or since."

While the affable chief was thus talking, Russell proceeded to array himself in the general's uniform. Everything was there complete, from top to toe, and everything was of the very best quality—richest gold-lace, glittering epaulets, stripes and bands that dazzled the eye, buttons and chains of splendor indescribable, hat with gorgeous plumage, sword of magnificent decoration, attached to a belt that a king might choose to wear. All these delighted the soul of Russell, but not least of all the cloth, whose softness and exquisite fineness appealed to his professional feelings, and caused his fingers to wander lovingly over the costly fabric.

Soon he had completed the task of dressing himself, and once more stood erect in all the dignity of manhood.

"Begorra!" said the chief, "ye'd ought to be grateful to me for makin' ye put on thim clothes. Ye look loike a commandher-in-chafe, so ye do—loike the Juke av Wellington himself. The clothes fit ye loike a glove. I niver saw a betther fit—niver. Ye must put on yer sword an' belt, so as to give a finish to it all," and with these words he handed Russell the weapon of war. Russell took it with evident pleasure, and fastened it about his waist. The chief made him walk up and down, and complimented him so strongly that the prisoner in his new delight almost forgot the woes of captivity.

The chief now prepared to retire. Pointing to Russell's clothes, which he had kept all the time rolled up in a bundle tucked under one arm, he shook his head meditatively and said,

"It 'll be a long job I'll be havin' wid these."

"Why so?" asked Russell.

"Sure it's the examinin' that I've got to do," said the chief. "Gin'rally we examine thim by stickin' pins through every part, but in yer case there's thirty thou-

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sand pounds stowed away somewhere, an' I'm goin' meself to rip every stitch apart. Afther I've done wid my search through thim clothes, it isn't loikely that anny one in this castle 'll iver be able to put thim together again. To do that same 'ud nade a profissional tailor wid a crayative janius, so it would. An' so, I say, ye'll have to look on thim gin'ral's clothes as yer own; an' whin ye get free, as I hope ye'll be soon, ye may wear thim away home wid ye, an' take my blessin' wid ye. Moreover, ye'll have to kape this room. I'll spind this day in examinin' yer clothes, an' to-morrow I'll examine the other room. The bonds 'll kape till thin, as I know ye haven't towld Rivers annything about what ye done wid thim."

With these words the chief retired, and locked the door after him.

INDIAN ART IN METAL AND WOOD.

AN art student resident in India might perhaps be forgiven if he replied with a touch of petulance to an inquiry as to how far its craftsmanship is now available for the uses of Western civilization and luxury. "Your eclectic schools," he might say, "having exhausted Classic, Mediæval, and Renaissance art, found piquancy and freshness in the quaint fancies and exquisite workmanship of China and Japan, and now, grown tired of their toys, would fain add Indian art also to the fashions that pass away in your restless world." This would be an unreasonable answer to a most reasonable question, but that a reflection of this kind should be possible indicates the first and most important quality of Eastern art—its unity of character. In the presence of a still living system of decoration which inherits its code of design in direct succession, its comparative fixity and permanence, its perfect union with the life of the people, and a mysterious quality of organic fitness to the varying aspects of the country impress the mind with a force that can not be appreciated by those who have not lived in India.

The best of these qualities are incapable of exportation, and no selection of its workmanship could convey an adequate idea of the peculiar genius and character of the Indian people. Scarcely so much as this is asked for. A brick may not give a fair representation of the house from which it is taken, but, since bricks are in demand, let them be given, by all means. Nor need the sentimental reflection that while it is possible to export a shawl or a cabinet, we can not put up into any marketable shape the mystery and glamour of the East, hinder us from the attempt to make some of its productions better known.

The subject has a pathetic interest from the fact that some of the arts of the country, being accessories of priestly and feudal systems now crumbling slowly away, are dying out, while others are suffering from competition with the machine-made products of Europe. The picturesque pessimism which is the key-note of some modern art criticism has been heard in dirges over the grave of Indian art, and has, indeed, passionately accused the British government of its willful murder. No one is half so zealous for a creed as a new convert, and the good people in England who have at last awakened to the grievous spectacle of the decay of Indian art forget that it has been going on since before the time of Aurungzebe, and that it is only one phase of an organic change which has for many years been creeping over the country—a change over which conscious human effort can have but little more control than over the fading of the rainbow or the decay of the forest tree. The heaped-up splendors of the India museum, the spoil of many periods, have given an exaggerated idea of the artistic wealth of the land, and some writers have formed an ideal picture of a halcyon time when the hid treasures of princes' palaces were common in every bazar.

The young Aryan of the present day looks back to a past like that described in Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, when life was uniformly beautiful and adorned with every grace of art. The remains of ancient Hindu cities testify to the existence of centres of civilization, but it seems probable that these were few, and separated by wide intervals, both of time and space. In the Hindu epics it is noticeable that when once the heroes of the story pass the city walls, they are in open forest, where they wander for years. Modern inquirers, seeing the remains of the Yuzufzai Valley, of Hallibeed, Kanauj,

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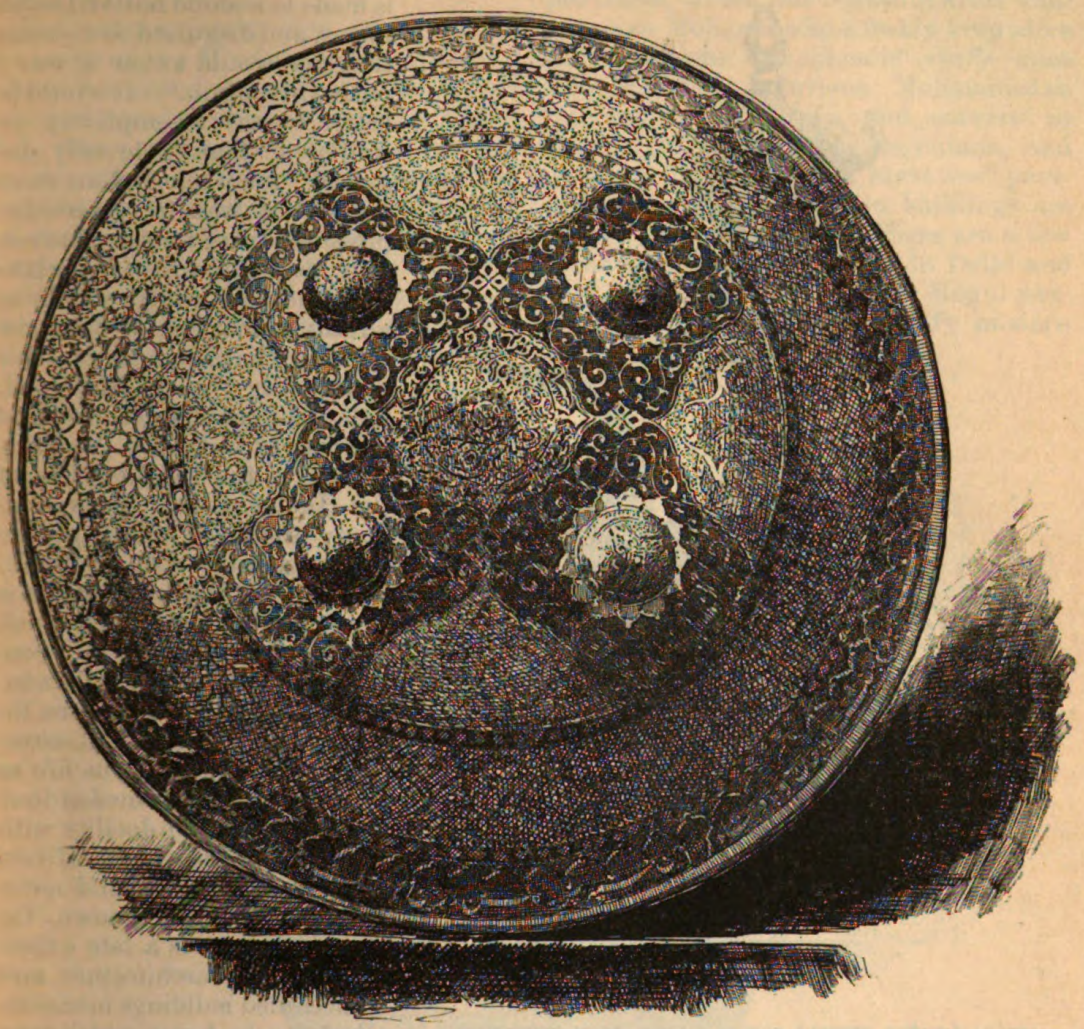
Gaur, Bijapur, and Fatehpur Sikri, are apt to forget that each belongs to a different epoch in a vast period. And when they charge the British government with destroying Oriental art they ignore such causes as the spiritual degradation of Hinduism and the decay of the Mohammedan power, both of which are far out of the reach of any government control. It is clear nothing can restore the pristine earnestness and faith of the older days, nor the despotisms which kept thousands of skillful craftsmen in worse than Egyptian bondage, nor the whips that were freely used to stimulate dilatory artists. A milder rule has replaced this tyranny, while faith is being undermined by the spread of education.

Unfortunately civilization and improvement are associated in the Oriental mind with a notion of art of which the Anglo-Indian drawing-room furnishes a fair example. In those seen by native Christians and educated Hindus there are to be found the usual chimney ornaments and furniture of excellent missionaries and others who have not time to think of artistic refinement, with the invariable addition of much crochet and Berlin-wool work, taught with praiseworthy intent to native ladies.* If zenana missions have done nothing else, they have naturalized the woful industry of Berlin wool. It seems hopeless to contend against a degradation of taste, of which this is but one example, so oddly allied with quite admirable and indeed noble intentions. But although much of the most precious part of Indian art has vanished as completely as the snows of yester-year, there still remains far more than some critics would have us think. Nor is it altogether Utopian to believe that causes now operating, such as the care and pains given by government to the preservation and illustration of its ancient monuments, the study by eminent native scholars of its antiquities, and the serious respect displayed toward indigenous art by Europeans of the highest station, may result in some not altogether unworthy echoes of the past. In the world of letters a revival of Oriental scholarship in its ancient seat is distinctly traceable to the reaction of the labors of Western scholars; and although craftsmen may not be so easily accessible as bookmen, they are now, as always, plastic and ready to respond to a sympathetic touch. Broadly, it seems fair to say that if good Indian work is sincerely wanted, it will be forth-coming.

In America it is thought possible that this interesting variety of art may succeed to the place in popular favor now held by Chinese and Japanese importations. The differences between Mongolian work and Indian are strongly marked. The Japanese, though bound by tradition as to manner and treatment, often goes direct to nature for his details. He is less bound to the precedents set by architectural style than the Indian, and can give free play to a brighter and more humorous fancy, allied to more exquisite delicacy of execution. The Indian ornamentist habitually recurs to architectonic forms as the groundwork of his design. Within the bounding lines and frame-work thus secured he traces ornaments full of variety of line, perfectly distributed as to quantity, but only remotely referring to the forms of nature. Geometrical symmetry and balance, which the Japanese seems to take a gay delight in avoiding by a thousand unexpected turns of fantasy, are accepted by the Indian as organic necessities of art. The spider-like application which, seeming to seek no help from the external world, results in so varied and yet so even a distribution of graceful and richly colored forms, whose general effect is of unsurpassable fullness and richness, is the most striking feature of the Indian's work. Probably the invariable quality of repose in variety, of subtlety in simplicity, is due in part to the influence of the geometrical arabesque of Mohammedan art. But the decorative styles of India have received impulses from other sources besides Mohammedan invaders. And while preserving unbroken lines of succession they have passed through more complex stages to a nobler development than in the further East. The result is a sobriety, correctness, and dignity not now to be found in Mongolian productions. The affinity of much of the Turanian and Dravidian art of Southern India with that of China and Japan is obvious, and, geographically speaking, the broad ethnological division between Aryan and Turanian is strongly marked. In architecture this division is

* There are exceptions in this matter. The late Mrs. Winter, of the American Mission at Delhi, successfully taught embroidery based on native models to the girls of her industrial school—an example which might well be followed by all missionary schools.

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KOFT (DAMASCENED) SHIELD, MODERN, PUNJAB.

especially noticeable. But in the minor arts of life a fusion has taken place, the Turanian branch seems to have lost its vital force, and since there was much in both of a common origin, it is not easy to trace the parts of the homogeneous whole presented by the Indian design of to-day. Religion, still more than ethnology, must be taken into account in considering this subject. Buddhism, if it did not preside at its very birth and origin, has left an ineffaceable mark upon Indian art, and has to some extent overridden race distinctions; for its forms and symbols have been accepted with marvellous unanimity, from the Greek-inspired sculptures of the Cabul frontier, through India to Java and Ceylon, across Central Asia to China and Japan. The direction of its march is now less important than the obvious signs of its triumph. A modern Japanese artist when he paints a sacred picture comes curiously near to the Aryan designers of the frescoes of the Ajanta caves in the Deccan.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that, like Japanese and other Oriental styles, Indian art is of a comparatively low intellectual level, aiming more to please the eye than to teach the mind or touch the heart. Hundreds of clever literary people hunting for suggestions and sermons have brought it to this pass that some cultivated folk look only for anecdote, history, passion, and drama in art, and estimate it only as it is burdened with the lesson of the book. Whether it is fair to apply this bookish canon to a conception

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AFTÁBA (WAṬER VESSEL), COPPER TINNED, FROM PESHAWUR.

of art so fundamentally opposed to that of Europe is too large a question for discussion here.

It will be seen that the historical side of the subject is a large and difficult one. Learned scholars are still contending as to the original founts of inspiration, and the task of apportioning to Greek, Bactrian, Byzantine, Persian, Arab, Tartar, Mogul, Ghorian, and the rest, his exact share in building up the art we know to-day, may be left in their hands. The Indian alphabet itself is now said to be foreign; and in a paper supporting this view a distinguished scholar makes a remark which to those who know the country will appear a mere truism, but which expresses fairly enough a consideration not sufficiently taken into account. "We constantly find in India that something foreign imported into the country is made to assume native Indian forms, and disguised so cleverly that one would swear it was a native invention." It would be better to say "completely assimilated" than "cleverly disguised," for while Indian races are soft as wax to receive impressions from foreign sources, they absorb and fuse them into a harmonious unity which, as already remarked, is the most striking characteristic of their work. Sir George Birdwood, indeed, has boldly declared that the arts of India are the illustration of the religious life of the Hindus as that life was already organized in full perfection under the code of Menu, B.C. 900. This generalization is simple, but it omits very much that ought to be taken into consideration. The arts of Hindustan proper and of Northern India are not so much illustrations of Hindu religious life as evidences of Mohammedan domination, and of the docility with which distinctly anti-Hindu ideas were accepted and naturalized. The well-known Taj Mahal at Agra is a late example of Moslem architecture, and it succeeded buildings intrinsically better in design which may be taken broadly as the predominant type of Northern Indian art. In many of these but little of the Hindu may be traced—save the patient labor of his vassal hand.

The distinction between Hindu and Mohammedan remains in art and craftsmanship, as also, unhappily, in race antipathy—the most striking feature of the subject. Certain crafts in the hands of the latter are treated in accordance with Mogul or Persian tradition, while others, preserved by the curious caste system of the Hindus, can claim kinship to older Turanian or Indo-Aryan originals. These distinctions, however, though it is necessary to bear them in mind, are not invariable, and are not always easily traced. The potters who make glazed ware are Mohammedan, for their craft was originally an accessory of that Mogul magnificence which covered the domes and lined the walls of tombs

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and mosques with a splendid mosaic of enamelled tile-work.

The village potter, who forms one of the units of the Hindu commune, each of whom has fixed duties and claims, and who only makes unglazed ware, is a Hindu. The potter's craft is in some respects an exception to the rule of decay, and a distinct revival and extension of the art of making glazed ware is taking place. Carpet-weaving, where it subsists as an independent craft, is Mohammedan, and the weavers of Wurrungal and other



GUNGA SÁGAR (WATER VESSEL), BRASS, JHELUM.

places in Southern India—little colonies among populations of Hindus, claim Persian descent, which certainly can be allowed to their patterns. Armorers, damasceners, sword-cutlers, and gun-makers are Mohammedan, but the village blacksmith who makes the hoe and the reaping-hook is generally a Hindu. The gold-embroiderers, gilt-wire and gold-lace makers of the prosperous northern cities of Amritza and Delhi are usually Mohammedan, as also are shawl-weavers and kindred embroidery crafts of Persian descent. In Madras also and the central provinces, where this beautiful art is waning, poor Mohammedans feebly keep alive the traditions of splendid stuffs once wrought for luxurious Mohammedan princes. Stone-masons and carvers in Guzerat, Central India, Rajputana, and in some districts of the northwest provinces where purely Hindu buildings are still raised, are Hindus. There are a few Mohammedan stone carvers in Delhi and Northern India who preserve Mogul canons, which also greatly modify modern Hindu styles, such as the Jain architecture of Rajputana. The inlay wrought at Agra, of agate, jasper, carnelian, bloodstone, etc., in white Jeypoor marble, is now in the hands of Hindus chiefly, although an art of Mussulman origin. The miniature painters of Delhi are all Mohammedan, as lax in their respect for the precepts of Islam as their Persian progenitors.

Many ordinary handicrafts are practiced by both creeds, such as carpentry, ordinary weaving (in silk weaving Mus-

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sulmans preponderate), the coppersmith's and brazier's trades, wherein Hindus are in the majority. The comparatively recently introduced tinsmith's trade seems to be reserved to Mohammedans — perhaps because of the necessity of handling vessels unclean from cooking, which is repugnant to the Hindu. Seal-engraving, an important craft in India, is a peculiarly Mohammedan art. Even in ordinary trades, practiced by both, distinctions may be traced. Thus a copper or brazen water vessel in the hands of a Moslem artificer becomes Persian in name and character — *Aftába*, graceful and elegant; while the Hindu brazier makes it useful and quaint, and piously calls it *Gunga Ságar*, after the sacred river. Brass is invariably used by Hindus, while Mohammedans affect tinned copper.



LOTA (DRINKING VESSEL), OLD BRASS, HINDU.

Taking metal first, it should not be difficult to show that there is still good design in the land. Unfortunately, objects handy for exportation and suited to Western uses are the first to show the deterioration complained of. A native metal chaser when at work on articles for home use proceeds in a perfectly simple and rational way, fitting the scrolls, leaves, or grotesque creatures of his decorative répertoire with consummate propriety and tranquil certainty of hand to hooka bowls, water vessels, rose-water sprinklers, and the like—objects of definite and accustomed uses, and of forms that only vary in subtlety of line, and are never tortured by willful efforts to attain mere novelty. For these, however, Western folk have but little use. They demand from him tea-pots, cream-jugs, race-cups, and "vases"—a terrible word, meaning a hundred shapes, from the Italian alabaster horror-

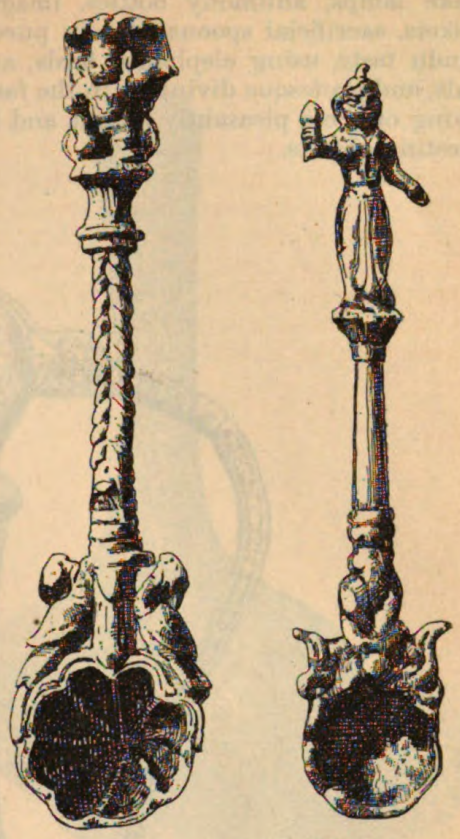


BRASS ORNAMENTAL CHAINS, MODERN, GUZERAT.

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three feet high to the opal and ruby Bohemian-glass chimney ornament. So he is shown English silversmiths' and electroplaters' illustrated catalogues. These come with the sanction of finer print and paper than the Indian workman has ever seen; and being English, have an authority which only those who have tried to explain their real worthlessness to the native can understand. These, it is plain, are disturbing influences, and the problem of fulfilling Western uses without losing the Oriental spirit can only be satisfactorily solved by the improved cultivation and taste of Western buyers.

Since natives almost invariably use brass or copper for culinary, domestic, and sacrificial purposes, the coppersmith's trade, with the attendant crafts of casting, beaten or *repoussé* work, and chasing, is universally practiced. It may be noted that very little engraving, in the Western sense of the word, is done in India as a means of decoration, and the fine meagre lines on perfectly true, hard surfaces, the pride of European workmen, are comparatively unknown, since the graver, or burin, held underhand, cutting a clean line from which the burr is scraped, is not used. The hammer, punch, and chisel produce a bolder, simpler, and more effective decoration. An illustration gives some of the forms of older brass-ware, but their peculiarly pleasant, waxy surface is scarcely translatable in black and white.



SACRIFICIAL SPOONS, OLD BRASS, HINDU.

The most popularly known variety of this work as a commercial product is the Benares ware, largely produced for a not very intelligent market. The entire surface is covered with grotesque figures and foliage, boldly chased and highly polished. The forms are very various, but the prodigality of thoughtless labor, which leaves no morsel of skillfully contrasted plain field, ends by being tiresome. In this case as in other branches of industry the Hindu middle-men and dealers, who, like all the clerkly races of Hindus, such as Bengali baboos, khutriyas, etc., are curiously indifferent to art, care only that there shall be "plenty work" on the wares they sell. The truth is that better brass-work than that of Benares can be had in several large towns, especially at Ahmedabad, in Guzerat; while scattered over the country are artificers who



LOTA (DRINKING VESSEL), SILVER INCRUSTATION ON COPPER, TANJORE.

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make lamps, antimony bottles, images, caskets, sacrificial spoons, etc., in purely Hindu taste, using elephants, birds, animals, and grotesque divinities in the fashioning of these pleasantly quaint and interesting objects.

served in places, and polished to a perfectly smooth surface, is one of the most familiar and highly finished forms of Indian metal-work. It is really a revival, and owes much to the fostering care of a member of the government, and of a



a. Bidree Hooka, silver on black metal, modern. *b*. Aftába (water vessel), siyah kalambari, Moradabad. *c*. Gulab-pash (rose-water sprinkler), siyah kalambari, Moradabad.

The *siyah kalambari*, a sort of niello made at Moradabad (northwest provinces), where deep graving in brass is filled with a hard black composition, and then tinned or silvered, with sometimes the brass re-

native gentleman of position. The patterns show the usual modern tendency to excessive minuteness, and mechanical finish is perhaps more considered than variety of design. But the art is capable of ex-

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tended application, and its means are so simple that it will be difficult to vulgarize it. Obviously it must be very bad ornament indeed to offend the eye when delicately traced in silver and gold on a ground of pure black.

An older method of decorative metal work—silver inlaid in a black material resembling pewter, but much harder—is known as Bidree ware, from the old Mohammedan town of Beder, where it is believed to have originated. The pattern and not the ground is here graven and channelled, and tiny plates and wires of silver cut to shape with scissors are hammered into the forms, the final polishing resulting in a silver mosaic on a fine-toned *mat* black, which, however, is scarcely black. Formerly the designs were bold as well as delicate, and portions of the dark field were left, while now an equal distribution is aimed at. Both notions are sound enough, but the exclusive practice of the latter gives the work an air of monotony. Hyderabad, in the Deccan, is the modern seat of this manufacture, but it is also practiced at Lucknow.

In Southern India, at Tanjore and Madura, copper vessels, trays, etc., incrusted with silver cut in the forms of fishes, animals, flowers, and ornaments of distinctly Turanian character, are produced. The silver is worked in thicker pieces than seems necessary to the effect, and when new the contrast between the red copper and the white silver is more pronounced than pleasing.

One of the most important varieties of surface decoration in metal is damascening—the incrustation of gold and silver wire on steel. Following the invariable tendency of Indian crafts, this art is now localized, and is most practiced at Sialkot and Gujerat, in the Punjab. It is identical



SURAHI (WATER VESSEL), MODERN CASHMERE WARE, COPPER TINNED.

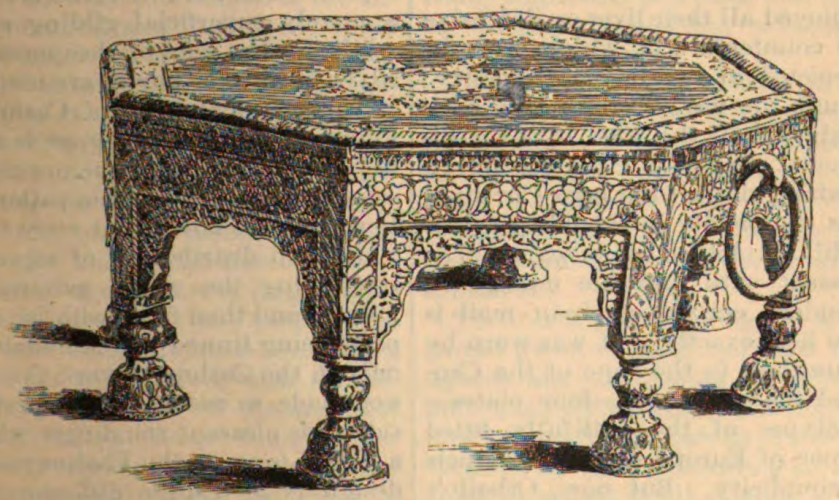
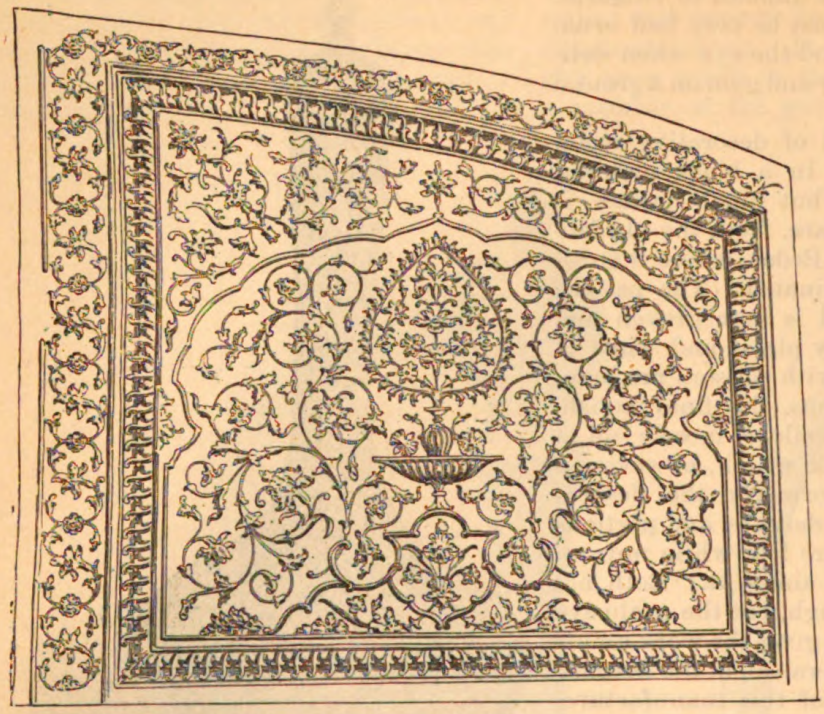


TABLE OR STOOL, IN COARSE OLD SILVER.

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BEATEN WORK IN COPPER FOR THE "GOLDEN TEMPLE," OR "DURBAR SAHIB," AMRITZA, SIKH, MODERN.

in principle with, and strongly resembles in detail, the damascening of Syria, which also was like Spanish and Venetian work. In the days—only just passed by—when the Punjab was the battle-ground of India, arms were the most important manufacture of its large towns. Even now a native prince occasionally turns out his cavalry escort in chain or plate armor, and there still survive workmen who have been employed all their lives on defensive gear, the counterpart of which is to be found depicted in the Bayeux tapestry; for although the use of armor may have been originated in the East, it never attained the wonderfully elaborate development which clothed the later Christian knight as completely in flexible steel as an armadillo is clothed by its scales. The round basnet with movable nose-guard and dependent curtain of chain-mail is still made here exactly as it was worn by the Paynim host in the time of the Crusades; and the *char aina*—four plates—the prototypes of the skillfully fitted plate-armor of Europe, survive in their pristine simplicity. But now, Othello's occupation being gone in great part, the artificers have turned their attention to forging caskets, candlesticks, cups, salvers, shields (for decorative purposes), and a hundred similar things, the supply of which seems more than equal to the demand. It is vexatious to see an inkstand made out of a jockey-cap, a horseshoe, a hunting-whip, and a saddle copied in good red gold and honest blue steel; but the workman is scarcely to blame if inanities of this sort are demanded from him. Here, as in other branches of Indian work, are large numbers of skillful men, who really possess good art traditions, ready and willing to respond to a demand for the best they can do. Some of them, such as Ibrahim of Gujerat, Kuth Din of Sialkot, and others, are capable of artistic and well-considered design. Generally speaking, modern damascening, or *koft*-work, is apt to degenerate into minute and meaningless ornament, as if the infiltration marks on a moss-agate or sea-weed forms had been copied. The gold wire, too, is replaced by a merely superficial gilding sometimes, while, for the sake of cheapness, gold and silver of inferior purity are used.

The metal chasing of Cashmere is of Persian origin, and copper is the favorite material. Arabesque ornaments that sometimes recall the fine patterns on old Persian wine bowls, but more frequently a uniform distribution of minute details resembling the shawl patterns, are engraven, and then filled with lac, the raised parts being tinned like Moradabad niello, only in the Cashmere work the surface is not made so mechanically perfect. Besides this pleasant roughness, which gives a better tone to the Cashmere ware, the design is in a quite different style and feeling. Silver is treated in a similar

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way, without a black ground, but sometimes with the addition of colored enamel, usually disagreeably raw and crude in color, and more often with a light gilding on the raised parts, which produces a singularly delicate and pleasing effect, the rest of the chased work being left in a peculiar tone of dead and half-burnished white, like snow and pearls just touched with gold. In nearly all modern Cashmere products the well-known pine form of the shawls may be considered the decorative unit, re-appearing in painted papier-maché, wood-work, and metal. This misruled country is liable to famines, and in former times large numbers of workmen emigrated to the plains. "Cashmere" silver-work is now made at Lucknow, and at Amritza is an important trade in Cashmere shawls.



WATER VESSEL, COPPER TINNED, OLD CASHMERE WARE.

The silver-work which takes its name from the kingdom of Cutch, and the best of which is made at Bhuj, the capital of a native state north of the Bombay Presidency, is nowadays applied to articles of European use, and finds extensive sale. The workmen are Hindus, and among their ornaments figures of animals and occasionally of divinities are seen. Generally the patterns are of equally distributed scrolls and foliage in relief on a ground dotted or roughened by the punch. In buying this ware the weight of the silver is first charged, and then so much per rupee is added for workmanship—a rate which varies according to the elaboration and quality of the work. This practice is universal where metal is concerned. A mechanically better finished kind of silver *repoussé* on the same principle is made at Delhi, but the forms are apt to become meagre and thread-like. The collector at times comes across large pieces of embossed silver for which there seems to be no use in our civilized life, boldly hammered up and chased, with no suicidal attempt to smooth off the marks of hammer and chisel. These, though sometimes merely coarse and clumsy, have often a quite royal effect, and seem to indicate that our Western treatment of silver is more timid and tiny than it need be.

An interesting example of the occasional value of religious endowments in preserving forms of art is afforded by the *repoussé*-work in copper done at Amritza, the sacred city of the Sikhs, for the Sikh temple known as the Golden Temple, or Durbar Sahib. The upper part of this building is covered with copper plates embossed and heavily gilded, while the lower portions and the surrounding pavements are an inlay of precious stones in marble, resembling the Agra *pietra dura* inlay, but differing in that, with Hindu freedom of fancy, human figures and creatures are introduced. The revenues of this temple not only support the priests, but also keep agoing workshops where beaten-work in metal and marble inlay are wrought.

The application of vitreous enamel to metal is the choicest of Indian arts, and one of the few which can rival Japanese work in technical skill. No *cloisonné*, however, is done here. In the time of the Moguls enamel was used for arms, but it is now chiefly confined to articles of feminine adornment. That of Jeypoor (in Rajputana) is considered the finest, but Delhi almost equals it in quality of color. Both are remarkable for a beautiful red, a fine white, and great delicacy of finish. At Multan, Jhang, and other places in the Northern Punjab silver ornaments are enamelled in two tints of blue, a fine black, and inferior red and yellow. The best of this is *champ levé*, *i. e.*, the enamel is filled into graven hollows, but in much of the ordinary work the metal, instead of being engraven, is beaten into a die, and the resulting raised line is consequently poor and mechanical.

Bahawalpur, a native state on the Punjab border, has a reputation for semi-translucent blue and sea-green enamel, applied to large pieces, some of the gilded surface being left plain or only chased in lines, with admirable effect. But the supply is limited, and the work is more costly than it need be.

There is a pretty variety of semi-transparent green enamel incrusted with gold figures and ornaments delicately lined, known as Pertabghur enamel, which is now one of the numerous crafts of Delhi. Some of the most interesting of this class, from an artist's point of view, is the comparatively rude work done at Kangra, in

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NECKLACE, ENAMEL ON SILVER, SEMI-BARBARIC HILL WORK, FROM KANGRA, PUNJAB.

the lower Punjab Himalaya, at Hayara on the frontier, and other places. There is a simplicity of motive and boldness of design in these rustic efforts which you miss in the finely finished articles of Delhi and Jeypoor.

Indian jewelry is too vast a subject to be adequately treated in so brief and general a sketch as this. The universal custom of putting savings by in the form of gold and silver ornaments necessitates the presence of a silversmith in every village. The wife of a peasant whose gross annual income is but two hundred rupees, all told, and whose house is furnished only with a bed and a few cooking pots, wears on her person from fifty to eighty rupees' worth of ornaments, and other classes in proportion. The nostrils are sometimes pierced and the ears riddled with perforations from top to bottom of the distorted lobes; the ankles are by some castes loaded with heavy, bell-studded fetters, the wearing of which would be considered a grievous punishment by a Western belle; the head is laced with chains, studs, and plates; the arm is loaded sometimes from wrist to shoulder; toe rings are common, and occasionally rings on each finger are connected by chains with a large ornament or gold-set mirror on the back of the hand. All kinds of things are used for ornaments; natural marigolds are set with plates of talc, necklaces of cloves are considered good for the headache, and are certainly pretty; pewter, iron, brass, zinc, copper, glass, horn, shell, and lac are used for bangles, tons of glass and lac being annually worked up for this purpose alone. There is material for a volume in the quaint fancies and superstitions associated with precious stones, each of which is minutely classified in all possible varieties. Each caste and race also wears ornaments of distinctive forms, and though railway travelling has diffused geographical variations, it has by no means suppressed them. Without attempting more than a reference to this subject, it may be fairly said that the jewelry by which India is known abroad, such as the gold-work of Delhi set with precious stones, pretty and occasionally European in taste; the silver filigrain of Cuttack, which resembles the dainty metal cobwebs of Malta and Genoa; the Swami gold and silver ornaments of Trichinopoly and Madras, rough with grotesque, many-armed gods, and the chiselled silver of Lucknow, are not quite the best and most characteristic forms the country can show. Among the hill people and in outlying districts are still to be found bracelets, necklets, and other gear, rough, indeed, in workmanship, but bold in design, resembling more the ornaments adorning the figures of ancient Hindu sculpture than the comparatively flimsy things made for the English market. Many of the best of these are too barbaric in general form for adoption by English or American ladies, who would object to their size and massiveness. Their simplicity, however, is real and natural, and very unlike the bald plainness the Western goldsmith attains when he cunningly strives for this precious quality.

But little space is left for a notice of Indian work in wood. This is only known abroad by *bibelots*, which, though pretty, give no idea of the real strength of the native artificer—his treatment of wood in domestic architecture. To fitly understand this it is necessary to see such towns as Ahmedabad in Guzerat, Amritza and Lahore in the Punjab, the old doorways of Delhi, and many others scattered over the country. Even *bibelots*, however, may be characteristic, and the richly worked sandal-wood carving of Canara and Southern India, with its boldly undercut rows of whirling and fantastic figures and scrolls, is a not wholly despicable repetition of the crowded and coral-like incrustation of sculptures on Southern Hindu temples. The similar work of Surat and Bombay may be known by its flatter projection and the absence of figures, while the same material at Ahmedabad, where some of the best wood-carving in India is wrought, combines figures with ornament in a medium degree of relief. The black-wood furniture of Bombay is a naturalized importation, and being based on a false idea of wood construction, has degenerated into an elaborate and tiresome agglomeration of "curlie-wurlies, whigmaleeries, and open-steek'd hems," to quote Andrew Fairservice's apt description of thoughtless ornament. Chair, couch, or table is lost

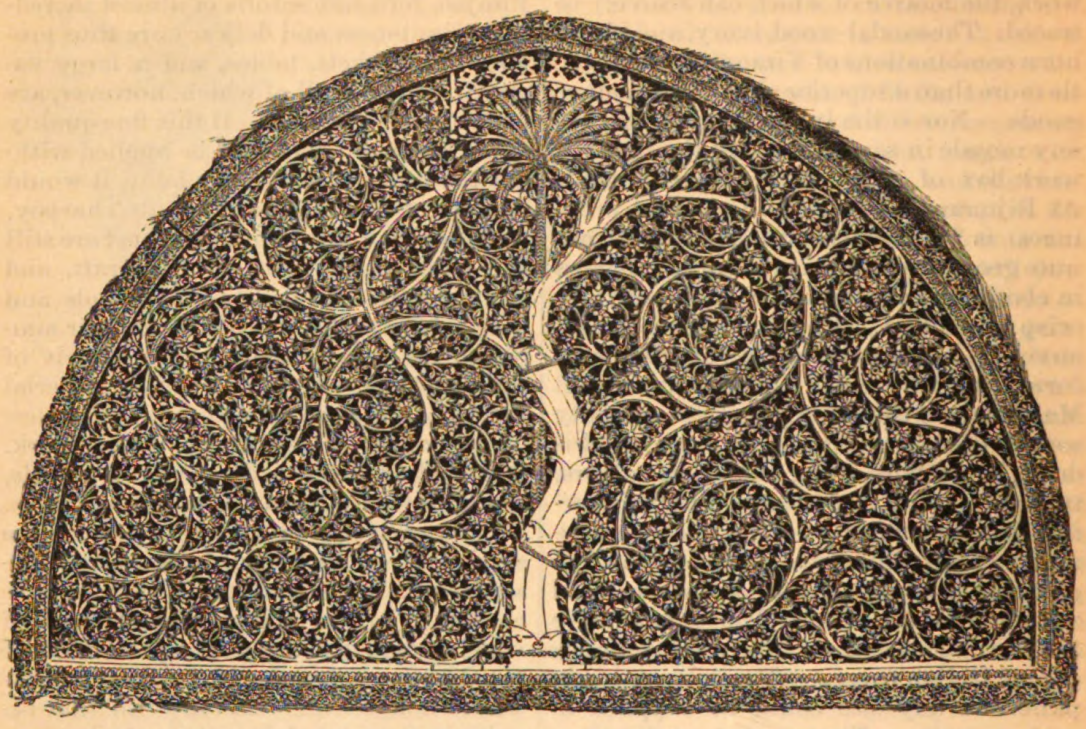
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in a profusion of heavily carved open-work, the motive of which can scarcely be traced. The sandal-wood, ivory, and bison-horn combinations of Vizagapatam are little more than a superior class of stationers' goods. Nor is the ivory, pewter, and ebony mosaic in sandal-wood of the Bombay work-box of a much higher character. At Bijnaur and Nagind (northwest provinces) is localized a curious craft of minute geometrical carving of surface diapers in ebony, in very low relief but beautifully crisp execution. Combs, caskets, trays, envelope boxes, and the like, are the usual forms, but the supply is irregular. At Mainpuri, in the same provinces, a dainty sort of damascening in dark hard wood is done, brass wire being inlaid in salvers, trays, etc., with that infinite fancy of flowing line that never fails the native craftsman. At Hushiarpur, in the Punjab, is a growing industry of shisham-wood inlaid with ivory and brass. The comparative freedom of design in this work reminds one of Italian *tarsia*. For cabinet-work, panels of any size could be supplied in any quantity. The present applications are chiefly desks, work-boxes, cabinets, and small articles of furniture. The wood is a dark red-brown, something like rose-wood, but tougher and stronger. Hushiarpur is also strong in turned and lacquered wood-ware. Native house furniture is exceedingly simple, being limited usually to a bed and a stool or two. A part of each marriage outfit in Northern India is a charpoy (low bedstead), and a quaint, high-backed, low stool, both of turned wood ornamented with lac. Very little painting on wood is now done, and the lac surface, obtained by pressing what is virtually a stick of colored sealing-wax on the revolving object, is a harder and more solid covering than any paint. The heat developed by friction melts the lac, and farther friction with a bit of bamboo polishes a coat of color which resists dust, the great heat of the hot weather, and the damp of the rains. But there are many refinements in this most simple art. In Sindh and in the Punjab layer upon layer of colored lac of infinitesimal thinness is laid. Then with a stylus these coats are scratched through in a manner analogous to Italian *sgraffito*. Supposing red to have been laid first, then green, and lastly black, the black is scratched through for green leaves, the green and black for a red flower, and for a white line all are cut through to the white wood. At Dera Ismail Khan, in the Punjab, fern-like scrolls of almost incredible minuteness and delicacy are thus produced on caskets, tables, and a large variety of objects, all of which, however, are and must be circular. If this fine quality of surface-covering could be applied without the intervention of the lathe, it would be a great gain. The domestic charpoy, wedding stool, and spinning-wheel are still the chief native uses of the craft, and among well-to-do people ivory studs and other elaborations are added to their simple forms. Sometimes pretty models of cooking vessels are made in this material for wedding gifts, as also toy-like saucepans in silver or sometimes in bead-work. Obviously, if everybody gave real vessels, the bride would be buried in pots and pans.

Charming and characteristic as are the small wares in wood thus briefly described, there is a higher interest and often better art in Indian applications of wood to domestic architecture. There are few Northern towns which can not show whole house fronts carved with that peculiarly Oriental elaboration which seems to take no thought of time or expense. Balconies, windows, brackets, and cornices, occurring among stone, brick, or lime work, are ornamented with sunk flowers, enriched mouldings, columns, and pilasters, with a surety, crispness, and felicity which can only be appreciated when seen in their native sunshine. Considered as construction merely, some carpentry of other nations is perhaps sounder; but even in this respect there is nothing despicable. The reckless waste of the once fine forests—which the government is doing its best to remedy—has greatly enhanced the price of timber, and tends to choke a still living craft. The architecture imported by the English has, however, done more grievous injury than can be estimated with calmness. Barracks, churches, and houses, designed for the most part by people who have had no education in architecture of any kind, but who are at best fair engineers, are looked upon by natives as authoritative examples, and their blank ugliness is copied with exasperating fidelity.

Municipal improvements, too, are often devastations, and the names of active district officers are given to new buildings of uniform hideousness which replace the quaintness, variety, and beauty of a naturally grown native street. There are

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PERFORATED WINDOW, COPIED IN TEAK FROM THE WINDOW IN YELLOW SANDSTONE IN THE BHUDDER MOSQUE, AHMEDABAD.

earnest magistrates capable of calmly ordaining that all new house balconies should be of one pattern, prescribed by the municipal engineer, and there are many who think that when they have reared a clock tower in nineteenth-century British Gothic in the centre of a native city they have taken a serious step in the march of civilization. An example of this folly is to be seen at Amritza, where, overlooking the pool in the centre of which the Golden Temple of the Sikhs seems to swim like a swan, pure and bright in marble and gold, is a red brick clock tower whose offense nothing short of dynamite could fitly purge. There is another in the Chandney Chowk, the picturesque main street of Delhi. But in fairness it must be said that this mistaken notion of improvement is giving way to a juster appreciation of the fitness of things. And if zealous civil officers have occasionally done harm, there are many cases in which their strenuous and well-directed efforts have been the means of preserving interesting industries from extinction and noble monuments from decay. At Muttra, one of the ancient Hindu centres, and at Bulandshahr (north-west provinces), may be seen new buildings richly wrought, and rivalling old work in beauty, which owe their existence entirely to the energy and taste of an officer of the civil service, who is also a learned Oriental scholar, and has the sympathetic gift of inspiring natives of means and position with his enthusiasm for indigenous art. The declared and vigorously enforced policy of the government to use native manufactures for its own needs, instead of constantly ordering stores from England, will stimulate native industry, while art in its higher sense may be benefited by the appointment to the Ministry of Public Works of Mr. T. C. Hope, whose researches in the archæology of Guzerat are well known, and who has an enlightened appreciation of Oriental architecture. The people are so ready to follow the official lead, it is of more importance here than elsewhere that government should at least be sympathetic on this subject.

In the Punjab, at all events, the tradition of good timber construction, rich and fanciful in design, still survives. In

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Southern India there is nothing to match the picturesque streets of Northern towns, with their projecting galleries, pretty balcony windows, and elaborately fretted cornices. It would be a curious and interesting inquiry to trace the variations of wood-building from the quaint Mongolian temples near Simla southward, the styles changing as dialects and language change. Broadly, the most striking result of such an inquiry would be a conviction of the predominance of the late Saracenic shaft and mihráb, which, like an Aaron's rod, seem to be swallowing up more characteristic Hindu forms, where the square pillar, though chamfered into octagons and cunningly notched and sculptured, virtually remains square. In Northern India Sikhs, Jains, and other Hindus have accepted this soft, half Italian-looking form without reserve, and it is to be found in the purely Hindu towns of Maharashtra, Poona, and Nassick, as well as in Guzerat, where, however, the Hindu sculptor made a harder fight against Mussulman influence.

The Punjab contains many varieties of the interesting work of the constructive carpenter, as he is called in contradistinction to the village carpenter proper, whose immemorial allotment of labor is to make the agricultural implements and simple furniture of rustic life. But in order to realize its charm it is necessary to brave many evil odors, and to lose one's self in the labyrinthine streets and alleys of native cities, where weather-worn, richly carved timbers nearly meet overhead, where the dyer hangs out his cloths fresh from the dye vat in brilliantly tinted streamers, and the pigeons flutter and perch along the dusty mouldings, while the green parrots shoot like live emeralds from the clear blue of the cold-weather sky into the dark shadows under the fretted eaves.

There is no reason why the skill and fancy of Indian wood-carvers should not be known abroad by large work suitable for architectural uses as well as by drawing-room ornaments. A country may be rich in wit and wealth and yet inherit no birthright of its own in the great genealogy of artistic style, and need not think it shame to go abroad in search of adornments for its necessarily eclectic architecture. There is much that the Indian craftsman can do which can not, to put it in homely phrase, be done anywhere else under heaven for love or money. The best that he is capable of has scarcely by this generation been asked for. And when, humbly anxious to please, he has, with great pains and labor, produced his copy of European work, we turn round and abuse him for his misdirected industry. But is the fault entirely his? He is the least speculative of mortals, and only makes what will sell. He is innocent of many of the fine sentiments attributed to him, and his whole being is by no means centred in poetry and metaphysics; but he has wonderful hands, and is born heir to fine decorative traditions. In this matter of carven wood-work skillful architects could find many details which might be built into modern domestic constructions with admirable effect. An interesting experiment was tried recently by Mr. Lockwood De Forest, of New York, who, during a recent protracted visit to this country, organized a band of the wood-carvers of Ahmedabad. Among the works wrought by these men may be instanced copies of the beautiful windows in perforated sandstone of the Bhudder, which may be considered as types of the best qualities of Indian design. Such demands made by artists and those who care for art can be fully met, and would do more than anything else to convince the people of the folly of neglecting their own plastic forms.

ON THE EDGE OF THE MARSH.

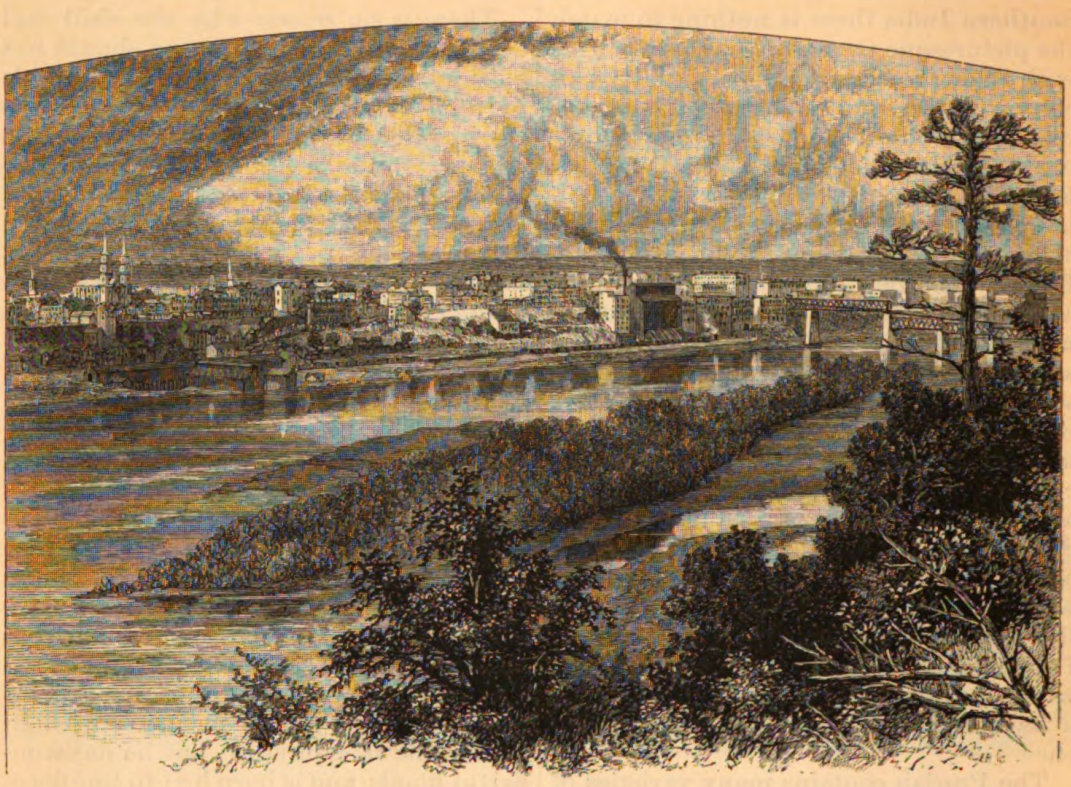
In November.

Dead sienna and rusty gold
Tell the year on the marsh is old.
Blackened and bent, the sedges shrink
Back from the sea pool's frosty brink.
Low in the west a wind cloud lies,
Tossed and wild in the autumn skies.
Over the marshes, mournfully,
Drifts the sound of the restless sea.

In June.

Fair and green is the marsh in June;
Wide and warm in the sunny noon.
The flowering rushes fringe the pool
With slender shadows, dim and cool.
From the low bushes "Bob White" calls;
Into his nest a rose leaf falls,
The blue-flag fades; and through the heat,
Far off, the sea's faint pulses beat.

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ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

THE HOME OF HIAWATHA.

CANADA in the middle of the seventeenth century was surely rough and frontier-like enough, yet it was only the threshold of an unexplored region whose vastness was then inestimable, and whose promises of adventure and wealth were very alluring. The French for a long time after the first colonization on the Lower St. Lawrence had neither energy nor resources for advancing beyond Montreal, the very existence of which was a continuous miracle. Finally, however, a few traders or hunters penetrated westward, and excelled each other in bringing back glowing accounts of a rich region and of hordes of Indians. This fired the adventurous zeal of the Jesuit Allouez, who organized a band of Indian followers, and sailed up to the head of Lake Huron. Here, at the Sault Ste. Marie, he "threw himself boldly among the savages, relying on his powers of persuasion to win their confidence, and the purity of his motives to secure success." This was in 1665.

In May, 1673, two other ardent Frenchmen followed his footsteps—men whose names are now immortal in the Northwest. They were Fathers Marquette and Joliet. Their company consisted of five other Frenchmen and some Indians, their means of transportation were two bark canoes, and their provisions a small supply of maize and smoked meat. Passing the posts at St. Mary's and at Michilimackinac, at the exit of Lake Michigan, they met Father Allouez at the Bay of Puans, now Green Bay, and there prepared to go in search of a great river reported by the Indians as existing further west. It does not concern me to follow them in their voyage along the Wisconsin to and down the Mississippi. Some, discarding the semi-mythical story of De Soto, have credited Marquette with being the very first white man to discover this greatest of our water-courses. All honor to Père Marquette, but he left to a less worthy successor, Father Hennepin, the first exploration of the region where I wish to take my readers—the Upper Mississippi.

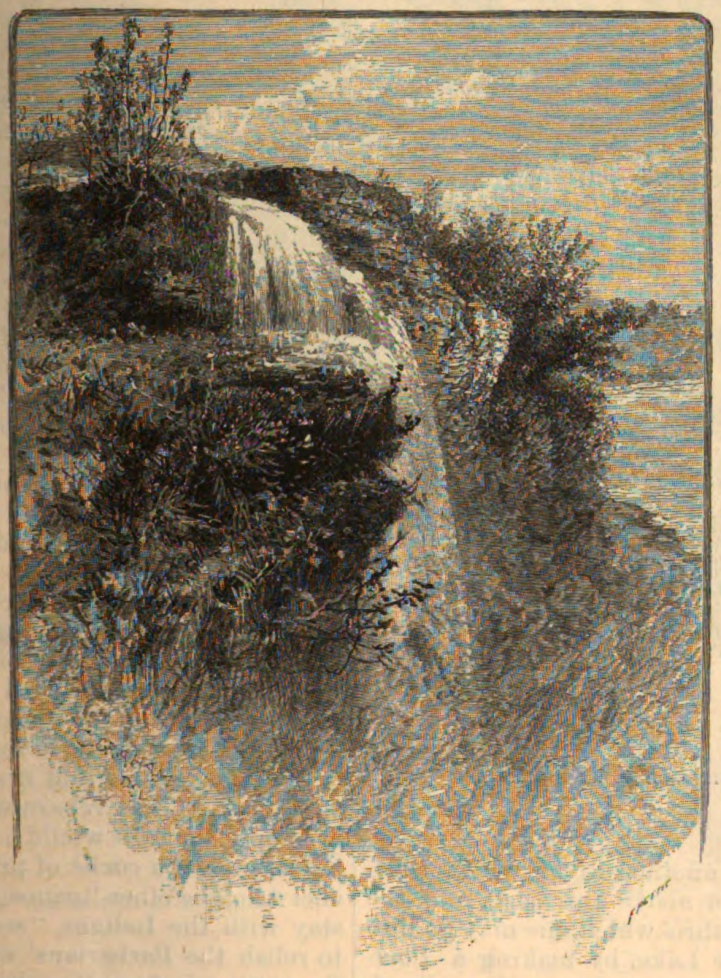
When Joliet, leaving Marquette at his prayers and preaching among the Miamis, worked his way back to Quebec, he found

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there the Sieur de la Salle, a young man of birth and fortune, who was never tired of listening to his tales. La Salle concluded that the Missouri (Pekitanoni, as Joliet called it) would furnish a waterway to the northern ocean, and hence through to China and the East Indies. Fired by this brilliant hope to attempt the passage, he engaged the help of the Chevalier de Tonti and the Franciscan Récollet, Père Hennepin, and began by building the first vessel ever launched on Lake Erie. She was of sixty tons burden, fully rigged, carried seven cannon, and had the furniture and equipment of a miniature man-of-war.

This expedition, starting in 1679, and overcoming the loss of its fine ship and various other misfortunes, was finally landed at the southern end of Lake Michigan. Marching inland, a head-quarters named Fort Crèvecœur was built near where Peoria, Illinois, now stands, and a winter was passed in preparation.

One of the several expeditions La Salle planned was directed to survey the sources of the Mississippi, of which nothing was known north of the Wisconsin. To Father Hennepin was intrusted its conduct, while La Salle himself went south.



SILVER CASCADE, NEAR ST. ANTHONY.

Two centuries ago, then, on February 29, 1680, Hennepin set off on his trip—the length or the dangers of which were totally unforeseen—accompanied only by two Frenchmen, Picard du Gay and Michel Ako. His account of the river scenery is meagre, but one can identify the points. For instance, here is his description of the strange and beautiful St. Croix, whose dalles are the delight of every tourist:

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SUSPENSION-BRIDGE AT MINNEAPOLIS.

"There is another River, which falls, forty Leagues above this last, into the *Meschasipi;* thro' which one may go into the Superiour Lake, by making a *Portage* from it into the River *Nissipikuet*, which runs into the same Lake. It is full of Rocks and rapid Streams. We named it the *River of the Grave*, or *Mausoleum*, because the Savages bury'd there one of their Men, who was bitten by a Rattlesnake."

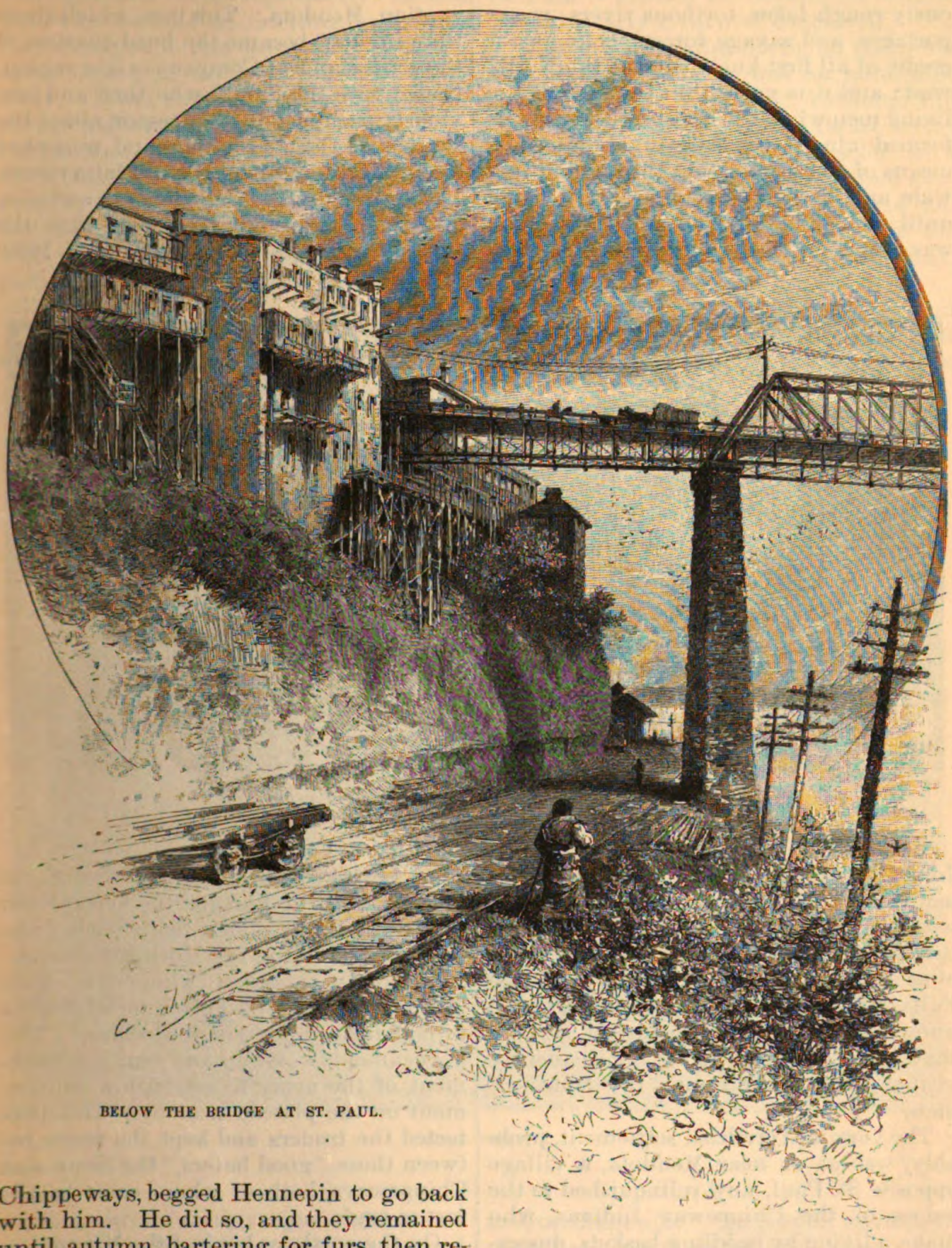
His next observation of any importance (for he seems to have overlooked the entrance of the great Minnesota River at Fort Snelling, which is hidden by an island) is the falls, to which the name he gave still clings, and which will remain the firmest monument of Hennepin's hardships. He is not excited about them, though, and one paragraph holds the whole description. I quote it:

"The Navigation of the *Meschasipi* is interrupted, ten Leagues above this River of the *Grave*, by a Fall of fifty or sixty Foot high, which we called *The Fall of St. Anthony of Padua*, whom we had taken for the Protector of our Discovery. There is a Rock of a Pyramidal Figure just in the middle of the Fall of the River."

A few miles further on Hennepin's party had the misfortune to be taken prisoners by the Issati, or Sioux, and during many weeks suffered untold severities, not so much intentional on the part of the Indians as from the necessary rapidity of their marches, the rigor of the weather, and the scarcity of food. Finally the priest and Picard du Gay, seeing no way to find the sources of the river, nor end to their sufferings, determined to take a canoe and float down to the mouth of the Wisconsin, where they hoped La Salle would have established a post or left a *cache* of provisions. Michel Ako, the other "canoe-man," chose to stay with the Indians, "seeing he began to relish the Barbarians' way of living." So, parting in friendly spirit from the red men, who made no opposition, they embarked.

It was on this return trip that Hennepin met Greysolon du Lhut (later spelled du Luth, whence the name of the town at the western end of Lake Superior). This man was famous as a *coureur de bois*—"the roving chief of a half-savage crew, trading, exploring, fighting, and laboring with persistent hardihood to foil the rival English traders of Hudson's Bay." Nicolas Parrot was another of them. Du Lhut, anxious to open trade with the Sioux and

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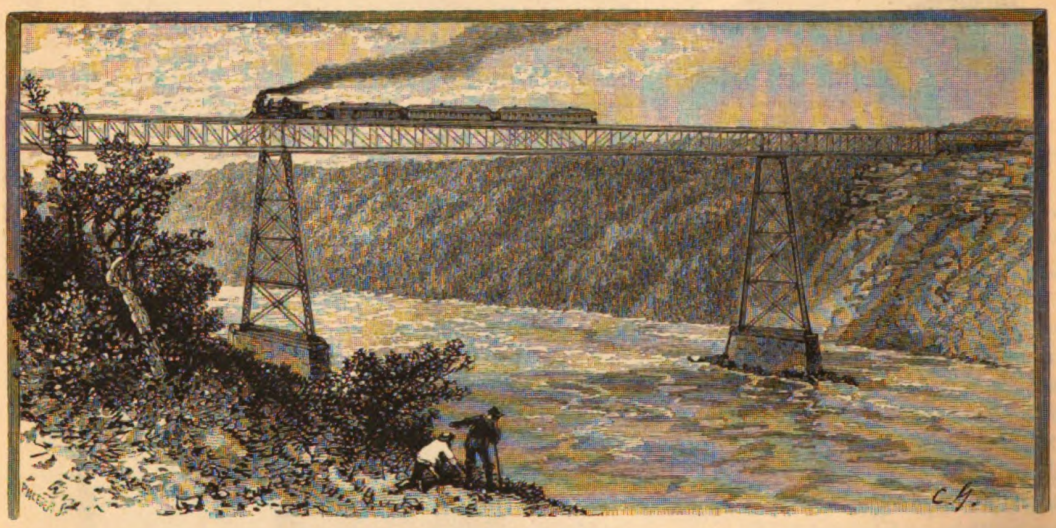
BELOW THE BRIDGE AT ST. PAUL.

Chippeways, begged Hennepin to go back with him. He did so, and they remained until autumn, bartering for furs, then returned to Michilimackinac, whence Hennepin went on to Quebec, and thence home to France.

La Hontan, in 1688, was the next explorer, and a dozen years later came Le Sueur, who gave the name St. Croix to that river, after he had drowned one of his men in its waters, and who ascended the Minnesota. Between him and the next man is an interval of sixty-six years. All this time the Spaniards had settlements upon our Gulf coast, and were pushing fearless expeditions into the Southwest. Why, with their energy and abundant appliances, they should not have followed northward the mighty current that ever rolled past them into the South is one of the mysteries of the history of exploration.

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To the French, however, traversing laboriously rough lakes, tortuous rivers, weary portages, and savage forests, belongs the credit of all first knowledge of the Northwest; and it is yet within the memory of living men when the half-breed voyageurs formed almost the sole inhabitants and means of communication throughout that wide and barbarous region. It was not until 1766, indeed, that an Englishman was ever seen there; and he was Captain Jonathan Carver, whom you can not remain long in St. Paul or Minneapolis without hearing of. Like all the rest of them he wrote a book, and thus, a century or so after Hennepin had named them, the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua began to be known abroad, and the beautiful country that surrounded them to be frequently visited, and even occupied by frontiersmen.



"SHORT LINE" BRIDGE NEAR ST. ANTHONY FALLS.

The very first civilized settlement, probably, was at or near Mendota, a village opposite St. Paul, now relinquished to the lodges of the Chippeway Indians, who make a living by peddling baskets, moccasins, red stone pipes, etc., about the streets of Minnesota towns. On the low ground there, bordering the Minnesota River, and a little way from its entrance into the Mississippi, stood the French trading post of St. Pierre, or St. Peter's. The French called the lesser river the St. Peter's too, but the Sioux's name for it was *Mini Sotah*, meaning "turbid water," while to St. Peter's as a station they gave the name *Mdote Mini Sotah*, whence, by small corruption, Mendota. This post, which about the year 1800 became the head-quarters of the American Fur Company in that region, traded with the Sioux, who then and previously occupied all this region about the sources of the Mississippi, and westward along the lower Missouri and Platte rivers. They were divided into several sections, and their traditionary enemies were the Chippeways, who finally, about 1830, conquered them and slowly drove them back from Mille Lac and the upper river toward the open plains that stretch from the Missouri to the Big Horn Mountains.

Gradually, however, white men came into the region. St. Peter's found itself a village instead of a single stockade. The government woke up and sent a detachment of the army to establish a cantonment on the plateau near by. This protected the traders and kept the peace between those "good haters," the Sioux and Chippeways, both of whom came to the fort to trade.

On the northern bank of the Minnesota, between it and the main river, which bends here in a noble sweep, stands a pointed bluff with an almost vertical face more than one hundred feet high. On the crown and utmost edge of this bluff the military commander built a round stone fort with a high stone wall pierced for cannon, extending right and left from it along the brink of the precipice. Behind, properly fortified, were the store-houses

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and quarters. This splendidly located post was named Fort Snelling, and exists little changed to this day, the most picturesque object, in my mind, on the whole river. What scenes it has witnessed of savage warfare and of rude gayety! What stories can be told by its old habitués, and *have* been told to me, as they shook their gray locks with laughter over some comical incident of those wild days, or dwelt with scowling brows upon the terrible pictures of Indian ferocity memory recalled!

Half a dozen miles lower down the river stood another bluff of the soft white rock St. Paul is already far beyond the wildest hopes its early rival ever conceived.

Half a dozen miles north, on the other side of Fort Snelling, was an admirable town site by the Falls of St. Anthony, and the United States began the future settlement, and suggested its character as a manufacturing town by erecting two sawmills there in 1825. Now millions of dollars would not buy the privilege of the water-power which those two little mills had all to themselves.

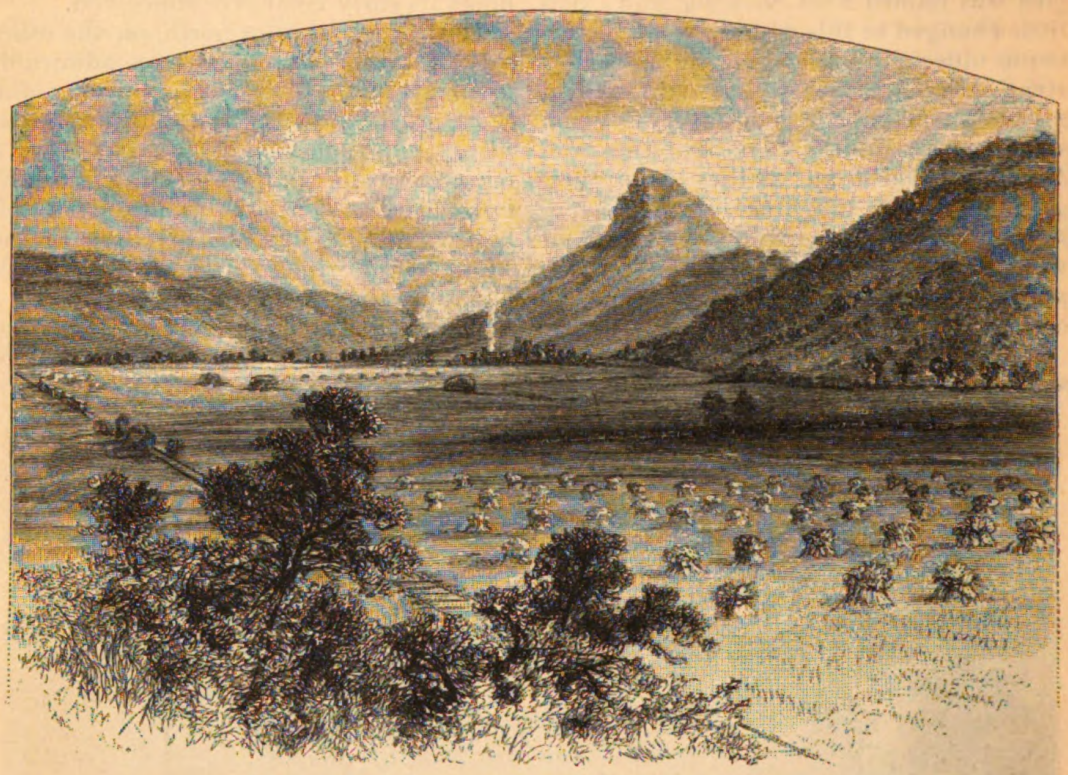
Such is a sketch of the early history of the Upper Mississippi, and the origin of the twin cities that emulate each other in



LAKE PEPIN.

characteristic of all this region, which Carver is said to have pointed out as a good site for a town; and after Fort Snelling and its soldiers had insured protection it was not long before a settlement sprang up there. Of course it became a rival of the old Indian post, and what more natural than that it should take the name of that other great apostle, St. Paul? Thus it began—a youngster when its rival was half a century old; but in another half-century St. Peter's is utterly forgotten, and metropolitan airs. No portion of our domain has a more entertaining past. It is full of tradition and mystery and heroic tale. Every geographical point has its Indian name—a definition in itself—and about each peculiar or prominent object lingers some legend of war or romance. The Indian words scattered so plentifully over the maps of Dakota and Minnesota are chiefly from the Sioux language, and their noticeable sameness is due to the barrenness of that tongue, which contains

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SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, NEAR WINONA.

a far more meagre vocabulary than did those of either of their neighbors, the Chippeways and the Sacs and Foxes. The word *mini*, which forms the introductory syllables to so many geographical names, means "water." Sometimes it appears as *misi*, or *mizi*. No wonder this word occurs so frequently. The map of this region is as speckled with lakes and marshes and streams as any map could be and call itself dry land. It is true that Itaska Lake is the actual source of the Father of Waters, to which it can be directly traced; but a thousand—yes, ten thousand—ponds, swamps, and springs feed its slender stream long before it comes down to where it is of any use. This accounts for the strength and constancy of the Mississippi. It drains an immense area of small water-courses, singly insignificant, but unitedly furnishing an immense volume. This makes the Father of Waters the son of innumerable forgotten parents, and he is bred no baby rivulet, but a young Hercules—a strong stream holding his own from the moment he sets forth.

St. Paul was not a bad name for the settlement down the river, but in view of the aqueous region I have described, the town above was also well called Minneapolis—a city of waters. It stands upon the high ground which rises into a ridge where St. Anthony's cataract breaks into dissolving foam, and then sweeps down in a deep and eddying current between lofty banks to its further course below. Opposite are the straggling village and factories of the town of St. Anthony, whose great expectations are, I fear, quenched by its more successful *vis-à-vis*, and the suburbs and farms extend far up and down on either side. A little beyond it sparkles one of the most exquisite of Minnesota's waterfalls—Silver Cascade.

Spanning the river at the city stands a magnificent suspension-bridge of iron, whose graceful length adds greatly to the picturesque effect, and contributes to the commercial convenience in a way hard to appreciate until you have passed a winter there, and have seen the ice break up in the spring. Ferriage was a very uncertain, not to say perilous, expedient, which the high bridge has done away with. The bridge stands just about opposite the centre of the city, and continues out into the

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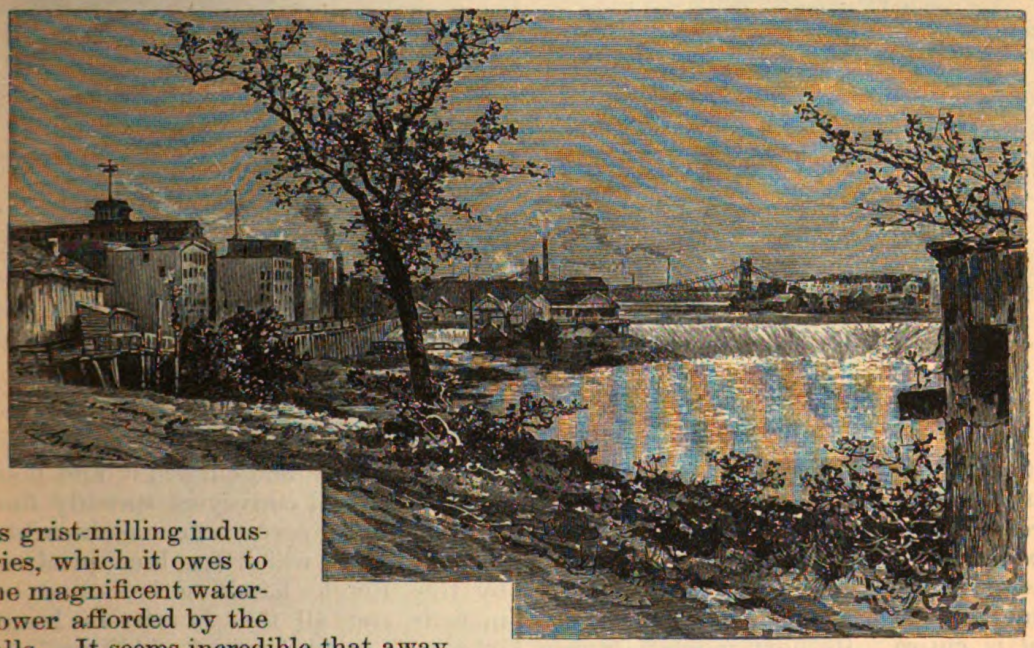
air one of her principal business streets. Underneath it are the railway tracks that run to the northward, and also serve the extensive lumber yards above, while below is the great railway freight yard, and the mills that form the city's source of wealth.

Minneapolis is now a town of some 50,000 people; she is growing rapidly, and, I think, in a healthy way. Her natural advantages of location are very great, both for business purposes and as a place of residence, and she has a rich farming region developing with surprising strides to give a market to her wares in exchange for its crops and animal products.

Minneapolis is known not only in the United States, but widely out of it, for its grist-milling industries, which it owes to the magnificent water-power afforded by the falls. It seems incredible that away off in this far Northwest, where even yet the native Indian comes strolling about the street in half-savage toggery, and the echo of the pioneer's axe is scarcely lost, structures so towering should be devoted to manufacture, and so much elaborate machinery be at work day and night. There are twenty-one mills, nearly all enormous stone buildings, closely crowded together, forming a locality which recalls the denser portions of Fall River or Lawrence, with their huge cotton factories. The heaviest owners are Mr. G. A. Pillsbury, with four mills, and Governor C. C. Washburn, the owner of three. To the kindness of the latter gentleman I owe the opportunity to see the working of the improved processes of modern flour-making in his new "A" mill, which is said to be the largest in the world, except one at Buda-Pesth.

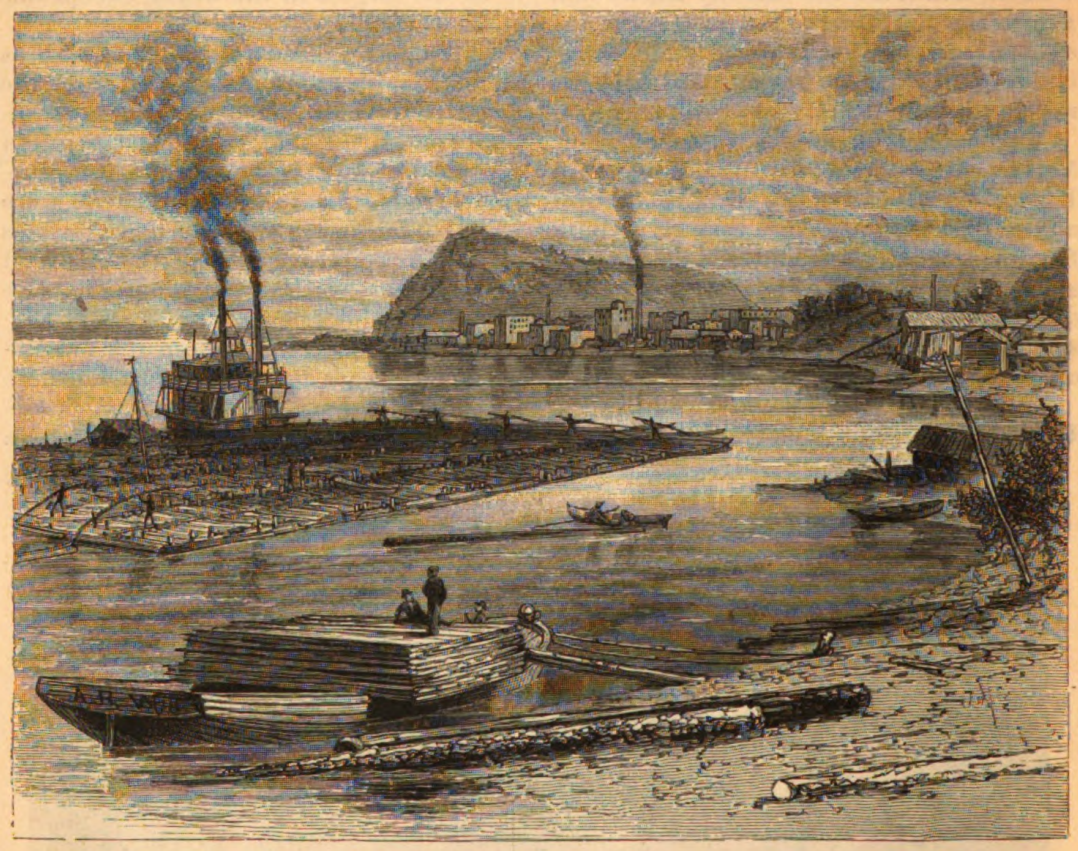
The wheat to feed this mill, as well as all its neighbors, comes chiefly from the Red River region, where are those township-wide farms that have been so often described of late. The receipts at Minneapolis from June, 1879, to June, 1880, were 8,103,710 bushels. As only 80,000 bushels were shipped away during that time, it appears that over 8,000,000 bushels were turned into flour here.

When the wheat comes in it is unloaded from the cars, by the aid of steam-shovels, into a hopper bin, whence it is elevated to the fifth floor and fed into a receiving bin, the bottom of which extends down to the fourth floor. Out of this it empties itself into conveyers, consisting of small buckets travelling upon an endless belt, and is taken to storage bins on the first and second floors. Here it rests until wanted for milling. When this time comes the wheat travels by conveyers to the top (eighth) floor, whence it is fed down into the grain separators in the story beneath, which sift out the chaff, straw, and other foreign matter. This done, it descends another story upon patented grading screens, which sort out the larger-sized grains from the smaller, the



MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS.

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RED WING.

latter falling through the meshes of the screen, after which the selected portion drops into the cockles on the floor beneath, and, these escaped, falls still further into the Brush machines. All this time the wheat remains wheat—the kernel is entire. Its next move, however, begins its destruction, for now the ending-stones are encountered, which break the germinal point off each grain. This matter accomplished, the wheat is shot away up to the attic again, and traversing the whole length of the mill, falls into an aspirator on the seventh floor, having passed which, it slides down to the second floor, and is sent through the corrugated rollers. These rollers have shallow grooves cut spirally upon them, with rounded ridges between. The opposing rollers are grooved in an opposite direction, and it is impossible for a grain of wheat to get through without being cracked in two, though the rollers are not sufficiently near together to do much more than that. It comes out of this ordeal looking as though mice had chewed it, and pouring into special conveyers, speedily finds itself up on the seventh floor again, where the flour dust which has been produced by this rough handling is bolted out in reels, and all that is left—no longer *wheat*—is divided into "middlings" and "tailings." The tailings consist of the hard seed case and the refuse part, and go into market as "feed" and "bran," while the middlings are reserved for further perfection into flour; they are the starchy, good centres of the grains.

The first operation toward this end is the grading of the middlings, for which purpose they pass upon silken sieves arranged in narrow horizontal troughs, and given a gentle shaking motion by machinery. There is a succession of these bolting-cloths, so that the middlings pass through ten gradings. Next, they go to a series of purifiers, which resemble fanning-machines, and thence to corrugated rollers, each successive set of which are more closely apposed, where the meal is

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ground finer and finer. There are five of these corrugations in all, and between each occurs a process of bolting to get rid of the waste, and a journey from bottom to top of the mill and back again. Nevertheless, in spite of all this bolting, there remains a large quantity of dust, which must be removed in order to make the flour of the best quality. And hereby hangs a tale of considerable interest to Minneapolis men.

In the old mill which not long ago occupied the site of this new one there stood upon one side the usual rows of buhrs, in this case twenty in number. Through the conveyer boxes connected with them was drawn a strong current of air that took up all the fine particles of flour dust, and wafted it with the strength of a tempest into two dust-rooms, where it was allowed to settle. The daily deposit was about three thousand pounds, which was removed every morning. In addition to these small chambers there were several purifiers on the upper floors that discharged their dust right out into the room. The atmosphere of the whole mill thus became surcharged with exceedingly minute and fuzzy particles, which are very inflammable, and when mixed in certain



MINNEHAHA FALLS.

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proportions with the air, highly explosive. This mixture had apparently been brought by the millers to just about the right point, when fate supplied a torch. A piece of wire fell between the buhr-stones, or into some rollers, and began a lightning-express journey through the machinery, in the course of which it became red-hot, when it found an exit, and plunged out into the air. It was a most startling instance of the conversion of heat into motion. A lighted match in a keg of powder is the only analogy to illustrate the result. One room down-stairs burst into flames, and the watchman had only time to pull the electric fire-alarm near his hand when he and the mill together disappeared from the face of the earth. A terrific explosion, generated throughout that great factory in an instant, rent all parts of the immense structure as suddenly as a child knocks over a tower of cards, leaving nothing but blazing ruins to show where a twinkling before had stood the largest flour mill in the country. Nor was this all. The land was dug from under the foundations and the massive machinery buried out of sight. Two other mills and an elevator near by were demolished so that not one stone remained above another, while of three other mills cracked and tottering walls and charred interiors were the only mementos of the day's flourishing business.

The good that came out of this seemingly wholly harmful episode, which scratched an end-mark to one era of the city's prosperity, was the introduction into the new mills of a system of dust-saving that renders such a calamity improbable if not impossible in future. Now, instead of being thrown abroad into a large room, the dust is discharged by suction fans into close fire-proof receivers, where it accumulates in great quantities, and is sold as a low grade of flour. This dust having been removed, what remains is the best quality of flour. It is barrelled by the aid of a machine permitting the precise weight of 196 pounds to be determined, packed, and branded with great speed.

Bakers, however, use what is known as "wheat" or "straight" flour, which is the product of the five reductions, all the subsequent processes through which the middlings pass in making fine flour being omitted. "Fancy" flour differs from the ordinary superfine in that the middlings are ground through smooth rollers.

Minneapolis is reported to ship annually, beyond her local consumption, 1,650,850 barrels of flour. "These," says the *Tribune's* statistician, "if piled one above the other, end to end, would reach 780 miles. The flour would make about 495,255,000 loaves of bread the ordinary size of bakers' loaves. These piled in a pyramid would make, roughly calculated, a square pyramid with a base 300 feet square and with a height of nearly 1000 feet."

Down the river from Minneapolis are several other towns—Winona (near which stands the remarkable Sugar-loaf Mountain sketched by the artist), Red Wing, La Crosse, and others. These towns are only smaller communities of the same type as their more populous rivals, and need no special description.

Next to her vast and all-important flouring interests, Minneapolis controls immense dealings in lumber. Along the river up above town you can nowhere approach the margin except by climbing over or crawling among piles of planks and scantling; and when you have got down to the edge of the bank, you can scarcely find any river for the abundance of pine logs crowded upon its hidden surface. Great forests stretch over a wide country along the Upper Mississippi—forests as dense and forbidding in a large portion of their extent as those of the Dismal Swamp—where tamarack and much other worthless underbrush stand in the dark water and make the jungle all but impenetrable. Scattered throughout this expanse of wilderness, however, in little groves or singly, are the noble masts and lesser trunks which in winter are cut, hauled, and floated to the river, and at the spring high water are sent down in huge rafts to the booms above the falls. Some of the rafts pass the city, but the majority of them are moored and sawed above. Those rafts that shoot the falls or originate below them glide down the quiet current of the Mississippi through scenes of ever-changing and radiant beauty. As you watch them floating almost motionless on the glassy expanse of Lake Pepin, transfigured in the misty sunsets of the time of corn-stacking, you find it hard to realize that this intensely golden and poetic atmosphere surrounds facts so prosaic.

Reports for 1880 show that about 12,000,000 feet of sawed lumber were sent out of Minneapolis every thirty days, or nearly 150,000,000 feet a year. This would

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give enough boards one foot wide and an inch thick, end to end, to build a single-plank walk around the world, and have four or five thousand miles left over.

But it is not all business at Minneapolis; there is plenty of opportunity for amusement. Three or four miles west of the city lie two out of a dozen pretty lakes close together, which especially deserve mention; they are named Calhoun and Harriet, after the famous Southern Senator and his wife, and find a place on maps long antedating the city's existence. A steam "dummy" engine runs out there on a miniature railway, dragging trains of open excursion cars. It seemed just like going to Coney Island as we rushed across the prairie at break-neck speed, part of a gay-spirited crowd. Extremes meet. These lakes have picnic grounds and boats to let, lunch-houses and side shows, and are surrounded by noble woods. You may fish, or botanize, or swing, or play ball, or flirt, or do what you please. A larger and better lake, however, is Minnetonka, several miles northwest, which the early voyageurs called the Lake of the Isles. This is one of the loveliest bits of water the tourist will find anywhere, for its depths have that deep azure tint that belongs to the purest water under summer skies, and its charmingly irregular shores, forested clear down to the shining beach, break into new combinations of woodland beauty at every advance of your boat. Upon the banks of this lake and upon the islands that stud its bosom many residences have been built, the summer homes not only of gentlemen who in the winter live in the neighboring cities, but also of many families from the South, even from New Orleans. This queen of the lake district is becoming more and more a "favorite resort," and large preparations are making to accommodate summer visitors. To the naturalist Minnetonka is especially interesting because of the thronging animal life that peoples her shores and waters, because of the many legends of Sioux and Ojibbeway that are connected with her history, and because of the abundance of mounds and other relics of Indian occupation that may be discovered along her shores.



STREET IN ST. PAUL.

The outlet of Lake Minnetonka is a

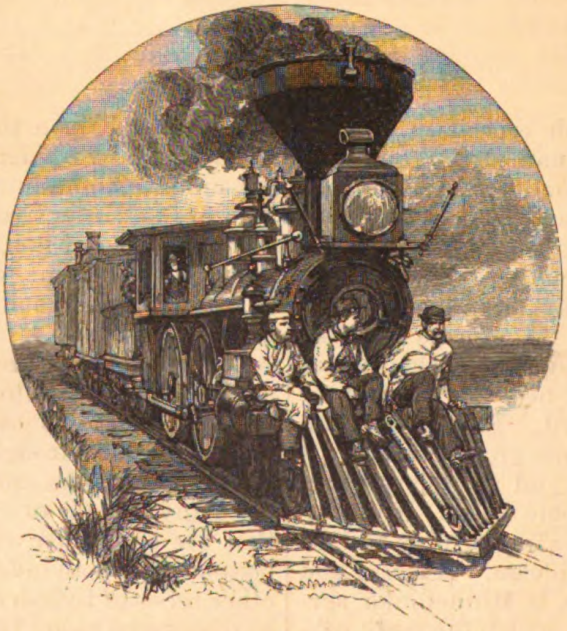
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sparkling little brook that encircles the city, steals through the wheat fields, races under a dark culvert where the phœbe-birds breed, and then, with most gleeful abandon, leaps off a precipice sixty feet straight down into a maple-shadowed, brier-choked cañon, and prattles on as though nothing had happened but a bit of childish gymnastics.

It is very charming, this rough and rock-hemmed little gorge through the woods and fern brakes, and this fraudulent little beauty of a cascade; and it laughs without a prick of conscience, laughs in the most feminine and silvery tones from a rainbow-tinted and smiling face, when you remind it that it is a bewitching little thief of credit, for the true Minnehaha is over on the "brimming river," a slave to the mills. But right or wrong, little stream, thou art a princess among all the cascades of the world. Thy beauty grows upon us and lingers in our minds like that of a lovely child, whether we wade into the brown water at thy feet, scaring the happy fishes clustered there, and gaze upward at the snowy festoons that with a soft hissing murmur of delight chase each other down the swift slope; or creep to thy grassy margin above, and try to count the wavelets crowding to glide so glibly over the round, transparent brink; or walk behind thy veil and view the green valley as thou seest it, through the silvery and iridescent haze of thy mist-drapery. Thou hast no need of a poet's pen to sing thy praise; but had not the poet helped thy fraud, enchanting Minnehaha, not half this daily crowd would come to see thee, and to drink beer on thy banks and murmur maudlin nonsense about Hiawatha and his mythical maiden. Nevertheless, thou art the loveliest of cascades, and an enchantress whose sins can be forgiven because of thy beauty!

St. Paul is not a manufacturing town like its sister; there are few factories in the place. It is as a distributing point that it excels and grows rich. The fact that it is the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi and the centre of many railways is where its strength lies. Until about 1868 the river was the sole means of communication to the distant railway termini and with St. Louis and the Southwest.

St. Paul's wholesale merchants are reported to sell about $40,000,000 of goods annually. They are able to do this because, radiating from the capital in all directions, run effective lines of railway. In 1868 the nearest steam road was almost two hundred miles away; now fifteen lines centre here, several of which have their head-quarters in the city.



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MOUNT WHITNEY.

SUNLIGHT MYSTERIES.

THERE is a chapter of history yet unwritten. Some day will provide the hour and the man to tell the story. Then the forgotten name of O. M. Mitchell will be duly honored by American science. Not great in himself, he was the source of greatness in others. What he lacked in knowledge he made up in enthusiasm. He preached a crusade, and his followers erected domes on many a hill-top, and planted telescopes therein. His was the fervor, theirs the faith. The harvest of long tubes and broad lenses was plentiful, but the efficient laborers in the observatories were few.

Mr. Mitchell lectured on astronomy in many cities and towns, wherever he could get an audience, throughout the country. He was thoroughly in earnest, and therefore he interested his hearers. He told of what might be seen in the nightly skies, and every man in the audience felt a

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UPPER CAMP, MOUNT WHITNEY.

wish to become a Newton or a Herschel. Nothing could be simpler than his programme. Get a large telescope (the larger the better), properly housed and mounted, and then at once proceed to make new discoveries. Strange to say, there are many people yet who have no other notion of astronomy.

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We have not space here to tell how Mr. Mitchell brought about the building and equipping of an observatory near Cincinnati. The first subscribers to the enterprise had scarcely any money to spare, but some of them gave land, others building materials, and several assisted in the manual labor. At last the structure rose, and the telescope was bought on credit. Then certain gentlemen of Cincinnati permitted the use of their names as trustees. They took care, however, to avoid all risk and expense, and to secure free tickets to Mr. Mitchell's lectures. If the story could be fully told, you would smile at it through tears. Here is one of the stipulations:

"ART. 8.—It shall be the duty of the astronomer to take charge of the observatory, and the books, instruments, and apparatus therein, belonging to the society, and preserve them as far as possible in complete order. He shall conduct a series of scientific observations such as may, in conjunction with other similar observations, conduce to new discoveries and perfect those already made in the heavens. It shall further be his duty, by himself or such assistants as he may from time to time appoint, to aid in gratifying the curiosity of such members of the society as may desire to examine the heavens through the telescope. He shall also deliver each year a course of lectures before such members of the society and such other citizens as may purchase a ticket to the same; the sale of these tickets to constitute his only compensation for the services rendered to the society, provided that the owner of two or more shares shall be entitled to free admittance to all such lectures."

Similar enterprises, struggling with like difficulties, *per aspera ad astra*, sprang up in the wake of Mr. Mitchell's crusade. Many of them never reached the altitude of having a large telescope and a load of debt; very few passed that point. Among the latter was one founded in a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Fair science frowned not on its humble birth. Two pieces of great good luck came to this observatory: a young astronomer of zeal and ability was made its director; a liberal-minded citizen of Pittsburgh became its helper. It has the disadvantage of overlooking the smokiest city in America. Even on the hill where the observatory stands your hands are blackened when you open a gate, and you can see little flakes of soot falling slowly through the sunshine.

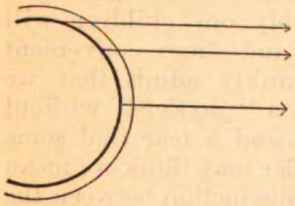
Astronomy has differentiated. There is the old and the new, each having its own work. The old is the classic science. Its triumphs are won by the aid of mathematics; its labors are the refinement of precision. The new study accepts with thanks all that the elder branch provides, but seeks fresh light from a different direction. Either "celestial physics" or "physical astronomy" is the title by which the young scion is now generally known, but probably our children will invent a shorter and more convenient name. Let us frankly admit that we can not call a man a "physicist" without a muscular effort, and a fear that some unlearned by-stander may think we mean a physician. The distinction between the two kinds of astronomy is well marked. One deals with the places and motions of the heavenly bodies; the other strives to ascertain the materials of sun and stars, and the effects of their radiations. It is the business of the first to say *where* things are; of the second to say *what* they are. The Allegheny Observatory, under the charge of Professor S. P. Langley, is one of the younger kind; it is devoted to "solar physics."

There are men to whom the question whether the sun is ninety-two and a half or ninety-three million miles from us is of more interest than the opportunity of hearing Patti or seeing Langtry, or even than the certainty of three meals a day. Some of these men have recently gone to the ends of the earth to observe the transit of Venus. They hope thereby to measure the sun's distance a very little more accurately. With the best possible luck, these experts in the elder branch of astronomy can only have the pleasure of helping to solve a mathematical problem. The younger science offers a more palpable kind of enjoyment. It deals with light and warmth and color. Its proofs appeal to our senses as well as to our reason. All of its experiments are delicate; some of them are exquisitely beautiful.

To many of our readers, though not to those who have perused a recent work of Dr. C. A. Young, it may be as new as it was to the writer to learn that light from different parts of the solar disk is of different colors. The apparatus by which this is shown throws two patches of light side by side on a screen; they are as unlike in hue as a sapphire and a garnet. One is light from the centre of the sun's disk, and has a decidedly blue tint; the other is light from near the edge of the

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sun, and has a murky, chocolate color. The difference is due to the fact that rays from any part of the sun near its edge must pass to us through a much greater thickness of the solar atmosphere than rays from the centre. Draw two concentric circles, the space between them representing the sun's atmosphere, the inner circle the sun. To a point where the observer is supposed to be, outside the circles, and on a level with their centre, draw two lines from the inner circle, one from the top or bottom, the other from the middle. It will be seen at a glance that the line from top or bottom passes through a greater space between the circles than the central line.



RAYS THROUGH SOLAR ATMOSPHERE.

There is no doubt that the sun has an atmosphere, an envelope of thousands of miles in thickness. In respect to the property of cutting off blue rays, and permitting red ones to pass, there is a curious similarity between the atmosphere of the sun and that of the earth. Most of us have noticed that sunlight near sunset, when the rays can only come to us through a far greater breadth of air than at noon, has a reddish tinge. It has been generally supposed that the vapor of water in the lower strata of our air has most influence on the color of the sunset rays. But this can hardly be the case with the sun's atmosphere. True, an eminent Italian savant has put on record some spectroscope observations that he regarded as showing traces of watery vapor in the envelope of the sun—a locality which we should naturally suppose to be drier than the skeletons of a medical museum. Whatever may be the explanation, the striking fact remains of this similarity of atmospheres under totally unlike conditions. Several years ago Professor Langley made the observations on difference of color, and it interested him so deeply as to give a permanent direction to his studies. He wished to learn more about the sun-rays, and of the effect upon them of absorptions by both atmospheres.

If some superior being could and would confer upon us a revelation answering all questions about solar light and heat, the welfare of civilized man could soon be advanced by longer strides than have resulted from the uses of steam and electricity. We are wholly dependent in many ways upon the emanations of the sun for continued existence. All our food and clothing has been made by the absorption of the solar rays. We are "souls of fire and children of the sun." By whatever path we seek the laws and causes that govern climate, harvests, weather, we shall find their origin at the centre of the solar system. A complete science of the sun would enable us to foresee the years of famine or of plenty as surely as we now predict the positions of the planets. A perfect system of weather forecasts would take the place of uncertain "probabilities." The date for the coming of the frost-king, or of the overflows when his icy fetters are broken, could be named every year far in advance. The navigator might learn before he started on a voyage what storms he could avoid, or when and where he must prepare for their encounter. With such objects in view, the younger science is begging for help and recognition. Meanwhile the old established astronomy has all the national aid and nine-tenths of all private endowments.

In the new researches not only is there no royal road, there is not even an opened path. The way must be found by careful observation and measurement. At Allegheny experiments have been especially directed toward finding just how the sun's light and heat are modified by intervening atmospheres. In 1878–9 a systematic work was begun in measuring exactly the degree of heat in all parts of the solar spectrum. Previous studies of this kind had been made by experimenters who used the spectrum thrown by a prism. It was proposed instead to investigate the spectrum given by a "diffraction grating." There were good reasons for this choice. A "grating" is a surface of glass or of speculum metal scratched with parallel lines by means of a diamond guided by a ruling machine. The iridescent colors of mother-of-pearl, and of the wing-cases of certain insects, are similarly the result of numerous lines, close together, which can be seen by the microscope. It is said that the play of colors can be transferred to white sealing-wax by simply taking an impression from the mother-of-pearl. The spectroscope gratings that

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give the best results are ruled with from eighteen thousand to thirty thousand lines to the inch. Latterly some great improvements have been made in this kind of apparatus by better ruling and by giving the grating a slight concavity. The spectrum is reflected from the ruled surface, and can either be thrown on a screen or observed with a telescope. The screen is, of course, to be placed at the focal point where the concave form of the grating makes the reflected image brightest.

The writer had an opportunity of seeing what could be done with an excellent grating on a day of superb sunshine at Allegheny. To those who have never looked through a spectroscope no description can give an idea of the purity and beauty of the colors which it reveals, blending them from tint to tint in an unbroken harmony. The sharpness of the Fraunhofer lines was, however, the most interesting feature of this occasion. Scarcely more than ten years ago the announcement was still made in standard treatises that between the D lines in the spectrum (which are caused by the vapor of sodium in the sun) "a fine line appears in a very perfect instrument." Soon after it was first seen this line was identified as one of the many that are produced by the vapor of nickel, and its visibility became a test of the goodness of a spectroscope. The apparatus at Allegheny, when the spectrum was thrown on a screen, showed the two D lines wide apart, with the nickel line plainly to be seen between. A small telescope was then substituted for the screen. The writer again examined the space between the D lines, and though not skilled in such work, found without effort two lines, somewhat faint, yet distinctly visible, in the interval. Fourteen were counted by another observer.

The great advantage of the diffraction spectrum over that given by a prism is that the former presents the rays in an orderly manner. Without going into abstruse details, it may be briefly stated that the image obtained from a grating has been properly called the normal spectrum, because the rays in it are dispersed equally throughout its extent, and their places in it are proportional to the length of their waves. Every spectrum is composed of rays that have been bent; that is, on leaving the prism or grating they travel in a new direction. In the normal spectrum there is a certain angular distance by which each ray diverges from the straight line that uninterrupted light would have taken. That distance, as may be shown by a simple problem in geometry, is proportional to the wave-length of each ray.

Prisms distribute the rays unequally. In the spectrum produced by flint-glass, the blue end, containing the rays of short wave-length, is well displayed; but the red end, where are the rays of long wave-length, presents them crowded together. The normal spectrum, on the other hand, as given by even the best of gratings, has its inconveniences. It gives several spectral images instead of one; these partly overlap, and have to be separated. In some parts of it the heat is very faint.

Speaking of heat, an apology is needed. Science sometimes blunders. Until very recent years text-books have given forth the notion that there are three distinct kinds of rays emanating from the sun—light rays, heat rays, and actinic or chemical rays—and that these occupy different portions of the spectrum, though overlapping in its middle region, leaving one end bare of heat and light, and the other end bare of light and actinic power. This notion, with all that it implies, is now discarded. Dr. Young states the correct view as follows: "All the waves of solar radiation are carriers of energy, and when intercepted do work, producing heat, or vision, or chemical action, according to circumstances." It may be convenient to speak of heat rays, but it is not accurate. Actinic power has been found throughout more and more of the spectrum, by using chemicals that are duly sensitive. Captain W. de W. Abney, of the Royal Engineers, is said to be able to photograph a tea-kettle at boiling heat by its own radiations in total darkness; Horace Greeley was not mistaken in his use of plain hot water as a stimulant drink. The experiments at Allegheny prove that there is measurable heat in every part of the spectrum. As to light, the human eye is limited in its range. The optic nerve does not respond to rays of very short or very long wave-length. Hence we do not see either end of the spectrum. All our senses are in like manner limited; for instance, sound waves of very high or very low pitch are inaudible. There is strong evidence that certain animals hear sound waves that are not sounds to us, and that other animals get the sensation of light, if not of color, from waves of slow vibra-

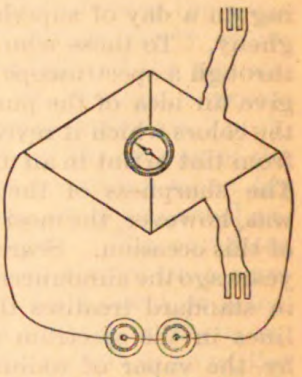
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tion which have no effect upon our eyes. We may form a new conception of the flames imagined by Milton, that give forth "no light, but rather darkness visible."

The normal spectrum spreads out in regular proportion the red end and also the invisible rays beyond the red. To make a chart of this unseen portion was part of the task which Professor Langley undertook. He proceeded to measure and map the heat of the entire spectrum. Melloni was the first to show that heat may vary in quality as light does in color. The Allegheny experiments led early to the conclusion that there are not only as many kinds of "heat" as there are colors of light, but in fact a far greater number and variety, because of a much more extended range. Perhaps there are animals capable of perceiving differences of quality akin to color in heat of varying wave-lengths; to us there is only one kind of difference—that of degree.

In experiments made by Dr. John W. Draper the heat in the rays spread out by a grating had been found too faint for measurement, except by concentrating all that fall in half or more than half of the spectrum. To carry out the research proposed at Allegheny, to ascertain the temperature for each wave-length, required something that would measure very minute degrees of heat indeed. For four years Professor Langley, in the intervals of other work, strove to do this with thermo-piles and like contrivances. At last, in sheer desperation, he was compelled to invent a new instrument. Nearly a year was spent in constructing, testing, and perfecting; in overcoming a thousand difficulties and discouragements; in supplying the various "precautions taught by a rather long and painful experience," which, no doubt, proved the best of teachers. A portion of the income from a fund left by Count Rumford in charge of the National Academy of Sciences was appropriated to help this work at the observatory. The liberal citizen of Pittsburgh who has been before referred to defrayed the heavy cost of various materials used in experiment and construction, and also of pieces of fine mechanism that had to be purchased. He will be most pleased if his name is not mentioned here, though to give it would be fulfilling the principle of the greatest happiness to the greatest number.

At last the instrument was finished, and it was called "the bolometer." To give any idea of this invention we shall have to drag our readers over the corners of a diagram, but it shall be done as gently as possible. To begin with, a galvanometer is required—a contrivance which, when electricity passes through it, shows the strength of the current by the movement of a pointer on a dial. The galvanometer may be supposed to be placed in the middle of an arrangement of wires, named, in honor of its inventor, "Wheatstone's bridge." This in the diagram is diamond-shaped, but in practice may have any form, so long as the arms are equal: there are cross wires at the junctions of the arms that enter into the galvanometer. A battery is connected with the bridge. The result of this arrangement is that if the current passing through the arms of the bridge be of equal strength in each, the galvanometer pointer does not move, because the forces are balanced; but if the current be stronger on one side, the pointer will indicate the difference of strength by a proportionate movement over the dial. When a metal is heated, it offers increased resistance to the passage of the electric current. Hence if only one of the arms of the bridge were heated while the current was passing, the pointer would move in proportion to the increment of electrical resistance on that side, and thus indicate the amount of heat absorbed by the wire.

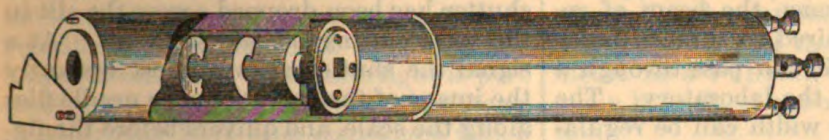


WHEATSTONE'S BRIDGE.

To obtain more delicate indications, part of each arm of the bridge was made of thin strips of metal. This was the first step toward a bolometer. For convenience each arm was extended by a loop of wire, and the extremity of each loop was made of strips of metal united alternately at their edges like a Jacob's ladder. The two bunches of strips were then brought together (but not in electrical contact), and were put into a cylindrical wooden case to protect them from accidental heat, such as would be given in handling or by ordinary currents of air. Various improvements were made. It was found

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best to split the bunch of strips belonging to one arm into halves, and place the other whole bunch between the halves; this brought the undivided bunch into the

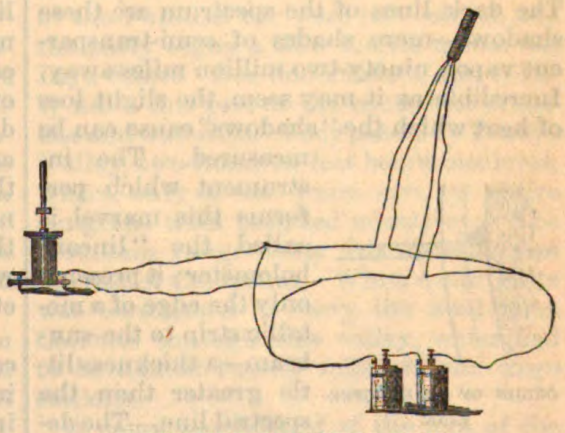


THE BOLOMETER.

axis of the cylinder. A hard rubber tube, of about the size of a roll of music, was then substituted for the wooden cylinder. The wires were brought in at one end of the tube, their loops ending in metallic strips at its middle, and its other end being open. Then a lid, with a hole in the centre, capped the open end, the construction being such that the hole could be enlarged or diminished. Sundry "diaphragms" (circles of card-board, each having a hole in the middle) were inserted in the open end of the tube at intervals in the space between the cap and the bunches of strips, the object being to cut off undesirable heat. The bolometer thus constructed was set to work by starting a suitable current from the battery, and placing the tube so that the heat to be examined should go straight along its axis to the central bunch of metallic strips.

Then came a long series of experiments with strips of different metals under various conditions. The tests included gold-leaf gummed on glass, gold-foil, platinum-foil, various grades of platinum wire, including some only a thousandth of a centimeter in thickness, extremely thin sheet-iron, steel, and finally palladium. The difference between bright metals and those obscured by camphor smoke was also noted. The strips were about the length and width of an ordinary paring from a thumb-nail, but thinner than the lightest tissue-paper. Good results were obtained from strips one centimeter long, one millimeter wide, and from a hundredth to a five-hundredth of a millimeter in thickness. An excellent instrument was made with platinum, rolled by Tiffany and Co., of a thickness, or rather a thinness, according to the measurements of Professor O. N. Rood, of less than one-twenty-five-thousandth of an inch. Most of the metals were rolled in this country, but even a specific tariff that might satisfy Pennsylvania would not bear heavily on sheet-iron strips from one-fifteen-thousandth to one-eighteen-thousandth of an inch thick, of which it may be as truly said as of New Jersey mosquitoes, "many of them will weigh a pound."

A bolometer could be constructed, Professor Langley asserts, which would be far more sensitive than the one described, but it would not measure heat so accurately. Most people will be satisfied, however, with the present instrument, which will give with exactness a change of temperature of a ten-thousandth of a degree Centigrade, and show some effect from a one-hundred-thousandth. At times during experiments clouds of invisible vapor are seen by the eye of the bolometer, and they record their passage occasionally in the brightest and purest sunshine. Of these clouds no other instrument bears such distinct witness. Quickness is one of the bolometric virtues. Ten seconds are enough for displaying the heat in certain ultra-violet rays. If a two-pound lump of ice at freezing-point should get only the warmth of those same rays steadily for a thousand years, it would scarcely be melted. The last statement will have to be taken on trust, as the writer had not



THE BOLOMETER IN ELECTRIC CIRCUIT.

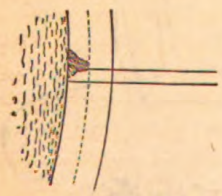
time to stay at Allegheny and see it verified.

In bolometer experiments no lenses concentrate the sunlight. It is taken *au naturel*, and reflected where it is wanted by

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means of a mirror moved by clock-work. The contrivance is a modification of the trick of the small boy who with a piece of looking-glass throws a blinding flash of sunshine into a by-passer's eyes. For the purposes of science the beam of reflected light is required to shine steadily at one spot, where it can pass through a hole in the wall of the laboratory. The hole is a slit whose width can be regulated, so that, if needed, the line of light which it admits may be reduced to the merest thread. After passing through the slit, the light strikes directly on the grating, placed at the farther end of the laboratory, and is reflected back at an angle, and spreads out in the beautiful colors of the spectrum. The angle, as before explained, furnishes a measure of the wave-length. The bolometer is placed with its open end toward the grating, so as to catch the small portion of the spectrum which is to be examined. The electrical apparatus is connected with the bolometer, and then, after everything is properly adjusted, we may proceed to business. But it should be mentioned that so much care has to be spent upon adjustments of electrical and other apparatus that if one person undertook to get ready without assistance, his experiment would not begin much before sundown.

Vapors of metals inconceivably hot, yet cooler than the mass of the sun beneath them, floating on the solar surface, intercept certain parts of the sunbeam, and cast, as it were, shadows in their place. The dark lines of the spectrum are these shadows—mere shades of semi-transparent vapor, ninety-two million miles away. Incredible as it may seem, the slight loss of heat which the "shadows" cause can be measured. The instrument which performs this marvel is called the "linear" bolometer; it presents only the edge of a metallic strip to the sunbeam—a thickness little greater than the spectral line. The demonstration, as witnessed by the writer, is complete and convincing. A kind of magic lantern throws an enlarged image of the galvanometer upon a ground-glass screen, and the movements of the pointer are thus made to appear in inches instead of in hair-breadths.



ORIGIN OF FRAUNHOFER LINE.

By the turning of a screw the whole spectrum can be slowly shifted along before the eye of the bolometer. When the experiment begins, however, the instrument is blind, because a small sliding shutter has been dropped across the slit in the wall, cutting off the sunbeam. At a signal the shutter rises; almost instantly the image of the galvanometer needle flies along the scale, and quivers before the figure that marks the temperature of that particular ray which is entering the bolometer. The shutter is dropped, the needle flies back to its starting-point, and we are ready for another observation. Let us suppose we are examining a certain part of the spectrum; for instance, the vicinity of the B line. The shutter being raised, the temperature of the part of the spectrum examined is shown by a movement of the needle of three hundred points on the scale. Closing the shutter, perhaps we turn the screw a very little, and repeat the experiment with the same result. But another turn of the screw brings the B line into the eye of the bolometer, and then when the shutter is raised, the needle only moves ten points instead of three hundred.

The most striking of these experiments are in the invisible end of the spectrum, far beyond the red rays. There, where the keenest eye sees no light, and the best thermometer, or even thermo-pile, finds no heat, the bolometer displays the effect of solar radiation distinctly. More than this; it tells of invisible "shadows," spectral lines among these viewless rays, and measures in inches the heat they intercept. It is as if one should see the ghost of a ghost. Here lies the field for future discoveries, when we shall ascertain what are the substances whose vapors make these unseen shadows. Meanwhile let us not be unhappy because we can not see the extreme ends of the spectrum, for who would wish to be as sensitive as a bolometer?

Little has been said of the many precautions that have to be observed in making these experiments; of the various ways in which they have been repeated with different tests and surroundings; of the nice reading of scales and position angles with microscopes; of the calculations entailed by allowing for absorptions and other contingencies. The magician of to-day does not cry "Open, sesame!" to the rock that conceals nature's mysteries; he

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strives to dislodge it by long and patient toil.

Already we have some results. Since the time of Newton it has been assumed that all the radiations of the sun were to be found in the spectrum, and that these reunited make white light. There is also a tacit assumption that white light is pure sunlight. Some of the early experiments at Allegheny have been mentioned which showed that the light as we receive it has been somewhat altered by the sun's atmosphere. The change is an absorption of rays from the blue end of the spectrum. It follows that our sunlight is more red and less blue, and far less intense, than it would be if the solar atmosphere did not intervene. But we are concerned with something nearer home. Our own atmosphere repeats the performance, strangles many rays at the blue end of the spectrum, and comparatively few at the red end. What does this mean? Let us shake hands with our friend who wears green goggles. We too have all our lives seen things in a false light. If we could place ourselves outside our atmosphere—say on the moon—we should find that sunlight is not white; that the sun itself is really blue. To the inhabitants of "other worlds than ours" the sun may be a bluer star than Vega.

At Allegheny the series of experiments leading to such a result consisted chiefly in comparing the rays from the mid-day sun with those received when the orb approached the horizon. But though the experiments were conducted in winter—our driest season—they left some uncertainty on two points—the effect of moisture in the air, and the question whether the absorption of blue rays was in like proportion to thickness of atmosphere at greater heights. To decide these and similar questions it was deemed advisable to make an expedition to the driest place and the highest mountain in the United States.

Before we can attain much accuracy in one of the most important of modern studies—weather science—we must at all events learn more on three points: the total heat of the sun, so as to know if it varies; the amount of absorption by dry and moist air respectively; the kinds of heat absorbed. The value of this class of researches was recognized by General Hazen, of the United States Signal Service, and the help of the War Department was secured for the proposed expedition. Again the public-spirited citizen of Pittsburgh gave the most essential aid by defraying the entire cost of the special instruments and apparatus required. The Pennsylvania Railroad provided transportation for the explorers and their cumbrous equipments in a Pullman car. Let us never again hear the taunt of "soulless corporations."

Mount Whitney, in the Sierra Nevada of Southern California, was selected as the goal of promise. This choice was made after conferring with officers of the army and of the Coast Survey who were familiar with the Western wilderness. The mountain rises nearly to the height of Mont Blanc. It is in one of the most arid regions on the globe. So steep is it that two stations can be placed upon it within easy signaling distance of each other, but differing in elevation by more than two miles. Little was known beforehand as to the possibility of carrying the bulky implements of science up the mountain. Through the representations of General Hazen, a small military escort, under the command of Captain Michaelis, U.S.A., was provided, both as a measure of security and, in case of need, to assist in transportation.

Four of the exploring party started from Pittsburgh last summer, and were joined at San Francisco by three others and the escort. A point about four hundred miles farther south was reached by railway travel. At Caliente the comforts of the Pullman car were left behind, and the party began a slow march across the Inyo desert. For one hundred and twenty miles this part of the route was shadeless and waterless. They passed by Death's Valley, two hundred feet below sea-level, where, only a few years ago, an entire emigrant train perished miserably. The mountain range shuts this district from the rest of California. When a star route was established to carry the mail from Caliente through this valley, water had to be hauled twenty miles to the stage stations.

A camp was pitched at the foot of the Sierras, near a place called Lone Pine. It is a fair specimen of Southwestern frontier towns, and consists chiefly of one street. When a lucky party of Mexicans are visiting the town, playing-cards thrown out of the windows litter the street as with autumn leaves. Spasms of morality are

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felt at intervals in Lone Pine, social earthquakes, when superfluous gamblers must get out or be wiped out. The tone of society is better than in some towns farther down the border—Parsontown, for instance, which is famous for its three successive clergymen. The first of these shepherds shot the husband of one of his flock, and married the widow. The second was partner in a faro bank, and lost influence because his "pard" cheated. The third, in addition to his religious duties at Parsontown, kept one of the stage stations on the star route. He had his enemies; one of them came fooling around the station, and was shot by the preacher. So far there was nothing startling. But provisions were scarce, and the clergyman fed stage-passengers on broiled and jerked enemy for several days. An army surgeon happened that way, dined on a cutlet, and recognized one of the bones as human. Clergyman No. 3 fled; he was afterward captured, and suspended at once from the ministry and a pine branch. Parsontown has now no regular preaching.

The camp near Lone Pine was organized for continual use as a low-level station during the stay of the scientific party. Numerous observations were to be taken there and on the mountain simultaneously each day, and in different parts of the day. The Lone Pine station being far below, its observations would show the effect, as compared with those of the mountain-top, of a very much greater thickness of atmosphere.

Mount Whitney was in plain sight from the lower camp; apparently within gunshot. When a picture was taken that mountain seemed to be part of the range of peaks in the foreground, or at farthest a little back of them; in fact it was a long way behind, and at least four thousand feet higher than the intervening peaks. Patches of white on its gray and jagged outline were found to be snow; and what seemed a coating of moss turned into broad forests when the telescope was brought to bear. The deceptive effect was caused by the extreme dryness and purity of the atmosphere, and the absence of what artists call "aerial perspective." We ordinarily judge of the distance of an object in a landscape by its comparative dimness. The mountain was really more than fifteen miles away.

After some exploration it was found impossible to carry the apparatus up the nearest side. To reach the desired point a *détour* had to be made around to the farther side of the mountain. Seven or eight days were thus consumed. Patient mules carried their valuable burdens of siderostats, telescopes, bolometers, actinometers, pyrheliometers, and the like, up stony heights and around sharp peaks, without serious mishap. The mountain has been rarely if ever before ascended; certainly never with such luggage.

As the party went higher the air grew colder and the sunshine hotter. Those men of science had been tanned by weeks of exposure in the desert, with the shaded thermometer at 110° F. Yet after they reached the level of perpetual snow, the sun's rays burned their hands and faces anew and very severely. Most of the party looked as though they had been scorched by fire. It is worth noting that this was not caused by reflection from snow, to which similar experience of Alpine climbers has been attributed. The party on Mount Whitney received their worst sunburn when travelling over bare rocks, though isolated snow-fields lay above and below.

A camp was pitched at an altitude of 13,000 feet, and the heavier apparatus was placed there. The peak rises 2000 feet higher, and was climbed every day by observers carrying portable instruments. The side of the peak nearest the camp was an almost vertical sheet of dark gray granite, seamed here and there by gullies filled with bowlders that occupied the beds of old water-courses. A little streamlet gleamed at intervals in one of the clefts. It was fed from snows above, and served to make a small swampy meadow and a pond, on the ledge selected for the camp. The pond has been dignified, in Western vernacular, with the title of a "lake."

At such elevations, with only tents for shelter, with high winds and cold and mountain sickness, there was little comfort and some trouble in making the nice and numerous observations laid down in the programme. Accidents will happen, too, even to parties in the highest positions. An excellent telescope, kindly lent by the astronomer of Harvard University, was found (too late for remedy) to be suffering from a disorder of its eye-pieces. A large and very costly mirror, covered with a face of silver, polished with exquisite skill, and carefully wrapped,

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having escaped all the dangers of the way, was placed one night ready for immediate service. In the morning its surface was found covered with a net-work of miscellaneous scratches. It had suffered at the hands of friendship. One of the soldiers, wishing to do a kindly deed for the professor, had gone to work in the morning twilight with his buckskin gloves at the mirror. He had polished as faithfully as the ruler of the Queen's navee, and left the instrument with about as much capacity for reflection as a tin pan. The professor had, however, some unexpected reflections.

In spite of all difficulties, the experiments were very fully carried out. A mass of observations was taken on the mountain and simultaneously at its base. Some time has been spent in reducing these since the return to Allegheny. A formal scientific report to the War Department is in preparation. If addressed to the world of science, it might properly begin with the stereotyped phrase of mercantile circulars from the East Indies: "Gentlemen; we have the honor to confirm our previous advices."

Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope found that the sun's rays were hot enough without concentration by lens or mirror to cook a family dinner. It was only necessary to place the raw food in an open metallic vessel, put that in the African sand exposed to sunshine, and cover the whole with glass after the manner of a hot-bed. Certain solar rays go through the glass almost as easily as they come from the sun, but they can not so readily return till they leave some of their heat behind. Theirs is the predicament of the fox that squeezed himself into the hen-coop, but found that he could not get out without disgorging his meal. In one of the experiments near the summit of Mount Whitney, a copper vessel was simply covered with two sheets of plain window glass, and exposed direct to the sun; the temperature within the vessel soon rose above boiling-point. A solar engine might be set to work there in the midst of a snow-field, making its steam without fuel, fire, or concentrating lenses. This discovery should be commended to the heat, light, and power companies that are tearing up the streets of New York; they might be induced to transfer their operations to Mount Whitney.

The whole globe has been compared to a hot-bed, of which our air is the glass. From experiments of the class described, Herschel and, separately, Pouillet inferred that the sun's heat is great enough to melt in one year a crust of ice one hundred feet thick covering the entire globe—both the day and night sides. Numerous trials have been made since then to solve this problem more accurately. The quantity of the sun's heat, or its melting power, is called in scientific jargon "the solar constant." As has been said, this lies at the base of a correct science of meteorology. The Mount Whitney observations show the sun to be hotter than was supposed. The heat received at the earth's surface is probably more by one-half than was estimated by Herschel and Pouillet, and even materially exceeds the values assigned by more recent investigators. It would in one year melt a crust of ice over the whole sunward half of the earth six hundred feet thick. This is, of course, a statement in very round numbers. The scientific phrase would be that the sun's vertical energy could raise the temperature of one gram of distilled water three degrees Centigrade per minute for each centimeter of the earth's surface nominally exposed.

Having supplied us with an increased amount of heat, the Mount Whitney experiments also favor us with new figures of intenser cold. The estimates of Herschel and Pouillet made the temperature of space 224° below the zero of Fahrenheit. The new results carry it down nearly to the calculations for the absolute zero, the absence of all heat, say minus 459° F. To the non-scientific mind the distinction between such far-down temperatures is not unlike that between the pains of rheumatism and those of gout, the first being as from a thumbscrew twisted to the last point of human endurance, the gout giving one turn more.

Further, it appears that the direct heating power of the sun can not raise a thermometer quite 50° F. above its surroundings, whatever they may be. If we suppose the whole globe a thermometer, and without an atmosphere, the sun could only heat it fifty degrees above the cold of space, leaving it at about minus 400° F. under full sunshine. The internal heat of the earth may be disregarded in these calculations. It seems paradoxical to say that if the atmosphere were removed from the earth, its surface would receive more heat and yet be much colder. But this is

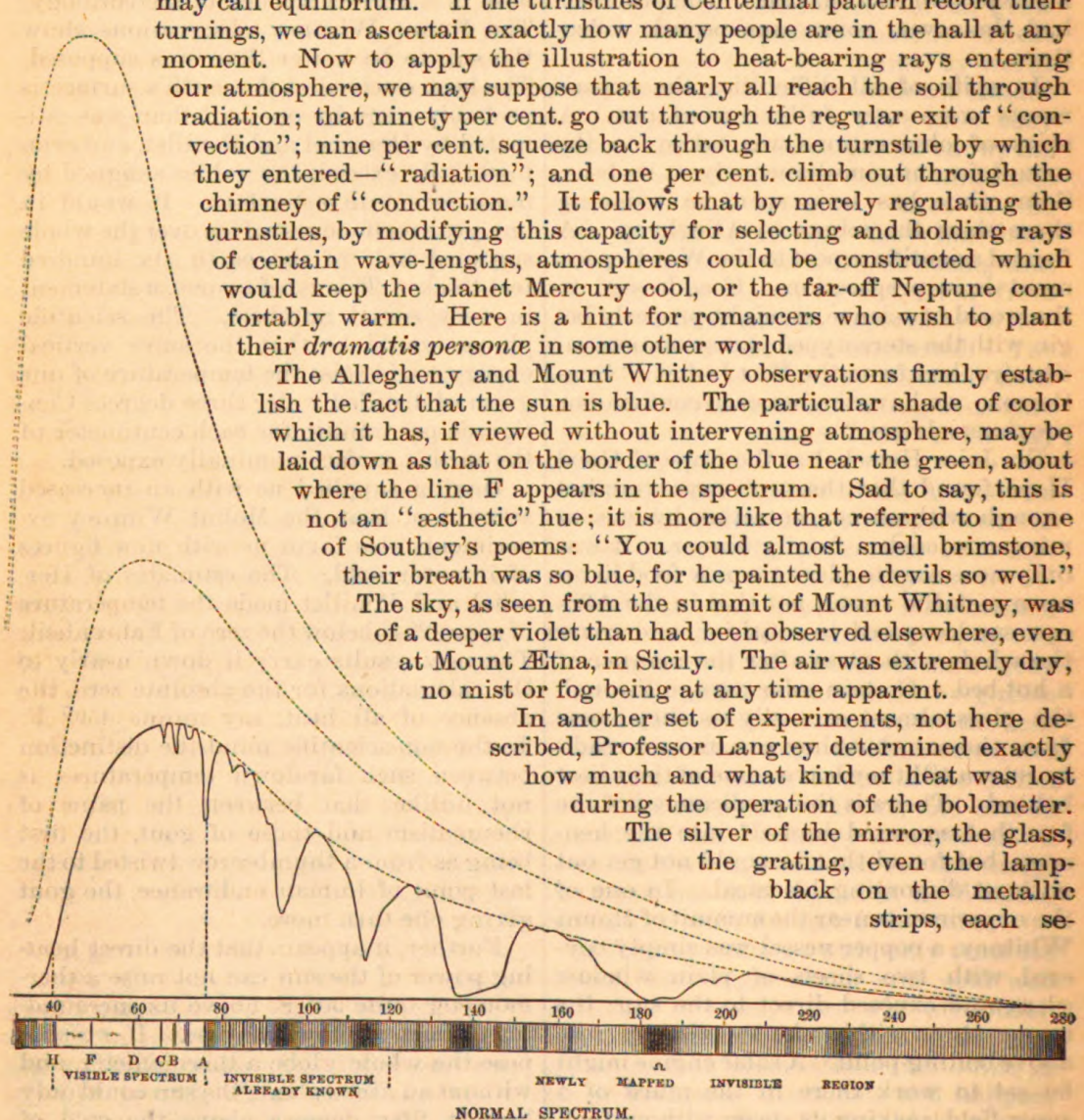
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a fact of the same kind as our experience in ascending a mountain. The atmosphere does indeed cut off a great deal of heat, but on the other hand it keeps a great deal of that which it permits to pass through. When the air is heated up to its retaining capacity an "equilibrium" is established.

To illustrate: let us imagine a large, empty, windowless hall, with two doors partially obstructed by Centennial turnstiles, one for entry and one for exit. A procession of one hundred persons enters per minute. At first there is abundant room; few want to come out. At the end of the second or third minute perhaps only three people are leaving for one hundred arriving. After a longer interval the number of departing guests is much greater. At last the hall is crowded to its utmost capacity, and if we still suppose one hundred per minute entering, it is absolutely certain that one hundred per minute must be getting out. This final condition is one which we may call equilibrium. If the turnstiles of Centennial pattern record their turnings, we can ascertain exactly how many people are in the hall at any moment. Now to apply the illustration to heat-bearing rays entering our atmosphere, we may suppose that nearly all reach the soil through radiation; that ninety per cent. go out through the regular exit of "convection"; nine per cent. squeeze back through the turnstile by which they entered—"radiation"; and one per cent. climb out through the chimney of "conduction." It follows that by merely regulating the turnstiles, by modifying this capacity for selecting and holding rays of certain wave-lengths, atmospheres could be constructed which would keep the planet Mercury cool, or the far-off Neptune comfortably warm. Here is a hint for romancers who wish to plant their *dramatis personæ* in some other world.

The Allegheny and Mount Whitney observations firmly establish the fact that the sun is blue. The particular shade of color which it has, if viewed without intervening atmosphere, may be laid down as that on the border of the blue near the green, about where the line F appears in the spectrum. Sad to say, this is not an "æsthetic" hue; it is more like that referred to in one of Southey's poems: "You could almost smell brimstone, their breath was so blue, for he painted the devils so well." The sky, as seen from the summit of Mount Whitney, was of a deeper violet than had been observed elsewhere, even at Mount Ætna, in Sicily. The air was extremely dry, no mist or fog being at any time apparent.

In another set of experiments, not here described, Professor Langley determined exactly how much and what kind of heat was lost during the operation of the bolometer. The silver of the mirror, the glass, the grating, even the lamp-black on the metallic strips, each se-



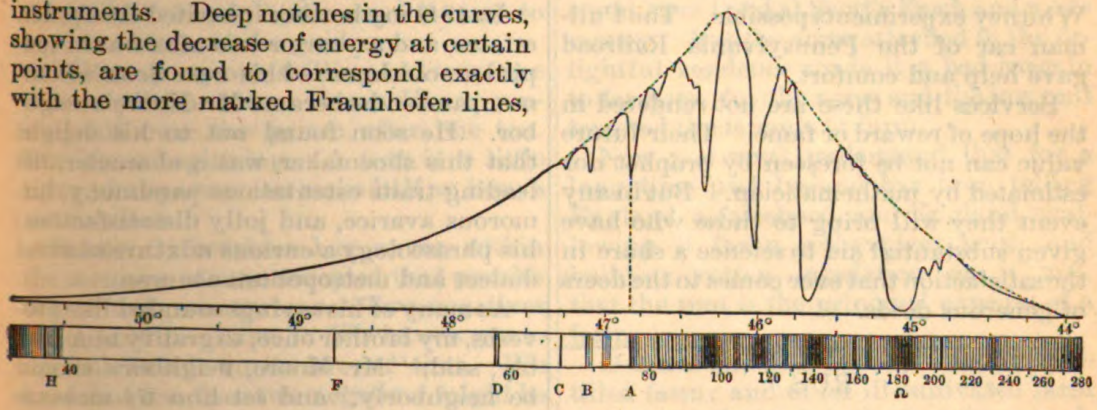
NORMAL SPECTRUM.

lects and abstracts certain rays. Full allowance was made for these absorptions.* When the final result is presented graphically, it shows that at the earth's surface the hottest part of the spectrum is near the orange. This is quite different from previous

* The curious fact presented itself in the course of these experiments that lamp-black, which is one of the most opaque substances known, is more or less transparent to some of the invisible rays.

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conceptions. The diagram which makes this display for the normal spectrum shows three curves, each somewhat irregular. The lowest of these represents the solar energy as we receive it, at sea-level; the second, the distribution of that energy in regions outside our atmosphere; the third, the distribution at the photosphere of the sun before the solar atmosphere has intervened. The similarity of these curves is striking. Another diagram gives the distribution of energy in the prismatic spectrum, in which the red end is abnormally crowded, while the blue end is unduly extended. The curves are constructed by scale from actual and repeated measures with the bolometer, photometer, and other instruments. Deep notches in the curves, showing the decrease of energy at certain points, are found to correspond exactly with the more marked Fraunhofer lines,



PRISMATIC SPECTRUM.

so far as they are visible. The existence of similar lines in the invisible part of the spectrum has been partially demonstrated by photography as well as by the bolometer.

"Groping in the dark" is a good descriptive title for the work of mapping the spectrum beyond the visible rays. Much labor is here required to measure wavelengths accurately; one of them has absorbed two weeks of continuous experiment. The exact relation between the prismatic and the normal spectrum has been determined. The great extension of the spectral field is an important result. It is as if the compass of a well-known musical instrument had been enlarged by additional octaves. The visible part of the spectrum is little more than an eighth of the whole. About three times as large a space had been somewhat known to investigators of the ultra-red region, and has been recently photographed by Captain Abney. The new researches of Professor Langley double the length of this invisible end. Doubting Thomases, who will only believe what they see, must wait awhile for the photograph to overtake the bolometer.

This viewless energy is not a mere abstraction. It is two-thirds of all that gives our warmth, our weather, and our crops. Before the observations here described were made, it was supposed that our atmosphere absorbed the invisible rays below the red very much, and the visible very little. Now the fact is found to be exactly the other way. The absorption increases in regular gradation from the red end toward the violet.

Important as are the observations of the new astronomy up to the present time, they are only the beginnings of knowledge. They will appear merely as outline sketches when the hand of science can complete the picture. Nothing could be conceived as more unpractical than the study of the stars, and yet no professed philanthropy has been of half so much benefit to mankind. When the Cape of Good Hope was occasionally doubled by the voyagers of the sixteenth century, only one ship in four returned to Europe in safety. Now not one vessel in forty is lost. The art of guiding ships by observations on the heavenly bodies, and the telescopic study of the moon, have robbed the sea of its greatest dangers, reduced the cost of marine insurance, and saved hundreds of thousands of human lives. The new branch of astronomy promises even greater benefits, both by sea and land, to civilized man.

Whatever of credit may accrue to the researches at Allegheny should be fairly apportioned alike among those who performed the work and those who gave it pecuniary or official aid. Professor Langley has been fortunate in securing and

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training two skilled assistants, Frank W. Very and J. E. Keeler. The latter was one of the most efficient members of the party in Southern California. The appropriation from the revenue of the Count Rumford fund paid a part of the cost of constructing the first bolometers. The expense of special experiments with that instrument, and the "plant" of apparatus required, were the heaviest burden; this was lifted by the liberal Pittsburgh citizen. Some help was also given from the Bache fund of the National Academy. The facilities tendered by the War Department, and the interest taken by General Hazen of the Signal Service, in addition to the aid already mentioned, made the Mount Whitney experiments possible. The Pullman car of the Pennsylvania Railroad gave help and comfort.

Services like these are not rendered in the hope of reward or fame. Their future value can not be foreseen by prophet nor estimated by mathematician. But in any event they will bring to those who have given substantial aid to science a share in the satisfaction that ever comes to the doers of generous deeds.

RUS.

MY dear lamented brother William Barrington Reade was first a sailor, then a soldier, then a county squire, and had from his youth an eye for character and live facts worth noting by sea or land. He furnished me from his experiences several tidbits that figure in my printed works; for instance, in *Hard Cash* the character and fate of Maxley, and the manœuvres of the square-rigged vessel attacked by the schooner; also the mad yachtsman, and his imitation of piracy, in *The Jilt*, etc. So now I offer the public his little study of a real character in rural life.

Indeed, such quiet things may serve to relieve the general character of my work; for, pen in hand, I am fond of hot passions and pictorial incidents, and, like the historians, care too little for the "middle of humanity."

George Moore, a shoemaker, with a shock head of black hair, a new wife, half a hundred of leather, and two sovereigns, came over from Ewelme to Ipsden, and applied to my father for a cottage on Scott's Common. It was a very large cottage; the kitchen between twenty and thirty feet long; old style—smoked rafters, diamond panes, etc.

A shed, pig-sty, and two paddocks went with the tenement. Rent of the lot, £11. Moore became the tenant, made boots and shoes incessantly for years, and sold them at Henley, Reading, or Wallingford market. He would carry in a sackful on his back, stand behind them in the market-place, and if he got rid of them, would often buy a pig or a cow, or even a pony, with such excellent judgment that he always made a profit; and when he bought at a fair he often sold his purchase on the road, for the nimble shilling tempted him. One of his declared axioms was, "Quick come and safe keep."

In 1849 my brother inherited the Ipsden estates, and a year or two afterward occupied an old house of his near Scott's Common, and so he became Mr. Moore's neighbor. He soon found out to his delight that this shoemaker was a character, his leading traits ostentatious parsimony, humorous avarice, and jolly dissatisfaction; his phraseology a curious mixture of rural dialect and metropolitan acumen.

As many of his sayings sounded like proverbs, my brother once, to gratify him doubly, said, "Mr. Moore, neighbors should be neighborly," and set him to measure his growing family for shoes. He might as well have given the order to Procrustes: Moore made shoes for *shops;* he expected feet to fit his shoes; and, after all, live leather is more yielding than dead.

The bill was settled one halfpenny short. From that day, although Moore's conversations with my brother rambled over various topics, they always ended one way—"Beg pardon, sir, but there was a halfpenny to come last account."

Then the humorist would fumble for this halfpenny, but never find it. He used it as a little seton.

Moore once related to him his visit to a road-side hotel in the old coaching days.

"I came in mortal hungry, Squire, and there was a table spread. Don't know as ever I saw so much vittles all at one time. Found out afterward it was for the passengers' dinner. Sets me down just before the beautifulest ham—a picture—takes the knife and fork, and sets there with my fistes" (pronounced mediævally "fistys") "on the table, and the knife and fork in 'em. 'Landlerd,' says I to a chap in a parson's tie, 'be you the landlerd?' No; he was the waiter. 'Then,'

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says I, 'you tell the landlerd I wants to speak to 'un very particular'; so presently the landlerd comes as round as a bar'l mostly. 'Landlerd,' says I, with my fistes on the table, and the knife p'inting uppards, 'I must know what the reckoning ool be afer I sticks my ferk into't.'"

Somebody with whom he traded wanted one shilling and tenpence more than his due in a considerable transaction. Moore made the parish ring.

However, he appears in this case to have thought he owed mankind in general, and Scott's Common in particular, an explanation, so he gave it to the gamekeeper, Will Johnstone, Johnstone retailed it at the "Black Horse," and round it came to my humorist, *viâ* the gardener.

"Ye may say one shilling and tenpence is a very little sum. Here's Moore running all over the parish after one ten. But it's a beginning. A text is a little thing; but parson can make half an hour's sermon on't."

Rustic Oxfordshire has never within the memory of man accepted that peevish rule of the grammarians, "Two negatives make an affirmative." We have a grammatical creed worth two of that. We hold that less than two negatives might be taken for an affirmative, or at least for an assent.

A Cambridge man, whom his college, St. John's, transplanted into my county as an incumbent, declared to me once that he heard a native of my county address a band of workmen thus: "Ha'n't never a one of you chaps seen nothing of no hat?"

Moore accumulated negatives as if they were halfpence. A neighbor to whom he had now and then lent a spade, or a frying-pan, or a fagot, offended him, and they slanged each other heartily over the palings. Moore wound up the controversy thus: "Don't you never come to my house for nothing no more, for ye won't get it."

The population of Scott's Common is sparse, but the dialogue being both long and loud, seven girls had collected, from four to thirteen years old. With this assembly Moore shared his triumph. "There, you gals, I have sewed up *his* stocking," said George Moore.

Scott's Farm was a small holding surrounded by woods, flat enough when you got up to it, but on very high ground. Not a drop of well water for miles. The men drank no liquid but beer; the women, tea and tadpoles.

None of the larger tenants would be bothered with "Scott's." But small farmers are poor farmers and unsuccessful. One or two failed on it, and it was vacant. The homestead was a picture to look at, and in the farm-yard a natural cart shed, perhaps without its fellow, an old oak-tree twenty-seven feet in girth, and of enormous age. The top was gone entirely; so was the inside. Nothing stood but a a large hollow stem with three or four vertical chasms, one so broad that a cart could pass into the wooden funnel. Yet that shell put out the greenest oak leaves in all the country-side. An artist could have lived at Scott's Farm and made money. But the acres attached to the delightful residence made it a bad bargain to farmers; for the acres and the low rent tempted the tenants to farm.

Now you must understand that for a long time past Ireland has been telling England a falsehood, and England swallowing it for a self-evident truth, and building rotten legislation on it, viz., that the rent is the principal expense of a farm.

It is not one-fifth the expense of a well-tilled farm; and of an ill-cultivated farm not one-tenth, for it is the last thing paid.

Scott's Farm was one out of a hundred examples I have seen. The rent of seventy-five acres, plus a charming house and homestead, was fifty pounds. Yet one bad farmer after another broke on it, and grumbled at the rent, though it could not have been the rent that hurt him, for he never paid it.

Well, Mr. Moore called on my brother, and offered to rent Scott's Farm.

My brother stared with amazement, then said, dryly, "Did you ever do me an injury?"

"Not as I know on, Squire; nor don't mean to."

"Then why should I do you one? Scott's? Why, they all break on it."

"Oh!" said Moore, "folk as ha'n't got no head-piece, nor no money neither, are bound to break on a farm. 'Tain't to say George Moore is a-going to break."

My brother replied: "Oh, I know you are a good judge of live stock, and I dare say you have picked up a notion of farming. But you see it requires capital."

"Well, Squire," said the shoemaker, "I'm not a thousand-pound man, but I'm

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a nine-hundred-pound man. I'll show you some on't," and he actually pulled out of his breeches pocket seven hundred pounds in bank-notes, and presented them as his references. In short, he rented Scott's Farm.

But my brother could never bear anybody who *amused* him to come to grief, and so for a time he was in anxiety lest Moore should lose the money he had acquired by his industry and kept by his economy. However, the new tenant stocked the farm, which his predecessors had not done, and let fall remarks indicating prosperity, as that a farmer had no business to go to his barn door for rent, and that *he* could make a living anywhere. Besides, the rising ricks spoke for themselves.

I believe he had been tenant nine months when, one day, my brother, seeing him smoking a pipe over his farmyard gate, dismounted expressly to talk to him.

Mr. Moore's first sentence betrayed that he was no longer a shoemaker.

"Look'ee here, Squire, a farmering man wants to have four eyes, and three hands: two for work, one is always wanted in his pocket—rent, tithe, labor, taxes, rates. Why, the parish tapped me three times last month. My wife got behind in her washing through wasting of her time counting out the money I had to pay away. As to my men, I be counted sharp, but I must be split in two to be sharp enough for they."

"I was afraid you would find the rent heavy," said my brother, innocently.

"The rent!" cried Mr. Moore; "I don't vally it that!" and he snapped his fingers at it. "But how about the labor—men and horses, and women; and the three crops of weeds on one field, through me coming after tipplers and fools as left the land foul for Moore to clean after they. And then—" He paused, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder, added, "THE BLACK SLUG THAT EATS UP THE TENTH OF THE LAND."

My brother did not understand the simile one bit till he followed the direction of Mr. Moore's thumb, and beheld a beneficed clergyman crossing the common like a lamb, all unconscious of the injurious metaphor shot after him by oppressed agriculture.

Having suppressed a grin with some difficulty, my brother said, gravely: "I'll tell ye what it is, Moore; if you went to church a little oftener, you would find out that the clergy are worth their money to those who go by their advice in this world, and so learn not to forget the next. Come, now; our parson has no tithes, and only a very small stipend, yet I never see you at church. Surely you might go once on a Sunday."

Now I must premise that Mr. A——, justly dissatisfied with the morals of that parish, preached sermons which were in fact philippics.

"Why, Squire," said Moore, "I have tried 'un. But I do take after my horses: I can't stand all whip and no carn."

Undaunted by the comparison, his landlord gravely reminded him that there were prayers as well as a sermon, and prayers full of charity, and fitted to all conditions of life.

"Well, Squire," said the farmer, half apologetically, "I'll tell you the truth: I never was a hog at prayers."

It was a pity he could not add he never was greedy of this world's goods.

One day my brother heard his voice rather loud in the yard, and found him bargaining with a lad in a smock-frock—a stranger.

At sight of the Squire the injured farmer appealed to him. "Look at 'un," said he, "a-standing there." The lad remained impassive as the gate post under the scrutiny thus dramatically invited. "A wants ten shilling a week, and three pound Michaelmas." Then turning from my brother to the lad: "Now what did you have at your last place—without a lie?"

"Six shillings, and a pound at Michaelmas," said the young fellow, calmly.

"And you thinks to rise me ten shillings! Now, tell 'ee what it is, young man, you hire yourself to keep the mildew out o' my wheat, and the rot out o' my sheep, or else draa no wages out o' me. You make me safe as my horses sha'n't go broken-winded, nor blind, nor lame, while you be driving on 'em, nor my cows sha'n't slip their calves, nor my sows sha'n't lay over their litters and smother 'em. I maunt have no fly in my turmots under you, my barley and wuts must come to the rick nice and dry and bright, and then I'll pay you half a sovereign a week"—(with sudden friendliness)—"Where did 'ee come from?"

"Cholsey village."

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"How ever did 'ee find your way all up here?"

The lad said it was only six miles; he had found his way easy enough.

"Then you'll find it easier back. Good-morning."

And off he went. The lad put his hands in his breeches pockets and strolled away unmoved in another direction; and my brother retired swiftly to take down every syllable of this inimitable dialogue. It afterward appeared that his was the only genuine exit; the other two were examples of what the French dramatists call *fausse sortie*. For the very next day this Cholsey lad was at work for Mr. Moore.

"Hallo!" said my brother. "Why, you parted never to meet again—far as the poles asunder. Ha! ha!"

"Oh, that is how we *begins!*" explained Moore, with a grin. "Bought him at my own price. But" (with sudden gloom) "a *wool* have two pound Michaelmas, the risolute To-a-d."

Moore had a cur his wife implored him to hang out of her way. "Well," said he, "anything for a quiet life. You find the card; I'll find the labor."

Ere a cord was found Moore caught sight of the good easy Squire; he came out and told him Toby had been poaching on his own account, and had better be tied up except when wanted. Offered him for three half-crowns, praised him up to the skies.

Squire Easy submitted to the infliction, and Toby was sent to the kennel.

Next week, Moore had made a bad bargain. "I let 'ee have Toby too cheap; I hear of all sides as he's the best rabbiter you ha' got, a regular hexpeditious good dog."

He gave his landlord a piece of advice which, to tell the truth, that gentleman needed sorely; for he was never known to make one good bargain in all his life. Said Mr. Moore: "Don't you never listen to a chap as won't say aforehand how much he'll give or take to a farthing, or a halfpenny at the *very* outside. When that there humbug says to you, 'Oh, we sha'n't quarrel,' says you, 'I'll take care of that, for down you puts it to a farthing.' When he says, 'Oh, I'll not hurt you,' says you, 'Oh yes, ye will, if I give you a chance; put it down to a farthing, or I'm off.'"

He let his parlor and a bedroom to a lodger for fifteen shillings a week, a sum unheard of in those parts.

This transpired in a few months, and my brother congratulated him.

Here is his reply *ad verbum:*

"Why, Squire, it doesn't all stick to me. There's my missus she is took off her work to attend to he. Then there's a gre-at hearty gal I'm fossed to hire. There goes eighteenpence a week and her vittels. I tried to get a sickly one as wouldn't eat my head off, but there warn't a sickly one as 'ud come. Feared of a little work! Now" (with sudden severity) "do I get half a guinea out of he?" Then with a shout: "No!" Then with the sudden calmness of unalterable conviction: "Not by sixpence."

This seems a tough man, not to be easily moved, a wary man, not to be outwitted; yet misfortune befell him, and rankled for years.

My brother left Oxfordshire and settled in a milder climate. During his long sojourn there a vague report reached him that bad money had been passed on Moore, and he had made the district ring.

When after seven years my brother returned to his native woods, he looked in at Scott's Farm, and there was Moore, the only familiar face about which did not seem a day older. After other friendly inquiries my brother said:

"But how about the bad money that was passed on you? Tell me all about it."

"That I wool," said Moore, delighted to find a good listener to a grievance which to him was ever new, though the circumstance was five years old. "I was at dung-cart most of that day, and then I washed, and tried to get a minute to milk the cow; but bless your heart, they never will let me milk her afore sunset. It's Moore here, and Moore there, from half a dozen of 'em; and Mr. Moore here, and Mr. Moore there, from the one or two as have learned manners, which very few of 'em have in these parts; and between 'em they allus contrive to keep me from my own cow till dusk. Well, sir, I had got leave to milk her, hurry-scurry as usual, and night coming on, when a man I had sold a fat hog to came into the yard to pay. 'Wait a minute,' says I. But no, he was like the rest, couldn't let me milk her in peace; wanted to settle and drive the baacon home. So I took my head out

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o' the cow, and I went to him without so much as letting my smock down, and he gave me the money, £6 17*s*. I took the gold in one hand so, and the silver in t'other so, and I went across the yard to the house, and I asked the missus to get a light, and then I told the money before her, six sovereigns and seventeen shillings, and left her to scratch him a receipt, while I went back to my cow, and I thought to milk her in peace at last. But before I had drained her as should be, out comes my missus, and screams fit to wake the dead: 'George! George!' 'I be coming,' says I; so I up with the milk pail and goes to her. 'Whose cat's dead now?' says I, 'for mercy's sake.'

"'Come in, come in,' says she. 'George, whoever is that man? He have paid us a bad shilling; look at that.' Well, we tried that there shilling on the table first, and then on the hearth: 'twas bad; couldn't be wus. 'Run after him,' says she; 'run this moment.' 'Lard,' says I, 'they be half-way to Wallingford by this time. Here, give me a scrap of paper. I'll carry it about in my fob; he goes to all the markets; he will change it, you may be sure.'

"Well, the very next Friday as ever was I met him at Wallingford market, pulls out the paper, shows him the shilling, tells him it warn't good. He looks at it and agreed with me. 'Then change it, if you please,' says I. 'What for?' says he. 'I don't want no bad shillings no more nor you do.' 'But,' says I, 'price of hog was six seventeen, and you only paid six sixteen in money.' 'Yes, I did,' says he. 'I gave you six seventeen.' 'No, ye didn't.' 'Yes, I did.' 'No, ye didn't; you gave me six sixteen, and *this*. Now, my man,' says I, 'act honest and pay me t'other shilling.' No he wouldn't. There was a crowd by this time, so I said, 'Look here, gentlemen, I sold this man a hog, and he gave me this in part pay, which it ain't a *real* shilling, and mine was a genuine hog;' so they all said it warn't a shilling at all. When the man heard that he was for slipping off, but I stepped after him, with half the market at my heels. 'Will you pay me my shilling?' 'I don't owe you no shilling,' says he. 'You do,' says I; 'and pay me my shilling you shall.' 'I won't.' 'You shall; I'll pison your life else.'

"Next time of asking, as the saying is, was Reading market. Catches him cheapening a calf. Takes out shilling. 'Now,' says I, 'here's your bad shilling as you gave me for my hog—which it is a warning to honest folk with calves to sell,' says I. 'Be you going to change it?' 'No, I bain't.' 'You bain't?' says I. 'You shall, then,' says I. 'Time will show,' says he, and bid me good-day, ironical. I let him get a little way, and then I stepped after him. 'Hy, stop that gentleman,' I halloed. 'He have given me a bad shilling.' You might hear me all over the market. Then he threatened defanation or summat; I didn't keer; I bawled him out o' Reading market that there afternoon.

"Met him at Henley next; commenced operations—took out the shilling. He crossed over directly, I after 'un, and held out the shilling. 'Tain't no use,' says I. 'You sha'n't do no business in this here county till you have changed this here shilling. Come, my man, 'tis only a shilling; what is all this here to do about a shilling?' says I; 'act honest and give me my shilling, and take this here *keepsake* back.' 'I won't,' says he. 'You won't?' says I; 'then I'll hunt you out of every market in England. I'll hunt ye into the wilderness and the hocean wave.'

"He got very sick of me in a year or two's marketing, I can tell you; for I never missed a market *now*, because of the shilling. He had to give up trade and go home whenever he saw my shilling and me a-coming."

"And so you tired him out?"

"That I did."

"And got your shilling?"

"That I did not. He found a way to cheat me after all" (with a sudden yell of reprobation). "He went and died—and here's the shilling!"

UNUTTERED.

Waiting for words—as on the broad expanse
Of heaven the formless vapors of the night
Expectant wait the prophecy of light,
Interpreting their dumb significance;
Or like a star that in the morning glance
Shrinks, as a folding blossom, from the sight,
Nor wakens till, upon the western height,
The shadows to their evening towers advance—
So, in my soul, a dream ineffable,
Expectant of the sunshine or the shade,
Doth oft upon the brink of twilight chill,
Or at the dawn's pale opening portal stayed,
In tears, that all the quivering eyelids fill,
In smiles, that on the lip of silence fade.

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IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

THE ROMANOFFS.

I.

IF, six hundred years ago, Russia had not already been behind all Europe in such civilization as Europe then possessed, the invasion of the Tartars in the thirteenth century would have sufficed to throw her and keep her back. But the cause of the slow progress of civilization in Russia, from the retreat of the Tartars in the fifteenth century up to the time of Peter the Great, must be looked for in the destruction of the Eastern Empire, in that same century, by Mohammed II. The fall of Constantinople, which, by driving so many Greek artists to Italy, brought about the æsthetic and intellectual movement in Western Europe known as the revival of arts and letters, produced in Russia a corresponding decline; for the Russian Church, as if with the view of preventing those schisms which have agitated and torn so many other nations, prohibited the Russians from visiting any country not professing the Greek faith; and no country professing the Greek faith existed outside Russia after the fall of Constantinople.

Apart from the minor princes who ruled those portions of Russia external to the Grand Duchy of Moscow, the republics of Novgorod and Pskov still at this time preserved their independence. But they were destined to fall beneath the attacks of Ivan, the first independent Tsar of Russia, and of Vassili, his son. It was not, however, until the accession of Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible, that they were reduced finally to submission.

Prosper Mérimée has said of this sanguinary monster that he was never "terrible" except to his own subjects. This is not strictly true, though it was by the tortures that he inflicted upon those over whom he had been called to rule that he gained the unenviable epithet affixed to his name. This prince was but four years old when he ascended the throne, and the government of the country was, until he became of age, carried on by the House of Boyards, under the direction of his mother, the Princess Helen, of the Polish family of Glinski.

He was but thirteen when a political

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party, opposed to the more influential of the Boyards of whom the council was composed, suggested to him that he was quite old enough to govern alone, and that he would do well to disembarrass himself of his too officious advisers. The young prince had already given proof of some sagacity and of considerable violence of temper, and he hastened to profit by the suggestions offered to him.

From this moment every one trembled before the boy of thirteen. He terrified even the party which had so imprudently inspired him with the idea of liberating himself from his councillors.

Direct accounts of Ivan's demeanor at court have been furnished by the English traveller Captain Chancellor, who, in his own words, "discovered" Muscovy, and by various envoys and visitors from Poland and Germany. But the evidence of his cruelties rests chiefly on the testimony of the Russian official historian Karamzin, who, in dealing with the tyrant of three hundred years before, was allowed to give full vent to the indignation with which Ivan's acts could not fail to inspire him. There is in some Russian gallery a picture representing Karamzin engaged in reading his history to the Emperor Alexander, who has been much praised for his magnanimity in tolerating the historian's fearless denunciations of his infamous predecessor on the throne. "The amiable Karamzin," wrote the late Alexander Herzen, "could not think it right that Ivan should have his enemies sawn from head to foot between two boards"; nor could the liberal Alexander well object to such performances being vigorously denounced.

But to return to Captain Chancellor, who, in the days of Edward VI., started on a voyage of discovery, bearing with him circular letters from the crown to the rulers of any strange lands that chance or inclination might lead him to visit. Like many other explorers, he found what he had not sought. He entered the White Sea, where a ship had not been seen for upward of three hundred years, cast anchor opposite the monastery of St. Nicholas, disembarked at a place where now stands the city of Archangel, and being called on by the authorities to make known his intentions, declared, with great presence of mind, that he had come to conclude a treaty of commerce between England and Russia. The news was forwarded to Moscow, whence the Tsar wrote to Captain Chancellor, inviting him to come on to the capital. Chancellor accepted the invitation, and was brought into the presence of Ivan the Terrible.

Ivan, under pretense of being a Christian, was always forming plans for making war upon the Turks, and he desired much to obtain the assistance of England toward that end. Indeed, his respect and love for England were so great that he proposed to marry Queen Elizabeth, and for some time would take no refusal. His letter containing the proposal was not, as in the case of King Theodore of Abyssinia, left unanswered. On the contrary, a special embassy was sent with the reply. The ambassador, Sir Jerome Bowes, gave some offense to the capricious monarch —neglecting, it is said, to uncover before him; upon which Ivan is reported to have ordered that the envoy's hat should be nailed to his head. As Sir Jerome lived to return to England, and gave, on the whole, a rather favorable account of the Muscovite Tsar, it is to be presumed that the new form of capital punishment designed for him by his royal host was not inflicted. Ivan, however, possessed a grim humor, which sometimes manifested itself in a terribly tragic form. In his moments of gayety he would cause a number of persons who had or had not offended him to be wrapped up in bear-skins, and then set bear-hounds upon them to worry them to death. When the Church of St. Basil the Blessed, the most original and fantastic if not the most beautiful church in Moscow, was finished, he sent for the architect, and asked him whether he could build another exactly like it, and receiving a triumphant answer in the affirmative, ordered the man's eyes to be put out, in order that the Church of St. Basil the Blessed might remain unique.

Ivan the Terrible has been compared by a recent historian of Russia to Henry VIII. of England; and though Henry can not be fairly said to have resembled Ivan in any other respect, it is quite true that both sovereigns married more wives than custom allowed. In Russia it is permitted to wed three times—a dispensation, however, being granted to the determined marrier who, wishing to take a fourth wife, chooses a Jewess for his bride, and converts her to the Christian religion. Ivan the Terrible married no Jewess. The wife who exercised the greatest influence over

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him was of the Mohammedan religion; and besides marrying two of his Russian subjects, he was willing to contract an alliance now with the Protestant Queen of England, now with the daughter of King Sigismund of Poland, who was a Roman Catholic. The negotiations for the hand of the Polish princess and of the English queen seem, oddly enough, to have been carried on almost simultaneously; and this, together with the absence of positive evidence of the fact in the correspondence between Ivan and Elizabeth, preserved in the archives of the Kremlin, has led Mr. George Tolstoi, in his lately published work on the early relations between Russia and England, to maintain that the tradition as to Ivan's intended marriage with Elizabeth is without foundation.



MICHAEL FEODOROVITCH.

The legend on the subject, based on reports brought home by English travellers of the period, is that Ivan IV. made a formal offer to Elizabeth, which the Virgin Queen declined on the ground that she was firmly resolved not to enter the married state; and that on Ivan's declaring that he was determined, if the queen would not have him, at least to marry some lady of her court, the daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, Lady Mary Hastings, was proposed to him as a willing bride. The young English girl, however, could not have been very anxious to become the sixth wife of a Tartar-like monster who was already upward of fifty years of age; and nothing came of the affair.

The ambassadors from England who from time to time visited Russia did their best to maintain the Tsar in his delusion that an English wife of high degree would really be sent out to him; and this high diplomatic flirtation gave results in the form of commercial treaties and special privileges for English merchants, who, for instance, were allowed by one special permit to seize all the foreign shipping in the White Sea, and confiscate it, on condition of giving half the proceeds to the Tsar Ivan.

The reign of Ivan the Terrible—apart from the striking and appalling character of Ivan himself, whom Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, calls, in his lectures on the Slavonians, "the most finished tyrant known in history—frivolous and debauched like Nero, stupid and ferocious like Caligula, full of dissimulation like Tiberius or Louis XI."—is interesting as marking the beginning of the intercourse between Russia and Western Europe, and especially between Russia and England. The natural approach to Russia from the west was, of course, through Poland; but the Poles impeded systematically, and for political reasons, the introduction of arts and artificers into Russia, and Sigismund wrote a letter to Elizabeth, warning her against the Muscovite power as a danger to civilization, only not formidable for the moment because it was still semi-barbarous.

Ivan the Terrible was the third of the independent Tsars; and already under Ivan, sometimes called the "Great"—to whom, indeed, belongs the honor of having finally liberated Russia from the Tartar yoke—endeavors had been made to enter into relations with various European nations. Foreigners, too, were encouraged to visit Russia and settle there. The movement of foreigners toward Russia increased with each succeeding reign; and beginning with the first Tsar of Muscovy, it

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became much more marked under the third, that Ivan the Terrible under whose reign the mariners in the service of the English company of "merchant adventurers" entered the White Sea, and, in their own language, "discovered" Russia.

Russia was, indeed, until that time, so far as Western Europe was concerned, an unknown land, cut off from Western civilization for political and warlike reasons by the Poles, and for religious reasons by the Catholic Church.

On the 18th of March, 1584, Ivan was sitting half dressed, after his bath, "sollacing himself and making merie with pleasant songs, as he used to doe," and calling for his chess-board, had placed the men, and was just setting up the king, when he fell back in a swoon, and died. The government now passed into the hands of five lords whom he had named guardians of his weak-minded son Feodor.

The death of Ivan was followed by strong demonstrations of dislike against the English at Moscow; and the English diplomatist and match-maker Sir Jerome Bowes, after being ironically informed that "the English king was dead," found himself seized and thrown into prison. He was liberated through the representations of another envoy, who pointed out that it would be imprudent to excite Elizabeth's wrath; and though for a time intercourse between Russia and Western Europe seemed to be threatened, through the national hatred of foreigners as manifested by the councillors of the late Tsar, yet when the weak-minded Feodor fell beneath the influence of his brother-in-law Boris Godounoff, the previous policy, soon to become traditional, of cultivating relations with Western Europe, was resumed.

Elizabeth responded warmly to Boris Godounoff's advances, and in a letter addressed to him spoke of "his noble lineage, great wisdom, and desert, which had made him the principal councillor and director of the state of so great a monarch." From this time (1593) there was an end to the disputes previously so numerous between English merchants and Russian officials, and Boris Godounoff having attained supreme power, nothing happened to disturb between the Queen and the Tsar "that amity and love which had been betwixt her and his most noble father of famous memory, John Bassilievitch, Lord Emperor and Grand Duke of all Russia."

Nineteen years have yet to pass before the election of the first of the Romanoffs to the throne; for, strange as it may seem, the first member of the dynasty of the Romanoffs was chosen and appointed to the imperial rule by an assembly representing the various Estates. Meanwhile the order of succession had been broken. Several pretenders to the throne had appeared, one of whom, Demetrius, distinctively known as the "Impostor," attained for a time supreme power. Demetrius, married to a Polish lady, Marina Mniszek, was aided by her powerful family to maintain his position in Moscow, and the Mniszeks assembled and sent to the Russian capital a body of 4000 men. Then Ladislas of Poland interfered, and after a time Moscow fell beneath the power of the Poles.

Soon, however, the national feeling of Russia was aroused. A butcher, or cattle dealer, of Nijni-Novgorod, named Minin, whose patriotism has made him one of the most popular figures in Russian history, got together the nucleus of a national army, and appealed to the patriotic nobleman Prince Pojarski to place himself at its head. Pojarski and Minin marched together to Moscow, and their success in clearing the capital of the foreign invaders is commemorated by a group of statuary which stands in the principal square of Moscow, and in a minor way by the finely painted drop-scene of the Moscow opera-house, which represents the joint national leaders whose names are now never dissociated.

The period of the Polish occupation and of the ultimate delivery of Moscow has been further celebrated by what may be called the national opera of Russia, Glinka's *Life for the Tsar*, in which the brilliancy and arrogance of the Poles are contrasted with the more solid qualities of the honest but humble-minded Russians, and in which the peasant hero Ivan Sousannin, seized by a party of Poles, who are in search of the Tsar Michael, and forced by them to act as guide in a pathless wood during a severe snow-storm, leads his capturers easily to destruction, but himself perishes at their hands.

The Tsar thus saved was Michael Feodorovitch, first of the line of the Romanoffs.

The whole of this critical period of Russian history has lasting memorials in one central spot within the city of Mos-

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cow. From the Kremlin battlements the remains of Demetrius the Impostor were fired out of a cannon in the direction of Poland. Beneath its walls stands the animated group, already mentioned, which marks the place where the last decisive victory of Pojarski and Minin was gained. It was through the Kremlin's Holy Gate, which faces the group, and beneath which no one may pass without uncovering, that Prince Pojarski made his triumphal entry after driving out the Poles. The exact spot is shown where Demetrius the Impostor is alleged to have fallen in jumping from one of the windows at the back of the old palace; and it is certain that on the threshold of the Assumption, the most renowned of the three cathedrals clustered together in the Kremlin, the first of the Romanoffs received the oath of allegiance from the people by whom he had just been elected.

Among the tombs of the metropolitans buried in this cathedral are those of Philaret and Hermogenes, who were thrown into prison by the Poles for refusing to consent to the accession of Ladislas, the Polish prince, to the Russian throne. Hermogenes died soon after his arrest. Philaret, at the expulsion of the Poles, was carried away captive by them in their retreat from Moscow (1612), and was kept nine years a prisoner in Poland. On his return to Russia he found his son Michael Feodorovitch elected to the throne. The belief then of the Russian people in Michael's patriotism seems to have been founded on a knowledge of the patriotism of his father. The surname of the metropolitan who had defied the Polish power and had suffered nine years' imprisonment in Poland was Romanoff; Philaret was the name he had adopted on becoming a monk. His baptismal name was Feodor, and hence the patronymic Feodorovitch attached to the name of Michael, the first of the Romanoffs.

There is little to say about the reign of Michael Feodorovitch, the circumstances having once been set forth under which he was elected to the vacant throne; and his son and successor Alexis Michailovitch is chiefly remembered as father of Peter the Great—a name which at once brings us down to modern times, and to a comparatively modernized Russia. Alexis Michailovitch, like all his predecessors, except those who were too much occupied with internal matters to be able to look across the frontier, gave encouragement



ALEXIS MICHAILOVITCH.

to visitors from abroad; and he considered himself so entirely a member of the European family of kings that he maintained an intimate correspondence with Charles I.—still preserved in the archives of the Kremlin—and gave that sovereign many proofs of sympathy during his time of trouble.

After Charles I.'s execution, Alexis offered money and men to the future Charles II., in view of a restoration. When, more than half a century before, Ivan the Terrible had, in his letters to Elizabeth, suggested that each monarch, in case of distress, should be considered free to seek an asylum in the dominions of the other, the proposed arrangement must, to the English of those days, have seemed one-sided. But the treaty of mutual safety offered to Elizabeth might have been of use to more than one of her successors. It was partly, however, from kindness of heart, but also and above all from indignation at the idea of violent hands being laid upon the "Lord's anointed," that Alexis tendered to the Stuart family as-

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sistance which they would have been unable to turn to account, and a home which it would have suited neither their interests nor their tastes to accept.

Alexis Michailovitch, like so many of the Russian sovereigns before and after him, cultivated politics on a large scale. The idea of driving the Turks out of Europe must have been cherished by the Tsars of Russia from the days when Ivan, the first of the independent Tsars, married Sophia, niece of the last of the Palæologi, and invited to Russia the architects, artists, and artificers who had taken flight from Constantinople after its capture by the Turks. But Ivan the "Great" had to free himself from the Tartars; Ivan the Terrible had to complete the consolidation of the Muscovite power by reducing to subjection (through wholesale massacres) the still independent republics of Novgorod and Pskov. Then came the disputed succession, the appearance of Demetrius the Impostor, the difficulties with Poland, and the occupation of Moscow by the Poles. When the second sovereign of the Romanoff dynasty ascended the throne there was nothing more to fear from the Tartars in the east, while on the western side the Poles had in their turn been driven back. Alexis Michailovitch then turned his attention toward the south, and proposed to form a league of European princes, with the view of expelling the Turks from Europe.

The Turks were at that time a real menace to European civilization. They held Hungary in their possession, and Buda was governed by a Turkish pasha. But such was the jealousy between the European states that the combination proposed by Alexis Michailovitch — from which, had it been adopted, it is quite possible that he might have derived greater benefits than any one else—had no chance of being realized. Poland, in particular, declined to co-operate with him, and it was ultimately at the expense, not of Turkey, but of Poland, that Alexis Michailovitch increased his dominions.

The Cossack country known as Little Russia, with Kharkov and Kiev as its chief towns, professing the same Greek religion as Muscovy, or Great Russia, had, in order to free itself from the ties which bound it to Catholic Poland, placed itself under the protection of the Russian Tsar. Worsted in the field, Poland saw her border territory, or Ukraine, pass beneath the power of her great hereditary enemy; which did not, however, until about a century later, in the person of the Empress Catherine, deprive it, as punishment for rising in rebellion, of its much-prized liberties. Thus the period in which Sobieski liberated Vienna from the Turks, by whom it was so seriously menaced, was that which witnessed the cession of the Cossack country, or Ukraine, to Sobieski's Russian contemporary and foe, Alexis Michailovitch.

The next Tsar worth mentioning at length, after Alexis the son of Michael, is Peter the son of Alexis, better known in Western Europe as Peter the Great. The immediate successor, however, of Michael Feodorovitch was Peter's elder brother Feodor, who again, before Peter ascended the throne, was followed by another brother, Ivan.

At this time, and until the reign of Paul, at the end of the last century, the succession in the reigning family of Russia was very irregular. Instead of descending, as at present, directly from fathers to sons, it passed at times from father to son, at others from brother to brother, and Peter Alexievitch, before reigning alone, was associated in the imperial dignity first with Ivan, his brother, and afterward with Natalie, his sister.

Peter the Great is a many-sided figure, and such a huge one that to view him from all points would involve the making of a very considerable circuit. It would be easy to show that he was a coarse sensualist, and he had undoubtedly many of the tastes of a mere barbarian. He drank to excess, and delighted in such practical jokes as serving up live rats and mice in a pie-dish covered over with the usual paste. When he was in England his favorite exercise consisted in charging with a wheelbarrow a trimly cut quickset hedge, which had at one time formed the joy of its garden-loving proprietor. He not only sentenced to death, but apparently himself killed, the disaffected son whom he had thrown into prison, and who perished there.

If you inquire in the museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg who carved those wooden figures, who turned those ivory ornaments, who made that pair of boots, who built that boat, the answer is always, "The Tsar Peter." Inquire further who reformed the old Slavonic alphabet by introducing into it the symbols of

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sounds peculiar to the Russian language; who altered the constitution of the Russian Church so as to make the Tsar of Russia, in lieu of the Patriarch of Constantinople, its head; who established factories in Russia; who forced the Russian nobles, willing or unwilling, to accept the duties of state service, under pain of losing their privileges; who formed the Russian army; who created the Russian navy; who built St. Petersburg — "the window," as some one has said, "from which Russia looks out upon Europe"; who first led Russian levies with success against trained European troops; who among the Tsars was the first to get himself formally recognized by Europe as "Emperor"; who among the Tsars and Emperors commenced that unceasing war against Turkey, which, beginning with a defeat, a capitulation, and the nearest approach to the personal surrender of the Tsar, has at length brought Russia up to and beyond the Balkans, and placed her, but for the political attitude of other powers and the strategical position of Austria, within easy reach of Constantinople; who with Russian ships first navigated the Caspian; who with Russian troops first made war upon Persia; who sent out the first Russian expedition against Khiva, with instructions to its chief to dispatch from Khiva military, naval, and commercial agents "disguised as traders" to India — in every case, the Tsar Peter.



PETER THE GREAT.

Whether Peter was what is called "good" need scarcely be considered, and certainly can not be decided. Exhorted on his death-bed to repent of some very bad actions which he had undoubtedly committed, he said that God would judge him, not by isolated deeds, but by the general tenor of his life. He was far more remarkable for energy in every possible direction than for piety or any sort of moral quality. He did not, however, like killing the wrong man; and when he was decapitating with his own hand the rebellious strelitzes, or "archers," who, detesting his innovations from the West, had, during his absence from Russia, risen in insurrection against him, he hesitated to strike one bold young soldier who advanced gayly toward the block, exclaiming, "Make room here!" and kicking on either side the fallen heads which stopped the way. "This man will be of use to me," thought Peter. He spoke a few words to him, pardoned him, and gave him a commission in one of the regiments that he was forming.

The forgiven one proved worthy of his pardon. His name was Orloff, and his descendants have often shown the same reckless daring which, as exhibited by

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PETER II.

the founder of the family, made so striking an impression on the mind of Peter. The Russian system of government has been described as "despotism tempered with assassination," and the Orloffs, as if mindful of their ancestor in his mutinous days, have not always ranged themselves on the side of despotism. But, on the whole, they have served the Russian government faithfully and unscrupulously: now burning the Turkish fleet in the bay of Tchesme, through the agency of newly invented fire-ships, taken into action by English captains; now, the more surely to betray her, professing the most ardent affection for the unfortunate Princess Tarakanoff, who was to be delivered by her pretended lover into the hands of her enemy the Empress Catherine; now, under the Emperor Paul, starting, at the head of a force of Cossacks and horse-artillery, on an expedition to Khiva, with British India as final objective. The Orloff of Nicholas's reign, who signed the Treaty of Paris, after the Crimean war, was known as, in a physical sense, one of the strongest men of his time; and the Prince Orloff who now represents Russia at Paris is at least one of the most intelligent and most amiable.

After Peter the Great no Russian sovereign engaged much the attention of Europe until Catherine II. ascended the throne—that Catherine who, in erecting to Peter the equestrian statue which adorns one of the St. Petersburg quays, caused to be inscribed on the pedestal, "*Petro Primo, Catherina Secunda*," which, freely interpreted, means, "To Peter the Great, Catherine the Great."

Catherine, a German by birth and education, and a woman not only of literary tastes, but of considerable literary power, had more genuine sympathy for the ideas of the West than Peter, who, after all, took from it little beyond its tools and its artifices, its ship-building and its military formations—with such ship-builders and soldiers as he could persuade to follow him. For literature and the liberal arts he cared nothing, and of liberal ideas in connection with government he had simply no conception. When, on one occasion, he visited the Paris Opera-house in company with the Regent of Orleans, he fell asleep, alleging, however, that he had done so



ANNA.

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on purpose, because the entertainment had pleased him so much that he was afraid he might get to like it. Going to one of the English law courts, and seeing a number of barristers in their wigs and gowns, he expressed much astonishment on being told who and what they were, adding that in Russia he had but two lawyers, and that he meant to hang one of them as soon as he returned home. He needed no advisers except in the form of experts, whose opinions he could adopt or reject according to his own judgment; and he had no notion of being controlled or enlightened or guided in any way by such an assembly as had elected his grandfather Michael Feodorovitch to the throne. He was a great centralizer and bureaucrat, moreover; and, according to the Slavophils of Russia, he impeded the national development of the country not only by seeking to force upon it an artificial civilization borrowed from the West, but also by destroying existing institutions which were in conformity with the genius of the Russian people, and by neglecting to summon and consult the Assembly of the Land. Without considering the value of these objections to Peter's policy and mode of action, it may be enough to state that by a certain ultra-national party in Russia they are entertained.

Peter, in spite of his journeys of observation and of study to Western Europe, in spite, too, of his innovations from the West—for the most part of a material and practical kind—was a thorough Russian. Catherine, on the other hand, without leaving Russia, after she had once settled there, and while professing the highest admiration for everything Russian, was essentially a child of the West. The thirty-seven years, however, which separate the death of Peter the Great from the accession of Catherine the Great can not be passed over; and it is remarkable that during this comparatively brief period the Russian throne was occupied successively, though not without interruption, by three women: Catherine, the widow of Peter; Anna "Ivanovna," or "daughter of Ivan" (the Ivan in question being Ivan Alexievitch, one of Peter's elder brothers); and Elizabeth "Petrovna," or "daughter of Peter"—the child, in fact, of Peter the Great.



CATHERINE I.

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ELIZABETH.

In the course, too, of these thirty-seven years reigned three Emperors, who were far less distinguished than the three Empresses, and of whom two were infinitely more unfortunate; for Ivan, grandson of Ivan the brother of Peter the Great, was imprisoned as a child in the reign of Elizabeth his aunt, and assassinated in his dungeon, twenty-three years afterward, under the great Catherine; while Peter III., grandson of Alexis, Peter the Great's executed or murdered son, was the husband of Catherine the Great, by whose friends and favorites he was strangled. Nor must we forget Peter II., son of the unfortunate Alexis, and uncle of the equally unfortunate Peter III., who, succeeding Catherine, the widow of his grandfather Peter the Great, occupied the throne for three years, from 1727 to 1730.

The three Emperors reigned but three years and a half between them; whereas of the three Empresses, Catherine I. reigned two years, from 1725 to 1727; Anna Ivanovna, ten years, from 1730 to 1740; and Elizabeth, twenty years, from 1741 to 1761. There were plenty of palace intrigues both under Anna and under Elizabeth, and one of these took the form of an attempt made by the Dolgorouki family to procure a constitution. A highly interesting account of the reign of Elizabeth and of the part played therein by Biron is given, in his *Ivan de Biron*, by the late Sir Arthur Helps, who, however, lays too much stress on the anguish experienced by that tender-hearted sovereign at the thought of her having, in a moment of spite, caused the talkative Princess Lapoukhin to lose her tongue at the hands of the public executioner.

With the accession of Peter III. in 1761 the question arises as to whether the reigning family in Russia should henceforth be called the Romanoffs or the Holstein-Gottorps. Peter III. was a lineal descendant of Peter the Great. Peter the Great's son, the Tsarevitch Alexis, had married the Princess Charlotte Sophie of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, by whom he had one son, the future Peter II., and one daughter, Anne, who married Charles Frederick, Duke of Holstein. The Duke of Holstein and Anne his wife were the parents of the future Peter III., grandson, by the mother's side, of the Tsarevitch Alexis, and great-grandson of Peter the Great. In Peter III.'s veins, then, as in those of his mother, ran German blood; and as he himself married a princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, and as every Russian Emperor since his time has taken to himself a German wife, it is not to be denied that, so far as blood is concerned, the imperial family of Russia is much more German than Russian. The poet Pushkin used to exemplify in a very ingenious way the process by which the blood of the imperial family had, since Peter the Great, who was of pure Russian race, been gradually Germanized, until at last it had become almost entirely German, with only a sufficient admixture of Russian blood to give it a slight national coloring. He poured into a tumbler a glass of wine, and added a glass of water for the German wife of the Tsarevitch Alexis; then a second glass of water for the German husband of Anne, the Tsare-

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vitch's daughter; then a third glass of water for the German Catherine II., wife of Peter III.; then a fourth and fifth for the German wives of Paul, the son of Peter and Catherine, and of Nicholas, the son of Paul and of the Princess Marie of Würtemberg. The process of dilution, as Pushkin considered it, was continued up to the last reign, both Nicholas, the son of Paul, and Alexander II., the son of Nicholas, having married German princesses.

But the reigning family may still call themselves Romanoffs, and the circumstance of Peter III.'s father having been Duke of Holstein-Gottorp no more makes them Holstein-Gottorps than the circumstance of the Prince of Wales's being the son of Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, gives the name of Saxe-Coburg to the royal family of England. Anne, the mother of Peter III., did not, it is true, ascend the throne, and she became Duchess of Holstein-Gottorp, even as the lamented daughter of Queen Victoria became Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt. Had the Princess Alice been heir to the English crown, then the eldest child of her husband and herself would have been, as regards descent, in just the same position as Peter III.; when it would not have been said that the English dynasty was the dynasty of the Hesse-Darmstadts. It is often asserted, nevertheless—and in Russia perhaps more than in any other country—that the Romanoffs have been replaced on the Russian throne by the Holstein-Gottorps; and when the late Prince Peter Dolgorouki, at that time secretary in the Russian embassy at Paris, was, in consequence of something he had written, called upon by the Emperor Nicholas to return to Russia, he replied, first, by offering to send his photographic likeness instead, and secondly, by begging the Emperor to remember that his (Dolgorouki's) ancestors "were Grand Dukes of Moscow when those of his Majesty were not even Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp."

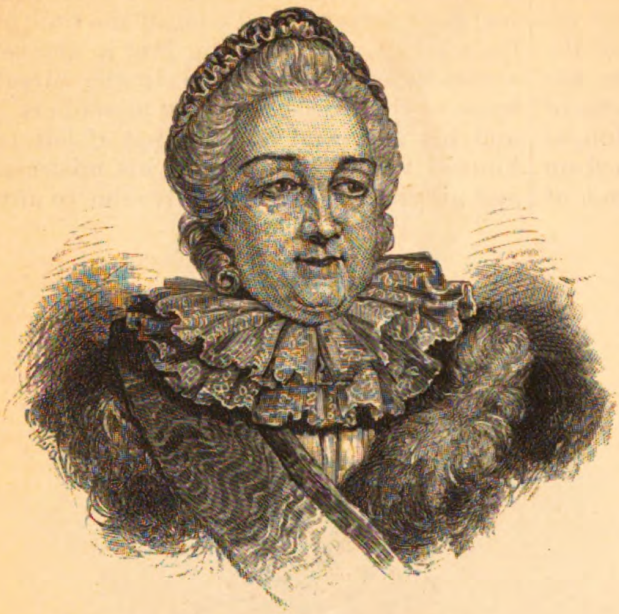
Peter III. was, like the present heir to the English throne (to whom he presents no other resemblance), the child of the dynasty by the mother's side. He entertained so high an admiration for Frederick the Great that he withdrew the Russian armies by whom that warlike sovereign had been defeated, and who, at the time of their recall, were pressing him in the severest manner. He liked, in the literal sense of the words, to "play at soldiers"; and his wife said of him that if left to himself with "his monkey, his mistress, and his violin," he gave no trouble to any one. According to other authorities, his favorite sources of amusement were the aforesaid violin, a lap-dog, the society of a favorite negro named Narcissus, some French novels, and a German Bible. He was destined, however, before long, to be tranquillized in a permanent manner; and after he had been peacefully strangled, his by no means disconsolate widow, the powerful-minded, brilliantly endowed Catherine, ascended the throne.



PETER III.

Catherine, from her first arrival as a girl of fifteen at the Russian court, had the art and the industry to study Russian. A fortune-teller had predicted her high destiny; and whether she believed in the prophecy or not, she was prompted by her own ambition to ingratiate herself by all possible means with the people over whom she meant one day to rule. The admiration which, during his six months' reign, her frivolous and feeble-minded husband testified for Frederick the Great, had

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CATHERINE II.

doubtless been inspired by her; for Catherine's father, the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, was a general in the Prussian service. Her mother, moreover, had been an intimate friend of Frederick's, and the idea of Catherine's marrying the heir to the Russian throne seems to have been suggested by Frederick himself.

The policy of Russia toward Prussia underwent in any case a fundamental change from the moment of Peter III.'s accession; and this new attitude was most consistently maintained throughout Catherine's long reign. Instead of fighting the King of Prussia, by which nothing was to be gained, Catherine listened to his propositions on the subject of Poland, and entered readily into his scheme for partitioning that country. The initiative of this culpable transaction is generally assigned to Russia. A fair examination, however, of the documents and facts relating to the case will convince the impartial inquirer that the first overtures came from Prussia, whose sole justification is to be found in the fact that the Poles had already succumbed to Russia, that Russian armies held Poland in their power, and that in taking to himself a portion of Poland, Frederick at least pushed back the line which might virtually be regarded as the Russian frontier in the direction of Germany. Frederick the Great's chief object, however, as proclaimed in his own correspondence, was to "round off" or "arrondir" his dominions, and in particular to unite to the Brandenburg territory that province of East Prussia, with Königsberg for its capital, which up to the time of the first partition of Poland (1772) was separated from it by the Polish province of West Prussia.

Unlike Austria and Russia, Prussia has accepted full responsibility for her share in the transaction of which the history, according to Campbell, forms the "bloodiest record in the book of Time," the poet adding, with but scant attention to the facts of the case, that "Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime." For there were four parties, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, to the dismemberment of Poland—Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Poland herself. It is remarkable, all the same, that of the three partitioning powers not one in the present day seems proud of the transaction. Austria has often expressed regret for what, in her case, was at least as much a blunder as a crime. A Russian official writer, M. "Frédéric de Smitt," published, just before the Polish insurrection of 1863, a work based on letters and documents drawn from the Prussian archives, with the view of showing that the partition of Poland was Frederick the Great's project, and that it was forced by him upon the more or less reluctant Catherine; and only a few years ago Herr Von Sybel, professor of history at Bonn, wrote an article, of which an English translation appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, intended to prove that the idea of the dismemberment proceeded from Austria.

The Polish poet Mickiewicz, in his *Book of the Polish Pilgrims*, finds a mystical and ironical significance in the names of the three potentates by whom the destruction of Poland was effected. One was called Friedrich, who, far from being "rich in peace," was always making war; the second was Joseph, who, instead of flying from sin, like the Joseph of Scripture, led into sin his own mother

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Maria Theresa; the third was Catherine, which means "the chaste" (*casta regina*), who, however, was the most unchaste of women.

Byron, in a line which can not here be reproduced, has characterized the Empress Catherine more forcibly, or at least more coarsely, than Mickiewicz would have thought of doing; and in the appendix to that canto of "Don Juan" which deals with the adventures of the hero at the court of the Russian Tsarina, an edifying account may be found of the care she practiced in the selection of her lovers, of the duties imposed upon the lady habitually employed as intermediary while the preliminary negotiations with the chosen one were going on, of the generosity with which she treated them when she desired to see them no more, and of the deep regard which she continued to experience for them when they had ceased to inspire her with any warmer feeling. Catherine was constant in friendship if inconstant in love, and she seems to have possessed the secret of inspiring her favorites with genuine devotion to her interests. When she was tired of the formerly loved one's society, she gave him an estate with several thousand serfs attached to it, or made him governor of a Russian province, or appointed him King of Poland. She understood the art, which Goethe so much admired, of loosening delicate ties with as little pain as possible to the one who was to be permitted to go. If, however, on being wished good-by with as much politeness and kindness as was compatible with the circumstances, the rejected (or at least no longer acceptable) admirer could not prevail upon himself to disappear, he was obliged to put up with the consequences; and Potemkin—the conqueror of the Crimea, and the designer of that fantastic panoramic journey during which he exhibited to the delighted Empress painted villages and groups in card-board of happy peasantry—could only maintain his influence over Catherine by feigning not to be aware of the passing infidelities by which her general attachment to him or dependence upon him was varied.



PAUL.

A list of Catherine's lovers would occupy too much space. But among those whom she honored with her favors Gregory Orloff must in particular be mentioned, and it may be pointed out that Alexis Orloff, his brother—previously referred to as the destroyer of the Turkish fleet at Tchesme, and the seducer, abductor, and betrayer of the unhappy Princess Tarakanoff—was as much devoted to her as Gregory himself. In the case, however, of a powerful empress, the question of the sincerity of that empress's lovers is at least open to consideration. Some of those who professed for Catherine the highest admiration and the deepest affection did so, in part at least, from political motives. Such may well have been the case with an English diplomatist, who, in diplomatic language, was "attached" to her for a time; and we may be sure that the Orloffs, like Potemkin at a later period, were always alive to their own interests.

As she advanced in years, Catherine experienced the vexation of finding—what a woman of her penetration was sure, in spite of the most assiduous flattery, to perceive—that she could no longer inspire affection by her own personal charms; and a strange anecdote is told of the means once employed by the judicious Potemkin to re-assure her on this point.

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His own protestations would have availed nothing, and as it was absolutely necessary for some political purpose to put the Empress in a benign disposition of mind, he had recourse to the services of a stalwart young grenadier, who, in blind obedience to the orders given to him by the all-powerful Potemkin, made to the surprised but delighted Empress an abrupt and passionate declaration of love.



ALEXANDER I.

Like Peter, though not to the same extent, Catherine was many-sided. But the literary and philosophical tastes which so much distinguished her were, as before observed, quite wanting in Peter. One might imagine, from some authors who have dealt with the character of Catherine, that the delight she seemed to take in corresponding with Grimm, Voltaire, and so many of the most eminent French writers of her time was more or less affected, and that the true object of her flattering epistles and of her liberal pensions was to secure the good opinion of men whose good opinion was indeed worth having. But Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, and the whole of the encyclopædists would have been powerless to impede the policy of Catherine had she left them perfectly free to do so; and the relations between Catherine and her literary correspondents in France were in any case far less discreditable to her than to them. She may well have admired the brilliant and thoughtful writers to whom she addressed her praises and her presents; but the liberal-minded philosophers could not consistently in their turn admire the despotic Empress of Russia. Voltaire applauded the dismemberment of Poland, and longed to see the Russians drive the Turks from Constantinople, where he professed to believe that they would re-establish the Greek Empire. When, however, he was questioned by a traveller who knew Russia well as to the meaning of his affection for that country, he replied, "Ils m' ont donné des bonnes pelisses, et je suis très frileux."

The literary mind is easily touched by attentions from high quarters, and when Dr. Johnson heard that the Empress Catherine had ordered *Rasselas* to be translated into Russian, he expressed deep and perfectly natural satisfaction at the thought of being "read on the banks of the Volga."

The great Catherine aspired to the character of a liberal sovereign, and she called together at Moscow a representative assembly, to which she submitted a number of abstract principles, finely conceived and elaborately expressed. The assembly was in the end to have made laws. But nothing came of its deliberations, and it soon broke up to meet no more.

Catherine II. was succeeded by her son Paul, who may or may not have been the son of Peter, her husband. Paul's legitimacy has been denied; and it was chiefly with the view of disproving it that the Russian revolutionist, the late Alexander Herzen, brought out some twenty years ago in London the real or pretended *Memoirs of Catherine II.*, intrusted to him for publication.

Paul was madly, insanely despotic. He sought to regulate the costume and demeanor of his subjects; and the only attitude that pleased him was one of extreme humility. Asked by a foreign visitor who were the most important men in Russia, he replied that there were no important men in Russia except those he happened to speak to, and that their importance lasted just as long as he continued speaking to them. He was not, how-

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ever, without generous impulses. He visited the wounded Kosciuszko in his prison (for if "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," that did not prevent the Polish patriot from recovering, and in due time getting up again), and he made him liberal offers on the unacceptable condition of his taking a general's command in the Russian army. Paul had not, like his highly cultivated mother, a taste for literature. But he once dabbled in journalism; and after writing a paragraph for the official gazette of St. Petersburg, in which he proposed that quarrels between states should in future be settled by encounters between their sovereigns, each sovereign to be attended by his prime minister in the character of esquire, he caused the paragraph to be reproduced in a Hamburg newspaper, with the added remark that "this was apparently some wild notion of that madman Paul's." He had chivalrous ideas, and in return for the hospitality which he had granted to the Knights of Malta, was, although of a different religion, made chief of the order. Twice he formed a project for driving the English out of India—once in conjunction with Napoleon, whose troops were to have marched with his own through Persia and Afghanistan, and once on his own account, when, as before mentioned, he intrusted a general of the Orloff family with the command of a force, which actually started for Khiva. It was recalled, however, when, Paul having been brought to an untimely end, his eldest son Alexander ascended the throne.

Paul, during the long reign of his mother, Catherine, had not forgotten his father's misadventure; and one of his first acts as Emperor was to make the assassins of Peter III. do penance at his tomb. The same death awaited him which had befallen his weak-minded parent. The nobles of his court became tired of his tyranny and his caprice; and when a certain number of them had been sent to Siberia, the more enterprising among the remainder determined, through the employment of savage but efficacious means, to save themselves by anticipation from a like fate.

The liberal-minded and in many respects gentle Catherine (though the effect of the formidable insurrection headed by Pugatcheff, the Cossack impersonator of the murdered Peter III., had the natural effect of rendering her very despotic during the latter years of her reign) had been followed by the insanely tyrannical Paul, and Paul was now succeeded by the mild-mannered, sympathetic Alexander I., who was to make way for the rigidly governing, iron-handed Nicholas, who was to be replaced on the throne by the kindly disposed Alexander II.—so foully murdered by men who would never have dared to lift a hand against a despot by conviction like his father.

Alexander I. will be remembered as the sovereign under whom Russia was invaded by the French and their allies, and under whom, in due time, the Russians, forcing the French to retrace their steps, and constantly re-enforced by defections from Napoleon's army, pursued them until pursued and pursuers found themselves at Paris. All this is commemorated in true lapidary style on the monument which marks the battle-field of Borodino. "Napoleon," says the inscription, "entered Moscow 1812; Alexander entered Paris 1814."

Similarly on the stone erected at Kovno, in Lithuania, as a reminder of the passage through that town of the grand army, it is written: "Napoleon marched through here with 700,000 men; he marched back with 70,000."

Alexander I. is too modern a figure to need portrayal in detail. In 1814, and again in 1815, he was the most popular of the sovereigns who assembled first at Paris and afterward at Vienna, and who for the most part visited London. He was theoretically a liberal, and had the task presented less difficulties than in fact attended it, would probably have introduced liberal institutions into his own country. Madame De Staël once told him that his own character was "a charter and a constitution for his subjects"; to which, in no way blinded by this shameless flattery, he modestly replied that "even in that case he would be nothing more than a fortunate accident."

It is always difficult, in judging a man's conduct, to say how much of it is due to character, and how much to circumstances. Nicholas, however, who succeeded Alexander I., was stern by nature, while sternness, moreover, was forced upon him by the attitude of an influential portion of his subjects on his accession to the throne.

After suppressing the military and political insurrection of December, 1829, he

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NICHOLAS.

hanged the five leaders and sent the principal conspirators, who, for the most part, belonged to the leading families of the empire, by hundreds to Siberia. From that moment to the end of his reign his policy was simply one of repression, no action, no word, no thought or aspiration, which seemed calculated, in however remote a degree, to interfere with his system, being tolerated. He was as decided, and as rapid in his decisions, as he was severe; and when the engineers consulted him as to the course of the projected railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, he took up a ruler and traced a straight line between the two capitals. Once, as head of the Russian Church, he was requested by the Holy Synod, in a long memorandum, to declare whether or not the existence of purgatory was an orthodox doctrine. After reading the document, he simply wrote on the margin, "No Purgatory." He engaged in four wars—the campaign of 1828–29 against Turkey, the suppression of the Polish insurrection of 1831, the suppression of the Hungarian insurrection of 1848–49, and the war known as that of the Crimea, in 1854–55.

The Crimean war and the failure of his military system, as brought to light in that struggle, broke Nicholas's heart. On his death-bed he exhorted his son and successor to liberate the serfs—a fact authoritatively set forth in his work on the subject by Mr. Victor Porochin, formerly professor of political economy at the University of St. Petersburg; and one of the first cares of Alexander II. on his accession was to consider how he could best execute his father's injunction. But to deal adequately with the events of the reign recently brought to so sad a termination, and with the internal reforms of various kinds introduced by this well-meaning but frequently undecided sovereign, will require the space of an entire article.

The alternation of character in the sovereigns who have successively ruled Russia since Catherine II. has already been noticed. But a series of what may be only accidents does not constitute a law; and it would be worse than premature to assume because Paul was unlike his mother Catherine, and Alexander I. unlike his father Paul, and Nicholas unlike his brother Alexander I., and Alexander II. unlike his father Nicholas, that therefore Alexander III. will be wanting in the many good qualities and in the proverbial "good intentions" by which Alexander II. was distinguished.

DEATH IN THE SKY.

Who that looks upward to the sky
In some transparent summer night,
When mystic stars are burning bright,
When there is nothing wide and high
Save what enchants the sight—

Who that looks upward to the life
We call eternal, and which seems
Quiescent as the flow of streams,
Unmarred by bitter death or strife,
Ethereal as our dreams—

Thinks that within the calmly vast
World-nature rolling overhead
Suns circle which are cold and dead,
And spheres which blazed in ages past
Are lifeless globes that shed

No glimmer through the lucent air,
Yet whirl upon their unseen ways
Like ghosts of other skies and days,
Like shadows lingering darkly where
The ancient splendor stays?

As radiant earth is but the tomb
Where death awaits behind its bars
Hearts torn with many wounds and scars,
The sky is an unfathomed gloom—
A sepulchre of stars.

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FAUSTUS.

A WINTER midnight: in his lumbered room
Faustus, the great magician, sat alone;
A magic lamp flared ghastly through the gloom
On instruments, books, papers, round him strown;
Smote not his ear the north wind's hollow boom,
Nor rattling sleet against the window blown.
Wrapped in stern thought, the Master, strong and wise,
Sat wrinkling his gray brows down o'er his eyes.

It was the last hour of the fatal day
That closed the number of his years misspent;
For he whose word the spirits must yet obey
That live and work in every element
Must soon lay by that supernatural sway.
He can not now repair, nor even repent;
While o'er the storm the clock's remorseless call
To the swift moments echoes from the wall.

And Faustus murmured: I must listen to it—
Time's footfalls—though I fain would stop my ears;
Fain would I dash it down, but will not do it;
I can not hush the wail of wasted years,
And bootless, when my life is drained, to rue it;
Prayer can not help, else would I pray; nor tears,
Else would I weep. Time will not stay his pace,
And Death and I shall soon stand face to face.

My scholars they have left me here alone
To wrestle with my doom—for me to pray;
For I, sometime to outward seeming grown
Indifferent if it hasten or delay,
Chid them, because I sank to hear their moan;
For well I know, ere night shall pass away,
My soul shall enter that dread realm of pain
Whose brazen vault makes prayer forever vain.

I am not grown indifferent that I know
My doom is certain as eternity;
Bound to a rack whose tortures ever grow,
From which I never more can wrest me free:
Not worse to plunge at once in infinite woe,
What I must, suffer, be what I must be,
Than linger, mid dead hopes and joys and fears,
The wreck and ruin of my wasted years.

I would I might not think, yet think I must;
I can not, what I most desire, forget.
O were I nothing more than senseless dust,
Or like a day which when its sun has set
Sleeps, ne'er to wake! Alas! that holy trust
Of happy sleep, after life's fume and fret,
I know it not; there's nothing holy mine:
Repining all my days, I still repine.

Remorse, remorse, thou sharpest sting of fate!
The thoughts which I have never dared to think
Now swell my heart, and grow articulate
In words I can not smother. On the brink
Of life and death, o'erlooking both, I wait,
And living thus in both, from either shrink;
Yet could I welcome now hell's fiery doom,
If those fierce flames these memories might consume.

Is there forgetfulness in hell? I live
Life o'er again these moments, each a year.
O fearful power of memory that can give
Life back again, though only on its bier!
Life that ran through the years, as through a sieve
Runs water, leaving nothing. Why, so near
The end of all, should Time turn back again
To wring my spirit with remorseful pain?

Alas! I dreamed not to have ended so!
A golden, burning goal had made me blind.
I dreamed of bringing good to man below,
And thought to leave a glorious name behind;
To strip from knowledge all the empty show,
And strike to the great centre through the rind;
To make the spirits serve me, and compel
Time to yield all his secrets to my spell.

Ah, well I mind me of that summer day
When, driven by the demon of unrest,
I passed the city gate, and took my way
Toward the haunted forest in the west
That like a cloud on the horizon lay;
And with my purpose only half confessed,
Dreading to linger o'er what I would shun,
I hastened forward in the setting sun.

And at the corner of four roads that met
Just in the border of that haunted wood
I stayed my feet what time the sun had set.
It was a grim, unholy neighborhood,
And all about were fearful things that whet
My horror: close at hand a gallows stood,
And underneath it was a murderer's grave,
And in the forest's edge a witches' cave.

The mystic circle and the signs I drew;
And then I waited for the deepening night,
Until the screeching owl above me flew
With her wild cry of warning and affright.
The grass around was wet with holy dew,
Save where I stood; and then I struck a light
With magic implements, and spake a spell
That cleft the world and echoed down in hell.

Then darkness thickened round me like a wall,
Hiding the world, but not the starry sky;
And from it I could hear the demons call
My name, but I would yield them no reply;
And then there fell a silent interval
Of nameless horror; not a sound nor cry
Was heard, but spectral eyes that froze my blood
Glared into the strong circle where I stood.

Then suddenly the swarming air was full
Of unimaginably frightful shapes:
Led by a skeleton that bore his skull
Under his arm, a crowd of dragon apes
Whirled round me, stretching out their arms to pull
Their master from his vantage. Then a lapse
Of utter darkness; while, with folded arms,
I waited for the end of these alarms.

It came. A radiance like a summer dawn
Disclosed a vision out of fairy-land—
An overshadowed arbor on a lawn,
Where lay a lovely lady, with a band
Of fair attendants, and a milk-white fawn
Crouching beside her feet. She raised her hand
And greeted me and smiled. Not Eve so fair
In Eden as that daughter of the air.

Toward me she cast her large and lustrous eyes,
And smiled, and drew me to her with her hand;
Her red lips parted with voluptuous sighs,
And her alluring beauty half unmanned
My spirit, and o'ercame me with surprise;
But I had nobler favors to demand
Of the dread Powers than love, however sweet;
And darkness swallowed soon the fair deceit.

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A pause: then stood the Tempter at my side.
He promised me the gift of spirit-sight,
That I might know whate'er the world may hide,
And pierce the farthest region of the night;
Might loose the secrets wisest men had tried
In vain to loose, and learn the awful might
That rules the universe and all beyond
My mortal range. And then we made that bond.

With him I sought the regions under-ground,
And passed the boundaries of eternal pain;
Saw Death on his white horse, that made no sound,
Though rushing by with all his ghastly train;
Searched through the universe from bound to bound,
Only to find my utmost knowledge vain.
The heights and depths were subject to my will,
But the dread secret was a secret still.

Knowledge! what gav'st thou but the power to see
That nothing could be known? What profit all
The arts that bound the spirits under me?
I grope, a blind man on a doorless wall,
Where all is mystery and perplexity,
And where alike the wise and foolish fall.
Ah, Nature's open book! was ever sage
Could tell the meaning of the simplest page?

O mother Nature! kind to lowly wants,
Thou giv'st the husbandman due sun and rain,
Seed-time and harvest, fair and bounteous plants,
For use and show, and mak'st no labor vain;
But when the heart of man for knowledge pants,
And when, with tears and sighs and spirit-pain,
He casts abroad the seed of earnest thought,
Ah! wherefore ever mock his hopes with naught?

Alas, that I became so basely proud,
And gave my soul to bitterness and scorn;
That, when I found I could not grasp the cloud,
I, who once thought me for high purpose born,
Should play the common juggler for the crowd,
Amuse them with low tricks with cup and horn,
And be the chief buffoon at emperors' courts!
Yet, ah! my heart was never in those sports.

O loathsome pandering to gaping boors
And royal fools! O impotence of pride,
Which drove me into woods and lonely moors!
For, ah! the universe is not so wide
That one can fly those merciless pursuers,
Remorse and Shame, nor from them ever hide,
Though one should seek in hell the deepest cave;
And cruel even the rest they give their slave.

Even Death, that makes all earthly troubles well,
An ever-haunting phantom, mocked my prayer;
And that sweet apparition, sent from hell,
Lured me but certain moments from despair,
Most beautiful of phantoms, and most fell;
Was never earthly maiden half so fair;
I might have deemed her fresh from paradise,
Yet knew she was a demon in disguise.

No more! no more! It makes my senses reel.
It almost makes me wish for life again.
Yet surely life, like a revolving wheel,
Could but turn on to this same hour of pain.
Rouse, Faustus! rouse thyself, and set thy heel
On bitter-sweet remembrances and vain
Remorse: for thee the past is ever past,
And for the time to come the die is cast.

'Tis cast! The Judge in heaven has closed His ear.
I will not pray vain prayers, will not repent.
Away with memory and away with fear!
Not with loud blasphemy will I resent
My doom, but with calm mind and will austere
Await my adversaries malevolent:
They'll come to rend me limb from limb ere long,
But, though I am their prey, will find me strong.

Shall I, who once have forced those brazen doors
Where the doomed spirit supplicates in vain,
And breathed the hot breath of those parchèd shores,
Now quake to see those portals yawn again,
And face the lake that ceaseless flames and roars?
Not loss of heaven, nor hell's eternal pain—
Nay, nay, not that I grieve, not this I fear,
But his triumphant and malignant jeer.

And must I evermore lie crushed and dumb,
Vanquished, and emptied of my vaunted skill?
In many a struggle have I overcome
This Lucifer, and bent him to my will;
And wherefore in that lower world succumb?
Shall I not Faustus be, and Master still?
Him I defy, with all his brood accursed!—
It strikes! My time is finished! Do your worst!

CARLSBAD WATERS.

"FANCY a town builded on the lid of a boiling kettle. That is Carlsbad."

What humorist first said this I do not know, but it is a fair dash at a description of the place in its character of a thermal spring, and it is with that character that we are concerned in this paper. Carlsbad is an attractive place in itself during the summer months; the scenery and the excursions in the neighborhood are of the most romantic; and there is a kindly tone in the social life which contrasts noticeably with the stress and anxiousness of that on the Prussian side of the frontier. The Austrian geniality is charming; but this I must not discuss here, nor the other pleasant features of life in the town. Carlsbad as a curative mineral spring will form a topic large enough for the present.

A little topography, however, will not be out of place. Carlsbad is an Austrian town of twelve thousand inhabitants and nine hundred dwelling-houses, situated in the northwestern corner of Bohemia, and near the frontier. It is a thriving manufacturing place; but a main source of its prosperity is naturally the mineral waters. More than twenty thousand guests came last year (1882) to try their virtues.

The stream of visitors has been flowing during centuries of summers to Carlsbad —ever since the thirteenth century at

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least. Later than this the springs received their present name from Charles IV., Emperor of Austria and King of Bohemia. The local legend is that he discovered them in the year 1358 while on a hunting excursion. A dog, too eagerly pursuing a deer, fell into one of the hot springs; his yelping brought the Emperor first upon the spot, where the thermal water, wreathed with clouds of vapor, pulsed out of the cleft of the rock. The huntsmen, rushing in after their leader, named the place Charles's Bath, and Carlsbad it has been called to the present day. The story is a pretty one, and may be substantially true; but as to the discovery of the springs, they were well known long before the time of the imperial hunter. Their site is indicated upon a Bohemian map of the previous century under the name of Wary, or "warm bath"; while the stream upon which Carlsbad town is built has a name much older than this. Its meaning settles the question of the antiquity of the springs. The "Tepl" means "the tepid stream," the word's etymology being the same in English and in Slavic. But the Emperor Charles, if he did not discover the place, at least gave it its vogue; he frequented Carlsbad, and built a palace there in 1358. Ever since that time it has been known as the most efficacious of the many springs in German-speaking countries.

The town of Carlsbad occupies the romantic valley of the Tepl; the houses are beaded along the rapid yet winding stream for a distance of two miles from its confluence with the river Eger, a stream which falls into the northward-flowing Elbe. The town occupies both sides of the stream, and toward its centre the houses are crowded against the hills on either side, so that a building may have five stories in front and but two or three in the rear. The finer boarding-houses are built upon the hills which wall in this narrow valley; and it need not be said that their elevation gives them a somewhat purer air than those which stand upon the lower levels. But the town itself has an elevation (at the river level opposite to the Sprudel colonnade) of 1214 feet above the Adriatic Sea; and this height, in the latitude of the place, 50° north (the longitude is 13° east from Greenwich), insures cool nights after the warmest days. The heat is seldom excessive, though the climate is somewhat variable. The mean temperatures are: summer, 66½° F.; spring and autumn, each 47°; winter, 33½°; the year, 43°. The air is pure, and the prevailing winds are northerly and westerly.

Eighteen of the "wonder-working" springs, of various degrees of warmth, are now in use in this pleasant valley. They are ranged in a nearly straight line that extends from north to south about a thousand yards; it is presumably a crack in the lid of the "boiling kettle." Deep borings have been made in the crust at various points. Dr. Pichler says that the borer, after piercing this calcareous crust upon which the town is built, penetrated into a vast subterranean reservoir, which it was impossible to sound. "Every effort to measure the depth of this gulf has failed."

From these deep caverns the mineral waters find their outlet under high pressure, and sometimes with amazing force. The Sprudel, the most famous, most abundant, and the hottest of the springs, after spouting and fuming for centuries through its covered way, took a fancy of recent years to force a new outlet for itself, and it appeared, to the consternation of the Carlsbad people, at the bottom of the adjoining Tepl river, which it warmed and set a-steaming. Total cessation of the Sprudel bathing and "drinking cure" in consequence—an arrangement not at all to be permitted. The engineers went at once to work. But it took months of toil to replace the spring. It was necessary to level the bed of the river, and to pave it for many rods with massive slabs of granite, clamped and cemented; while the banks of the stream itself were sealed with walls of cement. This done, the runaway spring was forced back to its ancient channel, where it plays to-day as of yore.

It is a wonderful sight, at least until use has familiarized it, that pulsation of the hot earth artery. It reminded me of Hobbes's notion, that I used to read about in college, of the earth being a living creature, with veins and arteries and a systemic circulation like an animal's. The mineral ichor rises and dances in clouds of steam; it fumes, it spouts, it spatters, the column playing at varying heights, according to the varying pressure of the escaping gases; and the mineral vapors stain the girders of the high colonnade above it. I have seen fountains of liquid lava toss and writhe in the same way, but

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they played a thousand feet in the air, and upon a mountain summit. The utmost ambition of this hot fountain of Carlsbad is to leap to a man's height, and to scatter a few drops now and then outside of the great iron basin in which it plays. The small geyser flows away, as smoothly as a verse of Virgil, through an opening in the bottom of the basin. Two little maids of twelve, neatly dressed, dip up the water for the guests that file slowly past the spring. Every morning, for two hours at a time, these girl-priestesses of the fountain dispense the thermal waters to a great company of people gathered from every part of Europe; and here probably the famous springs will flow for many generations to come.

And whence do these waters come? What is the secret of their origin? In what living laboratory far under-ground do they acquire their healing properties?

The theory of the Carlsbad mineral springs is a simple one. The surface waters of the region, the rain and melting snow, the Tepl water itself, penetrate through the crevices of the granite rock to a great depth, dissolving more and more of its constituents as they sink deeper, and receive more and more of the earth's increasing heat. That heat, at the depth of about 8000 feet, is equal to that of the hottest Carlsbad spring; its reservoir, therefore, can not be less than 8000 feet below the surface. The waters have now received from the rock all their mineral constituents, the carbonates of soda, lime, and magnesia, with many others, and now a great quantity of carbonic acid gas is set free by the heat, forcing the mineralized water back to the surface as a hot spring. It returns by channels incrusted with mineral deposits, and so made smoother and easier than those in which the surface water trickles down. And the hottest spring is, naturally, that which comes by the shortest channel from the common reservoir. This is the Sprudel, which loses the least of its heat on the way to the surface. All the other springs come from the same reservoir, but by narrower or more tortuous channels, and so are cooler when they reach the surface.

The chemical constitution of all these springs is almost exactly the same, except that the cooler springs retain more of the carbonic acid gas. They contain only such substances as they can dissolve, under heat and pressure, from the granite rock through which they have been filtered. The taste of the waters has been likened to that of chicken broth a little over-salted; but that resemblance is less striking than in the case of the famous spring at Wiesbaden, which to my palate is wonderfully like the broth in question; but the mineral chicken, however efficacious otherwise, is not at all nutritious.

The water of the hotter springs has a faintly saline odor; the cooler waters sparkle a little in the glass, owing to the free carbonic acid in them. Exposed to the air, they cloud and cast down a brown precipitate. The daily discharge of the Carlsbad springs is something over 100,000 cubic feet, of which the Sprudel supplies two-thirds. But of the Sprudel water only about one-sixth part plays in the fountain. The rest is led away in iron pipes to the bath-houses, or is exported, or used for the distillation of the Carlsbad salts, for which its own heat is made to serve as fuel. It is hot enough, indeed (166° F.), to boil eggs, and some of the thrifty housekeepers of the neighborhood use the water for cooking purposes.

Here is a recent analysis of the three chief springs of Carlsbad, showing their nearly identical composition. Göttl, experimenting upon a large mass of the Sprudel water, found traces of no less than twenty metals and acids, of which gold even was one. But the drinker of the waters will generally take less account of the ingo than of the outgo of this metal.

ANALYSIS BY PROFESSOR LUDWIG, OF VIENNA, 1879.

10,000 Grams of the Water contain—	Sprudel. Temperature, 162°.	Mühlbrunn. Temperature, 139°.	Schlossbrunn. Temperature, 120°.
	Grams.	Grams.	Grams.
Sulphate of soda	24.05	23.91	23.16
Carbonate of soda	12.98	12.79	12.28
Chloride of sodium	10.42	10.23	10.05
Carbonate of lime	3.21	3.27	3.34
Carbonate of magnesia	1.67	1.61	1.61
Sulphate of potash	0.86	1.19	1.93
With very small quantities of other constituents.	....	....	....
Total of solid constituents	55.17	54.73	53.30
Carbonic acid, half combined	7.76	7.68	7.49
Carbonic acid, free	1.90	5.17	5.82

All of the Carlsbad springs, as I have said, contain substantially the same elements in solution. How are they to be classified among the multitude of other mineral springs?

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Many ways of classifying mineral waters, as by their geologic relations, their chemical nature, or their use in therapeutics, have been employed by students of the subject. Practically I find the most convenient way is to use a fourfold division, as follows: 1, acidulous springs; 2, ferruginous springs; 3, saline springs; 4, sulphureous springs—subdividing these main classes according to their more particular composition. Of course this is not an accurate scientific classification, for many of the mineral waters contain constituents of two or more than two of the above classes. But it is never easy to make perfect classifications, and when made they seldom, if at all complicated, repay the student's trouble. It will be quite enough for the present purpose if we put down the Carlsbad waters under a subdivision of the third class, and call them *alkaline saline springs*. Their leading constituent, the sulphate of soda, places them in the group of the so-called "Glauber's salt waters," of which in all Europe there are but two other representatives among warm springs—the waters, namely, of Stubnya and of Bertrich.

The only practical difference between any two of the Carlsbad springs is the difference in temperature and in the amount of free carbonic acid gas, which increases as the temperature diminishes. We shall see that these are important factors in the choice of the particular spring that is best suited to the given invalid and to his particular complaint.

The following are the names and temperatures of the springs now actually in use:

THE CARLSBAD MINERAL SPRINGS—NAMES AND TEMPERATURES.

	Réaumur.	Fahrenheit.
1. Sprudel 2. Hygeiaquelle 3. New Hygeiaquelle	59.5°	166°
4. Bernhardsbrunn	53°	151°
5. Curhausquelle	52°	149°
6. Neubrunn	50°	145°
7. Felsenquelle	48°	140°
8. Theresienbrunn	48°	140°
9. Mühlbrunn	45°	133°
10. Schlossbrunn	43.5°	130°
11. Marktbrunn	40°	122°
12. Kaiserbrunn	39°	120°
13. Elisabethquelle	37.6°	116°
14. Hochbergerquelle	33°	106°
15. Kaiserkarlquelle	31°	102°
16. Russiche Kronquelle	29°	97°
17. Sprudelsäuerling	23°	84°

And now we have to ask: What are these springs good for? What kind of cases do they cure or relieve? In what do they fail? Who should go to Carlsbad, and who stay away?"

These are searching questions, and they are daily put to the consulting physician. I will answer them according to my own observation and experience, and will presently give a somewhat detailed account of the indications for treatment. But first it will be requisite to describe the waters and the methods of using them, whether internally or externally.

Internal use. The Carlsbad waters, aside from their primary quality as so much spring water, have three active principles of their own: 1, their elevated temperature; 2, the contained carbonic acid gas; and 3, the various salts that they hold in solution.

1. The temperature exercises a certain amount of influence upon the action of the waters. The warmer springs accelerate absorption, gently stimulate the circulation of the blood, produce perspiration in some cases, and act as a sedative upon the nervous system. When swallowed slowly, however, as it is best they should be, the purely thermal action of the waters is not always marked, as they receive the temperature of the body in that case as soon as they reach the stomach.

2. The carbonic acid gas acts directly upon the nerves of the stomach. Its effects are to augment the secretion of gastric juice, to calm the gastric nerves, and at the same time to strengthen the peristaltic movements of the stomach and of the intestinal tract. Upon some patients the carbonic gas has a pleasantly exhilarating effect; in nearly all it stimulates the appetite and the digestion, and aids the absorption of the mineral water.

3. The effects of the salts contained in the Carlsbad waters are in large part due to the three elements first named in the analysis just given—the sulphates and carbonates of soda, and the chloride of sodium. They augment the blood corpuscles, and increase the alkalinity of the blood. The waters are antacid *par excellence*. They correct the too abundant acidity of the intestinal tract, and stimulate its action; they stimulate, too, the venous and arterial circulation, and act strongly upon the liver, the kidneys, and the lymphatic glands. The sulphate of soda is a mild laxative.

The different springs, again, do not produce the same results. The Sprudel wa-

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ter, for instance, is absorbed more rapidly than the Schlossbrunnen or other cooler spring; and patients who will not bear stimulation must use the cooler waters, especially those in whom the action of the heart requires to be watched. In general the first use of the waters produces a sense of physical comfort, with a tendency to moisture of the skin. Four or five glasses produce a mildly laxative effect in most cases, while a quantity not exceeding a pint generally has the contrary effect. There are patients who never require more than this smaller quantity for the regulation of the bowels; these are, however, exceptional cases. The waters are taken in the morning as a rule; the usual hours are from 6 to 8 A.M., of course before breakfast, except in the case of delicate invalids, who may be permitted to breakfast lightly beforehand if necessary, and even to use the waters at home. The custom of the place is to take them during the morning promenade from spring to spring.

The scene is a picturesque one, the more so because at Carlsbad one is far enough eastward in Europe to see Asiatic costumes occasionally among the guests. The long line of promenaders, ever flowing and reflowing gently under the colonnades of the great Kurhaus or before the dancing fountain of the Sprudel, is one of the sights of Europe; and it has its grotesque element in the circumstance that each and every one of the thousands carries an earthenware mug, hung by a strap around his neck or hers—a mug, it must be, not a glass tumbler, as at most other spas, for glass would crack under the too lively heat of the Sprudel water. There is a solemn drollery in the scene. Each promenader in the long line keeps his place in the *queue* as carefully, at least during the height of the season, when the crowd is large, as if he were waiting his turn at an American ticket office.*

It is no longer the custom to take large quantities of the water. Since 1870 the usual prescription has been two or three cups per day for the beginner, gradually increasing to eight or ten at the highest. A third of this amount may be taken in the afternoon, unless it should produce a decidedly laxative effect.

From time immemorial until the sixteenth century the Carlsbad springs were used only as baths, and the zealous doctors, in order to make assurance doubly sure, used to steep their patients for the greater part of the day in the bath-tub. Then came the fashion of drinking the waters instead, and the re-action was extreme. The baths were totally disused, and the unfortunate invalid was sentenced to twenty or thirty glasses per day. Either system was a mistake. Such of the earlier medical records as remain—and they go back to the year 1520—show that this strenuous treatment, whether internal or external, actually did more harm than good. There is to-day a wise compromise between these extremes. But, curiously enough, a "fear of Carlsbad," so named and described by medical writers, survives from those days of heroic treatment in the Middle Ages, and it actually deters some patients from a visit to the place. We have said, however, that the internal use of the waters is now prescribed with moderation and with discrimination, and the treatment of our day employs the bath with equal discrimination and moderation.

Nearly every known form of bath may be had at Carlsbad, but I shall speak only of two—the Sprudel or mineral baths, and the mud baths.

The Sprudel water, emerging at a temperature of 162° F., is conducted in long iron pipes to the Kurhaus and to other bathing places, where it is cooled to the degree required. Tepid, it forms a pleasantly sedative bath; warm, it should be used carefully, as a too long immersion sometimes produces symptoms of faintness. Fifteen minutes is the usual duration of the bath. It should not be taken soon after a meal.

What causes the good effects of the warm Sprudel bath? That is not an easy

* Amusing incidents occur sometimes. While I was in Carlsbad the town was laughing at a guest from Prague, a Hebrew, whose dress and appearance were regarded as proof that Prague was the dirtiest city in Europe. One morning he found himself in the pensive procession of mug-bearers, but without a mug. The spring was dancing close at hand; it would not do to leave his place in the interminable line. He turned upon the next in order who walked behind him; it chanced to be the Duke of Vallombrosa. Invalids, be it noted, form a real democracy at the Austrian watering-places, where prince and commoner may jostle each other if they will. "A drink from your cup, Mein Herr?" "It is yours," returns the Italian. He of Prague takes a deep draught from the duke's mug, then turns again to restore it. The Duke of Vallombrosa was gone, doubtless to get another mug. "What wastefulness!" said he of Prague.

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question; volumes have been written to answer it, and it is still unsettled. Until recently it was stoutly contested that the mineral constituents of the water were in part absorbed by the skin, and so introduced into the circulation. Parisot and other experimenters have shown that this is a mistake. The human skin is impervious to water, mineral or other, as one would suppose, indeed, that any serviceable hide of man or beast should be. The medicinal virtues of the waters are not absorbed. Whether their beneficent effects are due to an impression upon the cuticular nerves or to some other cause is still an open question; but centuries of experience have shown that they do sick people good. There is at any rate no doubt that people get better, or get well, after using them properly, which I take to be the desirable point in any treatment.

The peat baths, or mud baths, have gained much in popularity within a few years, and a large building has been erected, since 1880, devoted exclusively to this singular form of the cure. The material employed for the mud bath is a rich black peat; it comes by rail from the neighboring watering-place of Franzensbad, some two hours distant, where Carlsbad owns a tract of moorland which supplies the peat. It is rich in mineral constituents, and it makes what may be called a clean mud. First pulverized, but not too finely, then screened and freed from accidental impurities, it is mixed with the hot Sprudel water when the bath is ordered, and rolled in a stout wooden tub to the bath-room, where it stands fuming by the side of a similar tub filled with warm soft water. One's first mud bath is an odd experience. I confess having felt a slight reluctance to immerse myself in this malebolgian mass of peat mud, although it fumed not unfragrantly, and its temperature, 102° F., was delightful. It seemed like undoing the results of a lifetime's ablutions. The difficulty is to get your first foot into it; that done there is no more hesitation; you sink luxuriously into the warm fuming mass. Mortal body was never received into a more deliciously soft embrace than that of this semi-fluid peat. Its viscous resistance to my movements, its weight and warmth, the clinging titillation of the unresolved lumps of mould, its faint fragrant earthy odor, all combined to make a strange experience even for one who has tried many baths in many places. It was no less delightful than strange. Whether for the invalid or the well man the peat-mud baths at 31° Réaumur are one of the most luxurious of enjoyments. I took them as a pleasurable incident of a visit made for the purposes of special study. But if I should ever contract to furnish an earthly or a Mohammedan paradise, I should fit up the entire basement story of the paradise with mud baths.

It should be added that the peat mud is not sticky, but falls off easily on leaving the bath, and an attendant will help you, if desired, to remove its last traces in the tub of warm water that stands by your side.

But who shall bathe? Most of the visitors use the baths, and yet their fitness to any individual case can only be decided by the physician. Warm baths are for some persons dangerous: for whom, the patient can not himself decide beforehand. When prescribed they are generally taken three or four times a week; a daily bath is for the majority of visitors too much. The forenoon is the best time for bathing; the Carlsbad breakfast being at about nine o'clock, the bath may be taken toward noon, or, if more convenient, in the afternoon, when the digestion of the dinner is fully completed.

The usual temperatures of the mineral-water baths range from 80° to 96° F.; of the peat baths from 96° to 100°. In these a higher temperature is borne than in the water baths. The vapor baths range from 100° to 130°. A careful management provides every bath with a thermometer, and the visitor should observe for himself that the bath is heated to the exact degree prescribed. Do not bathe immediately after severe physical exercise or strong mental excitement. During the bath gentle frictions of any ailing parts should be made, as of the region of the spleen or liver, and of inflamed or stiffened joints. Should any giddiness occur, leave the bath at once and call the attendant. After the bath, a nap at home is often very refreshing.

I will now turn to the more particular consideration of the ailments that are specially amenable to treatment at Carlsbad. No written description either of cases or of treatment can indeed take the place of proper advice for the particular case, for each patient has his peculiarities of temperament, his idiosyncrasy; and it must always remain the responsible task

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of the specially qualified physician to decide according to the need of the individual sufferer—to say to one, according to his need, "Go to Carlsbad"; to another, "Go to Mont Dore, or Salins, or Luxeuil, or Franzensbad." To prescribe a spring is like the right direction of any other serious medical treatment—it can only be done rightly by the physician who has thorough experience in balneology. Premising this much by way of caution, I will note such indications of treatment as may, I trust, be not without use to lay and medical readers as pointing the way to a quarter where relief may be fairly expected by many patients, and for not a small number of different ailments. The main object of this paper is to describe what a medical friend of mine, himself an author of an excellent monograph upon the Carlsbad waters, has called the "rationally sustained indications" for treatment at the most effective springs of German-speaking Europe.

The foremost class of indications for treatment at Carlsbad is for the relief or cure of abdominal complaints, and especially disorders of the stomach, liver, and spleen.

1. For dyspepsia in its various forms. This disease is a common one in America, and many of my readers will be very familiar with its symptoms. Dyspepsia is itself, indeed, but a symptom, or a group of symptoms; and of what ailment?

Atony, or weakness of the stomach, flatulence, indigestion, fatigue, mental preoccupation or excitement, may all cause dyspepsia more or less permanent. But true chronic dyspepsia means one thing only, and a serious thing—it means chronic catarrh of the stomach. This is a painful sentence to pass on an invalid. Catarrh of the stomach may result from opposite causes, either from eating too many great and good dinners, and so overtaxing the digestion and finally ruining it, or, on the other hand, from too hasty eating, or from indigestible or innutritious food. The first-mentioned kind of dyspepsia, the dyspepsia of gluttony, does not very often occur as yet in America, because we are not heavy eaters as a rule. But as our fortunes, our leisure, and our cooks improve, we too are developing a few choice gluttons—to me an interesting class of men, because they are still rare among us. They are developed from the *gourmand*, a most genial and amiable character often: give me a discriminating *gourmand* for a companion. The *gourmand* is he who has a refined enjoyment of the taste and flavor of food, and who therefore eats appreciatively. When he begins to eat too much, then he becomes a glutton, and sooner or later he will probably suffer from dyspepsia. But it is hasty eating rather than excessive and badly cooked or otherwise indigestible food that is responsible for most of the dyspepsia in a community. The human stomach will endure a good deal of maltreatment, at least in a person whose constitution is strong. But when the maltreatment goes too far, either in the way of too much food or too little, or food of bad quality, or food too hastily or irregularly eaten, the penalty is not far off. It is dyspepsia. In our day the stomach is not a cause of envy to the members, as it was in the simpler time of Æsop. The modern stomach mutinies against the members; and it avenges itself with Alecto's scourge, more scientifically describable as chronic gastric catarrh.

I need hardly enumerate its too generally known symptoms: the lessened or extinguished appetite, the distress after eating, the fevered tongue and mawkish taste in the mouth, the eructation and nausea, the broken strength and sleep, with profound depression of the spirits. They constitute one of the most distressing of ailments, and one of the most difficult to relieve by ordinary medication.

Dyspepsia is adapted to treatment by a properly chosen alkaline saline spring; by which spring, at Carlsbad or elsewhere, the physician must decide. I have seen too many instances of speedy benefit from their use to doubt the healing power of the waters in cases of this description; but strict care is necessary in following the ordained regimen and hygienic directions. Of these, which are of the utmost importance in the treatment of chronic cases, I will speak presently. Even when the gastric catarrh has extended, as sometimes happens, into the duodenum or the biliary ducts, so that jaundice supervenes, the Carlsbad waters often give relief or cure.

Another form of dyspepsia occurs in pale anæmic persons, as in young women who suffer from chlorosis. There are tenderness and pain in the epigastrium, aversion to food, weariness of the whole muscular system, and palpitations occur

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on making the least effort. My friend Dr. Grünberger, of Carlsbad, gives a lively description of the contrasted sufferers who seek relief at the springs. "To the pale miss who answers to the above description her companion at Carlsbad offers a striking contrast. He is well-nourished; his rubicund face declares that he knows the delights of dining, and that he takes frequent pleasure in champagne wine, in sherry, and in brandy. When you remark his absence for two or three days at a time from the morning promenade around the springs, you may be sure that the gout, in addition to dyspepsia, has him in keeping; he suffers acutely from effusion into one or more of the principal joints, and plenty of uric acid is to be found in the deranged secretions. In spite of the waters, all seems to be going wrong. But after a cure continued through a few weeks the sharp contrast between the condition of the two invalids is wonderfully lessened. The pale miss is invigorated, her appetite increases, she has gained in weight; while the gouty effusion of her companion is gone, his step is firm and sure again, the dyspeptic symptoms are relieved, and the action of the digestive system has again become normal." Persons, however, who have been accustomed to an overgenerous diet are apt, on leaving the springs, to resume their old habits, and so to regain their obesity.

2. Dilatation of the stomach not infrequently accompanies the form of dyspepsia that results from gross eating. This, when far advanced, is hardly amenable to a complete cure; but the organ should be cleansed daily by the Carlsbad waters, introduced and withdrawn through a stomach-pump; and in milder cases a complete cure may be expected.*

3. Chronic constipation and chronic diarrhœa are both cured at Carlsbad, and often, indeed, cured by the use of the same spring. Among the more frequent causes of the former complaint are neglect, a too sedentary life, the abuse of purgatives, and a diet in which too little use is made of fluid food. It is a national fault of our American dietary that we do not eat enough soup. And if, in addition, beer or well-diluted red wine could be substituted for the stronger liquors that are so much in vogue among us, the health of our community would be better.

The leading symptoms of chronic constipation are a feeling of oppression in the abdominal regions, headache, and palpitation of the heart—often mistaken by the sufferer for cardiac disease. A single season of appropriate treatment by the mineral waters, with proper hygienic and dietary care, will often cure cases of long standing, and especially that form of the disorder which prevails among sedentary persons and women, and which is due to intestinal torpor rather than to any mechanical or physical obstruction.

It may seem strange that a given mineral spring should cure ailments of such directly opposite character as the two just mentioned. Yet the fact remains, and the explanation is not a difficult one. The Carlsbad waters have but little effect upon the digestive organs of a healthy person. But when they come in contact with an inflamed or excoriated mucous surface, they heal it, and so check a diarrhœa; while a weak peristaltic motion of the intestine is strengthened by the same water, a sluggish secretion is stimulated, and thus the mechanical and the sedentary causes of constipation are removed.

4. Diarrhœa presents itself under two chief forms—*irritative* and *eliminative*. Of the first, the summer diarrhœa, caused by eating unripe fruit, is a familiar example; it is cured by removing the cause, and generally speedily. The second form is far more various and complicated in its causes, and it is correspondingly difficult to manage, and it includes the multitude of cases that are sent to foreign springs for treatment. The chronic cases are most frequently the result of a chronic intestinal catarrh; this depends upon a morbid condition of the intestinal tube and of its secretions, and often proves amenable to treatment at Carlsbad.

5. Diseases of the liver and biliary ducts, enlargements of the liver of various kinds, are treated with marked success at Carlsbad, especially those which come from long residence in hot climates. One of the most interesting cases I ever saw was that of an army officer who had stood out thirty-five summers in India, but who had finally succumbed to the climate; his liver, as he expressed it, putting his hand at the level of the umbilicus, "came down to here." After a treatment of five weeks the gland had recovered its normal pro-

* See Dr. I. Kraus's excellent little manual, *Carlsbad: its Thermal Springs.*

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portions, and health was restored. But to prevent relapses this gentleman makes a visit every summer to Carlsbad and Marienbad, finishing the cure at a mineral spring in France or Switzerland.

Fatty liver not unfrequently exists for years before the patient takes much notice of it, the disease becoming chronic and gaining slowly until it is beyond relief by mineral waters or in any other way. But when it occurs in persons otherwise healthy, and as the result of too good living or of drinking, it is curable by a saline or alkaline water. The symptoms are weight and tension in the region of the stomach, with derangement of the digestion and breathing. There is no pain. *Cirrhosis* of the liver can only be benefited in its earlier stages at Carlsbad.

Congestion of the liver, unless it is passive, *i. e.*, caused by constipation and other functional disorders of the viscera, makes itself known by the sensitiveness of the organ to the touch, and by its enlargement, especially in the left lobe. If long-continued, structural derangement of the organ may follow. Treatment in the early stages is necessary. The Carlsbad waters will restore the deranged functions of an organ; but they will not repair the structural lesions of the organ itself.

Jaundice is a symptom, not itself a disease; it is due to the absorption of the coloring matter of the bile and its circulation with the blood. Whatever hinders the discharge of the bile into the intestine will cause jaundice: the narrowing of the bile ducts will do this; mechanical pressure upon them will do this; the inflammation of their lining membrane will do this. Whether the symptoms are those of chronic inflammation in the liver or the duodenum, or are caused by any other interruption to the flow of the bile, or whether, on the other hand, they are due, as not unfrequently happens, to some strong nervous perturbation, which may equally derange the flow of the bile without leaving the traces of any pathological alteration, the Carlsbad waters are an effective curative agent. Resident physicians employ them also to check the excessive secretion of bile, termed *polycholia*, which sometimes constitutes a malady in itself.

Gall-stones are deposited from certain elements of the bile. These concretions are very solid, and there is no proof or even presumption that they are dissolved by the direct action of any mineral spring. Dr. Kraus has "repeatedly, and for some considerable time, exposed gall-stones to the action of hot Sprudel water" (167° F.) "without noticing any changes whatever" (*Carlsbad: its Thermal Springs*). But he adds: "The possibility of the bile itself acting destructively on the concretions, after becoming alkaline to a certain extent, can not be denied altogether. It is certain, at least, that we frequently meet with corroded concretions in a porous state, and sometimes even crumbled to pieces, in patients who have been drinking the waters for a considerable time. It may safely be asserted that their elimination is caused by the mechanical action of the waters. Their usefulness is shown by the thinner and normal condition of the bile during their use, by which the formation of fresh concretions is prevented." He describes a singular case, that of a lady who came to Carlsbad with symptoms of malignant disease of the pancreas. Several physicians considered the case as hopeless, and Dr. Kraus admits that he himself was one of them; but he prescribed six glasses daily of the Sprudel water for four weeks. At the end of that period the patient left Carlsbad apparently worse than when she arrived, and suffering the most agonizing pain. This continued for several weeks longer, when a copious discharge of gall-stones took place, and the sufferer was restored to health from the brink of the grave.

Post, ergo propter, is a fallacy against which the physician must be especially watchful. Treatment is given—a cure follows. Did the treatment produce the cure? Not always; and yet in cases like the above it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Carlsbad waters hastened, if they did not determine, the favorable result.

6. Enlargement of the spleen is a disorder well known in our Western country, and wherever intermittent fever prevails. The gland may increase to ten times its natural size, producing a conspicuous abdominal tumor upon the left side. A similar enlargement, though not so great, appears not infrequently as a sequel of typhoid fever. In the malarious form of the disorder there is a serious diminution of the red corpuscles of the blood. These functional derangements of the spleen are generally cured by a month or six weeks at Carlsbad.

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7. A word must be said as to a class of ailments which may be described as general nutritory perversions; their chief representatives being gout, rheumatism, anæmia, corpulence, and *diabetes mellitus*. All of these complaints, except diabetes in its advanced stages, are curable by the Carlsbad treatment. The last-mentioned disease is still in many cases obscure, but its gravity and its increasing frequency are equally well established. Bouchardat says: "Take twenty men in good position, and anywhere from forty to sixty years of age—legislators, men of science, prominent merchants or financiers, or even army officers: you will be sure to find one case of diabetes among the score." The symptoms are an excessive secretion from the kidneys, charged with sugar; excessive appetite and thirst; dryness of the skin; emaciation; loss of the hair and teeth; eczema; boils and carbuncles; and naturally great mental depression. The course of the disease is generally a grave one. But if taken in time, as Hufeland first pointed out, good results have been attained by the use of these waters.

Such are the chief of the disorders which are the most successfully treated at Carlsbad. Local writers include many others, as vesical catarrh, hemorrhoids, hypertrophy of the prostate gland, inflammatory deposits in the peritoneal cavity, and so on. Certain selected cases would doubtless find benefit from these powerful waters.

But Carlsbad is by no means a cure-all, and a word is needed as to the counter-indications, the complaints which are not bettered—which may be aggravated even—by using these waters. They are, briefly, the following:

1. Diseases of disorganization, as phthisis, malignant tumors, marasmus, brain-softening or degeneration of the spinal cord, and Bright's disease of the kidneys, are better treated at other springs than Carlsbad.

2. When acute febrile action is present, even the disorders named as suitable for treatment by these waters will be little benefited. In this case hygienic measures are the chief means of relief until the feverish symptoms have been checked.

3. Patients suffering from nervous maladies will do better at Salins, Luxeuil, or some other one of the quieter French spas, according to the symptoms.

4. A marked disposition to hemorrhages, vertigo, the apoplectic habit, or any serious lesions of the arteries or the valves of the heart, will not derive benefit from treatment at Carlsbad.

Not less important than the drink cure and the bath cure which I have described is the proper direction of the patient's regimen. This plays a vital part in the treatment, not only at Carlsbad, but at any other mineral spring. Diet, exercise, amusement, sleep—the proper regulation of these forms an *adjunct treatment* which can not be neglected by one who is in earnest about his cure.

The invalid's diet, while it is nutritious and sufficient, should always be moderate in quantity. Some physicians go so far as to say that the invalid should never completely satisfy his appetite during the treatment. I should restrict this austerity to the dyspeptics, who form so large a part of the cases treated here. The Carlsbad *cuisine* is, indeed, a little provincial, but it supplies all the essentials of diet; and in addition I have found in perfection at Carlsbad three good things (I will not call all of them essentials) which I have never found in perfection in any one place elsewhere. They are bread, coffee, and beer. Good bread you find in Vienna and in Italy, good beer in Berlin, good coffee in Paris, but for perfect bread, beer, and coffee together you must go to Carlsbad. These good things, however, are by no means allowed to the invalid at discretion. Beer is generally forbidden until the latter part of the cure, coffee is permitted in moderation only, and special warning is given not to eat more than two or three of the delicious rolls at a meal. Soup and digestible meats are allowed, and vegetables in small quantity; fruits are forbidden. There is considerable charity for the smoker, half rations of the weed being generally permitted. Simple as it is, the Carlsbad bill of fare would dismay Dr. Alcott and the vegetarians. But this is not the place to give details of the scheme of diet, which, indeed, must conform to the needs of the individual case.

Oddly enough, for a place so rich in thermal springs, Carlsbad has no good drinking water. But the deficiency is more than made good by the neighboring Giesshübler spring, of which some three millions of bottles are annually exported by Mr. Mattoni, the proprietor. The Giesshübler water is mildly alkaline and acidulous, and is one of the very best and plea-

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santest of all table waters. In Carlsbad it is freely used as a tonic beverage, either alone or mixed with wine. It sparkles like champagne when used with syrups. It is a favorite table water in Austria, and is even exported to England and America, the annual sale being as much as three millions of bottles.

The place itself, eight miles from Carlsbad, deserves to be better known. Giesshübel is an earthly paradise, and the baths are perfectly appointed in every respect. The whey cure is also given. The resident physician is Dr. Kämmerer. For a quiet retreat, amid surroundings of idyllic beauty, Giesshübel can be recommended to a large class of patients who do not require, or who have already used, the more potent springs upon the Tepl.

The usual hours of meals at Carlsbad are, for breakfast, nine o'clock; for dinner, one to two; a light lunch at five; and supper at about seven o'clock in the evening.

As to exercise, the principle is that it should be abundant, but never violent. The local physicians are not a little annoyed by the zeal of some of their patients, mainly English and Americans, in "running up and down hills," as one of them calls it. These excesses retard the cure. But, on the other hand, the patient should spend the greater part of his time out-of-doors when the weather is good. The walks and drives are delightful; the valley itself is as lovely as that of Rasselas; but there is no need to clamber over its limiting hill-tops in order to seek other horizons.

Dancing is allowed to some of the guests—of course in moderation; billiard-playing, which is still looked upon somewhat askant by many good people among us, is one of the best forms of exercise during the treatment, or "cure," as it is always hopefully called. Theatre-going, and even card-playing, are sometimes permitted. There is a little theatre in the place, which should be visited once for curiosity's sake. Even social pleasure should be taken moderately; and special caution may be given to argumentative people to avoid too vivacious discussions during their walks or rides. Cheerful talk and temper should be invited. Least of all should one discuss his own maladies: it is much better to converse upon the origin of space, or some equally unexciting subject.

Sleep fills a good part of the time of the visitor to Carlsbad; but sleep during the day is generally unadvisable, except to those who find themselves drowsy after the bath, or unduly fatigued after exercise, and of course when the night's rest has been badly broken. After-dinner naps, however, should be avoided; they have a tendency to produce cerebral congestion.

In connection with the Carlsbad waters those of two neighboring springs may be described. Marienbad is a Bohemian town situated in the territory of the ancient Abbey of Tepl (to which the springs belong), and in a southward-opening valley. It is two hours by rail from Carlsbad, though the distance in a straight line across the hills is but nineteen miles. Marienbad is situated in a charming forest country two thousand feet above sea-level. The adjacent region is a natural park, with beautiful walks and drives in every direction. The springs, in comparison with those of Carlsbad, are but of yesterday—that is to say, it was not until the year 1770 that the abbot of the Tepl convent resolved to use the water, and to bring it into notice. The accounts of the early cures are doubtless exaggerated; they read almost like Scripture miracles. In 1781 "a very tall, hoary-headed man came up to the Marienbrunn and asked alms"; he had brought his son from Chotieschau on a wheelbarrow. The invalid, forty years old, was a clay-digger; the clay had fallen on him, and he was paralyzed in both legs. The abbot supported the father and the son; baths and frictions were given; in four weeks he was able, "praising God, to return to his home." On this, buildings were erected, and the place has grown into a handsome modern town, with splendid hotels, and an annual concourse of invalids numbering ten thousand or more. Goethe lived here for a time, and they show his seat on the hill-side.

It is a lesser Carlsbad—quieter and less crowded—and it is the resort of not a few Carlsbad patients, for a few weeks' change of scene after they leave the larger watering-place. The Marienbad waters belong to the same class as those of Carlsbad, and spring from the same granite formations. The difference is that they are cold; their temperature ranging from 43° to 50° F. They are clear when drawn, but become turbid on exposure to the air, and throw down a yellowish-brown sediment. The different springs are more various in their composition than those of Carlsbad. The

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Kreuzbrunn is the most celebrated of the six springs that are used; this, the Rudolfsquelle, and the Waldbrunn are used for drinking; the Ferdinands, Carolinen, and Ambrosiusbrunnen both for drinking and bathing; but bathing is less in vogue here than at Carlsbad, though every convenience is provided, including the carbonic acid baths and the peat baths. The peat of Marienbad is extremely rich in minerals; a bath of ten cubic feet contains no less than ten or twelve pounds of the sulphate of iron.

In general the indications for treatment at Marienbad are similar to those at Carlsbad. The Marienbad waters are also serviceable in cases of nervous prostration. But the main distinction between the two places remains to be noted: it is that of climate, exposure, and "environment." The climate of Marienbad is what Helfft calls a "wood climate." The place is surrounded by pine forests, the air is pure and cool, and the southern exposure is favorable. No more perfect resting-place can be found than in this beautiful valley among the Bohemian hills.

Franzensbad is situated on a turfy plain near Eger, at an elevation of 1400 feet. It is only an hour's railway ride from Carlsbad—a quiet town, with five hotels. There are eleven springs, all owned by private persons; and the arrangements for baths are admirably complete. The season is from the first of May to the last of September. Nearly eight thousand visitors repaired to Franzensbad last summer, the larger part of them ladies. The waters have great renown in the treatment of complaints peculiar to the female sex. They belong to the class of ferruginous springs, and are strongly tonic. They are cold—50° F.—and do not overflow like the more abundant waters of Carlsbad. The Franzensquelle is the most famous of the springs; it is crowded in the afternoon from four to six o'clock. The names of Dr. Carl Klein at Franzensbad and of Dr. Heidler at Marienbad may be mentioned without impropriety as those of physicians who are among the foremost of the places respectively.

Such are these healing waters. A few words upon the way of reaching them may be serviceable. All roads lead to Carlsbad as well as to Rome; but there is choice among them, according to the tastes and the strength of the invalid. American passengers will find the shortest land journeys from Hamburg or Bremen, taking the steamers of these lines from New York; but this route is scarcely a comfortable one for those who are unfamiliar with the German language and *cuisine*. The routes to Liverpool and London involve a fatiguing journey and a voyage across the Channel before reaching the Continent. The ordinary routes are by Dover, Calais, and Brussels, by Ostend and Brussels, or by Queensborough and Flushing (the shortest), to Cologne; thence *viâ* Frankfort and Würzburg to Carlsbad. Invalids, however, will do better to avoid the Rhine; the hotels are generally noisy and full of soldiers, and the cookery is not good. To get to Carlsbad I advise the route through France, and preferably, the new line from New York to Bordeaux direct. The ships and their accommodations, including the table, are first-class, and they are not yet crowded, like most of the older lines of Atlantic steamers—a circumstance of no little consequence to the invalid, especially when he is accompanied by his family. I wish no pleasanter fortune to a traveller than to sail, as I have done, with Captain Jourheil of this excellent line. Arrived in Bordeaux, the express trains take one in eight hours to Paris; but either city is a pleasant one in which to rest from the voyage. From Paris the route is pleasant throughout. It is as follows, by partial days' journeys only: Day express to Basel; sleep there. Next day to Zürich; sleep. Thence to Rorschach, crossing Lake Constance to Lindau for the night. Thence to Munich; sleep. Thence to Carlsbad. The whole route lies through beautiful scenery, and the best hotels in the world receive you at the close of each day's journey. Arrived at Carlsbad, it is best to spend a couple of days in a hotel before choosing rooms for one's stay. This is a choice to be made at leisure, and after resting a little. As to physicians, it can not be amiss to mention the names of these good ones, among others: Drs. Grünberger, Kraus, London, Neubauer, and Pichler.

In conclusion, let me say this to persons who are about to choose a healing spring: Mineral waters are at once among the most effective and the most delicate of the agents at the physician's command. But they are not to be chosen, if used, indiscriminately. Before setting out, and

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again on arriving, take and follow the advice of a specially qualified physician. A single error or excess on the patient's part may undo the gain of many weeks. And one should be always on his guard against the *amateur advice* which is everywhere so freely given. "Must you pay court to some important personage, or perhaps to some fair lady? Even in this case do not permit yourself to drink from the same spring either with the dame or the diplomate unless you already have your doctor's permission. Imagine these situations distinctly beforehand; be on your guard against the most winning smile, the most desirable influence; think first of all about your liver and your stomach, which are of paramount importance in your case. Remember what you have suffered, and what you will suffer if you are not cured, and deny yourself every complaisance, every irregularity, especially at the table. Your neighbors will urge you, in their ignorance and weakness, to eat and drink as they do; your own stomach will be a ready accomplice: you must resist it; and do not think that, since the waters are curative, the more you drink the sooner you will be cured. It is a great mistake. Too much water drowned a miller, said Sancho Panza."

This is Le Pileur's counsel, and it is sound advice for the visitor to a curative spring. It is required by some who go to Carlsbad, and especially by some Americans, for the waters are especially calculated to benefit the ailments that are common among us. I distinguish between springs where people go to amuse themselves and springs where people go to be cured. Carlsbad is one of the latter. A patient who has taken the trouble to go so far should not insist on treating his own case.

My friend Surgeon-General Ray, of the Indian army, will allow me to recall a phrase which he used in conversation with me on the spot last summer: "The Carlsbad waters are *serious* waters." They are resorted to by invalids who are really in search of a cure, and not, like most of the popular Rhine spas, for amusement or distraction. I am often asked, Do you believe in mineral springs? And I answer, Yes, and No. There are "serious waters," like those of many Austrian and French spas, and there are pleasure spas for those who like them. There are serious patients too, and trifling patients. Many an invalid, on hearing that Carlsbad, or Salins, or Mont Dore, or Luxeuil, is an effective spring, chooses one of them according to the right of private judgment, and repairs to one of them, or more than one. Arrived there, he drinks and bathes according to the same indefeasible right, and regulates or neglects his regimen by the same. To these ingenious persons I say: You had better stay at home; not all the waters of Abana and Pharpar, nor yet of Jordan, are for you. The doctors are ignorant, you think? Well, grant that even a good doctor is not omniscient; he certainly knows more than you do. And even if you knew as much as he, you can not be an impartial adviser in your own case. The self-curer had better stay at home. But to the invalid who will accept competent guidance, first in choosing and second in using the mineral waters, I say it is worth while to make the trial.

There are two classes of people who doubt the value of mineral waters—those who have been misdirected, and have suffered in consequence, and those who have never suffered at all. The perfectly healthy are the severest critics of Carlsbad. Dr. Johnson, who held that sickness was criminal, would have denounced the place and the cure.

But I have seen too many cures at mineral springs to agree with these easy judgments. Even when we can not demonstrate just how the cure was caused, the fact remains that the patient went away sick and came back well. *Unum scio, quia cæcus cum essem, modo video*—one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. For one who will rightly choose them and rightly use them, these are veritably healing waters.

THE MOUNT OF SORROW.

NEVER did anything seem fresher and sweeter than the plateau on which we emerged in the early sunset, after defiling all day through the dark deep mountain-sides in the rain.

We had promised Rhoda to assault her winter fastness whenever she should summon us; and now, in obedience to her message, a gay party of us had left the railway, and had driven, sometimes in slushy snow, and sometimes on bare ground, up the old mountain-road, laughing and singing and jangling our bells, till at length the great bare woods, lifting their line for-

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ever before us and above us, gave place to bald black mountain-sides, whose oppressive gloom and silence stifled everything but a longing to escape from between them, and from the possible dangers in crossing bridges, and fording streams swollen by the fortnight's thaws and rains. Now and then the stillness resolved itself into the murmuring of bare sprays, the rustling of rain, the dancing of innumerable unfettered brooks glittering with motion, but without light, from the dusky depths; now and then a ghastly lustre shot from the ice still hanging like a glacier upon some upper steep, or a strange gleam from the sodden snow of their floors lightened the roofs of the leafless forests that overlapped the chasms, and trailed their twisted roots like shapes of living horror. What was there, I wondered, so darkly familiar in it all? in what nightmare had I dreamed it all before? Long ere the journey's end our spirits became dead as last night's wine; we shared the depression of all nature, and felt as if we had come out of chaos and the end of all things when the huge mountain gates closed behind us, and we dashed out on the plateau where the grass, from which the wintry wrapping had been washed, had not lost all its greenness, and in the sudden lifting of the rain-cloud a red sparkle of sunset lighted the windows as if a hundred flambeaux had been kindled to greet us.

A huge fire burned in the fire-place of the drawing-room when we had mounted the stairs and crossed the great hall, where other fires were blazing and sending ruddy flames to skim among the cedar rafters; and all that part of the house sacred to Colonel Vorse, and opened now the first time in many winters, was thoroughly warm and cheerful with lights and flowers and rugs and easy-chairs and books. We might easily have fancied ourselves, that night, in those spacious rooms, when, toilets made and dinner over, we re-assembled around the solid glow of the chimney logs, a modern party in some old mediæval chamber, all the more for the spirit of the scene outside, where the storm was telling its rede again, rain changing to snow, and a cruel blast keening round the many gables and screaming down the chimneys. After all, Rhoda's and Merivale's plan of having us in the hills before late-lingering winter should be quite gone, and doing a little Sintram business with skates and wolves and hill visions, should have been carried out earlier. To them it was all but little less novel than it was to me, and Rhoda, who, although a year or two my junior, had been my intimate, so far as I ever had an intimate, would not rest till she had devised this party, without which she knew she could not have me, even persuading our good old Dr. Devens to leave his pulpit and people, and stamp the proceeding with his immaculate respectability. As it was, however, it looked as though we were simply to be shut in by a week of storm following the thaw. Well, there are compensations in all things: perhaps two people in whom I had some interest would know each other a trifle better before the week ended then.

The place was really the home of Rhoda and Merivale, or was now to become so. Colonel Vorse, their father, who had married so young that he felt but little older than they, and was quite their companion, was still the owner of the vast summer hostelry, although no longer its manager. After accumulating his fortune he had taken his children about the world, educating them and himself at the same time, with now an object lesson in Germany and now another in Peru, and finally returning to this place, which, so far as we could see, was absolute desolation, without a neighbor, but which to him was bristling with memories and associations and old friends across the intervale and over the mountain and round the spur. There was something weird to me, as I looked out at the flying whiteness of the moon-lit storm, in those acquaintances of his among the hollows of these pallid hills; it seemed as though they must partake of the coldness and whiteness, and as if they were only dead people, when all was said. Perhaps Dr. Devens, who half the way up had been quoting,

> "Pavilioned high, he sits
> In darkness from excessive splendor born,"

had another phase of the same feeling. I heard him saying, as I passed him five minutes before, where he sat astride a chair in front of the long oriel casement: "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen: the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. He putteth forth his hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and

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the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light." He is expecting a convulsion of nature, I remember thinking, as I went by and paused at another window myself. A convulsion of nature! I fancy that he found it.

"There is something eerie here," I said, as I still gazed at the scene; for the dim gigantic shapes of the hills rose round us like sheeted ghosts, while the flying scud of the storm, filled with the white diffusion of unseen light, every now and then opened to let the glimpses out. "And see the witch-fires," as the rosy reflections of our burning logs and lights danced on the whirling snow without. "Is there anything wanting to make us feel as if we had been caught here by some spell, and were to be held by some charm?"

"I wish I knew the charm," said Colonel Vorse, by my side, and half under his breath. And then I felt a little angrier with myself for coming than I had felt before.

"I often hear you talking of your belief in certain telluric forces that must have most power among the mountains where they first had play, and where earth is not only beneath, but is above you and around you. Well, we are here in the stronghold of these telluric forces. I am their old friend and ally: let me see what they will do for me."

It was true. And I half shivered with an indefinite fear that I might be compelled, in spite of all wish and prejudice and birthright—I, the child of proud old colonial grandees of the South; he, the son of a mountain farmer, who had married a mate of his own degree, and had kept a mountain inn till fortune found him and death took her. My father at least was the child of those proud old colonials, and I had lived with his people and been reared on their traditions. Who my mother was I never knew; for my father had married her in some romantic fashion—a runaway match—and she had died at my birth, and he had shortly followed her. I had nothing that belonged to her but the half of a broken miniature my father had once painted of her, as I understood. I always wore it, with I know not what secret sentiment, but I showed it to nobody. I had sometimes wondered about the other half, but my life had not left me much time for sentiment or wonder—full of gayety till my grandfather's death left me homeless; full of gayety since his friend Mrs. Montresor had adopted me for child and companion, subject to her kind whims and tyrannies. But if she took me here and took me there, and clad me like a princess, I was none the less aware of the fact that I was without a penny—morbidly aware of it without doubt. But it disposed me to look with favor on no rich man's suit, and the lover as penniless as I and as fine as my ideal lover had not yet appeared. It made me almost hate the face and form, the color, the hair, that they dared to call Titianesque, speak of as if it were the free booty of pigment and canvas, and wish to drag captive in the golden chains of their wealth. When I had met Colonel Vorse, a year ago, twice my age though he was, he was the first one I had wished as poor as I—he the plebeian newly rich. Yet not so newly rich was he that he had not had time to become used to his riches, to see the kingdoms of the earth and weigh them in his balance, to serve his country on the battle-field, and his State in the council-chamber; and, for the rest, contact with the world is sadly educating.

"I often look at Colonel Vorse among the men born in the purple," said Mrs. Montresor once—she thought people born in the purple were simply those who had never earned their living—"and he is the superior of them all. What a country it is where a man keeping a common tavern in the first half of his life may make himself the equal of sovereigns in the other half! I don't understand it; he is the finest gentleman of them all. And he looks it. Don't you think so, Helena?"

But I never told Mrs. Montresor what I thought. It is all very well to generalize and to be glad that certain institutions produce certain effects; but of course you are superior to the institutions, or you wouldn't be generalizing so, and all the more, of course, superior to the effects, and so I don't see how it signifies to you personally.

"You ought to have your head carried on a pike," said Mrs. Montresor, again. "You will, if we ever have any *bonnets rouges* in America. You are the aristocrat pure and simple. The Princess Lamballe was nothing to you. You think humanity exists so that *nous autres*, by standing on it, may get the light and air. You are sure that you are made of different clay—the canaille of street mud, for instance, and you of the fine white stuff from which they mould Dresden china.

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You are quite a study to me, my love. I expect to see you marry a pavior yet, either one who lays down or one who tears up paving-stones." But I had only laughed again. She plumed herself on being cosmopolitan even to her principles.

"You give me credit for too much thinking on the subject," I said, "if it is credit. Indeed, I don't concern myself about such people; and as for marrying one of them, I could as soon marry into a different race, African or Mongolian. They *are* a different race."

And I remembered all this as Colonel Vorse stood leaning his hand above me on the jamb of the window-frame—for although I was tall, he was a son of Anak—with that air which, never vaunting strength, always made you aware of its repression. I could fancy hearing Mrs. Montresor say, "That air of his! it always fetches women!" for she loved a little slang, by some antipodal attraction of her refinement, and I instinctively stiffened myself, determined it should never fetch *me*. And here he was calling his allies, the spirits and powers of the dark and terrible mountain heights and depths, and openly giving battle. I don't know why it depressed me; I felt as if the very fact that it did was a half surrender; I looked up at him a moment; I forgot who he was; I wished he was as poor as I. But to become the mother of Rhoda, my friend, and of Merivale, that laughing young giant—what absurdity, if all the rest were equal! And that other, the dead woman, the first wife—should one not always be jealous of that sweet early love? Could one endure it?' Here among these hills with all their ghostliness she would haunt me. And then I turned and swept away to the fireside, holding out my hands to the flame, and glad to sink into the chair that some one had left empty there.

I hardly knew what world I was living in when, perhaps a half-hour later, I heard Colonel Vorse's voice. "The trouble is that men are *not* born free and equal," he was saying. "Free? They are hampered by inheritance and circumstance from the moment of birth. Equal? It is a self-evident lie. And the world has rhapsodized for a hundred years over so clumsy a statement. All men are born with equal rights. That is the precise statement. My rights—rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—are equal to the rights of all the princelings of the earth; their rights equal only to mine. So far as they interfere with my rights they are public enemies, and are to be dealt with; and so far as I interfere with their rights, I am a trespasser to be punished. Otherwise, prince or peasant, each is a man, whether he wears a blouse or a star and garter; and if man was made in the image of God, let us do no indignity to that image in one or in another."

Did I understand him? Was Colonel Vorse proclaiming himself the equal of Prince San Sorcererino who had entertained us in his palaces last year? Well. And was he not? All at once something seemed to sift away from before my eyes—a veil that had hidden my kind from me. Was there no longer even that natural aristocracy in which Shakspeare or Homer or Dante was king? Was the world a brotherhood, and they the public enemy, the enemy of the great perfect race to come, who helped one brother take advantage of another? Were those ribbons in the button-hole, the gifts of kings, of no more worth than the ribbons of cigars?

Mrs. Montresor was toying with her fan beside me, and talking in an under-tone behind it. "What prince of all that you have seen or read of," said she, "if born on a meagre mountain farm, would have made his fortune and have educated himself as this man has done? I think the kings who founded races of kings were like him. And what prince of them all alive looks so much the prince as he? This one as fat as Falstaff and as low, that one with a hump on his back, the other without brains, the next with brains awry, and none of them made as becomes a man. Tell me, Helena?"

"I think you are in love yourself," I said.

She laughed. "As tall as Saul, as dark, as lordly in all proportions, as gentle as Jonathan, and with a soul like David's—why shouldn't I be?" she said. "And he not the equal of the granddaughter of a South Carolina planter! Tell me again, Helena, what has she ever done to prove herself his equal?"

She had had a fancy—Heaven knows why—that her young mother, who had run away with her father, was the daughter of a noble foreign family; or else why should the match have been clandestine? She had had a fancy that she was therefore noble, as her mother was—the mother even whose name her child did not

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know other than as the slaves had told her the young bridegroom called her Pansy because of a pair of purple-dark eyes. That was about all. That was all the answer I could have made, had I spoken, to her gentle raillery, half mockery, in which she did not quite believe herself. But even were it so, and the daughter noble as the mother, could blood that had filtered through generations of oppressors lounging in laps of luxury be pure as this blood that had informed none but simple and innocent lives, and seemed just now as if it had come fresh from the hands of the Maker? I surveyed him from behind the hand-screen that failed to keep the ruddy flames from my face, and if I felt him in that glance to be one of the sons of God, and I but one of the daughters of men, again I did not tell Mrs. Montresor.

But the witch could always read my thoughts. "Still," she said, "he has kept a tavern. There is no getting round that fact by all the poetry in the world. Then why try to get round it? He has furnished food and shelter to the tired and roofless—as noble a way to make money, surely, as working the bones and muscles of slaves, and accepting the gold they earn."

"That is the last I have of such gold," I cried, in a stifled way; and I unclasped the old bracelet on my wrist and tossed it behind the back-log—people were too gayly engaged to observe us at the moment. "I think," I said then, turning upon her, "that you are employed as an advocate, unless—you are really weary of me."

"Weary of you!" she exclaimed, half under her breath though it was—"weary of you, when you are such unceasing variety to me that if you married ten thousand tavern-keepers I should always have a room in the inn!"

"Thank Heaven," I answered her, gayly, "it is an impossibility that I should ever marry *one*." And then there was a lull in the laughter and the snatches of song and conversation on the other side of the room; and while I was still gazing after my bracelet and into the chimney-place, where the flames wallowed about unhewn forest logs that took two men to cast to them, Colonel Vorse came over to us.

"You will turn into salamanders," he said.

"It is bad enough to be in hot water," said Mrs. Montresor, lightly. "I will leave the fire to you and Helena."

"Where you sit," said Colonel Vorse then to me, "if you turn your head slightly to the left, and shade your eyes, you can see the side of the darkest and sternest of our mountains. You know we do not call our hills by the names they have in maps and government surveys; the old settlers who first came here called this one, for unknown reasons of their own, the Mount of Sorrow. It has always been the Mount of Sorrow."

"An ominous name for so near a neighbor," I said.

"Ah! you think this region is oppressive, or perhaps dull and tame, without life or stir—desolate, in fact. What if I should tell you that it bubbles like a caldron over the bottomless pit, with griefs and sins!—that in lives condemned to perpetual imprisonment on these bare rocks, feeding on themselves, traits intensifying, the loneliness, the labor, the negation, slowly extract the juices of humanity, and make crime a matter to be whispered of among them? If they feel they are forgotten by God, what matters the murder or the suicide more or less that gives release? It is hell here or hell there: they are sure of this—they have it; the other may not come to pass."

"What do you mean?" I said, with white lips; for as he spoke it seemed as if I had come into a land of lepers. "Here in this white solitude, among lives fed from the primitive sources of nature and the dew of the morning—"

"I mean," he said, "that I refuse to accept the factitious aid your thoughts have lately been bringing to me. You see I have preternatural senses. Because I was born in the snows of the mountains I am no whit whiter than those born in the purlieus of the police stations of the cities. We are simply of the same human nature. When I win regard, it must be for no idle fancy, but for my own identity."

"Well," I said, "I do not believe you."

"Ah!" he replied, "have I gained a point, and found an advocate in an ideal of me? That would be as romantic as any of the romance of the hills. And there *is* romance here, whether it is born of crime, or of joy, or of sorrow. There is romance enough on that old Mount of Sorrow that you see when the storm opens and strips it in that sudden white glory. Keep your eye, if you please, on a spot half-way up the sky, and when the apparition comes again you will find the dark outline of a

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dwelling there. It was a dwelling once; now it is only a ruin, hut and barn and byre. Why do you shudder? Do you see it? It is only a shadow. But a shadow with outlines black enough to defy the whitest blast that ever blew. Sometimes it seems to me as though that old ruin were itself a ghostly thing, a spectre of tragedies that will not down; for the avalanches divide and leave it, and the storms whistle over and beat against it, and it is always there when the sun rises. I don't know what it has to do with my fortunes; I don't know why it is a blotch upon the face of nature to me; but if ever I grow sad or sick at heart I feel as though I should be made whole again could that evil thing be removed."

"Why not remove it?"

"It does not belong to me. I can do nothing with it. I am not sure that it belongs to any one—which adds to the spectral, you see—although I suppose there is somewhere a nameless heir. How restless you are!" he said, gently. "Will you come out in the long hall where the great window gives an unobstructed view of the thing, and walk off this nervousness? The storm is lifting, I think; the moon is going to overcome. One may see by the way the fire burns that the temperature is mounting. Perhaps we shall have a snow-slide as we walk."

Rhoda and Merivale were singing some of the songs they had learned since they came into the hill country, Mrs. Montresor was nodding behind her fan an accompaniment to Dr. Devens's remarks, Adèle was deep in her novel, and a flirtation and some portfolios of prints occupied the rest. To refuse was only to attract attention; besides, I should like to walk. I rose and went out with him into the hall that shut off the wing from the great empty caravansary.

"'And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor,'"

I quoted as we walked; and despite the fire burning on either side, he had brought me a fur for my shoulders.

"Yes," he said, "there comes the moon at last. Now you shall see the black and white of it."

"Oh!" I cried, clasping my hands, as all the silvery lights and immense shadows burst out in a terrible sort of radiance. "The world began to be made here! Poets should be born here!"

"Instead of tavern-keepers," said he, "which brings me to my story. I am forty-three years old. Of course I was younger twenty-three years ago. That must have been not long before you came into the world yourself. Do you insist upon thinking twenty years difference in age makes any disparity, except in the case of him who has lost just that twenty years' sweetness out of his life?"

"I hardly see what that has to do with the story of the Mount of Sorrow," I said, as we turned from the window to measure the length of the hall again.

"I hope," said he, "that the suffrage reform, which is to admit women to the ballot, will never let them sit on the judicial bench, for mercy is foreign to the heart of a woman."

"Is it not a strange way of telling a story?" I exclaimed.

"Patience!" he laughed. "The story is so short it needs a little preface. As I was saying, then, when I was twenty years old or so, the name of old Raynier, of the Mount of Sorrow, was a by-word of terror through the region round, as the name of his father was, and his father before him. He had no other property than the sterile farm half-way up the mountain, and almost inaccessible—in winter entirely inaccessible—where he raised not half a support on the slips of earth among the ledges; his few starved sheep and goats did what they could for him, and his rifle did the rest. The first Raynier of them all was possibly an escaped convict, who fortified his retreat by these mountain-sides. He had no money; the women spun and wove all that was worn. He had no education; no Raynier had ever had; no Raynier had ever had occasion to sign his mark, let alone his name. There had been one son in each generation; neither church nor school ever saw him; his existence was scarcely known till he was ready to marry, and then he came down, and by no one knows what other magic than a savage force of nature took the prettiest girl of the valley to his eyrie—sometimes his wife, sometimes not. When she died, and she always died, the Raynier of the day replaced her. He did not always wait for her to die before replacing her. But sudden deaths were no uncommon thing in that house; there was a burial-ground scooped in the hill-side. And who was there to interfere? Perhaps no one knew there had been a death

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till the year was out. What if a woman went mad? That happened anywhere. People below might prate of murder, or suicide, or slow poison; there was nobody to whom it was vital enough to open the question seriously; and then they feared the Raynier with an uncanny fear, as people fear a catamount in the woods, or the goblin of old wives' tales after dark. There were horrible stories of bouts and brawls, of tortures, gags, whips, and—oh, no matter! Nor was all the crime on the shoulders of the Raynier men. It was understood that more than one woman of the name found life too intolerable to endure its conditions, when the fumes of a charcoal fire after a drunken feast, or a quick thrust over the edge of a precipice, or a bit of weed in the broth, made life easier, till remorse brought madness. And finally, if any Raynier died what may be called a natural death, it was either from starvation or from delirium tremens. You see they were a precious lot."

"A precious lot!" I said, trembling. "Ah, what is heaven made of? Poor wretches, they could not help it. From generation to generation the children of such people must needs be criminal."

"I don't know. If removed from such influence. To my mind environment is strong as heredity, quite as strong. It destroys the old and creates the new. However, environment and heredity worked together up there. In my day—to continue—the Raynier family was larger than usual. The last wife still lived, a miserable cowed creature, white as ashes, face and hair and bleached scared eyes, eyes that looked as if they saw phantoms rather than people. Her mind was partially gone. I was a famous mountaineer then, and climbing wherever foot of man had been before, I once in a while came upon some or other of that family, and sometimes paused at the door, where I had first to teach the blood-hounds a lesson. I never entered the filthy place but once. There were two sons and a daughter. Oh, how immortally beautiful that girl was! Such velvet darkness in the eye, such statuesque lines, such rose-leaf color, such hair—'hair like the thistle-down tinted with gold,' as John Mills, the Scotch poet-player, sang. The old man Raynier worshipped her, perhaps as a wild beast loves its whelp. But he had all sorts of fanciful names for her, Heart's-ease and Heart's Delight, and Violet and Rose and Lily. He grew almost gentle when he spoke to her; and he never knew that she was feeble-minded. She just missed being an imbecile. Perhaps you would not have known that all at once; you might not have found it out at all only meeting her casually. The old man Raynier sent her down to school—the first that had ever been there: she could never learn to read. She could not always tell her name. Still, her mind was innocent—perhaps because it was a blank. I have sometimes thought that blank mind of hers may have been a dead-wall through which the vices of her forebears could not pass, and so her children, if she had them, may have escaped the inheritance, and found a chance for good again, as if crime should at last estop itself. That may be."

"Oh, I think this is terrible!" I said, as we turned again in our walk. "Make haste, please, and be through."

"Yes, it is. But I would show you that life can be anything but commonplace in this wilderness. Well, blank or not, she had a lover, who had found her out in his sketching rambles, a young painter from some distant parts, and the first boarder I ever had, by-the-way. And all the Rayniers swore they would have his life sooner than he should have her. One day I had been hunting on old Mount Sorrow, as it happened; there had been a sudden frost following rain that had frozen the water in the cracks of the cliffs, and made the way not only slippery, but dangerous; for in the heat of the noon sun the ice was melting, and every now and then its expansion was rending some fragment of rock so that your footing might vanish from beneath, or some shower of stones come rattling down from above; and I was tired when I reached the Raynier place, led by a blaze of maple boughs that started out like torches to show the way, and stopped to rest. I looked up at an enormous shelf of rock, half clad with reddened vines that fluttered like pestilence flags—a shelf that, although some hundred feet or so away from it, yet overhung the place and cast a perpetual shadow there. I wondered then why Nature had no secret springs of feeling to thrill her and cause her to rend the rocks and cover such a den of iniquity as we all held the spot to be. But Nature was just as fair that ambrosial September day as if there was not a dissonance. Perhaps she knew the right of the Rayniers to life, liberty, and the pursuit of

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happiness. A delicious scent of the balsam from the pines filled the air, the sunshine swept over the hills below in waves of light, and the hills themselves were like waves of a golden green and purple sea where now and then a rainbow swam and broke. Peace and perfectness, I said, peace and perfectness. These people live and are happy. On the other side one looked into the dreary defile of the mountain gate, with its black depths hung with cloud, and remembered that if there was not a hell, there ought to be. I was thinking this as I sat there, when I heard a wild cry, an agonized shriek, blood-curdling, repeated and repeated from within. It was the girl's voice. I was on my feet, and, in spite of the blood-hounds, making for the spot and among the crew. The old woman cowered in the corner, the two brothers held the girl, the old man towered over her, his great eyes blazing in his ashen face. I can't tell you what they were doing. Sometimes I have thought old Raynier was burning her with a hot iron he held—"

"Oh, horrible! horrible!"

"Burning her with a hot iron to make her give up her lover! Sometimes I have thought he was only demolishing the little likenesses of him and of herself, which that lover had painted, and which she cherished, perhaps as his work, perhaps for the unwonted gewgaw of the slender golden frame, for the one picture was already in fragments, and although she clutched half of the other, the broken half had fallen and rolled away. I have it somewhere. I will show it to you. I had no time, indeed, to see what it was they were doing, for behind me bounded that lover like a whirlwind, thrust one brother and the other aside, seized the girl, darted over the door-sill with her, and down the crags of the mountain path. He should have what help I could give. I was after him, stooping to catch up the fragment of painting as I turned, down the cliff's edge, they following. And all at once I stopped as if paralyzed to the marrow by a clap of thunder, and turned my head to see the old man with his white hair streaming, and his arms uplifted in his cursing, as he came leaping on, and the next moment the shelf of overhanging rock had fallen, had cleft the house in twain, and mother and father and sons and hounds were dust with the dust flying over the precipices. I saw it."

"Oh!" I cried, with my hands over my eyes. "Why did it not strike you blind?"

"And here," said Colonel Vorse, leading my steps to an old cabinet in an alcove, "ought to be the half of that little likeness I picked up as I ran. I wonder what became of the other half—what became of the girl—if the lover married her—if she knew enough to know he didn't marry her—if she lived long enough for him to find out she was a fool—if she was the last of the Rayniers?" As he ceased, he put the half of the little miniature into my hands.

It was a broken bit of ivory, and on it the upper part of a face, sketchily done, with pansy-dark eyes and blush-rose skin—without a frame. I had the frame.

A heart-beat, a fluttering breath, a reeling sense of the world staggering away from me, and then my bewildered senses were at work again, and an agony like death was cutting me to the heart as we resumed our walking.

Should I tell him? Should I go on with my secret, my inheritance, my curse, and let no man know? If it ate out my heart, the sooner to end; my heart was broken now. Never, never now could fireside shine for me, could lover's lips be mine, could little faces sun themselves in my smile.

We paused before the great window, with those vague white shapes before us, for my feet would not obey me, and the light behind us shone on the bit of ivory. If I told him, it would be easier for him to bear; he would see the impossibility, he would desire my love no longer. My fearful inheritance would yawn like a gulf between us with its impassable darkness.

"And the ruin on the hill-side is an eye-sore," I said. "But it is easy to remove it. I suppose it belongs to me. For—look here—it is I who must be the last of the Rayniers." And I drew from my breast the broken thing, the halved miniature, that in my mock sentiment I had worn so long.

"You!" cried he. "You!" And his feet tottered, and he leaned against the casement for support—he who an hour or so ago had seemed so full of repressed strength that he could have pulled his house down about his ears. Well, had he not done so?

I moved to his side, and held the thing that he might see where the pieces match-

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ed, the line of the cheek flowing into the lovely curve of the chin, the flickering sweetness of the lovely mouth, the lambent glance of the lovely eye. "It is my mother, you see," I said. "And it needs no words to say it."

"It needs no words to say it," he repeated, hoarsely. "It is your image. Oh, my God! What have I done! what have I done! My darling, my darling, you must let me repair it by a lifetime of devotion." And he had his arms about me, and was drawing me to his heaving breast, his throbbing heart.

"No! no! no!" I sobbed. "It is impossible. I am wrecked; I am ruined; I can be no man's wife. You see yourself—I will never—" But his lips were silencing mine, and I lay there with those arms about me a moment; I lay there like one in heaven suspended over hell.

"What do I care," he whispered, "for all the Rayniers in Christendom or out of it, but you? I have learned in this moment that you love me! I will never give you up."

"You must," I groaned.

"I tell you I never will," he said, his voice husky and low and trembling, but his eye and his grasp firm. "I have assured you that environment, education, art, can supplement nature and heredity. They have done so with you. You are your father's child. You received from your mother only the vital spark, only this beauty, this fatal beauty. If you inherited all that the Rayniers ever had, then I love, I love, I love all that the Rayniers ever were, for I love you. I have your love, Helena, and I will never let you go." While speaking he had touched the bell at his hand, and now he sent the answering servant for Dr. Devens, who came at once, supposing some sight of the snow was in store.

"Bid them all out here, Doctor," cried Colonel Vorse. "Ah, here they come! In this part of the country we need no license for marriage. Here are a bride and groom awaiting your blessing. Perform your office, sir." And before I could summon heart or voice, making no response, bewildered and faint, I was the wife of Colonel Vorse, and my husband's arms were supporting me as the words of the prayer and benediction rolled over us.

"There is no time like the present," he cried, gayly, his tones no longer broken, "as I have always found." And suddenly, before he ceased, and while they all thronged round me, there came a sharp strange sigh singing through the air, that grew into the wild discordant music of multitudinous echoes, and we all turned and sprang intuitively to see, rent in the moonlight and sheathed in the glorious spray of a thousand ice-falls, the Mount of Sorrow bow its head and come down, and, while the whole earth shook and smoked back in hoar vapors, the great snow-slide in its swift sheeting splendor flash and wipe out before our eyes the last timber of the hut and barn and byre of the Rayniers.

AN ÆSTHETIC IDEA.

I.—THE IDEA.

DR. JOHN HAMILTON, musing as he walked, and making little or nothing of his musings, cleared his brow, quickened his pace, and taking a fresh look at life through his shining glasses, mentally exclaimed, "First, I will consult Margaret: she always knows how to convert a mere sentiment into an accomplished charity"; and raising his head with the air of a man who flings aside a garment that weighs him down, he strode homeward through the dull dusk of a November evening. The Doctor was a happy man, whose happiness, like the rising Nile, could not contain itself between the narrow banks of a selfish life, but overflowed to bless with tender verdure the barren places about him. Forty-five, and still unmarried, the sorrows he had known had left behind no trace in a warped and eccentric manhood. His genial smile, his quiet humor, and hearty kindness bespoke the contentment of one who reverences God and loves his kind. Of late years, and by tardy inheritance, his lines had been cast in pleasant places, and he no longer, as in his youth, needed to work hard for money, but the habit of work was so strong upon him that the poor had now as a generous gift the skill which he had once exercised of necessity. He had just come from the Children's Hospital, where every day he gave untiring and unrewarded service, and the engrossing subject of his thoughts as he walked homeward was the fate of a child by whose bedside he had been standing but a few moments ago. He had almost wished she was a boy, this little dancer and rider, who, cutting her antics in the ring, slipped and fell beneath the

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flying feet of the horses, and in one instant had the left side of her face stamped out of recognition. The travelling circus, which for her contained neither father, mother, nor relative, and at best but impotent if not quite indifferent friends, had journeyed on and left her, totally destitute, upon that desolate coast, the world's mercy. He looked at her to-day as she peacefully slept for the first time in many weeks, and saw, with intense pity, that she concealed, partly by the pillow and partly by one shading hand, the cruel disfigurement of which she was becoming dimly conscious. The right side of her face, seen as he saw it now, in profile, was perfect, and its beauty by remorseless contrast marked with more bitter emphasis the ruin wrought by the iron hoof.

"So intimate," he reflected, "is the connection between soul and body, that every emotion is painted upon the surface of that crystal mirror, the human countenance. If her external disfiguration is aggravated and heightened by moral deformity, how hideous will the face of this poor waif become!—the head of Medusa upon the graceful body of a child! Her only hope of happiness is in a life whose benign influence will call forth the noblest and purest qualities of her heart. At fourteen, and coming from such surroundings, who can say how far already moral disease may have developed? Yet she sleeps like an infant, and only in the outspread hand upon her cheek is the woman foreshadowed, and woman's instinctive desire to be beautiful. The ideal in her, aroused and strengthened, would modify if not remould the marred visage, and her better nature predominating, she has at most but the shock of the first moment to dread in meeting those to whom she is unknown. After that, though the soul may have but limited space to set forth its loveliness, its irradiating power will soften and hide, like the glory Moses wore, the distortion, and those who look upon her will see the spiritual above the sensual, and its grace above the scars."

So he reasoned; but generous and far-seeing as he was, it was to the unexcelled executive abilities of his good sister he must trust for the accomplishment of his benevolent wishes for Annette's future, therefore he exclaimed, "First, I must consult Margaret."

Now, by one of those coincidences which may merely happen, or which may be governed by the laws of magnetism, it chanced that the Doctor's excellent relative was at that very instant resolving to ask *his* advice, for, vigorously planning and busily bustling about the multifarious duties of their home government, which had that very morning suffered unprecedented disarragement, she mentally ejaculated, as she pushed aside a curtain to peer into the darkness of the fast-falling night: "I'll have John's ideas on the subject. It is just his way to give one a pearl of good sense hidden in the tangled sea-weed of his romantic fancies; and though one must search for it, it is always worth the pains. How I wish he would come!"

So when at last he did come, and had dined and wined—for he lived like a prince in his grand old house—had drawn his arm-chair opposite the cheerful glow of the library fire, and comfortably settled himself to arrange in suitable sequence the thoughts which he had resolved to impart to his companion, looking up, he perceived upon her face that expression which a woman wears when she has an irrepressible desire to communicate something. Catching his glance, she exclaimed, without prelude or comment, "Sarah has gone!"

"Gone?" The doctor's look was startled, his tone incredulous. He could scarcely have seemed more surprised had some one proved that a planet had taken an eccentric swing out of its accustomed orbit, and yet Sarah was neither sweetheart, cousin, nor niece; she was simply the cook.

"Yes," resumed his sister, "she has gone, after twenty years of creditable service. Her brother has disappeared, leaving his five motherless little ones wholly unprovided for, and she, faithful creature, flew at once to their rescue. She left this morning shortly after you went out."

The Doctor was a man whose serenity was seldom disturbed, yet there was a tinge of indignant scorn in his tone as he exclaimed: "The coward knave! he runs his wild race, drinks his poor rum, indulges every desire of his ruffianly heart, and when the legitimate duties of life press too heavily upon him he flings the burden off at a woman's feet, and flies. What does Sarah propose to do with it?"

"Carry it till she drops in the harness. That is her way."

"Impossible to allow it! Her home and place are here."

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"Well, John, what shall we do? It has troubled me all day—"

"I can understand," said he, smiling, "that the lower regions, now unqueened, are in a state of anarchy."

"Nonsense, John!" she answered, with impetuous haste. "Do you think anarchy shall ever divide the throne with me while I am able to wield a gridiron or a rolling-pin? I have not forgotten the days when I broiled the steak and dressed the salad myself. No: my troubled thoughts were for these little children. Two are boys, and boys are good stock; with a little guidance they fall easily into their places in life. But the girls, Madge, Belle, and baby Bessie!—can you suggest anything for them?"

How hearty and pleasant was the Doctor's ringing laugh! "My dear Margaret, since Timon of Athens died of too much man, I must regard it as quite possible to die of too much girl. *I've* had one on my mind for weeks, and resolved to-night to ask your advice concerning her, but before I've a chance you have actually quadrupled my perplexities!" And again he laughed, leaning back in his chair.

"Is it possible? And pray where did you find your girl?"

The Doctor then related the circumstances of the young rider's cruel marring, and dwelt upon the importance her future education would have upon her happiness, while his sister listened with keen sympathy and acquiescence. Here was a dilemma indeed! and they sat pondering before the bright fire, as if the charity of the land had not provided workhouses, homes, and asylums by hundreds. He gazed upon the glowing coal, and its light flashed on his glasses, as if the thoughts of his busy brain were scintillating as he mused; and she sat near him, vigorously knitting—she did everything vigorously—and waited for him to speak. Presently, as if he had found his inspiration in the dancing fire-light, he began:

"I sat here alone last night, and through the drawn portière I heard the far-away silvery tinkle of the sweet-voiced circle you had gathered about you, and, neither listening nor caring, their words floated upward as the enchantresses discussed and settled the affairs of the whole earth. Indeed, for them but one subject seemed incapable of settlement, and I smiled as the crystalline ring changed to a tone of dolorous discontent. The music that had fallen upon my charmed ears with its *scherzoso* movement became *allegro agitato*, beneath which I discerned the smothered cries of confusion, tumult, and dismay. And this theme—the home government and management of servants—the very one which some adventurer from a distant star, making a tour of the globe, might suppose would awaken all a woman's enthusiasm; but men who are born upon this planet know better. Yet over it they should coo gently like brooding doves, or chirp gayly like nest-building swallows, or sing like sirens rocked upon the smooth-gliding waves of the sea. Since Eve spread her fatal feast of apples, domestic economy—by which I mean the entire science of home rule—has ever been a topic upon which our sex is either bound to have no opinion, or to strictest silence if it has."

He paused, and Miss Margaret looked up with a smile, as she remembered with what energy she and her friends had discussed over their crewels and lace-work the everlasting problem of the incompetency of hired help. Resuming, he said:

"And yet, since the day when Abraham's wife fretted because of her handmaid, down to the departure of our Sarah—centuries which have settled many a vexed question for *man*—what progress have our gentle sisters made in the art of household government, trained help, and far-reaching discipline? None. Our cook gone, to-night we are tossing on the same troubled sea as the rest of the world, and know not where to find another Sarah."

"But if we relieve her of the children she will return."

"Yes, but she will be the *same* Sarah. Now why should it be impossible to fill her place with another just as good? So admirably trained are men in the various occupations which fall to their lot that the loss of one man can seldom, if ever, occasion a total disturbance of the harmonious whole. Temporary delay may ensue, but there is no gap in the ranks; no man's place stands vacant forever, and it is on this principle of succession that the science of government, even among savages, is carried on. An empire, unkinged to-night, sees to-morrow a new king; but Sarah's position is unique in this—it can not be filled. Cooks have no competitors. Upon how insecure a foundation has our domestic comfort rested for twenty years! You took Sarah when a girl, and with infinite

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pains and admirable patience taught her her business, and a reckless brother in an hour overthrows the work of years."

The humorous intonation of his voice, the twinkling gleam in his eyes, betrayed the laugh in his heart, but as she calmly listened she did wonder how he was going to wind up his monologue, and how it would affect the children.

"To find land, therefore, in this ocean of difficulty we must have another Columbus, for there never was and never will be a Columba. The wet clay of domestic capability upon which your white-handed sisters have for ages looked with dismay, or with which they have unavailingly daubed their fair fingers, under the magical touch of an artist embodies his heavenliest ideas. If to man instead of to woman it had naturally fallen to rule the house, he would have reduced its government to a science, as he has chemistry, or the training and disciplining of armies and of the trades, and in the kitchen or laundry there would be a precision and order where now there is a madness without method; for observe that in many things women have not only the harmlessness but the simplicity of doves. A man who wants a blacksmith hires a blacksmith, but he never expects him to do a jeweller's work. But a woman who wants an efficient, light-footed, intelligent assistant—on whom does *she* call? On the unhappy daughters of Erin! She needs deft fingers for her frail china, and uses those which have been browned by the sun in the field; she wishes a dainty repast, and expects it of one who may or may not know how to boil a potato; and, disappointed in the result, sits down to weep, never suspecting what a bundle of inaccuracies her logic is. Æstheticism in the kitchen is either a lost art or an undiscovered one, but its restoration or discovery will finally be due to *man's* genius, for in six thousand years women have failed to compass it."

Rapidly the shining needles clicked, but there was nothing defiant in the sound. Patiently this admirable woman was sifting the sand and shells and tangled weeds for the pearl she was sure to find.

"But you see," he continued, "this is due to the fact that the creative or formative powers of your sex are weak—the receptive powers strong. Had the organization of armies fallen to women, there would never have been any, not so much because they love war less, as because they signally fail in handling masses. For this reason women are seldom at the head of great factories, even where women are employed, and never, save by compliment, at the head of an army. It has justly been observed that with a woman could never have originated the potent brevity of that word 'Halt!' for all your commands are issued in the periphrasis of Richter's generaless—'All you people, as soon as I have done speaking, I command you all to stand still in your places—stop! I tell you.'"

The ruddy face, cap-crowned, beamed genially upon the orator of the evening. He could not go on forever; presently he would gather up the ravelled ends of his discourse and disclose the pattern of his design, and she smiled as he continued.

"What we want, but what you have not given us, is a school where the little waifs who slave in factories, or beg in the streets, or go to ruin in the by-ways, could be trained, and a system which would utilize them for intelligent service in comfortable homes, which they need never leave till they find happier, either here or hereafter."

Ah, here was a gleam as of morning in the darkness of the Doctor's speech! A school and a system—she could approve of that.

"With these four children suddenly thrust upon us, I think it possible to undertake an experiment that should have been tried when the world was young. We will build a House Beautiful, and place at its head a mother, who in this safe retreat will teach these and other little ones the æsthetics of the kitchen, the fine art from which all others sprung, and with which, for her sex, no other can compare. Let them with their fairy fingers keep their home orderly and beautiful, from the ashes on the hearth to the trash in the garret. Youth, with its impressibility, is essential to the success of the plan, because they must come with no preconceived ideas as to the menial stamp of the work, no false notions to eradicate. Let her teach them," said he, while enthusiasm sparkled in his eyes and flushed his cheeks, "that this particular class of labor is as susceptible of idealization as is the face of an Italian peasant in which the artist's eye discerns the pensive beauty of a Madonna; that if it has come to have upon it a menial stamp it is because

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it has fallen into menial hands; that as an occupation the office, which demands health, integrity, and intelligence, pays not only from a monetary point of view, but is rewarded with the appreciation, the gratitude, and esteem of those to whom such service is rendered."

And so at last she had her *Edelstein*, and to her fell the task of finding a setting worthy of it. His enthusiasm had kindled hers, and she forgot the queens, Amazons, and generalesses of whom she was about to remind him in her eagerness to give to his experiment a name and shape. She would consult the Silver-Voiced. All were rich, many generous, and before another year's blossoming spring by their united effort such a home and school might be founded as would in time demand the beneficent recognition of the State; and so they talked by the bright fire while the unconscious children—over whose future these childless ones arose like guardian angels—slumbered, watched by Him who giveth His beloved, not sleep, but *while* they sleep.

II.—THE FULFILLMENT.

For weeks afterward Miss Margaret was a busy woman, and after numberless meetings, consultations, and appointing of committees, it became apparent that the Doctor's dream was not to fade like the morning mist. A site for the school once chosen—an ancient mansion whose greatest value lay in its old rose garden, where the happy children might chase each other in the sun—what furnishing, buying, donating, and bringing forth from treasuries things old and new! But in all the accumulating nothing multiplied like the children. As they stood, surveyed with profound satisfaction by the Doctor, he said: "Twenty already, and our quiver will hold but ten more. Now we must advertise for a mother for them."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his sister, startled by so novel a proposition.

"Not at all—not at all," he replied; "I would not advise you ever to advertise for a father, for not one man in fifty has the true fatherly instinct, or, if he has, it is for his own, and not other people's children. This is where we fail, my dear; but women, thank God, from the time they carry that simulacrum of a child, the first doll, to their latest breath, are divinely gifted with a yearning so truly motherly that this admirable trait more than compensates for their mismanagement of masses."

"All women may be mothers at heart, but all mothers are not capable women," said his practical sister. And after a vigorous campaign of advertising and interviewing, she found a matronly heart and a pair of capable hands to guide her little ones in the person of a rosy-cheeked German, who was at once installed in her new home as "Mother Mein."

When the apple blossoms blushed once more upon the trees in the high-walled garden, Annette and Madge, Belle and baby Bessie, were playing beneath them as if they had never known a sadder home than this, and trained by the careful housewife to perfection in all the lowly duties whose sum makes life beautiful, the ancient mansion became a paradise of order, and incredulous visitors looked wonderingly upon these rosy-cheeked workers, these fairy cooks, chamber-maids, and laundresses, to whom their ever-changing tasks seemed like a merry game devised for their sole amusement, and life's cruel "Do not" magically changed to "Do."

But how fares Annette the while? and in this new existence does she never miss the gypsy-like wanderings that had been one of the few charms of the circus? Her raven hair that once fell in ripples to her waist is growing long again and luxuriant; but for the sealed eyelid, and the seamed and disfigured cheek, there is no concealment except the hand with which she hides them—a motion so unconsciously pathetic that, as he talks to her of her future, the Doctor never sees it unmoved. With intense satisfaction he notices that look passing from her face which belongs only to a kicked and beaten dog, and her first greeting to every frightened newcomer is, "They don't whip you here!" He was particularly anxious that her former life should remain unknown to her little companions, and be forgotten even by herself, and eagerly she promised to forget—gratitude made it so easy to please him, her best if not her only friend. Poor Annette! she could not realize till long after that the flowers which unfold and yield their perfume only in the night are more deadly because of the darkness, and in her heart former years had dropped the seeds of poisonous remembrance which sprung suddenly into blossom, only to sting her cruelly when she uprooted it with shame and penitent tears.

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Tired with their play at the close of a frosty day in the fall, the trooping children seated themselves before the laundry fire to sing. It was a favorite amusement, and their voices grew softer and fainter as the twilight deepened and the long shadows flickered on the walls. They had no light but the glowing fire in which they fancied a fairy world, when they were startled by merry music, clear and sweet, beneath the window. It was a band of wandering musicians, playing with might and main. Annette, who had long been silent, sprang to her feet like the war-horse who scents the battle. Gathering up her skirts, and flinging her long hair behind her, she bounded into the middle of the room, and there before the wondering children she whirled round in the dance as she had done in the days when she wore a spangled gauze dress, and heard the applause of the motley audience in the canvas tent.

The spirit was upon her as the familiar music arose upon the frosty air; she saw nothing and remembered nothing but the passion of the moment, and her feet flew faster than they had ever done in childish frolic. She was no longer a child; a wild longing took possession of her. Oh, for her horse! She must have one leap before the strain ceased. Hastily dragging two chairs back to back, she went flying over them as if she had wings, and landing on her feet, the central figure in the fiery glow, her hair unbound, her cheeks crimson, her heart panting for her ancient freedom, beheld among her astonished audience the Doctor. He had seen it all, and understood it, as he held baby Bessie by the hand, and, ah! the grieved look with which he turned away! To him the scene was an exquisitely painful one, unveiling as it did the scars, not alone on the cheek, but on the womanly soul as well. Even the bright-eyed little trot by his side saw the unusual expression upon his face, and lisped, half-coaxingly, half-questioningly, "But *I'm* a dood dirl; Bessie is dood," so well she knew that some one was not good. He stooped and kissed her, and without a word strode away into the darkness. As for Annette, was there ever remorse and shame and penitence like hers? Passionate exhilaration changed by a look to blackest despair, and wild exultation to bitter mortification that knows not where to hide its head. He had gone out into the darkness, and, thankful for the night, she flew after him, pursuing him through the long hall and out into the street. "Come back! come back!" she entreated, weeping. "Come back and forgive me. The music made me forget you; but, oh, I'd rather be tramped to death by the horses than have you look at me like that!"

Gravely he retraced his steps, holding her by the hand, and standing once more in the hall, he said, in a tone whose sadness pierced her soul as no rebuke could ever have done: "What have I to forgive, poor little one? I can not even blame you. I am only grieved that the innocent memory of a child should hold such scenes within it. You have not wronged me, Annette, though I had hoped, while helping you in this"—touching lightly with his finger the scarred cheek which in her agitation she had forgotten to hide—"that the harm had sunk no deeper, for I would give much to wipe away for you that miserable past."

After that could she ever forget again? No; in that bitter hour the book was shut and the seal was set: she never opened it again. "After all," thought the Doctor, in his homeward walk, "it is just as well that it happened, for she has seen herself, as one startled by a lightning flash sees every object in a dark room, and the shock will work a quicker and more effectual cure than time's slower process would have done;" and he was right. When at eighteen she left her home with Mother Mein, to whom she had been as a beloved daughter, it was to gratify the most ardent desire of her heart, and take her place at Miss Margaret's right hand, her faithful and most trusted servant. They taught her to "make drudgery divine," and no task could be too lowly to perform for those who had given her all the happiness and peace her life had ever known. It is many years since I first saw her keeping steadfast watch beside the two who had been her guardian angels, and if upon Miss Margaret she bestows a grateful affection, I fancy I see another, a deeper feeling in the light upon her quiet face as we listen to the Doctor's dissertations by the library fire, and that there is another reason besides the scars why she will never leave them and go out into the world. She has the look of one who in the very morning of life has seen the future unrolled as a scroll, and knows that whatever else may be denied, or whatever changes may befall, while he

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lives fate can not banish her from her place at his feet, and that is gladness enough for her. His hair is whitening, and Miss Margaret's step is not so brisk as it was in years gone by, but when a garrulous friend regrets aside that they never married, this brother and sister, Annette speaks up, with a spark of jealous fire in her tone, and makes reply: "But I am glad! No children born to them could call them more blessed or love them half so well as those they snatched from ruin."

And is it all a myth, the House Beautiful, the Silver-Voiced, and the happy children? Nay; there stands the school, firm on its foundations, where little ones are carefully trained to intelligent household service; but its beneficent work, its utmost capacity, is but a drop in this great ocean, while thousands of children fill the almshouses, the prisons, the houses of refuge, or wander homeless in the streets. It seems that with our light, and before the dawning of the new century, we might do better.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN Peter Cooper was buried, a month ago, the streets were full of a hushed crowd blessing his memory. The old man leaves nobody behind him in this community who inherits the universal public regard that was felt for him. While his quaint and venerable figure was still a familiar object on the streets, the Cooper Union was his monument as if he had been dead for a hundred years; and in a city of great fortunes it would be a curious inquiry whether rich men—and rich is but a comparative term—perceived the meaning of the public feeling that followed his death. There is often a kind of jealousy of rich men, and of late there are men noted for great wealth who have been so held up to public reprobation that it is becoming almost necessary for a man to explain and justify his riches as if they were a public wrong. But Peter Cooper was a rich man, and nobody had an unkind feeling toward him.

Jealousy of riches is due either to a belief that the money was acquired unjustly, or that it is spent selfishly. The latter we suspect to be the more general feeling. Ill-gotten gain is tolerated more readily than ill-spent gain. When Tweed laid out flower beds in the Park, and mended the paths in the squares, and sent coal to the poor, it was not the poor alone who condoned the notorious methods by which he had obtained the money, but prosperous tax-payers also remarked, as they shrugged their shoulders, that at least he returned to the public in that way some of the money that he stole. But for Peter Cooper there was nothing to be condoned, and no kind of sophistry was necessary. A poor boy, with scarcely a year's schooling, he worked industriously at several trades, until his sagacity, temperance, honesty, and thrift had amassed a fortune. As he had made it by the practice of simple virtues, he spent it generously for humane purposes in the eyes of all men. It was not by the scope of vast enterprises, the exercise of a practically despotic power, splendor of equipage and of living, that he was known, but by his patient care to provide for the less fortunate, for those who were poor, as he had been, and who desired opportunity, as he had desired it; and for them he provided technical schools and lectures and reading-rooms and libraries, and these were the activities of a rich man which the whole world saw.

There is not an owner of "great possessions," like the young man in the Bible story, who may not learn from Peter Cooper's life the secret of turning the jealous feeling with which great possessions are sometimes viewed into one of regard and admiration. No investment of money is comparable to that which is made in the kindly feeling and sympathy of others. There are men in New York who would probably gladly give what would be a fortune to many other men for the simple and hearty good feeling with which Peter Cooper was regarded. They have only to remember that the old exhortation is still as appropriate as ever —"Go thou and do likewise." And the opportunities of such doing in this great community are as various as they are constant. Let the preacher mention a few.

There is, for instance, the free circulating library, which was established but two or three years ago, and which has furnished excellent reading to those who otherwise could have read only dime novels, and who have shown not less respectful care of the books than the readers of the Society and the Mercantile libraries. The extension and diffusion of the system by establishing branch libraries in different parts of the city would be a true public service. It would be the opening in desert places of springs of living water. There are already wise and simple and beautiful charities, the free baths, the flower mission, the children's excursions, the summer homes, and with these belongs the free library. It would not be hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven who should extend and multiply and sustain such beneficences as these. It is the indisposition to do it which makes entrance into that kingdom so difficult. It is

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the humanity and sympathy and generosity which prompt such benefactions which are in themselves a large part of that kingdom. For what saith the Teacher?—The kingdom of God is within you.

To the same general purpose of promoting public education, of which the Cooper Union and the free libraries are monuments, belong the increase and development of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its various collections are already most valuable and most useful. Inventors and artists of every kind may study here the progress of their arts, and find inspiration and consolation in their work, while the great public may turn in hither from the beauty of art applied to nature in the Park to the same beauty adapted to all common utensils and conveniences of daily life, and to the high creations of imaginative genius. Whoever enriches any part of this noble collection holds out a friendly hand to the earnest and longing artist in every kind and of every degree, who must lose all opportunity unless it is opened to him by the generous hand of wealth.

There is one great and noble addition to our art galleries in this city for which the Easy Chair pleaded thirty years ago, but which is still wanting, and that is a complete collection of casts of all the great statues in the world. A cast, as Goethe says, is the best copy of a work of art, because it is a perfect reproduction in everything but the material. The rich man would find a noble monument in such a gift to the public. Mr. Emerson mentions the ancient largess of some British benefactor which still to-day furnishes food and drink under the prescribed conditions, and each beneficiary blesses the benefactor, who lives perpetually honored in his gift. What benefactor will live in the same way in the noble gift of a gallery of casts which shall bring the famous sculptures of Greece and Rome, and the very forms of all the great marbles of all times, to the free admiration and study of his fellow-citizens in their free pleasure-ground — the Park?

The preacher's hour-glass is running out, but his text is expansive. There is the recent appeal of Columbia College to enlarge its system of study into that of a true university. To this end it requires well-endowed chairs, ample apparatus, adequate libraries and collections, and fitting halls. Here again are the opportunities of the young or old man of great possessions. A great university, thoroughly equipped, where, as Ezra Cornell said, "any person can find instruction in any study," and with all its splendid opportunities practically free to all students — what nobler ornament could the great city wear? and how could money be more wisely applied? The stranger loitering through the midnight streets is amazed to see that the windows of offices and of warerooms piled with costly goods are left without shutters, and with a small jet of burning gas within. That little light baffles the robber. He can not break in to steal without being seen. Light is the police. It is as true of mental light. It is conservative. It keeps the peace. It is the common final security. To promote education of every kind is to feed the lamps which supply that light.

The young man of great possessions who watched the sincere benediction of the city as the "good gray head" of Peter Cooper was carried to the grave, may well have asked himself what he could do to be so mourned as a benefactor of all the people. The question was answered to the hearer in the church, to whom the music of the dirges breathed the lesson of the music of the long and beneficent and happy life: "Do likewise! do likewise!"

One day in the early spring the traveller upon the ferry-boat to Staten Island might have seen a large steamer moving slowly between Governor's Island and the Battery with flags hung at half-mast. Had his eye been piercing and microscopic enough, he might have watched her slowly make way to a pier in Brooklyn, and have then seen a body of men—a committee of the Board of Aldermen, Heaven save the mark!—receiving with solemnity from the steamer a coffin covered with the United States flag. Placed in a hearse drawn by four horses in black trappings, could the traveller's interested eye have followed it still further, he would have seen it borne across the Fulton Ferry, and at last placed in the Governor's Room of the City Hall in New York, funereally draped for its reception. Next morning, while flags still hung at half-mast, he might have seen the coffin borne "in sad array" through the streets, while Gilmore's Band played "Home, Sweet Home," and with its guards and attendants setting forward toward the national capital.

What statesman, what hero, is this, the wondering traveller would have asked, who is brought home dead from a foreign shore to his sorrowing country? But he would have learned with surprise that, among those who have no taste for ceremonial pageant, these mournful honors were offered to the writer of a single song, dead long ago, far from his native land, unnoticed and unknown. That slow-moving steamer and that funeral car carried the dust of John Howard Payne, who died in Tunis thirty years ago. The pathetic strain which the bands played as the coffin was lifted is the melody of the song by which his name is immortalized. For a day he was the topic of the press. The story of his life was told in all the papers, and it has the pathos which so often surrounds the tale of an actor's career.

There are no sadder books than the biographies of those who have made nations gay. A certain mournful fate seems to pursue them. It is only a generation since this "town" laughed nightly with the brilliant Brougham, the generous, kind-hearted Irishman, whose

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Sir Lucius O'Trigger is still a richly humorous figure in the memory of men not yet old. But the town taste changed. He lost his hold as he grew older. Poverty and sorrow succeeded, and a desperate wondering endeavor to retain his old place. In sore trouble he died, and a young friend with pitying regard wrote his life for the benefit of those who were nearest to him. The "benefit" was about one hundred and fifty dollars in all, said the pitying friend, with a melancholy smile.

Payne was a boy prodigy upon the stage, but not a remarkable actor in his maturity. Then he was a manager, a writer and adapter of plays, a "general utility" man in translating and arranging. He lost money as a manager, and was imprisoned in London. He opened his prison door with a successful translation, played *Richard the Third* for a few nights, and left the stage. Then he sent some plays in manuscript to Charles Kemble, and among them was *Clari*, and if Kemble would give him £50 he would have Bishop arrange the play with music for the stage. Kemble sent the money; Bishop arranged the music; Ellen Tree's sister sang it. One song in it melted the heart of London and of the world, and the plaintive melody is everywhere familiar, and everywhere its tender pathos invests with affectionate regard the name of John Howard Payne.

It was in Italy that he heard the melody sung by a peasant girl carrying flowers and vegetables. The wandering Goldsmith might have heard it, and trilled it at twilight from his flute; for it is the very pensive motive of the "Deserted Village." To the loitering playwright the melody suggested the words which he has associated with it, and jotting down the notes of the air, he sent both words and music to Bishop, who duly arranged them, and after the immediate and great success of the song, it was published "as sung by Miss Tree," sister of Ellen Tree, "composed and partly founded upon a Sicilian air by Henry R. Bishop." But Payne's name is not even mentioned. *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, was the rage. For many years it was often sung, and its performance is a pleasant reminiscence of theatre-goers of thirty and forty years ago. Payne continued to write tragedies and comedies, operas and farces, and in 1832 he returned to America. A complimentary benefit was given to him at the Park Theatre, which produced seven thousand dollars. "And Mr. Jones," says a recent report—"whoever Mr. Jones was—sang 'Home, Sweet Home.'" Alas! here again is the untoward fate of the actor—"whoever Mr. Jones was." Why, sir, Mr. Jones was long the dulcet tenor of the old Park, and in the English version of *Masaniello* his singing of the aria, "Morning its sweets is flinging," was the delight of the lovely belles of long ago, whose grandchildren are the matrons of to-day.

For ten years Payne led the same Bedouin life, full of literary and humane and romantic projects, but he never again wrote or did anything memorable. In 1843 he was appointed consul at Tunis, where in 1852, "an exile from home," he died. There is an inevitable melancholy in the impression of such a life, yet it is not clear that Payne was especially unhappy. But he was always a rover and was never married, and often knew the pinch of poverty. After thirty years Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, who personally knew him, obtained permission to remove his remains, and in June they will be laid finally in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington.

Except for his one song the name of Payne would be preserved only in biographical dictionaries and in some perishing traditions of the theatre. But his song is that one touch of nature which makes the world kin. It is the frailest thread of which fame was ever spun. For the poetry is but a rude expression of a common sentiment, and it would hardly have aroused attention except for the pathetic melody to which it was adapted. That touches every hearer, as it touched Payne when he heard it sung by the Italian girl. He vindicated his claim to the name of poet by his perfect interpretation of the sentiment of the music. It was in the year that he died that New York heard Jenny Lind sing his song. There was a simple, honest, generous peasant air in her aspect, and when her marvellous voice broke into a ringing shower of limpid trills in

"The birds singing gayly that come at my call,"

it was as if all the birds of spring warbled together, or a choir of larks sang at heaven's gate.

There are a hundred monuments of distinguished men in Washington who were very conspicuous, and some of whom performed great and memorable services. But no monument there will be visited by a greater throng of pilgrims, and no memory will appeal more tenderly to all of them, than those of the wide-wandering actor who lived and died alone, and of whom nothing is remembered but that he wrote one song.

THE Easy Chair receives many friendly letters, sometimes criticising what it says, sometimes asking advice, sometimes suggesting a fruitful text. Many of the letters are anonymous, and many are signed by the writers. But they do not always require a reply, and many of them do not wish one. The Chair finds in them many a useful as well as kind word, and often a question which it can not answer.

It is one of the privileges and rewards of such a post as that of the Chair that it establishes a certain intimacy of relation with unknown friends, which enables it to receive from them what could be intrusted only to personal confidence. This relation is one of the most gratifying and touching possible.

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"He spake to my condition" is a consciousness which justifies intimacy; and if the poet be truly defined as he who says adequately what all men feel, why should not all men claim the right to speak to their interpreter?

Long ago, on a perfect June morning, in the forest of Fontainebleau, two young men sat under the trees, one industriously sketching, while the other read aloud the "Pippa Passes" of Browning. "What would you not give," said the reader, as he paused, to his comrade, "to write a book which two youths unknown to you should read with delight in a distant land, and with a sense of personal gratitude?" If that be the last infirmity of a noble mind, surely it is the noblest weakness known to humanity. To make unknown friends—friends so true that they naturally pour out to you their private thoughts and wishes and purposes and struggles, asking your sympathy, your counsel, or at least some word of recognition, and to do all this with honest naturalness and simplicity—is to become conscious of a pleasing but important responsibility.

But Dr. Holmes wisely reminds the reader that the kind of relation between him and the author must be determined by the author. He is under no obligation to make any response whatever, to answer any question, still less to sacrifice his time or to forego his tasks in order to gratify the curiosity of his reader. Dr. Holmes holds him even absolved from writing an autograph unless the request be accompanied by a card, and a stamped and addressed envelope. Tennyson is said to have changed his abode to escape his worshippers. Longfellow received them all with sublime patience. Greeley secluded himself for work in a retreat to which only a few intimate friends had the clew, and many a busy man of letters finds himself driven to the same kind of defense.

It is undoubtedly true that the author has in a certain way invited this confidence by appealing to the sympathy of the reader, and although he may justly say that he has given all that he chooses to give of himself to the world, he can not expect to elude the law which draws us to those who charm us. The author himself, whoever he may be, has felt this attraction. He too has been thrall to some sweet enchanter. He has paid his homage in some one of the ways in which it is paid to him. He can not therefore put aside as impertinent the confidence which would not have been offered him if he had not won it, especially when it is thought that the confidence may be made useful to others, and it is precisely such a confidence which has served the Easy Chair for its present text.

A New England girl writes that while still a child she taught a district school, supporting herself and helping the other children, devoting the evenings to drawing. Her hope was especially to aid her second sister, and to be able to take lessons in drawing and painting. But her school salary was very small, and it was long—how very long it seemed!—before she could feel that she could honorably begin to study art under a teacher. The way to the artist's studio was long, and in winter it was very hard. But time pressed, and when a year was passed the artist with ready and eloquent tongue persuaded her that she should give her life to the study and practice of painting. The advice was kindly meant, and the study went on, but alone now, for the money was gone. The artist criticised the work, and at last the pupil sold some little flower pieces, and then painted "mats" for photographs, and then the artist teacher went to Europe, and there was no more criticism.

The work was not pastime, for the pay was the sole support of father, mother, and brother, besides herself. Sickness came, and barely could the painter support herself. Then she went to the great city, where her work was praised, and not sold. There were many and grievous vexations. The exhibitions did not accept her proffered works. A lady well-to-do sent some sketches to a dealer; they were accepted, and the lady was paid. But the works offered to the same dealer by the sadly struggling student were returned. She tried to exhibit her paintings, but in vain; and there seemed to be no chance for her in the world. "I am not fitted for anything else, but I do not see that by painting I can earn bread enough to eat. Painting is a luxury beyond the poor unless they have great genius like Millet." There is a host of girls, poor girls, who are studying to paint as a livelihood. "It is a delusion," says the Easy Chair's sorrowful correspondent; "they will presently learn, as I have learned, that it is an impracticable road. Save them if you can."

It is a brave, pathetic letter. But it is an appeal to those who are just entering the race to be warned by those who are faltering and falling. They will not heed. Why urge the springing green of April to be warned by the dry and crimson leaf of October? Why conjure hope to listen to despair? It is natural for such bitter experience to wish to serve others, and it is a generous and humane impulse. But the secret of the eternal spring of hope, which is the fountain of perpetually renewed life, is that it shall not heed the warning of experience, but prove all things for itself. Why because Phaethon fails should not another, with sublime audacity, gather up the reins? Why because Dædalus sinks helpless should not another, undaunted, spread his mighty vans and scale the heavens? It is no argument for the Milton who feels the inspiration of song to refuse it a voice because of the mute brethren, inglorious only because they were not heard. Why should Keats hold his peace because Savage and Chatterton were miserable?

The sorrowful tale of our correspondent will show her younger comrades how doubtful and thorny is the path which they are resolved to

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tread. But the decision to abandon it must be their own. Each must learn for herself, like our correspondent; and the learning, as with her, will be the result of her own experience, not of that of another.

THERE has been some joking over Mr. Gerry's proposal to bring Mr. Barnum to legal judgment for violating the statute in exhibiting the young riders upon the bicycle. Mr. Barnum invited a distinguished company, including eminent physicians, to witness the performance, and they were of opinion that it was harmless, the physicians adding that it was no more than healthful exercise. Thereupon the cynics, who have never given a thought or lifted a hand to relieve suffering or to remedy wrong, sneer at superserviceable philanthropy. Mr. Bergh also complained of the killing of the elephant Pilot, and when the matter was explained there was contemptuous chuckling at the sentimental tomfoolery of philanthropic busybodies, and the usual exhortation to reformers to supply themselves with common-sense.

But meanwhile the mere knowledge that there is an association for the protection of children from cruelty, and another for the defense of animals against human brutes, is in itself a protection for both classes of victims. No parent or employer can wreak his vengeance or ill temper upon a child, no driver or owner can torment an animal, without the consciousness that some agent of the society may hear of it, or perhaps see it, and bring the offender to justice. Both of these movements, which at first seemed to so many intelligent persons to be strange and impracticable fancies, are among the chief proofs of the deeper and wiser humanity of the age. They are illustrations of the same spirit which organizes charity and ameliorates penal systems. Mr. Bergh and Mr. Gerry are in the right line of moral descent from John Howard and Sir Samuel Romilly and Mrs. Fry and Miss Carpenter, and when Mr. McMaster brings his *History of the American People* down to the last decade he will record the purpose and work of the two modest societies as among the striking illustrations of the actual progress of that people.

It is in Lecky's detailed account of the horrible carelessness of suffering and of the inhuman desertion of prisoners and the poor in the last century in England that we get the true key to the actual condition of the country. Mr. McMaster has thrown a similar light upon the same inhumanity in this country a hundred years ago. Yet every endeavor to correct that inhumanity, to remember the man in the criminal, and wisely to succor a brother in the beggar, has been greeted as an effort to make a silk purse of a sow's ear, to make water run up hill, as rose-water philanthropy and the coddling of scoundrels, by the same spirit which sneers at the work of Mr. Gerry and Mr. Bergh. Left to that spirit, England to-day would be where it was a hundred and fifty years ago, and the signal triumphs of the century would have been unwon. Such a spirit is mingled of ignorance, cowardice, and stupid selfishness. It is always the obstruction of advancing humanity, always the contempt of generous and courageous minds.

It is true, undoubtedly, that every forward step is not wisely taken, and that there are the most absurd parodies of philanthropy, as well as a great deal of pseudo-philanthropy which is merely the mask of knavery. We have taken great pleasure in these very columns in stripping off sundry masks of such philanthropy which is pursued as a business by impostors of both sexes in this city. Common-sense, careful scrutiny, and intelligence are indispensable in every form of charity and beneficence. But because of the conduct of Shepherd Cowley shall nothing be done for the relief of wretched children? Because of the elaborate system of fraudulent charity of the reverend knave who has been exposed here and elsewhere shall the poor be left without succor?

Everything said and done by the friends of the societies for protecting children and animals may not be wise, but there could be nothing more exquisitely ridiculous than to deride the societies and their labors for that reason. Those who lead the van of reforms are so much in earnest that they must sometimes offend, sometimes mistake, or nothing would ever be done. Emerson says that if Providence is resolved to achieve a result it overloads the tendency. This produces enthusiasm and fanaticism, and also the indomitable devotion and energy which can not be defeated. It is when the new way to the Indies becomes his one idea that Columbus discovers America. It is when Luther defies all the opposing devils, although they are as many as the tiles upon the roofs, that he establishes Protestantism.

The doctors and the distinguished company decide upon Mr. Gerry's complaint that the bicycle-riding of the children at Barnum's is healthful and not injurious, and to Mr. Bergh's remonstrance about killing the elephant Pilot, Mr. Barnum replies that he is not likely to inflict a serious loss upon himself by killing one of his animals unless it were clearly necessary. All this may be conceded. But it is very fortunate for the community that there are sentinels of humanity who will summarily challenge everything that has an evil appearance, and compel a clear and complete explanation. It appears that the riding of the children is not harmful, and the court dismissed Mr. Gerry's complaint. The result is not that Mr. Gerry is "left in a questionable position," but that every circus manager and every exhibitor of children knows that a vigilant eye watches his conduct, and that a prompt hand will deal even with seeming cruelty and severity and

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exposure. It is very possible that Pilot was dispatched as humanely as practicable. But Mr. Bergh's challenge was not an impertinent intermeddling. It reminds every brute in the city that he can not lose his temper and kick his horse with impunity. Both acts establish a moral consciousness of constant surveillance which stays the angry hand and succors the limping animal and the friendless child. It is those who relieve pain and suffering, not those who laugh at their zeal, whom history remembers and mankind blesses.

Editor's Literary Record.

WHEN Carlyle, in one of his pragmatical moods, likened collections of letters to "an uncounted handful of needles in an unmeasured continent of hay," he not altogether inaptly described the character and quality of the letters of Mrs. Carlyle, which years afterward he was destined to collect and annotate in much tribulation of spirit, and which are now edited and given to the world by Mr. Froude. Undoubtedly *Mrs. Carlyle's Letters and Memorials*[1] have their full proportion of the sort of material that Carlyle in his high and mighty way contemptuously sets down as "hay"; but it is doubtful if there are any letters extant that teem more abundantly than hers with passages radiant with brilliant intellect, or sparkling with apt anecdote and illustration, or coruscating with graphic description and delicate portraiture, or bristling with points sharp, incisive, and penetrating as a needle—many of which last must have punctured Carlyle to the quick when he came to read them, after the patient writer had laid down the weary load that his selfishness and thoughtlessness had shuffled upon her through long years. These letters and memorials furnish the key to the cheap sentimentalities, made up of penitential ejaculations and self-flagellations, with which Carlyle's *Reminiscences* were so liberally garnished. That he "did not order their publication, though he anxiously desired it," as Mr. Froude informs us in the preface, must have been because of a lingering sense of shame on the one hand, and a feeling of remorse on the other. He shrunk from admitting the world to a sight of the life he had made an intolerable burthen; but yet he was irresistibly drawn to make a public expiation in the nature of a public confession. Moreover, it could not be concealed that he had been engaged in collecting Mrs. Carlyle's letters, with a view, as it was surmised, to their publication, and therefore, though he could not have been other than self-convicted by their unwelcome revelations, it was impossible for him to put them out of sight even if he had been so minded. And so, true to his character whenever he had a difficult, or a perplexing, or a disagreeable thing to do, now that he had no longer Mrs. Carlyle to shuffle his burthen upon, he shuffled it upon Mr. Froude, Mr. Forster, and Mr. John Carlyle. He could not make up his mind to direct positively the publication of the letters, nor could he make up his mind to interdict it; he would seem anxiously to desire it; Mr. Froude, Mr. Forster, and Mr. John Carlyle would solve the problem for him, perhaps to publish, possibly to stifle. The last two died, however, in Mr. Carlyle's lifetime, when the responsibility fell entirely upon Mr. Froude; and Mr. Froude was not a man to suppress facts, however unwelcome. Evidently still undecided in his own mind, a few months before his death—the letters having then been in Mr. Froude's hands nearly ten years—Carlyle asked Mr. Froude what he meant to do with them, and received for reply that, when the *Reminiscences* had been published, he had decided that the *Letters* might and should be published also. This settled the matter. In his will Carlyle requested that Mr. Froude's judgment should be accepted as his own. Whether it was his genuine desire that the letters should be published, or whether he had a secret hope that they might be ultimately withheld, will remain an unsolved problem. It must not be inferred from anything that has been said that Mrs. Carlyle's *Letters and Memorials* are wholly, or even in large part, taken up with the story of her drudgery, discomforts, and mortifications, and of Carlyle's trying humors and more trying neglect. Far otherwise; for the first twenty years of their London life her letters are not merely cheerful and contented, but light-hearted, merry, and prodigal of blithesome forecastings, revealing a thoroughly happy home, rendered so no less by Carlyle's loving admiration for and frank comradeship with his wife than by the magnetism of her own personal graces and attractions. She smoothed his life by her tact, her industry, and her admirable domestic management, so that it was possible for him to absorb himself in his work without being cumbered by cares; and she brightened and sweetened it by her gayety, her spirit, her versatility, and her skill in the art of making all around her bright and happy; and he gladdened her life by imparting to her his projects, plans, and hopes, and by selecting her for his earliest and most trusted critic. But gradually, after the lapse of a score of years, the shadows begin to fall upon the bright letters, and year by year thereafter

[1] *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.* Prepared for Publication by THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Two Volumes in One. 12mo, pp. 343 and 309. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 152. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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they fall more and more swiftly. The drudgery that had been a joy is becoming a burthen too heavy for her to bear, because the treasured companionship that had made self-sacrifice a pleasure is no longer hers, but is shared with others, who not only rob her of his society, but wound her womanly pride and mortify her wifely feelings. Still, when the shadows fall heaviest and darkest, Mrs. Carlyle makes no parade of her grievances, but her letters continue as gay, as sprightly, as full of loving-kindness for others and of loving thoughtfulness for Carlyle himself, as ever; only here and there, as if wrung from her in a moment of pain and mortification, a word or a sentence crops out that betrays the fire that is smouldering in her heart. Mostly it is in her letters to old and dear friends to whom she may speak freely that we are able to read a sadly pitiful meaning between the lines—a meaning implied rather than expressed, and which filled Carlyle's rugged heart with compunction when it was too late. Aside from these dark threads, which are so delicate as to be almost imperceptible, the letters are very charming compositions—more free-spoken, perhaps, and charged with stronger epithets, than we should expect from a woman of refined taste, besides occasionally betraying an unfeminine contempt for sacred things, but sweet and wholesome in their general tone, and pouring out pure and gentle and generous thoughts in a rich stream. Considered as a whole, they are a delightful medley of wit and humor, of shrewd and practical sense, of crisp criticism, of spirited description, of graphic characterizations of men and things, and of most minute and genial delineations of the peculiar characters and bizarre society that revolved around the Carlyle hearth-stone, as well as of the surroundings of Carlyle's own every-day literary and domestic life. The letters appeal in a special manner to the sympathies of women, and will scarcely increase their veneration for Carlyle.

In the three preliminary chapters of his *History of England*, and more particularly in his famous third chapter describing the state of England in 1685, Macaulay was the first among historians to concentrate attention upon the important part that the people of a country, other than its soldiers, statesmen, legislators, placemen, and governing or privileged classes, have played in modern times, especially since the decay and dissolution of feudalism, in the history of a nation, and upon the bearing their progress and welfare have exerted upon the progress and welfare of the commonwealth. These brilliant chapters are a fine historical picture, at once minute and comprehensive, of the activities and influence of that hitherto unregarded mass of Englishmen—merchants, tradesmen, artisans, farmers, laborers, and toilers generally—every one of whom was constantly at work amid all the public vicissitudes to better his condition, and whose unremitting efforts to this end repaired the ravages of war and the desolations of fire and pestilence, and not only compensated for all the drains upon the national resources, but left the nation at every stage of its life stronger, freer, happier, more prosperous than before. In these chapters, and in a lesser degree throughout every chapter of his stately history, Macaulay made the first genuine attempt to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress among the masses of the useful and ornamental arts and of literature and intelligence, and to portray the manners, beliefs, and opinions, the dress, furniture, repasts, amusements, and occupations—in fine, the whole life of the whole people, instead of to treat merely, as had been the wont, of campaigns, battles, and sieges, of conspiracies, rebellions, and usurpations, of the rise and fall of dynasties or administrations, of intrigues in the palace, debates in the forum, and the virtues and vices that were exhibited in each. In Motley's histories, also, the silent forces exerted by the masses, and the share they bore in giving form to the national character and to social and political institutions, were in like manner made more conspicuous than they had been made by previous historians of the same countries and periods; and the late John Richard Green, in his excellent *History of the English People*, only carried out more fully and continuously this method of historical treatment. But although the merit must be ascribed to these eminent writers of having first led the way in this field, neither the periods with which they dealt nor the countries and people of whom they treated were as favorable for an exhibition of the influence exerted by the great body of the people upon social and national life and character as the period which witnessed the gestation and birth of the Constitution of the United States, and the people whose character made an impression upon it, whose opinions had to be regarded in framing it, and without whose approbation it could not have gone into operation. None of the native historians of our country had entirely overlooked this aspect of American history, and several of them had given considerable attention to it; but there still remained an inviting opening for a history in which the people should be the chief theme. Mr. John Bach McMaster has had the discernment to descry the opportunity that this opening afforded, and in the first volume of his *History of the People of the United States*[2] he has shown that he is endowed with the abilities and the literary tastes and qualifications that fit him to make the most of it. The volume embraces the period from the conclusion of the treaty of peace which recognized the independence of the colonies in 1783 to the adjournment of the

[2] *A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War.* By John Bach McMaster. In Five Volumes. Vol. I., 8vo, pp. 622. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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First Congress under the Constitution in 1790, and necessarily reproduces many particulars with which we are already familiar, illustrative of the weakness and breaking down of the old Confederation, the discussions and happenings that resulted in the adoption of the Constitution, and the initial steps of the government under the Constitution during the first year of Washington's administration. But in connection with these, and while dealing summarily but intelligently with the doings of Presidents, Congresses, diplomatists, influential patriots, and political leaders, and the more important legislative and administrative acts, Mr. McMaster also gives far more full and graphic accounts than we have been accustomed to of those local issues, influences, and events, not only of the colonies, but of their minuter subdivisions of counties, townships, and the like, which paved the way for the union of the States under a common Constitution, and made a permanent impression upon the national history. Nor is his relation confined only to the operation and influences of formal and official agencies and institutions, but mingling social with political history, it comprehends a close and luminous summary of the influence exerted by the newspaper and the pamphlet, the schoolhouse and the church, and by the people in their social gatherings, in the inn and the store, in their clubs, societies, conventions, and other voluntary and hastily improvised associations, and through their correspondence and contributions to the press, upon every question that agitated the country in its transitional stage. The volume embodies a lively picture of the temper of the people and their fluctuations of feeling and opinion, of their dress, occupations, and amusements, their habits, manners, and morals, their literary and religious predilections, their social observances and family characteristics, their household furniture and implements, their educational means and opportunities, their farm appliances, crops, and agricultural methods, their modes of travel and intercommunication, the books they read, the works of art they admired, the food they ate, the money they used, the servants they employed and their relations toward them, their jails, court-rooms, houses, churches, school-houses, and theatres, and of the distinguishing traits and peculiarites of the people, cities, and streets of the several colonies. Mr. McMaster has grouped all these varied lineaments of the life and character of the people of America in 1784 in an introductory chapter, which will bear comparison for breadth and comprehensiveness with Macaulay's brilliant chapter describing the state of England a hundred years earlier, and which often surpasses it in the minuteness and picturesqueness of its details. And in like manner throughout the volume he frequently pauses in the midst of lucid recitals of the course of public events to introduce prolonged and felicitous descriptions of the popular progress and development in all that goes to make up the sum of national life and character. Peculiarly valuable, and only secondary in interest to the graphic introductory chapter just referred to, are his chapters describing the finances of the several colonies and their various monetary symbols and devices, and tracing the stages of the evolution of our trade, commerce, finance, and social institutions during the six eventful years that witnessed the breaking up of the colonial confederacy and the establishment of "a more perfect union." Mr. McMaster's style is unconventional, rapid, and glowing, and is rendered peculiarly attractive by the seeming desultory ease, but really orderly sequence, with which he leads the reader from one subject to another, as if the one just treated incidentally suggests the one that follows. Should the four other promised volumes of the work be prosecuted on the same entertaining and instructive plan as the one now published, and be executed with equal ability, it will become the standard history of the United States for popular reading.

THE *Life of Lord Lawrence*,[3] by Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, whose scholarly volumes on *Carthage and the Carthaginians* and on *Rome and Carthage* formed so valuable an addition to the "Epochs of Ancient History Series," is not only the biography of one of the ablest, purest, most resolute, and most fertile in resources of those many pure and able men who have patiently and ungrudgingly devoted their lives and great talents to the service of their country in India, but is also incidentally a history of the English rule over the Punjab from 1829 to 1859, and over all India from 1864 to 1869—covering the momentous events of the first Afghan war in 1838, of the first and second Sikh wars respectively in 1845 and 1848, and of the Mutiny in 1857–8. In all these Lawrence bore a conspicuous and in some a controlling part, and in each he exhibited the highest qualities. So intimate was his connection with the management and control of the Indian provinces before their annexation, as well as after their absorption into the empire, that no sketch of his life could do justice to his services or afford any adequate idea of their magnitude which should fail to record the historical events in which he participated, and which were largely shaped by his powerful will and wise prevision. For this reason the task of his biographer has been a doubly difficult one. It was required of him to delineate the life and character of a man who had risen from small beginnings to greatness by dint of untiring industry, inflexible probity, and an indomitable will, and who united the most opposite qualities — imperiousness with gentleness and a tender consideration for others, a hardness and severity under great

[3] *Life of Lord Lawrence.* By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 484 and 567. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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exigencies that to the superficial view might easily pass for cruelty, combined with the most perfect self-abnegation, the most comprehensive philanthropy, and a patriotism that was as lofty as it was far-reaching—without unduly softening a single line of his rugged lineaments, and without concealing a single trait of his stern but lovable nature. And it was also required of him to give some adequate idea of a country whose diversity of climate, geography, peoples, institutions, and social and religious conditions form a congeries of the most bewildering contradictions, so that to relate its history is scarcely a less difficult problem to the man of letters than were its successful government and wise administration to such born administrators and rulers of men as Lord Lawrence and his gifted brother Sir Henry. Mr. Smith has executed his composite task with great skill. As a biography his work is an inthralling one, rich in anecdotes and incidents of Lord Lawrence's tempestuous nature and beneficent career that bring into bold relief his strongly marked and almost colossal individuality, and rich also in instances of his courage, his fortitude, his perseverance, his self-control, his magnanimity, and in the details of the splendid results of his masterful and masterly policy. As an epitome of the history of Indian affairs from the first appearance of Lawrence on the stage in 1829 till the close of his viceroyalty in 1869 it is invaluable for the comprehensiveness of its outlines, and for the minuteness of its details respecting the various policies that were applied to the interior government and administration of India, more especially as concerned those portions that came immediately under the control of Lord Lawrence—the Cis-Sutlej states, the Doab, and the Punjab. We know of no work on India to which the reader can refer with so great certainty for full and dispassionate information relative to the government of the country, the characteristics of its people, and the fateful events of the forty eventful years of Lord Lawrence's Indian career.

In prosecuting his elaborate *History of the Pacific States of North America*,[4] Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft has found it desirable to deviate from the plan at first outlined; and intermitting for a time the annals of Central America, which he had begun in the initial volume of his work, he has now given to the press the volume originally announced for the fourth. This volume is confined to the history of the conquest of Mexico and of the events preparatory to and directly connected with it, and is the first of a series to be specially devoted to Mexico. The change in the succession of the subjects to be treated has been made in order that, in pursuance of a more strictly chronological course, the history of the conquest might be first related, as was due to its priority and greater importance, and that in succeeding volumes the history of Mexico and of Central America might be brought down in natural order side by side and in a continuous narrative to the present century. When completed these interstitial volumes will cover the four great periods of Mexican history, respectively of the conquest by Cortez, of the nearly three centuries of vice-regal rule by Spain, of the struggle for independence and the founding of the Mexican Republic, and of the career of the republic from its foundation to the present time, including the record of its various revolutions, of its war with the United States, and of its peaceful development in later years, the last three being periods of Mexican history of which there has been no comprehensive account in English, nor indeed any in Spanish that would be satisfactory to English readers if translated. The volume before us does not entirely exhaust the first of these periods, that of the conquest, but carries it down to the capture and occupation of the city of Mexico by Cortez; and the story will be resumed and completed in the earlier chapters of the next volume. In relating the history of this stirring and romantic episode Mr. Bancroft suffers from the disadvantage that it had been already told by more practiced and more brilliant and engaging writers than himself, who have given its general lines with substantial accuracy, however imperfect they may have been in some minor and comparatively unimportant details, and who were far more liberally endowed than he with a faculty for generalization and for picturesque narrative and description. But if Mr. Bancroft has not added to the general effectiveness of the picture of the conquest as it had been already painted, he has corrected the inaccuracies of many of its details; and in this respect his work is undoubtedly the most perfect of any of the histories of the conquest that have been written. Among his other services he has rectified numerous errors of date, has separated events and actors that have been hitherto described as identical or confounded with others, has given the real sequence of occurrences that have been spread confusedly over longer or shorter periods than the facts warrant, has credited to their true authors transactions that have been mistakenly attributed to others, and has accumulated a multitude of minute but interesting facts that escaped the notice of previous investigators, which throw a new and strong side light upon nearly every step of the conquest, from the march from the Gulf to the occupancy of the city of Mexico, and which introduce us more fully to a knowledge of the motives, the character, the aims, and policies both of the conquerors and the conquered. Pre-eminently valuable are the numerous *variorum* summaries which Mr. Bancroft has interspersed through-

[4] *History of the Pacific States of North America.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume IV. Mexico. Vol. I., 1516–1521. 8vo, pp. 702. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft and Co.

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out the volume in elaborate intercalary notes and in foot-notes, embodying brief synopses of the statements on all doubtful or disputed points of all the previous authorities—native, Spanish, English, and American—from the earliest periods to the most recent times. By consulting and comparing these the intelligent reader will be enabled to discern for himself how opinion or legend or hearsay has hardened into assertion, and also to estimate the value of many alleged facts that have been wrought into the history of the conquest by various writers. There is nothing in the present volume to lead us to modify the criticism already ventured in a previous notice as to Mr. Bancroft's style and literary execution, except to add that its classical allusions are more numerous, more intrusive, and more pedantic, its metaphors more mixed and grotesque, its lapses into bombast and turgidity more abundant, and its unnecessary sneers more frequent and, if possible, more supercilious and exasperating.

THAT the life of a distinguished man may be an exceedingly uneventful one has seldom been made more apparent than in the case of the poet Bryant. If he had become a soldier, as he was once inclined, or even if he had continued in the practice of the law, it is possible that circumstances such as are usual to those professions might have spun around him a web of vicissitude that would have been fruitful of incident. But there was nothing in his temperament or natural character and traits to be provocative of striking effects. From his earliest years he evinced a moderation and equipoise which truly reflected his character and disposition. If, under gross provocation, he could be momentarily overmastered by passion, it was a rare and exceptional occurrence; ordinarily his passions were not so much held under restraint as resting in an equilibrium that was natural and normal. He was tenacious alike in his affections and opinions, but he was never violent or extreme in the exhibition of either; even when he loved he did not love passionately, but when he once loved he loved unalterably. And this was true of all his passions. Moreover, he was naturally unselfish, kindly, considerate, just, and pure almost to coldness; and his pursuits, even from his childhood, were such as to dispose him to contemplation rather than to action. The incidents of his life, therefore, were of that sober and inconsiderable kind which are uninteresting because they are so common; and they are invested with any consequence only by his distinction as a poet, and their connection with his career as such. Of course his career as an editor, and the influence that he exerted in that capacity, are far from being devoid of interest, but neither was specially distinctive. If he had not been a great poet he would have been no less an able and influential editor, but there would not have been so marked a superiority over others in the editorial profession as to have caused him to be singled out as the subject of an elaborate biography. It is chiefly because he was their first true poet in point of time, and with one exception, perhaps, their greatest poet, that the record of his life will have a deep and abiding interest to his countrymen. Mr. Parke Godwin has not been unmindful of this in the preparation of his painstaking and moderately well written memorial[5] of Mr. Bryant, now just published by the Messrs. Appleton. Its most interesting portions are the poet's autobiography of his own childhood, with which it opens, and Mr. Godwin's supplementary sketch of the same period and of Bryant's youth and early manhood, while he was testing and training his powers, and fluctuating between the opposing claims of a profession for which he had no heart and of the vocation he was destined to adorn. Scarcely less interesting are the particulars of Bryant's early literary ventures and companionships, and of the influences which finally divorced him from the law and wedded him to poetry and journalism, which have been revealed by Mr. Godwin's diligent collation of the correspondence of Bryant and his friends, or which have been recovered by him from the recollections elicited from various quarters, and by his gleanings from Bryant's unpublished papers and manuscripts. In their due place Mr. Godwin gives very full accounts of the circumstances that attended the composition and publication of Mr. Bryant's poems, and of the modifications they underwent, either when in the process of production or after their first publication, in consequence of his own criticisms or the suggestions of literary friends whose taste and judgment he respected. If the reader should rise, as he probably will, from the perusal of this biography with the consciousness that no large drafts have been made upon his enthusiasm, he will carry away a sincere admiration of the genius and the unostentatious and symmetrical virtues of Mr. Bryant. Mr. Godwin has suffered some errors to creep into his generally well-executed work, which are the more remarkable in view of his long connection with the press. Some of these are of slight importance, and of these we shall not take note, but others are of a kind that men of letters will not be disposed to condone lightly. For instance, in the first volume, at page 83, speaking of Sir William Davenant's "Gondibert," he erroneously cites it as *Gondebart*, and on the same page he calls the "Goodale children" the *Goodall* children. At page 337 he elevates Charles Lamb's friend Barren Field to the nobility with the title *Baron* Field. At page 350 he metamorphoses Governor Ritner of Pennsylvania into Governor *Ritter;* and in like manner at page 397 he converts the name of the historian Hallam into *Hallem*, and at page 405 that of the well-known Joshua R.

[5] *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant*, with Extracts from his Private Correspondence. By PARKE GODWIN. In Two Volumes, square 8vo, pp. 423 and 436. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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Giddings into *Geddings*. In the second volume, at page 5 and elsewhere, he changes Medmenham Abbey, the scene of the mad and impious freaks of John Wilkes and his friends, into *Medenham* Abbey; and at page 312 he attributes a half-forgotten translation of Homer to Southey instead of to *Sotheby*.

Mosaics of Bible History[6] is the appropriate title of a series of brief and familiar expositions of Biblical history and literature, including sketches of the plan, purpose, authorship, and leading characteristics of the several books of the Old and New Testaments in their canonical order, whose novel and ingenious arrangement, and whose condensed and apposite presentation of the best thoughts of poets, critics, travellers, and commentators in illustration of the Bible narrative, can not fail to prove highly suggestive to the general reader, and especially so to the young Bible student. Briefly stated, the plan pursued in the work is to preface the account of each book of the Bible with a succinct historical outline of its origin, authorship, and general plan, and upon the slight thread of its narrative which is then given to string together apt poetic and prose selections from standard authors, illustrative from various stand-points of the spiritual teachings of the Sacred Text, of the most imposing events recorded in it, and of the principal characters who figure in its sublime story. Besides its substantial value as an aid to the study of the Bible, the compilation has a sterling literary interest as a comprehensive commonplace-book or thesaurus of the innumerable contributions that have been made to English literature on Scriptural subjects by poets, dramatists, philosophers, travellers, historians, essayists, critics, and divines, in both hemispheres, from the time of Shakspeare until the present day.

THE strong interest that has been excited in the life, manners, literature, and history of the Anglo-Saxon conquerors by Mr. Green and other recent historians will insure a hearty welcome, not only among those who have made early English literature and history a study, but among cultivated readers generally, to a literal but very spirited metrical translation, by Dr. James M. Garnett, of Ellicott City, Maryland, of the fine old Ango-Saxon poem, "Beowulf,"[7] which dates from a time before the conquest of Britain, certainly not later than the eighth century. The poem is valnable alike for its poetical qualities, and as preserving the most authentic picture extant of the domestic, court, and warrior life, manners, costume, and customs of the Anglo-Saxon nobles and kings in their homes on the Continent prior to their invasion of Britain, and at the period of the Conquest. It is also highly interesting for the conclusive evidence it affords that with all their rudeness and fierceness the invaders had attained a degree of civilization very far removed from barbarism. The poem was in all probability originally composed by one of the invaders while he and his companions were yet pagans; but at a later period, when the Anglo-Saxons had been Christianized, it was emended and interpolated by some Christian Anglo-Saxon poet, who sought to redeem the legends of the heroic age of his Scandinavian ancestors from their paganism by throwing over them a thin veil of Christian allusions and reflections. The poem is the story of the deeds of the hero Beowulf. Its scene is laid in Scandinavia, among the Goths of Sweden and the Danes, and it celebrates his victorious combats with fiends as well as with human foes, his chivalrous generosity and magnanimity, his knightly courtesy and valor, his munificence, honor, and faithfulness to friends, and the heroic fortitude and resignation, tempered with gentle melancholy, with which he met his last great enemy, Death. Few poems are richer than this venerable relic in the rough materials of poetry, or are more opulent of grand and weird and pathetic passages and incidents worthy of the pen of the poet or the pencil of the painter. Dr. Garnett accompanies his translation with a valuable introduction, in which he gives a graphic outline of the argument and action of the poem, discusses the date of its composition, its probable author or authors, and the scene in which its incidents are laid, analyzes its metrical and other literary characteristics, and presents an elaborate account of its bibliography, a glossary of the proper names, and a list of the Old English words that occur in the text. Appended to "Beowulf" is a literal translation by the same hand of another rare and valuable Anglo-Saxon fragment, "The Fight at Finnsburg," which by some authors has been considered a part of the poem of "Beowulf," and was certainly a nearly contemporaneous production, and, like it, is of great interest as an authentic historical memorial of the life, character, manners, and doughty exploits of the Anglo-Saxon conquerors and their progenitors on the mainland.

FEW preachers who have been as long and constantly before the public, on the platform and in the pulpit, as Mr. Spurgeon, wear as well as he, or have so greatly disappointed the prophecies that were volunteered concerning them at the outset of their career. When he first began preaching in London, nearly thirty years ago, at the age of twenty-one, his eloquence and power were of a kind to enforce a certain recognition; but at the same time it

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[6] *Mosaics of Bible History*. The Bible Record, with Illustrative Poetic and Prose Selections from Standard Literature. By MARCIUS WILLSON and ROBERT P. WILLSON. In Two Volumes, 12mo. Vol. I.: Old Testament History, pp. 448. Vol. II.: New Testament History, pp. 442. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Beowulf*. An Anglo-Saxon Poem. And *The Fight at Finnsburg*. Translated by JAMES M. GARNETT, LL.D. With Fac-Simile of the Unique Manuscript in the British Museum. 8vo, pp. 107. Boston: Ginn, Heath, and Co.

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was predicted that both would be soon spent, and he was generally regarded as another instance of that meteoric precocity which flashes rapidly into notoriety only to fade away as quickly and be clean forgotten. A reading of such of his sermons of that early period as have been collected and published, with others of later date, by the Messrs. Carter, in a series of ten volumes,[8] reveals few of the usual marks of precocity. From the first they are notable for their sedateness, their restrained enthusiasm, their deep thoughtfulness and earnest spirituality, their practical but penetrating appeals to the conscience, their robust commonsense and downright democracy, and their opulence of homely but vigorous and apposite illustrations suggested by a close observation of man and of the phases and operations of nature. These characteristics have not faded away with his youth, but have become more marked as his mind has matured, and with their development there has been a steady increment of the wisdom and knowledge that come of experience. His language, always clear, nervous, forcible, and direct—we speak now more particularly with reference to the latest volume of his collected sermons, being the tenth of the series above spoken of—has become more and more terse and idiomatic, and has been rarely equalled by any of his contemporaries in copiousness, purity, and severe simplicity. Mr. Spurgeon's eloquence, though brilliant, is not of the highest imaginative type. It appeals to the conscience and the sense of duty rather than to the passions or the fancy, and even in its highest flights is didactic, axiomatic, and practical rather than poetical or inspiring, the object of the preacher evidently being less to captivate the feelings or delight the intellect than to touch the heart and influence conduct. Save Dean Goulburn, we know of no living preacher whose sermons, as completely as the later sermons of Mr. Spurgeon, address themselves to the wants of young Christians, and indeed of sincere but weak and stumbling Christians of all ages, or are as rich in practical aids to personal holiness.

THE *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*,[9] admirably edited by Professor Norton, and just published in two compact volumes, admits us to a close view of a very pleasing side of the character of both these eminent men. From the time when Emerson, attracted by impassioned utterances that voiced his own musings, first hunted out Carlyle in his lair at Craigenputtock, in 1833, until the close of Carlyle's life in 1881, a little more than a year before the summons came to Emerson himself, these two, so dissimilar in their temperaments and in the general structure of their minds, but so much alike in many of their sympathies and aspirations, were bound together by ties of the most genuine and unalterable friendship. To Carlyle, who was hungering for the recognition that he conceived to be his due, but which his countrymen were slow to vouchsafe, or gave grudgingly only, the vision of the young and intellectual American scholar, already a deep and independent thinker and a dreamer of profound dreams, was not unlike that of an angel from heaven, and frequently in after-years he was wont to liken it to that of a "sky-messenger who alighted to him in the Desert, and then vanished into the Blue again." Emerson's acute and discriminating praise and the generous enthusiasm of his admiration were like a ray of sunlight upon the life of the moody, irritable, and morbidly self-conscious student, and coming from the denizen of another hemisphere, seemed to him to be prelusive of the verdict of posterity—a welcome and relishing foretaste of the fame that awaited him in the future. The correspondence that ensued after this first meeting consists of one hundred and seventy-three letters, nearly equally divided, and generally responsive, and it covers every year from 1834 to 1872, with the exception of 1857, 1863, and 1868, when there are gaps, which were not caused by any intermission of their friendship, but are probably due to their letters in those years having been lost or mislaid. The correspondence ceases with 1872, in which year Emerson went to England, and the two friends met again. After a short stay Emerson proceeded to the Continent and Egypt, returning to London in the spring of 1873. "Then, for the last time," as Professor Norton observes in a closing paragraph, "Carlyle and he saw each other. In May, Emerson went home. After this time no letters passed between him and Carlyle. They were both old men. Writing had become difficult to them. They were secure in each other's friendship. Carlyle died, eighty-four years old, on the 5th of February, 1881. Emerson died, seventy-nine years old, on the 27th of April, 1882." The letters are eminently characteristic of the men, and admit the reader to an undress rehearsal of their opinions and impressions of the productions and personal traits of many prominent men of letters among their contemporaries, and also of their own and each other's productions. In the case of Carlyle these judgments of other men are invariably marked by his constitutional arrogance, and his tendency to depreciate whatever lay outside of those grooves he had laid out for himself, and they no less bear the stamp of his native shrewd and caustic sagacity. In Emerson's case these judgments are more generous, more catholic, more dispassionate, and more just. As relates to their opinions of their own works, Carlyle betrays a lack of delicacy and a degree of self-assertion of which Emerson is never guilty, and with this self-assertion is coupled a habit of speaking disparagingly

[8] *Sermons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*, of London. In Ten Volumes, 12mo. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[9] *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*. 1834–1872. In Two Volumes, 12mo, pp. 368 and 383. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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and even contemptuously of his own performances, which does not seem to have been altogether genuine, but to have been assumed in order to invite welcome contradiction. It is not to be denied that a vein of mutual admiration pervades the letters on both sides, but in the main it is so discriminating and frank as to be inoffensive. If we compare the letters, the meed of superiority must be accorded to those of Emerson. He is less occupied with self and its concerns than Carlyle, is more affluent of thought on extraneous things, more poetic, more philosophical, more evenly balanced in his judgments and feelings, and his diction is incomparably more chaste and finished, though this last may have been due to Emerson's habit of preparing first drafts of his letters to Carlyle, and of sending off the copies as carefully corrected as if he were finishing them for the press. Carlyle's letters are more spontaneous than Emerson's, as if written on the spur of the moment, and doubtless to this extent they reflect the individuality of the man more accurately than the letters of Emerson. In fact, while reading Emerson's letters we are often led to doubt whether he is not utterly lacking in individuality except of a purely negative and colorless kind. While reading Carlyle's letters we never lose sight of Carlyle. He is always brooding over himself, and perpetually exasperating himself by the contemplation, from which he finds relief only by parading his contempt of others. As we read Emerson's letters we are conscious of his presence only by his attachments and environments—his family, his garden, the charms of nature, the society of men and books. If he is conscious of himself, it is only amiably so as a part of the great whole, and his subtlest introspections seem to be prosecuted as a means toward comprehending and influencing the thoughts and hearts of others.

WITH the reservation that he is unduly fond of displaying his own egoisms, too intent upon parading his own cynical and arrogant skepticism in season and out of season, Mr. Conway has succeeded in making a very pleasant book on the subject of *Emerson at Home and Abroad*.[10] Pending the elaborate *Life of Emerson*, which will be written in due time, Mr. Conway's sketch of the poet-philosopher is something to be grateful for. Although it is far from being an exhaustive biography, it is a very generous and genial sketch, and supplies numerous interesting details of Emerson's life, movements, manners, habits, and personal traits as a boy and as a man, and of incidents illustrative of his mental and moral evolution, or connected with the composition of some of his poems and essays. In addition to this Mr. Conway affords us some delightful glimpses of Emerson's friends, companionships, and the surroundings of his daily life, and gives us the opportunity to read several characteristic letters of Emerson that have never before been printed, together with some of his miscellaneous writings that are not to be found in his collected works. The value of the book as a personal memorial is not slight, but its chief interest consists in its subtle delineation of the unfolding of Emerson's religious and philosophical opinions, and its careful historical account of his writings.

[10] *Emerson at Home and Abroad.* By MONCURE D. CONWAY. 12mo, pp. 383. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

FOUR additional volumes of the elegant "Riverside Edition" of Hawthorne's complete works[11] have made their appearance, and comprise *The House of the Seven Gables, The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales, A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls, Tanglewood Tales, The History of Grandfather's Chair, The Scarlet Letter, The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*. Each is prefaced by a brief introduction by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, recalling interesting particulars connected with its composition, and tracing the originals of some of the incidents and characters which Hawthorne afterward worked up and introduced into the narrative. The uniform style, generous proportions, and clear type of this edition render it specially desirable for the family or social library.

ALTHOUGH the larger dictionaries and encyclopædic works treating on organic chemistry are numerous and accessible in this country, it has been the experience of teachers, very generally expressed, that there was no book on the subject which was in all respects suited for use in a college course or quite satisfactory as a text-book. Professor Austen, of Rutgers College, has successfully met this want by a translation of *An Introduction to the Study of Organic Chemistry*,[12] by Professor Pinner, of the University of Berlin, with such additions incorporated in the text as important recent discoveries have made necessary, and the introduction of such illustrative material, derived from current standard literature, as may contribute to clearness of exposition and facility of comprehension. The book is not a mere topical dictionary or reference-book, but a full elementary treatise, projected on the idea of the logical development of the subject, so as to familiarize the student with the entire groundwork and principles of the science, and to fit him to take up understandingly the larger and more elaborate works. One of its valuable features, which the intelligent student will quickly learn to appreciate as it deserves, is the sys-

[11] *The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* By GEORGE P. LATHROP. Vol. III., 12mo, pp. 641. Vol. IV., 12mo, pp. 637. Vol. V., 12mo, pp. 600. Vol. VI., 12mo, pp. 527. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[12] *An Introduction to the Study of Organic Chemistry.* By ADOLF PINNER, Ph.D. Translated and Revised from the Fifth German Edition by PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S. 12mo., pp. 403. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

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tem of retrospects which are introduced at the end of each group, by which the opportunity is afforded of introducing a detailed recapitulation of the facts that have been considered, as well as a connected survey of the typical reactions and relations of the various classes of substances. By these concise retrospects the student is prepared to advance understandingly, because with strict logical sequence, to generalizations, instead of proceeding on the reverse method from broad and imperfectly comprehended generalizations, and the consideration of involved relations among unfamiliar groups of compounds, to a knowledge of simple relations and the derivation of the individual members of a group from each other. The important relation that this branch of chemistry bears to the study of life and to many forms of industry is now so fully realized by our leading colleges as to insure a cordial welcome to this excellent manual.

AMONG the more striking works of fiction of the month are *The Hands of Justice*,[13] a powerful story of reformed convict life in England, by F. W. Robinson; a new edition of Mr. W. Clark Russell's absorbing sea tale, *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor"*;[14] and republications severally of Mr. Henry James, Jun.'s, *Daisy Miller, and Other Stories*,[15] and his *Siege of London, and Other Stories*.[16] The remaining novels comprise *The War of the Bachelors*,[17] a somewhat garrulous but in parts effective story of life in New Orleans since the civil war; *Fanchette*,[18] and *A Daughter of the Philistines*,[19] two moderately clever novels of American society, by anonymous authors; *The Day Spring*,[20] a fine historical tale reproducing the life and times of William Tyndale, the early translator of the Bible in English, by Emma Marshall; *Bek's First Corner*,[21] a religious novel, written with unusual spirit and simplicity, by Mrs. Conklin; and *The Cruise of the Canoe Club*,[22] another of Mr. W. L. Alden's relishing romances of boy life and adventure, adapted to the tastes of youthful readers, and imparting a large amount of practical information as to the outfit and management of canoes.

LOVERS of wit and humor will be glad to learn that the Messrs. Harper have published a new edition of Mr. S. S. Cox's *Why We Laugh*,[23] the author having first indulged in the practical joke of adding to his surfeit of good things some new tidbits illustrative of the philosophy of laughter, derived from that abundant source of humor, the Celtic race.

IN the "Literary Record" for last month there was a brief notice of the *Autobiography of James Nasmyth, Engineer*,[24] edited by Dr. Samuel Smiles, and published by Messrs. Harper in the "Franklin Square Library." Appropriate as is the book to this popular form, it was worthy of publication in a more durable style, and the publishers have shown their discernment of its sterling merits by reprinting it in a handsome illustrated library edition.

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[13] *The Hands of Justice.* A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor."* An Account of the Mutiny of the Crew and the Loss of the Ship when Trying to make the Bermudas. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Daisy Miller, a Study, and Other Stories.* By HENRY JAMES, Jun. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 56. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *The Siege of London, the Pension Beaurepas, and the Point of View.* By HENRY JAMES, Jun. 12mo, pp. 294. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[17] *The War of the Bachelors:* a Story of the Crescent City. By "Orleanian." 8vo, paper, pp. 405. New Orleans.

[18] *Fanchette.* "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 369. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[19] *A Daughter of the Philistines.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 325. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[20] *The Day Spring:* a Story of the Time of William Tyndale, Reformer, Scholar, and Martyr. By EMMA MARSHALL. 12mo, pp. 415. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[21] *Bek's First Corner.* By Mrs. NATHANIEL CONKLIN (Jennie M. Drinkwater). 12mo, pp. 382. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[22] *The Cruise of the Canoe Club.* By W. L. ALDEN, Author of The Moral Pirates, etc. Sq. 18mo, pp. 166. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *Why We Laugh.* By SAMUEL S. COX. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 55. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *James Nasmyth, Engineer.* An Autobiography. Edited by SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 461. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of April. —President Arthur, April 3, appointed Judge Walter Q. Gresham Postmaster-General.

The Rhode Island Democrats, March 20, nominated Ex-Governor William Sprague for Governor. The election, held April 4, resulted in his defeat, and the choice of the Republican candidate, Augustus O. Bourn, as Governor, by a plurality of 2800.

Henry D. McDaniel was nominated for Governor of Georgia by the Democratic Convention April 12.

The public debt of the United States was reduced $9,344,826 27 during the month of March.

In the New York Legislature a bill providing for biennial elections of State officers and biennial sessions of the Legislature has passed both Houses.

The government bill to amend the law in regard to explosives was passed by both Houses of Parliament, April 9, and the royal assent was given the following day. The bill

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contains nine clauses. It provides that the maximum penalty for causing an explosion by which life or property is imperiled shall be life-long servitude. An attempt to cause an explosion, or the making or keeping of explosives with intent to cause an explosion, is made punishable by imprisonment for a term of twenty years, and the unlawful making or keeping of explosives under suspicious circumstances is to be punishable by fourteen years' imprisonment. All accessories to such crimes are to be treated as principals. Provision is made in the bill for the ordering of official inquiries into the crimes specified, for the arrest of absconding witnesses, and for searching for explosives. The penalties are to be inflicted irrespective of the damage done by the explosives. The bill also empowers the master of any vessel to break open any packages to search for explosives. The act applies both to explosives proper and to materials for making them, or to any machine or part thereof connected with them. It contains no retrospective clause.

The Elective Councils Bill, embodying Mr. Healy's scheme for local self-government in Ireland, was rejected by the British House of Commons April 11. The vote was 58 for and 231 against the bill.

The British budget for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1883, showed a revenue of £89,004,000. This exceeded the estimate by £4,069,000. The expenditures had been £88,906,000, showing a surplus of £98,000. The expenses of the war in Egypt, including the amount contributed to defray the cost of the Indian contingent, were £3,896,000. For the coming year the estimated expenditure is £85,789,000. The national debt was reduced the past year by about £7,100,000.

In the British House of Commons, April 17, a motion introduced by Mr. Pell, Conservative, in favor of the immediate reform of local taxation, was negatived by a vote of 217 to 229. An amendment was accepted by the government postponing the consideration of reform measures until the whole question of local government has been dealt with. The closeness of the division on Mr. Pell's motion caused cheers among the Tories.

The French occupied Porta Negra and Loango in Congo March 28. The natives protested against this action to the captain of the Portuguese cruiser *Bengo*, who made a formal protest to the French authorities. The territory in question lies north of the Portuguese dominions.

In the Prussian Reichstag, April 13, the Minister of Finance read an imperial message. In it the Emperor said he had always believed that it was his duty to devote the same solicitude for the condition of the working classes as was displayed by the Prussian kings. When the Socialist law was promulgated the Emperor expressed his conviction that legislation should not be restricted to police and penal measures, but should benefit the working-men. The abolition of the class tax was the first step toward benefiting them. The Emperor was anxious in regard to the passage of the Insurance Bill, as its failure, he thought, hopelessly destroyed any chance of passing the Sick Poor Bill at the next session. The budget for 1884 and 1885 would therefore be submitted in order to give the next session opportunity to consider the social condition of the people.

A new Dutch ministry has been formed under Dr. Heemskerk Az, a member of the Council of State.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill permitting the substitution of affirmation for the oath when desired.

Two thousand persons have recently been arrested in Moscow for plotting to kill the Czar.

DISASTERS.

March 23.—News of loss of one hundred and thirty-five fishermen in gale of March 6 on British coast.

March 26.—Dispatch from Vienna saying that several villages at the foot of Mount Ararat have been destroyed by snow avalanches, and one hundred and fifty persons killed.

March 30.—Fifty-one persons injured, six fatally, by an accident on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, near Mason's Station, Kentucky.

April 1.—Twenty-six persons killed and thirty-eight injured by a boiler explosion at St.-Dizier, France.

April 5.—Forty persons killed by the explosion of a powder factory at Moricane, near Rome.

April 6.—Thirteen persons killed by the collapse of a hotel at Greenville, Texas.

April 8.—One hundred and forty-five houses burned in Vallorbe, Switzerland. Twelve hundred persons rendered homeless.

April 10.—Eight men buried by a cave-in at the Red Bridge Mine, in Michigan.

April 14.—Seven miners killed by an explosion of fire-damp in the coal mines at Lourches, France.

OBITUARY.

March 21.—In London, England, Rt. Hon. Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, aged fifty-nine years.

March 25.—At Kenosha, Wisconsin, Hon. Timothy O. Howe, Postmaster-General, aged sixty-seven years.

March 28.—In London, John Brown, personal attendant of Queen Victoria.

March 29.—In Chicago, General N. B. Buford, aged seventy-six years.

April 4.—In New York city, Peter Cooper, in his ninety-third year.

April 5.—In Washington, D. C., Brigadier-General Joseph K. Barnes, late Surgeon-General of the Army, aged sixty-six years.

April 15.—At Schwerin, Friedrich Franz II., Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, aged sixty years.

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Editor's Drawer.

JUNE is the bride of the months—not that the expression means anything, but it sounds well. It is, at any rate, the favorite month for brides. The statistics of bridal tours in June are startling. June, roses, brides—three words inseparable; but only in certain latitudes. For June, our poetic June, is, after all, a matter of latitude. It is easily first in New England, among a lot of months that would not be wanted anywhere else. It is probably appreciated there as it is nowhere else in the world. The poet of this idolatry exclaims, in a line that glows with beauty to a New England reader,

What so rare as a day in June!

This single line of beauty was once inserted in a newspaper column. It was taken as a conundrum, and thirty-seven answers were sent in. Not one was correct. The answer is, Nothing—nothing is so scarce. The poet himself, who had travelled and made a competitive study of days and Junes, hedges a little with the cautious addition,

Then, *if ever*, come the perfect days.

This day, of which the poet speaks as so scarce in this latitude, comes, "if ever," in June. But this June which has got itself so exalted is a local deity. There are places where June must be disliked and have a very unpoetic sound. There are peoples who exclaim,

What so scorching as a day in June!

And yet probably New England will impose its notion of June on all this continent, just as English poets imposed upon New England a soft and tender feeling for its raw month of May.

THE late Dr. E. H. Knight, author of the valuable *Dictionary of Mechanics*, who died in January last, was what is called a character. While in France, in 1878, he was much courted and entertained by the best class of literary and art people. He used to visit a family of the nobility in Normandy. On one of his up-country trips he made an excursion and stopped a day at Sedan, where some one gave him a cavalry pistol. As near as could be ascertained it contained at least three undischarged cartridges. He carried this in his trunk. When remonstrated with "that it may go off," he looked around in his solemn manner, pointed to his bruised and battered trunk, and said, "Providence moves in mysterious ways: how do we know but what it will pick up a baggage-smasher?"

A CORRESPONDENT who has charge of the arithmancy department of this Magazine, and who is now engaged in constructing a system that will enable us to calculate the periodicity of South American revolutions, and the probable advent of what is called "early spring" in New England, sends to the Drawer the following timely figures bearing upon the immediate future of France:

I am reminded of an article on arithmancy which I read in *Notes and Queries* many years ago, in which the writer suggested (in 1866) that something serious might happen to the Emperor and Empress of France in 1870. I find it in the number of September 15, 1866. (*Notes and Queries*, 3d Series, X., 215.)

Arithmancy is the science of divining by numbers. In 1866 many persons in France were looking to 1869 and 1870 as years of possible catastrophes because of some curious arithmetical facts in past French history.

Louis XVI. came to the throne in 1774; adding these digits together makes 19, which added to 1774 gives 1793, in which year he lost his crown and head. The next regular order of government began with the fall of Robespierre in 1794, and the Convention out of which grew the First Empire. To 1794 add the sum of its digits, 21, and you have 1815, the year of Waterloo, the fall of Napoleon, and the return of Bourbon power with Louis XVIII. Again add to 1815 the sum of its digits, and you have 1830, the year of the revolution of July, the fall of Charles X., and accession of Louis Philippe.

Here another rule in arithmancy became operative. Louis Philippe was born in 1773, the sum of whose digits is 18. His queen, Amélie, was born 1782. The sum of the digits is again 18. His accession was in 1830. Add 18, and the result is 1848, the date of his fall.

During the reign of Louis Napoleon French believers in arithmancy were divided in methods of prognostication. Adding to 1848 the sum of its digits gave 1869, to which many looked as a year of disaster. Others counted from the year in which he was proclaimed Emperor, and married to Eugénie, 1853. Louis Napoleon was born in 1808, and the Empress was born in 1826, both which years give 17 as the sum of their digits. Following the rule, as in Louis Philippe's case, and adding this to 1853, gave 1870. By a remarkable coincidence, the sum of the digits of 1853 was also 17, and the old rule, as in the case of Louis XVI., also gave the year 1870 for disaster, which came with the German war and the fall of the empire. That this was not an after-thought is shown by the publication of this prognostication for 1870 in 1866, as I have already cited it.

Now, however, the French prophets, by help of the magic in numbers, are in the darkness which overhangs all lookers into the future. Shall they add to 1870 the sum of its digits and expect the end of the Republic in 1886? Or must they take some one's birth year, and if so, whose? Arithmetic is as good as any

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other method of divination if you only know where to begin and how much to add. Let us not worry ourselves about it.

THERE is a prevalent notion that anything can be accomplished by legislation—a law on the statute-book will cure every evil, and there is virtue enough in a constitutional amendment to eradicate original sin. The following petition for the removal of a hardship, which was not signed in season to lay before one of our State Legislatures which recently adjourned, will be approved by many true reformers:

To the Honorable Legislature of the State of ——:

Your petitioners humbly represent that they are law-abiding citizens of this State; that they are eaters and lovers and whilom diggers of that mollusk called the "quahog," or round clam. And your petitioners represent that said clam in flavor and attractiveness is everything that could be desired except in one particular—the adhesiveness of its several parts to each other; and this, owing to the fact that human teeth have not been formed to cope with this peculiarity of the clam, renders this delicious object less useful than it might be. Your petitioners therefore ask your honorable body to pass a law making the clam as tender as the oyster. And your petitioners will ever pray, and chew.

THE Drawer has never had so good a metaphor, complete in all its parts, as the following, which is cut from a recent article in a prominent religious newspaper. We feel sure that the metaphor is all right, because the author of it is a Doctor of Divinity: "These seeds of pride are bursting with flame which might lay the foundations of a deluge that would with its fangs envenom my soul."

It was a much less highly cultivated minister who recently made this contribution to etymology in a sermon on the "Beatitudes." "My friends," said the preacher, "before proceeding to unfold our subject it is necessary to give a definition of the word I have just used. Beatitude is composed of two words, 'be' and 'atitude.' *Be* means to live, to exist; and when a man lives, when he really lives, he always strikes an *attitude*. Hence we view," etc.

This is hardly a fair illustration of the value of preaching. A much better one comes from one of the pleasantest cities in Connecticut. A distinguished clergyman in the leading church had one morning finished his sermon, when one of his much-impressed hearers came forward to thank him for it, and this dialogue followed:

"It is fifteen years since I heard you last. In this very place, fifteen years ago, I heard you preach a sermon that I have never forgotten. It did me more good than any sermon I ever heard. It stuck by me, and I have always wanted to thank you for it."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the pleased preacher. "Such evidence of my poor labor is very grateful. I should like to know what sermon it was. Do you remember the text?"

"Well, no, I can't tell what the text was now, but it was the greatest sermon I ever heard. It just lifted me. I never forgot that sermon."

"I should really like to know what sermon it was," replied the clergyman, much interested in so decided a case of the power of the pulpit. "If you can not recall the text, what was the subject of the sermon?"

"Well, now, doctor, it's gone from me; I forget what the text was, and I can't rake up the subject now; but I tell you it was a great sermon. It did me more good—it was the most powerful discourse I ever heard. I sha'n't forget it if I live to be eighty."

"But can't you recall anything in it? You excite my curiosity. Can't you give me a clew that will identify it?"

"No, I can't tell what was in it exactly; the subject has slipped out of my mind. I don't know exactly what you said, but it was a magnificent sermon. It did me more good than all the preaching I ever heard. It has just staid by me for fifteen years."

"And you can not recall a word that will help me to identify it?"

"Well, I can't now bring up what it was about, but I remember how it wound up. You said, 'Theology ain't religion—*not by a ——— sight!*'"

AFTER the clergy it is the turn of the bar. Among the lawyers of one of our large Eastern cities is "Squire G.," as he is commonly called, whose common boast until recently was that never did any witness get the better of him. In defending a man accused of retailing liquor without a license, however, Squire G. met his equal. The principal witness for the prosecution had testified that the defendant's "grocery" had the reputation of being a liquor saloon. In the cross-examination the following colloquy took place:

SQUIRE G. "I understand you to say that this place had the reputation of being a place where liquor was sold?"

WITNESS. "Yes, sir, so I said."

G. "Was this reputation a general one?"

W. "Yes, sir, it was."

G. "Whom did you ever hear say that it was such a place?"

W. "I do not know that I ever heard any one say so."

G. "Yet you say that it had such a general reputation?"

W. "Yes, sir."

Mr. G. evidently thought that now he had the witness in a tight corner, and leaning back with a complacent smile, he asked, in a triumphant way, "Now be so kind as to tell the jury what you mean by saying a place has the reputation of being a liquor saloon, yet you never heard any one say it was."

"Well, Squire G., I'll illustrate," replied the

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witness. "I believe you have the reputation of being a smart lawyer, but I will take oath that I never heard any one say you were."

Squire G. at once concluded not to prolong that cross-examination.

In the same city with "Squire G." is another quaint old advocate, commonly addressed as "Judge" E., whose original remarks have made him famous, and who is the victim of at least three-quarters of the practical jokes of the city.

Judge E. is very fond of relating most marvellous stories of his exploits, which are always accompanied by gestures equally extraordinary.

A few years ago the Judge was "summering" with a couple of professional friends, who, knowing his proclivities to the use of the long bow, determined to have a little sport at his expense. In the course of their rambles they stopped at a hotel near some famous fishing grounds, and planned to start fishing at four o'clock the next morning. Judge E., not caring to go, was not to be waked when the others started.

Morning came, and the two sportsmen started, leaving their unconscious victim slumbering peacefully. As they passed through the office of the hotel they said to the clerk, tapping their foreheads significantly, "Keep your eye on that friend of ours—he's harmless enough, but odd—and don't let him excite himself."

Of course the rumor that the new guest was "a little off" spread through the hotel, and at breakfast the judge was the centre of all observation; but supposing that it was due to the fact of his being the renowned Judge E., he was rather flattered than otherwise.

After breakfast he strolled into the office, where were assembled half a dozen of the guests, engaged in conversation about the mysterious lodger. Not noticing the looks of distrust cast upon him, he began by saying, "Fine morning, gentlemen." No one seemed to be inclined to dispute this statement, and silence reigned for a few moments.

Suddenly the Judge was reminded of certain wonderful exploits, and, rising, he began an account of them, couched in the most flowery language, and to enforce his remarks laid his hand on the shoulder of his nearest auditor, who, not fancying the presence of the supposed lunatic, retired through the nearest open door with more haste than courtesy.

Somewhat disconcerted, the narrator smoked in silence for a few moments; but unwilling that so good a story should remain untold, he advanced and resumed the tale, emphasizing it by vigorous blows on the clerk's desk.

The clerk at once deserted his post, exclaiming, "Now calm yourself, sir; just try and be calm."

"Be what?" cried the Judge, thoroughly mystified.

"There, now, be calm; don't excite yourself, or we shall have to take measures to restrain you."

"Restrain me! Take measures!" fairly howled the victim of the joke, in a perfect rage. "I'd like to see you."

The clerk was now thoroughly persuaded that for his own personal safety strong measures were necessary, and was about to put his threat into execution when Judge E.'s two companions returned, and hurried explanations followed.

Judge E. could only hush the matter up by a generous "treat." Even then the story leaked out, and now the Judge can be stopped in his most marvellous tale by his auditor's saying, "Now don't get excited."

THE following characteristic satirical verses can be found unsigned in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. 24, Vol. IV., January, 1832. Thackeray was a frequent contributor to *Fraser's* at that time, and this bit of biting satire is no doubt from his pen, although it has never been acknowledged or identified by any of the collectors of his works:

E. A. AND E. B.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, TO THE TUNE OF "GOD SAVE YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN."

Impius ante Aram, atque auri cæcus amore.

E. Aram was a pedagogue
So sullen and so sad;
E. Bulwer was a gentleman
Wot plied as Colburn's Cad:
And the deeds of both, I grieve to say,
Were werry, werry bad.

E. Aram he whipped little boys
With malice and with ire;
E. Bulwer wrote Whig articles
As Beelzebub did inspire:
And both of them they did these things
All for the sake of hire.

E. Aram killed a man one day,
Out of a devilish whim;
E. Bulwer did almost the same—
A deed well-nigh as grim:
For Aram he murder'd Daniel Clarke,
And Bulwer he murder'd *him*.

E. Aram's crime it was impell'd
That cash he might purloin;
E. Bulwer did his wickedness
For love of Colburn's coin:
Alas, that money should debauch
Two geniuses so fine!

E. Aram he was sent to jail,
And hanged upon a tree;
E. Bulwer is in Parliament,
A shabby-genteel M.P.;
But if he writes such murdering books,
What must his ending be?
Why, that in *Fraser's Magazine*
His gibbet we shall see.

THE war of the rebellion drew into the field not only raw recruits, but raw officers as well. A correspondent recalls to his mind a sergeant of the regular army who was set to drill raw Ohio soldiers at Camp Denison. The sergeant had acquired enough knowledge to give orders, but had not yet perfected the discipline of himself. On the first trial he lost all pa-

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tience with the awkwardness of his command, and gathering his hat full of stones, he let drive at the boys when they were dismissed and moving off the parade-ground. This lasted just one drill.

On the other side of the line there was at first some inability to master and apply military terms. A plain old farmer from the Valley of Virginia was elected in 1861 captain of a cavalry company. At his first drill the honest old fellow stationed himself in front of his company, straightened himself up, drew his sword, and wanting the technical command to get the line in motion, called out:

"Now, boys, pull out your sabres. Horner" (to the bugler), "toot your horn. And all follow me."

The company got under way, and followed him at a gallop, and was doing very well, when the problem of turning a street corner confronted him, and he yelled:

"Swing round this corner—just like a gate."

This happy thought got the company launched again, when the captain tried another manœuvre, "Form fours, and follow me," which so badly mixed up the line that the commander stopped, and screamed: "Whoa!—I mean halt. Now go in ones" (single file); "now divide yourselves" (deploy). "Oh, blazes! where are ye goin'?"

And watching the inextricable confusion for a moment in despair, he cried out:

"Here, I resign. You uns kin all go to blazes. I'm goin' home."

And home he went.

During the war the island of Rock Island, now the seat of the largest arsenal of the country, was used as a rebel prison. The soldiers of both armies who died while it was thus used are buried in two large cemeteries on the island. For many years it has been the custom for the children of a Soldiers' Orphans' Home near by to come and strew flowers over the graves. The Home now contains few soldiers' orphans (the original orphans having grown to be men and women, and their places being supplied by orphans of less picturesque character), but the custom is observed as before. The band plays a dirge, and the boys, each with a wreath on his arm, march in and stand at the head of the graves. A signal is given, and each boy lays his wreath upon the head-stone before him.

One Decoration-day a few years since the children were marshalled as usual before the cemetery gates, wreaths on their arms. The band had not yet begun to play, and a solemn silence pervaded the great crowd. Suddenly it was broken by the loud wailing of a stout little orphan on the outskirts. Everybody turned to look. The superintendent hurried to him. "What's the matter with *you*? What are you making all this disturbance for?" "Oh! oh!" sobbed the stout little orphan, "I ain't got no wreath, and I ain't got no grave!" Then he lifted up his voice and wept sore. But the superintendent was equal to the occasion. He rummaged out a wreath from the superfluous flowers, and slung it on the boy's arm, saying, "Here, take this wreath, and go to that boy and tell him to give you half *his* grave."

Good stories of the war still come to the surface. This, told by a friend of the writer's, has, I think, never appeared in print:

The story-teller, Colonel F——, was at one time stationed in West Virginia. It was during the early days of the war, and in the same town was a regimental band which had just received their uniforms, and were marvellously proud of them. The drum-major had his quarters in a private house, where he was made much at home. He had a great deal to say of the good housekeeping of his hostess. Now it happened that some member of the band—or it may be some soldier—died, and the band were called upon for the funeral. It was their first military funeral, and they had their new uniforms, and altogether it was a great occasion to them; and as the deceased was a worthless fellow whom no one mourned, there were no regrets to chasten their pride. To be sure, circumstances were rather against an imposing funeral. For one thing, the town was so small that they could get neither coffin nor hearse; then, although different members could play different tunes, the only piece of music which the whole band had practiced together, and which was safe for them to try in public, was "Polly, put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea," which did not seem exactly adapted to a funeral.

But the drum-major was not to be daunted by such trifles. He had the dead soldier carried to his quarters, and made a coffin out of a dry-goods box, and covered it with a flag. The best they could do for a hearse was a lumber wagon drawn by two sorry mules. As for the music, after much consultation it was decided to play "Polly, put the kettle on," *very slowly*, in which case it was hoped it would have a solemn sound, and pass for a dirge with the town's-people, who were not musical.

The arrangements being all completed, the band had the coffin put on the wagon, and set out walking in a stately manner, in their new uniforms, playing "Polly, put the kettle on," with extraordinary slowness and solemnity. All the town lined the sidewalk, and the drum-major walked ahead, flourishing his baton, and feeling that the proudest day of his life had come. The band doubtless shared his feelings, but they were a little distracted by the necessity of keeping step, which, owing to the music, was more difficult than one would imagine. Still, they went on prosperously enough until they reached the first corner; then an unusual animation was evident among the by-standers, and an instant later a little negro girl came

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flying up to the procession, crying, "Mars' Williams! oh, Mars' Williams!"

Now "Mars' Williams" was the drum-major. He recognized the small negro at once as the property of his hostess, but he had no mind to stop; so he walked on stiff and straight and gloomily martial, paying no attention.

The small negro ran at his heels, still calling, "Oh, Mars' Williams, missus says please stop!" He only waved his hand at her. Finally she ventured to pull his august coat tail.

This was too much. He wheeled upon the girl, jerking a very wrong word at her under his teeth.

"Oh, Mars' Williams," she pleaded, "I can't help it. Missus she say don't go on wid de fun'al, 'cause Mars' Jim ain't dar; she done took him out to *a'r!*"

The discomfited band returned with the empty coffin, and the unfortunate "Mars' Jim" was buried with scant ceremony later, having, it is presumed, been sufficiently aired for even Southern housekeepers' ideas.

During the purchasing season in the famous contest of 1877 for Governor and the control of Louisiana, many funny incidents happened. One night the Nichols people secured four colored gentlemen from the Packard Legislature and had them at a private house, where they were trying to induce them to go to the Nichols Senate, and thus destroy the Packard government. One of the brethren demanded several thousand dollars for the change. The gentleman engaged in the purchase, a man of great wealth, and former owner of the gigantic black man (now a man of affairs), who was lounging on a bed in the room smoking a cigar, said: "Mercy, what a price! Don't you know that before the war I could have bought six men like you for this sum?"

"Ah, yes, that's so," replied the newly made citizen and legislator, blowing the smoke in a cloud from his mouth—"that's so; but then the kind you mention were field hands. Times have changed. We are Senators, and charged with grave responsibilities. And, besides, it looks like the last chance for a 'divy' in this State for the colored man. Ah, Colonel, we comes high, but you must have us." And he got his price.

In these days when "lines of great men all remind us that we might have made our lines sublime" by a little early practice, a certain interest attaches to the following verses, which we are able to say from internal and external evidence were written by Edgar A. Poe. The New York *Evening Mirror*, edited by George P. Morris, of the date February 21, 1846, printed a number of valentines which had been read at a valentine party in the *salon* of a lady who at that time gathered at her reunions most of the poets and wits of the city. This one, undoubtedly contributed by Poe, is an ingenious acrostic on the name of one of the poetesses and most charming women of that coterie. The reader will have no difficulty in spelling out her three names if he hits upon the right clew. It is entitled:

TO HER WHOSE NAME IS WRITTEN BELOW.

For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,
Bright and expressive as the stars of Leda,
Shall find her own sweet name that, nestling, lies
Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader.
Search narrowly these words, which hold a treasure
Divine, a talisman, an amulet
That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the measure,
The words, the letters themselves. Do not forget
The smallest point, or you may lose your labor.
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre.
If one could merely comprehend the plot
Upon the open page, on which are peering
Such sweet eyes now, there lies, I say, perdu,
A musical name, oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets, for the name is a poet's too,
In common sequence set, the letters lying,
Compose a sound delighting all to hear.
All this you'd have no trouble in descrying,
Were you not something of a dunce, my dear:
And now I leave these riddles to their seer.

FREAKS OF FORGETFULNESS.

Of all the ills to which flesh is heir, forgetfulness is the one that furnishes the greatest number of laughable episodes; and while many of them are very annoying, the mirthful feature that is their almost invariable companion affords a certain degree of compensation.

Near one of our Atlantic sea-ports there resides an old whaling captain commonly known as Uncle Gurdon. To keep from getting rusty, he made his home on the river-bank, where he could keep a boat, and fish or paddle about as he liked. The place was about five miles from the city, and, as occasion required, Uncle Gurdon and his wife would journey townward for the purpose of shopping. Reaching the city, the horse and wagon would be left at the water trough on the Parade, and each would go in different directions, carrying their bundles to this common receptacle, the first through waiting for the other. On one of these shopping excursions Uncle Gurdon made several trips to the wagon, finding each time that additions had been made to the store of bundles—a sign that his wife was busy. Having completed his purchases, he unhitched his horse, and the ferry-boat having arrived, climbed into the wagon and drove on board. While crossing the river one of his acquaintances stepped up and asked how he was getting on.

"Well, I'm getting on nicely, but I'm bothered just now."

"Why, is anything going wrong?"

"No, nothing special; but I came down to do some shopping, and I've forgotten a parcel I was to get," and the old gentleman scratched his head in a perplexed manner.

"Well, I wouldn't worry. You will think of it next time," said the neighbor; and the

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boat having reached the landing, Uncle Gurdon drove ashore, and went on toward home.

When nearly half-way there he was met by another friend, who stopped to have a chat.

"How do you do to-day, Uncle Gurdon?" he asked.

"Oh, nicely, nicely; though I'm a bit worried just now."

"Worried? What about?"

"Well, you see, I've been to town shopping, and there's a parcel of some kind that I've forgotten. I can't think what it is, and it bothers me."

"Oh, never mind it! You will recollect what it is before you go again. By-the-way, Uncle Gurdon, how is your wife?"

"Jerusalem!" cried Uncle Gurdon, slapping his knee with great energy. "It's my wife that I've forgotten! She went to town with me to do some shopping, and I was to wait for her."

And Uncle Gurdon turned around, and went back to the ferry for the parcel that he had left behind.

One of Uncle Gurdon's neighbors was also afflicted with absent-mindedness, and had, besides, a mania—that of thinking he was afflicted with some incurable malady. During these periods he was a source of great trouble to his wife, as she was the confidante to whom he carried these gloomy forebodings. It is safe to say that no human ailment passed him by; they all became his friends, and staid with him.

With his mania he combined a love for hunting, and his best solace at such times was a long stroll with dog and gun. He was out on one of these expeditions, and his only luck was a robin, which he thrust into a pocket of his coat. Returning home, he hung this garment in a closet, and for some time let it remain unused. When he next put it on, a peculiar odor that clung to him caused him to brush his clothes thoroughly; and this not availing, he took a bath. Still the odor remained, and baths and brushings followed each other, all to no purpose; wherever he went the odor accompanied him. He then called his wife, and after bestowing on her a most mournful look, said,

"Sara, I do not wish to alarm you, or to give you needless pain or sorrow, but I must tell you that I shall soon die."

"Ah!" It was an old story, and Sara had grown too familiar with it to be excited.

"Yes, I feel that mortification has set in, and there is no cure for it. Do you not smell the disagreeable odor that hangs about me? It is the sign of mortification. I have brushed and bathed, but all to no purpose. I know that I am mortifying, and that I must die."

"Let me see," said Sara; and in a few moments the dead robin was thrown out of the window to the cat.

Since that time Sara has possessed an infallible cure for all new complaints. It is an inexpensive one—the word "Robins." C.

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

THEY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER.

Old Mose and another venerable old darky were standing in front of a store on Austin Avenue, when Jim Webster happened to pass.

"Dar's moah den forty chicken thieves in Austin, includin' Jim Webster," remarked Mose.

Webster overheard the remark, and returning asked for an explanation, with a hostile air. He also carried a heavy cane.

"Mister Webster, I wouldn't hurt your feeling for a thousand dollars. I didn't mean to say dar was a dozen chicken thieves in Austin including yerself."

"What did you mean ter say?"

"Nuffin in de world 'ceptin' dat dar was a dozen chicken thieves in Austin *not* includin' yerself."

Jim was very much affected, and he replied, in a husky tone of voice, "Uncle Mose, when a man 'pologizes he jess disarms me right dar. Gimme yer hand. 'Tain't offen anybody flatters me as you has done."

AN EXASPERATING WAITER.

Last week Austin was crowded with strangers in attendance on the Democratic Congressional Convention. Hence the waiters at the hotel were somewhat pushed, and could not wait on the guests as promptly as the latter desired. One of the San Antonio delegates, after waiting an hour or so, bawled out,

"Here, I only ordered a cup of coffee, and I've had to wait for nearly an hour."

"Hit's your own fault, sah," replied the colored waiter; "you could ha' waited for beefsteak, fish, pertaters, and almos' everything else, ef you had only ordered 'em. De reason you only waited for coffee am bekase you didn't order nuffin else."

COTTON STATISTICS.

During the cotton-picking season in Texas a colored man who had gone into the country to pick cotton returned very much disgusted.

"Didn't you git no offers to pick cotton?" asked a friend.

"Yes, sich as dey was. A white man offered me one-fourth of what I picked. I jess took a look at de field, and I saw for myself dat when hit was all picked, hit wouldn' amount to one-fourth, so I leff for home."

"You was in luck dat you didn't get fooled."

"You bet I was. My 'refmetic was all what saved me. I tells you, send yer chilluns to school."

A few nights ago an Austin man was awakened by a burglar opening a shutter. The disturbed proprietor of the house got out his pistol, remarking to his wife, "I am not quite sure this pistol is loaded." The burglar, however, overheard the remark, and being a reader of the newspapers, and remembering how many fatal accidents occur from handling unloaded pistols, fled in wild dismay, leaving his professional instruments behind him.

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"THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER."—From a Picture by F. S. Church.
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCVIII.—JULY, 1883.—Vol. LXVII.

A FAMOUS LONDON SUBURB.

"YOU don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? I know a good house where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine."

—*Charles Dickens to John Forster.*

When the Londoner who has been away from his well-beloved city for a year or more comes back he finds so many changes that he feels like a stranger—old buildings that have stood for centuries replaced by new ones, and new buildings put up where old buildings never were; the lanes in which he has sweethearted blotted out by paved streets, and the fields where he has played crushed and obliterated, even to the last blade of grass, under piles of brick and mortar. It may be that he sees an analogy between the extinction of the sylvan haunts of the substantial and unbeautiful advance of the city, and the dreams and aspirations of his youth dissipated in the practical experience of mature life.

The suburbs of the metropolis, all of them full of historical and interesting associations, and most of them within the memory of living men full of historical mansions, are fast losing, with their fields and woods, the old and distinctive flavor. Kensington has long since been built over; there are no longer fields at Notting Hill; Shepherd's Bush, in whose thickets the footpads used to lie in wait for those who had escaped the highwaymen of Hounslow Heath, is a labyrinth of mean streets and "jerry-built" houses. On the south side London has spread itself out for fifteen miles across the Surrey Hills: there is little left of the sweet rusticity of Dulwich; Clapham and Wimbledon have their commons still, but they are now great towns; Forest Hill has lost its forest, and Penge its hanging woods. On the west there are houses as far as Brentford, Kew, and Richmond; on the east the old village of Stratford-on-the-Bow has become a great town of sixty thousand inhabitants, and the leafy little secluded villages which stand upon the southern edge of Epping Forest are united by rows of mean, hideous, monotonous terraces and villas.

The way in which new suburbs spring up is like the dreams of a Western speculator whose imagination is let loose upon a plotting paper, and month after month the green fields and still villages become more distant from St. Paul's. The tavern which to-day stands in its own grounds, wrapped up in ivy and masses of flowers, where we may escape the noise of the city in rural privacy, may soon be transformed into a vulgar "public," serving pots of washy ale over the counter, and the bowers around it be swept away to make room for shops and cottages.

At one outpost of London is an Elizabethan mansion—real Elizabethan and real mansion—which has a dignity and genuineness about its grandeur not common in these days of veneer and affectation in buildings and nomenclature. It has been the manor for generations, and up to last year it held a position of lofty isolation in its park, where the hawthorns and limes almost hid it from the outside world. But in twelve months it has become an anomaly. New homes, new shops, and a railway have surrounded it. What was country a year ago is now an integral part of the city, and the old manor-house, with its glory unimpaired, has suddenly become an anachronism.

The magic that built Cheyenne and Denver is repeated on the borders of the English metropolis. But from the red brick lodge with its ivy shield at the gate-

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GIBBET ELM.

way of the manor, a hill can be seen to the northeast with a curious pea-green spire pointing out of the thicket that crowns it. Its verdurous hue is more noticeable than its elevation, which is, in fact, just thirty feet more than that of St. Paul's. But the hill on which it stands is too high for railways to cross it, and though one has gone under it and two others have been carried round it, the place has missed the modernizing influences of the iron road; it is high enough and steep enough to discourage omnibuses, of which there is only one service, and that a slow one, and cabs, of which there is but one stand, and that a small one, half-way up the hill; and while other suburbs have been assimilated by the city, their character ruthlessly destroyed, their ancient houses torn down, their woods despoiled, their fields built over, their gardens turned into brick fields, and their taverns depraved, this village on the hill, of which the church of the green spire is a landmark, still preserves much of the character it has had since Pope and his fellow-members of the Kit-Kat Club met at the Flask Tavern, and illuminated its wainscoted apartments with rapier wit. Its very name is a spring of reminiscences —Hampstead, Saxon homestead—and one has to look into the earliest English chronicles to discover the first mention of the village.

It is, in fact, only in the north of London, where a range of hills—Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, and Muswell hills—rise out of the Thames Valley and keep back the wave of migration, that we can hope to find any remains of an old suburb. There are, for instance, old houses, old courts, and old lanes at Highgate, though the old school and the old church have been rebuilt; there is a good old Georgian church at Hornsey; there are still old houses at Crouch End; and away in the far east, beyond the river Lea, at places to which no one ever goes, such as Alridge, Chigwell, Chipping-Ongar, there are old houses, old churches, old manners, and old customs. And at Hampstead, pressed in to south and east by newly built streets where twenty years ago were sloping meadows and hanging woods, there remains not only the old heath, guarded now and preserved after centuries of neglect and encroachment, but also to some a still greater attraction, the old town, with its High Street winding up the last steep of the hill, its old courts and narrow lanes,

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its streets bearing the old names, and its old red brick houses. We are not quite in the Hampstead of Pope, or even in that of Keats; there are too many new houses of the flaring red brick kind scattered about; but yet we are in Hampstead, and it is old and not new. It is so old that we should not be surprised to see a chariot and six drive slowly up the hill for Caen Wood House, with Lord Mansfield in it, or to see a pair of ill-looking fellows presently riding in the same direction, and to hear the by-standers whisper that they are bent on no good errand, and certainly we should not be in the least surprised to see the Hampstead stage painfully finishing the last and steepest bit, and stop to set down its passengers, among whom are Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Rogers, her lodger, Mrs. Cluppins, Mr. and Mrs. Raddle, and Tommy—all on their way to the Spaniards. Perhaps the memory of that tea-drinking is as pleasant and quite as real as that of the Assembly Room and the gay company when Hampstead was a favorite watering-place, and pompous Dr. Akenside endeavored to establish himself here as a physician. Let us look round the old town before we go upon the heath.

There are here whole streets of unadorned brick houses belonging to the days of good King George III. They have hooded pediments by way of porch over the doors, and the original old wrought-iron railings inclosing their narrow areas; they have roofs, which seem decrepit, but yet hang on, of scarlet tiles; they have irregular banks of chimney-pots; some wear a Puritanic severity of front, unbroken by pilaster, bay, or any depth of eaves; their windows are small, with broad white sashes. There are older houses still, perhaps as old as Queen Anne, with mullioned, dormer, and oriel windows, and draperies of vines clinging closely to the walls. The brick, which is the usual material, has long since lost its early redness in the weathering of the seasons, and now has a tawny purple bloom like that which age, exposure, the sea air, and perhaps port and Jamaica rum bring out in the human face. In those streets, many of which are kept in prolonged twilight by avenues of limes, planted with mathematical precision, a faint and pensive air of decay touches the looker-on, and the quiet seems a permanent, immutable quality which the loud footfall of a passer-by, or the whistle of a boy, or the cry of a child, or the rattling of a butcher's cart, disturbs for the moment, and then intensifies. When the pale and enmisted moon of England lets its benevolent rays fall on the old houses and edges their barn-like gables with its luminousness, we look to see the extinct generations re-appear among the shadows, and fancy long processions of cocked hats, powdered wigs, and Sedan-chairs, with furbelow, wheel farthingale, sacque, and hoop petticoat.

There were highwaymen here also, to fulfill all the charming circumstances of the good old times, and at the end of the seventeenth century an author, with a touch of Baudelaire, wrote:

"Often upon Hampstead Heath
We've seen a felon, long since put to death,
Hang, crackling in the sun his parchment skin,
Which to his ear had shrivelled up his chin."

The vegetation of Hampstead is one of its chief glories. The chestnuts, the limes, the mulberries, and the cedars attain a gigantic height and girth, and create umbrageous spaces where it is always cool and thoughtful. There are high walls matted with ivy, and in the summer evenings the night air, like an eloping lover, steals away some of the sweetness of the flowers that are pent up in the hidden gardens. Some of these jealously kept gardens may be seen when the lodge gates are opened to admit a carriage, and in them the plants are not so isolated or far apart as to give their bloom the appearance of spots of color in the earth, but are packed together in brilliant and surfeiting masses.

There are small courts of humble cottages with panes of glass no larger than *cartes de visite*, and whitewashed exteriors shining in contrast with the prevailing smoky red roofs. Boxes of nasturtions and mignonette stand on the sills, and children and kittens play on the cobble-stone pavement in front. Most of the doors are wide open, and any passer-by can see the white clean floor, the clean crockery arranged upon the shelves, the strong deal table, and the mistress, who appears to be a good deal tidier in her habits than women of a similar class in the crowded parts of London. There are narrow passages from street to street with high walls that have a slanting roof of sunbeams at some hours of the day, and these by-ways, which open short-cuts in all directions to those who know them, are so devious in their course that they perplex and mislead a stranger. There are

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groves of elms with gratuitous benches to rest upon under the lofty domes. And the lanes that branch out up and down the hill on which are all the things we have named, with scarcely an acre of level ground, are in spring and summer simply tunnels through lofty hedges of verdure with a white thread of roadway in the middle.

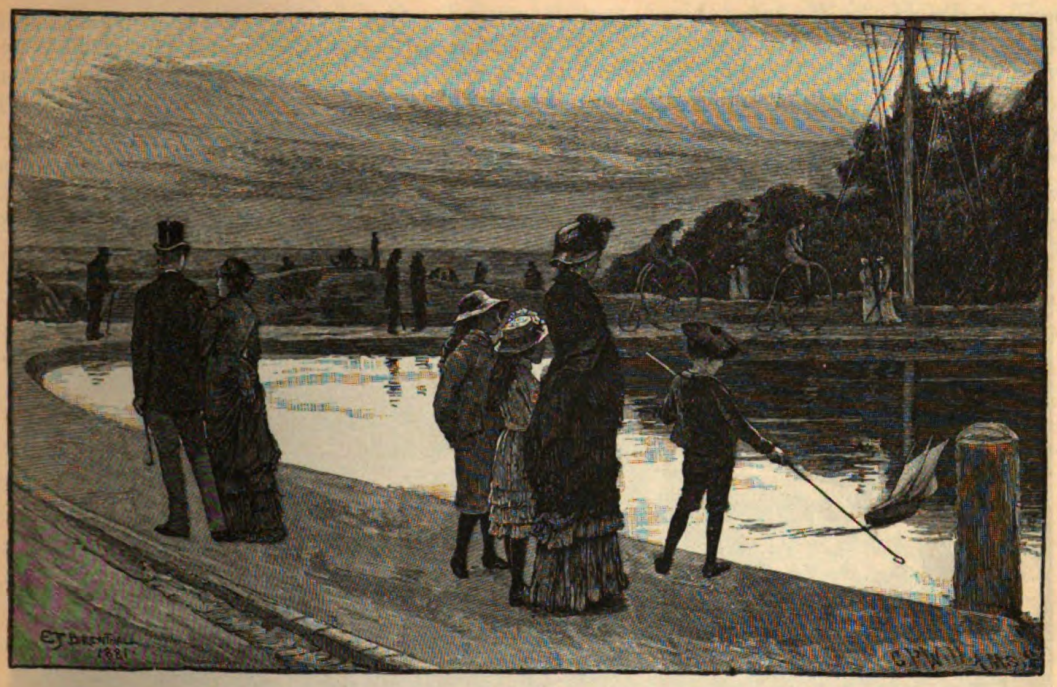


OLD GATE, HAMPSTEAD.—From a drawing by Robert W. Macbeth.

The hedge-rows of hawthorn and quick-set, the umbrageous shelter, the quivering green everywhere, even around the trunks of the trees, the quaint gateways and houses, are the simple materials of the charming picture. Hampstead grows on one, and improves with acquaintance. The voices of the children have a distant sound like tinkling bells; there are boys at cricket and playing at hare and hounds, and slow old men and young lovers are sauntering through the embowered lanes. The inanimate things seem possessed with some indefinable emotion, answering ours as well as stimulating it, and there is a hymn of peace in the very flicker of the hawthorn.

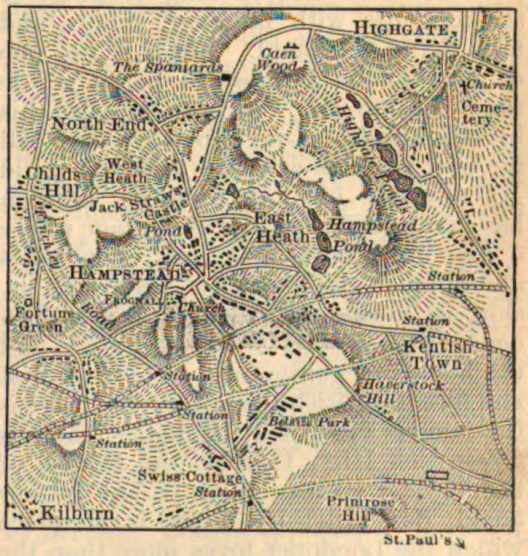
When we have been breathing the London fog, a wonderful change is felt as we mount the hill under the cloisters of lime and elm. The purer air increases the

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AT THE POND.

elasticity of movement, and instead of lagging before we reach the summit, the exhilaration bears us on with a faster gait as the distance nears its ending. It is not much of a hill as far as height is concerned, and a level drawn from it would only strike the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral, as we have said; but within a few yards of the top, as we come up from the city by East Heath Street, the edge of the ridge is suddenly revealed, and the figures upon it, black against the sky, seem to be moving on a low shore, off which is the indefinite blending of a gray haze and a gray sea. We are on the top of the hill; we have left the town behind us; we are on the edge of the heath. The soft sand, the children with toy boats, and the increased force of the wind help to sustain for a moment the illusion. Then we reach the level summit, and look down toward the west on a wide and slumberous English landscape, the extent of which is much greater than the stranger expects, considering the insignificance of the elevation. The heath, of which this is the highest and the breeziest spot, is divided by two roads, which start from here, into three slices of irregular shape and unequal size. One of these is the West Heath. It is separated from the rest by the road which runs down past Jack Straw's Castle to North End. At the Castle another road, built up like a great causeway, broad and level, branches off, and runs across the heath, making another division into two, the East Heath and a part which has no name, and is generally considered to belong to the West Heath. Where the second road leaves the heath it passes the Spaniards, of which more anon.



MAP OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

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THE VALE OF HEALTH.—From a drawing by Robert W. Macbeth.

Stand with me beside the flag-staff which marks the highest spot. Behind us is the pond. It is not deep, and the carts which pass along the road are driven through to clean the wheels and refresh the horses; boys sail their boats upon it; Newfoundland dogs are constantly rushing in and out of it; the donkeys stand beside it. There is always in the afternoons and on long evenings of summer, life with laughter, shouts, and talk round this pond. But it is not one of the famous Hampstead ponds where the scientific Mr. Pickwick pursued his investigations. Look up now and tell me how you like a view which you could get nowhere but in England. London has many of these points of vantage where a man may stand and gaze upon miles and miles of the inclosures, hedged fields, shut-in meadows, sealed-up parks, gardens, villages with church and spire, and the houses of gentle-folk. There is, first and foremost, Richmond Terrace; there is the famous viaduct at Highgate; there is Greenwich Hill; there is the terrace of the Crystal Palace; there is, but farther afield, Box Hill; but there is no place which the Londoner loves more than the little level place beside this flag-staff. There are benches placed about so that he can sit if he pleases. Looking over the ridges and still pools of haze between them, and across the sky banked with watery clouds, the earthliness of the view escaped our consciousness, and our visions seem fixed on what Emerson calls some "interior sphere of thought."

From the summit of the hill the West Heath stretches down—a shaggy growth of brambled gorse, blackberry bushes, spare grass, heather, and harebells, wide open to the wind, and unmodified by any sort of artifice. It is a famous place for shaking off sloth and quickening the circulation, and the step becomes wonderfully buoyant as we pick our way with coats thrown open among the low bushes of furze. Where the brambles have left an open space there is a constant danger from projectile children who cannonade themselves down the hill, and great big dogs come bounding after them with a silly belief that all the amusement is devised for them. There are sentimental couples, insensible of the vitalizing air, who stroll with averted faces and at a pace that shows time to be much more valued than

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distance, and occasionally we come unexpectedly upon a gay parasol in the shelter of a bush, where it blossoms among the sober hues of the heath like an enormous tropical flower.

Here and there, if it has been rainy, there are little ponds in it; here and there are little sand quarries; if you wander still further down the slopes, you presently come upon a place where you can see no houses anywhere, and no smoke of chimneys; hear no sound save the lark in the sky, no rattling of carriage or hum of human voice: you might be fifty miles from any town. A line of trees with a broad and generous hedge marks the boundary of the heath, and beyond are pasture fields where the mild kine gaze in wonder at the infrequent stranger. If, however, it chance to be Sunday afternoon, you will presently meet arm in arm the little London man with the little London maid. They are keeping company. He is enjoying the "twopenny smoke" which is the Londoner's outward sign of a holiday. Presently they will adjourn to the tea gardens at North End, or the Vale of Health, and take tea. Then they will have a glass of something stronger than tea, and so home.



"A GAY PARASOL."

From the flag-staff you can see many things besides the West Heath. That sheet of water to the northwest is the lake at the Welsh Harp. This is an inn where they have made a shallow lake in the ground by damming the waters of the little river Brent. In the summer there are boats and punts for anglers, who catch dace and roach and sometimes jack in it; in the winter it is the best skating ground near London; and summer and winter there is always eating and drinking, with crowds on Sunday and Saturday afternoons, and enough beer got through to make another lake. Among the trees a little further you may see, if your eyes are good, the tower of Hendon church, in Hendon village, and a pretty little row of almshouses, reminding one somewhat of Frederick Walker's "Haven of Rest." Again, more to the east, can you see the church with a high spire standing on one of the many low hills which rise on the horizon? That is the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill, and there is the church-yard where Byron, when a boy at the school, loved to sit and look across the fields. He did not, however, look toward Hampstead, but in the other direction, toward Windsor. Let us turn and look to the northeast and east. Here

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the ground falls rapidly; on the middle slope they have built an ugly inn beside a pond, and there are merry-go-rounds, with swings, tea gardens, tables, and benches; here is also a row of houses. The whole ought to be bought and pulled down, including a mean and ugly hall, where on Sunday afternoons you may hear the cymbals, trumpets, and drums, with the shouting, of the Salvation Army, which has a regiment, or a corps, or a battalion, for the good of Hampstead. This Vale of Health, a hollow in the East Heath, used to be one of the most picturesque parts. The heath beyond consists of rolling turf; it is not *accidenté*, as it is on the other side, or covered with bushes and ferns; it is still a green open spot, but it has not the special and peculiar beauty of the western portion. Quite at the far east there are the Hampstead ponds, and a pleasant walk in summer leads across the fields to the Highgate ponds and Love Lane, beside Lord Mansfield's park, into the Highgate road. This park, called Caen Wood, lies north of the heath. It would be a small park in the country, compared with some of the great parks surrounding the county people's houses; but, so near London, it is a very large park indeed. Nowhere will you see more noble woods or more splendid trees. Beyond Caen Wood lies Highgate, whose church you can see so plainly. At Highgate is the most beautiful of all the London cemeteries.

To a stranger from a new country the great charm of an English landscape such as this, apart from the beauty of hanging woods, broken ground, shifting lights and shadows, and the moist luxuriance of verdure, is the sense of many generations. They have come and gone, leaving behind them these fields wherein they worked; they have endowed them with something of human sentiment; they speak to us, and bid us read the lesson of the past.

Let us leave the flag-staff, and walk along the road. Just where it bifurcates, one branch leading to North End, and the other to Highgate, stands the old inn called Jack Straw's Castle. It is said to be built upon the spot where Jack Straw encamped with his rabble rout. I know not how long this tavern has stood here, or how old is the tradition. The place is famous for its dinners, and many literary men—chief of whom is Charles Dickens—and artists have made this house their favorite trysting-place.

If we turn to the southeast and look over the houses we have left behind us, we see a heavy gray cloud darker than the other clouds that obscure the sky, and as we gaze at it we see that it is fixed, and not vaporous, and then it shapes itself into the magnificent dome of St. Paul's, and for miles between it and the edge of the heath there is an expanse of compact roof, like a crusted sea of lava, bedimmed with the exhalations of the city.

The spaces of heather and gorse are bounded by more of the lime and chestnut groves, and the West Heath is only separated from a larger reach of the same wild nature to the north by a lane which is shut in perpetual dusk by the arched and interwoven branches. The road across the heath here bends to the northeast, and about half a mile from Jack Straw's Castle it skirts, and in parts enters, a luxuriant wood, which forms the northern limit of the East Heath, and extends to Highgate. Within the wood, and protected from trespassers by high walls and thick hedges, are several fine old houses, and a new one that forces itself on the attention by an ostentatious and unseasoned grandeur. One afternoon we asked the landlord of the Spaniards to whom the new house belonged. "Lord Magenta," he told us, with a grin; and this was the nickname commonly given to its tenant, who had sprung from poverty to affluence by the success of a certain dye. The oldest and finest house on the road is called Caen Wood House; its history reaches back to the year 1661, when it was in possession of a daughter of Sir Henry Vane. There is little left of the original building, however, and though it has many wings, and covers a large area, it is partly concealed by an unsightly fence with *chevaux-de-frise* of nails, and more effectually by the clustering beeches around it. Once it belonged to the Duke of Argyll—it was always aristocratic—then to an Earl of Bute, who occupied it with his countess, the daughter of Mary Wortley Montagu, and now and since 1755 it has been the property of the Lords Mansfield, who at various times have entertained within its walls such very different persons as Pope, Coleridge, William IV., and the Duke of Wellington. But the house that has no welcome for us is chilling, and we leave Caen Wood to its shadows and the soughing of the wind, and more gladly loiter where

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the Spaniards shows its smiling front, and a host awaits us whose hospitality knows no other limit than the depth of his customer's purse.

ples, constructed the gardens and bowling-green. So far back as 1750 it was so well known as to be the subject of a picture showing "A South View of the Spaniards."



ON THE HEATH.—From a drawing by Robert W. Macbeth.

Like the birth of Charles James Yellowplush, the origin of the name of this famous inn is enshrouded in mystery. It was built on the site of the lodge belonging to the keeper of a toll-gate, and when Hampstead became a place of resort it was opened by a Spaniard as a place of public amusement. Its second tenant, a Mr. Sta-

One thing is quite certain—that it has stood where it stands now for a hundred and fifty years, opposite the old toll-gate of the Bishop of London's lands, and at a point where the lane to Highgate forms an elbow, which, being bent, might make the situation seem especially appropriate to any one familiar with the symbols of

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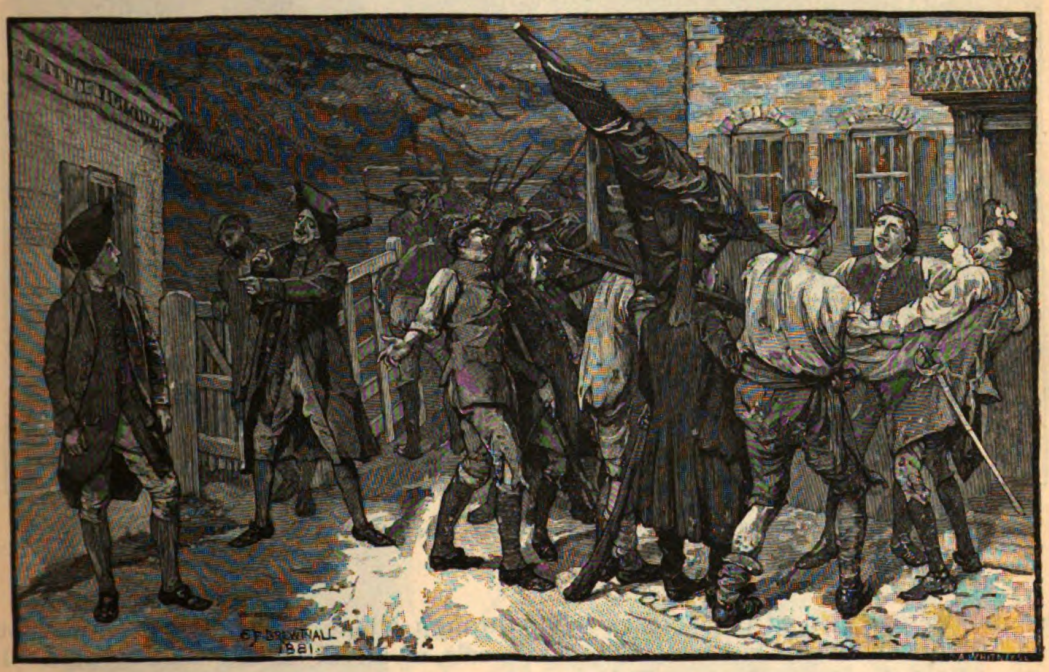
American slang. Its white front, with its crimson and gold sign, and boxes of geraniums, fuchsias, sweet-williams, and heliotrope on all the window-sills, has a smart and youthful appearance, and its customers are mostly pedestrians from London, who call for refreshment after the walk up the hill and across the heath. Besides these, however, the house does still a good business in afternoon tea. Mrs. Bardell's tea garden is still attached to it, with rustic bowers and benches which look out upon the hay fields reaching toward Finchley. Perhaps there is as much brandy and water as tea drank in these arbors, but the London matron will not spend an evening without her tea, and while her husband takes his glass of spirits and water she has her tea. The extraordinary spread of temperance principles, however, threatens to displace the brandy and water altogether. The tap-room is small, with a high bar and a low ceiling, and a close array of tumblers, pewter pots, and bowl-shaped china jars, gilt-lettered with the names of various cordials and spirits. There is nothing peculiarly old about it, nor about the coffee-room, which is stuffy and furnished with common prints and dingy baize curtains, like any tavern in the Green Mountains. But in the smoking-room we can fill a "church-warden" with the solacing Indian weed, and explore the blue vapor for the past. The "church-warden" is provided on demand to any customer. It is a small clay pipe with a stem from sixteen to twenty inches long, and a mouth-piece of red or yellow wax; and with the fire burning in what Holmes calls the "central shrine," there come to us visions of a period all signs of which were long ago effaced from the Spaniards.

Up the heath, over the gravel-pits, and through the mazes of the furze a crowd straggles along from London with bloody clothes and fierce cries, out of which, as they surge nearer to the Highgate road, the words "No Popery" can be made. Many a blaze has shot up of late out of the roofs in the south; many men and women have galloped to the north, their horses in a white lather after their exertions on the hill, and themselves in whiter terror; the news of disaster has been borne to Caen Wood; and now, when this disorderly and wolf-like band is seen advancing with such gestures and cries, the inmates of the grand house near the Spaniards quake with fear. My Lord Mansfield is away; he has narrowly escaped with his life from his house in Bloomsbury Square; and having missed him there, the mob seeks vengeance in the destruction of Caen Wood. A disreputable and unimposing mob it is, composed for the most part of "'prentice boys," footpads, highwaymen, and a few honest fanatics, many of them drunk, with the buckles off their shoes, their hose ripped by the brambles of the heath, the corners knocked out of their three-cornered hats, and their coats —when they have coats — spotted, ragged, and buttonless. But they are clamorous and numerous, and the butler casts a sad, parting glance on the dusty bins where the treasured vintages lie for feasts that are now impossible. But the crisis has its master, however, in no other or more exalted person than the host of the Spaniards, who, having recently dispatched a messenger to the nearest barracks, places himself smiling and obsequious at his door as the tattered army of vagabonds comes down by the toll-gate. "No Popery!" he cries, and to show that he is no lover of Rome, and that the mission on which these crusaders are bent has his support, he throws his cellar open to them, and bids them drink that they may be the better prepared for the work before them. What a monstrously sly old Boniface! And, thirsty enough after their expedition up the hill, they fill themselves with the ale and wine, and by the time the troopers are come they are incapable of distinctly uttering their own war-cry, and are driven like swine back to London. So Caen Wood is saved, and Giles Thomas secures a niche for himself among the statuettes of local history.

These "church-wardens" smoke freely and softly, and the Hampstead inns are good places for taking one's ease and dreaming. We see the pale, fragile, but acrid little poet of the "Dunciad" musing under the beeches yonder, and hear the hearty salutations of Dr. John Arbuthnot, as he strides down the hill, complaining that Hampstead air is fatal to nothing except the prosperity of physicians. The portly and didactic lexicographer is also in the procession, protesting to the attentive Boswell that Scotia deserves no credit for Lord Mansfield, as he was educated in England, and that much might be made of a Scotchman if "caught while young." A passing carriage has in it the great Lord Chatham, who enters Wildwood House,

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never to reveal himself during his long illness; and there is no mistaking this ever-brisk, cheery gentleman who is met now here and now there, always striding out with the elasticity of youth, though the crisp waves of hair at each side of his ruddy face have been touched by the frost of years. Those yet living who have associated with Dickens and others of the same generation are still seen on fine afternoons at Hampstead, and as one's dreams of men who are gone are followed by actual meetings with some of their friends, we are led into the very borders of ghostland.



GORDON RIOTERS AT "THE SPANIARDS."

The next house to the Spaniards was occupied by another Lord Chancellor, Lord Erskine, an excellent and most genial man, of whom many pleasantries are related. "The soil is not the best, I believe, where your seat at Hampstead is situated," said a gentleman to him. "No, indeed," he answered; "my grandfather was buried there as an earl a hundred years ago, and what has sprouted up from it since is a mere baron." This was a reference to his own title, and it is to be lamented that so good and learned a man was an incorrigible punster. He was fond of gardening, and dug and planted and transplanted as a relaxation; and his love of nature embraced her dumb creatures, including in his personal retinue a goose, a macaw, two dogs, and two leeches. He had been blooded by the latter when he was dangerously ill at Portsmouth, and he named them after two celebrated surgeons. He had a dog which, when he was at the bar, he brought to all his consultations, and he was one of the first projectors of the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Hampstead is the dogs' elysium. Not even the children feel more quickly the openness of the landscape and the gladdening air of the heath than they do, and they bound and circle among the bushes up and down the hill, and roll over the grass and burrow in it, with a joyous barking that is very like laughter. The dean of the canine faculty is Mr. Du Maurier's great St. Bernard, Cheng—a familiar acquaintance to Mr. Punch's readers—who may often be seen with his master on the heath.

One of the prettiest parts of the heath is at the northwest corner, where there are some very old houses, and some new ones that have been sentimentally planned to look old, and that in a measure reveal

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HOGARTH'S MULBERRY.—From a drawing by Robert W. Macbeth.

the intellectual bias of the persons who live in them, as houses with any individuality about them usually do. This corner of Hampstead is in a hollow, and the foliage completely hides it even from the heights above. From Erskine House we go down a rough sandy road bordered by a grove of picturesque fir-trees, the joy and delight of all the artists in London. The road is constructed diagonally across the heath, and at the end of an eighth of a mile, or perhaps a little more, it plunges into a kind of pool of verdure; whichever way we look, there is a quivering of leaf and a flickering of sunshine and shadow, an environment of green against which the cottages stand out in alto-relievo, and their tiled roofs glow like fires. This is North End, and it was in a house now cheerful enough for the home of a successful city man that Chatham immured himself, inaccessible to his friends for more than a year. The house has been altered by the addition of a story, but the room which he occupied has not been altered. Its position may be known by an oriel-window looking toward Finchley. "The opening in the wall," Howitt says, "from the staircase to the room, still remains, through which the sufferer received his meals, or anything else sent to him. It is an opening of perhaps eighteen inches square, having a door on each side of the wall. The door within had a padlock, which still hangs upon it. When anything was conveyed to him, a knock was made on the outer door and the articles placed in the recess. When he heard the outer door again closed, the invalid opened the inner door, and having taken what there was, locked himself in again. When the dishes or other articles were returned, the same process was observed, and no one could catch a glimpse of him, nor was any exchange of words necessary."

North End is so quiet, pretty, and old-fashioned that were one's work ever done it would be the place of all others we would choose to fall asleep in, and we should not be first in the choice, for it has already been adopted by many painters and authors, among whom we may name William Blake, and Colonel William Collins, the father of Wilkie Collins. Du Maurier has a house at the other side of the hill, and the heath and its tributary lanes have often done service in his clever drawings. In Constable's large way, however, the

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underlying poetry of the neighborhood is brought out *con amore*. "I love every stile and stump and lane in the village," he said; "as long as I can hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them."

bark, and the articulation of the limbs, and others striving more commendably after the elusive spirit of the general landscape, which, should one of them ever seize it, would be the winning of a crown.

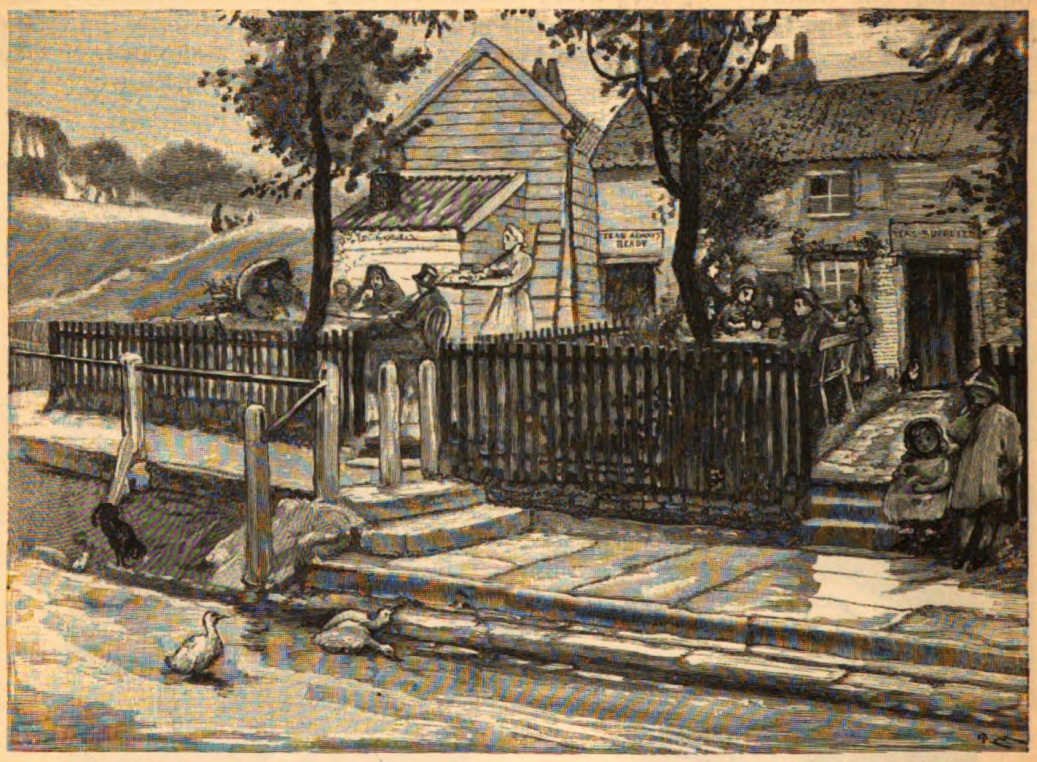


A GIRL OF THE NORTH END.—From a drawing by Robert W. Macbeth.

The northern part of the West Heath, with the sloping meadows beyond, is a favorite sketching ground, especially with students and amateurs, and on a fair afternoon we can see them by the score with easels, palettes, and umbrellas, some laboring with untranscribable details, the veining of the leaves, the texture of the

At the southwest corner of the heath there is another old tavern, bearing the sign of the Bull and Bush, with a prepossessing exterior, well covered with vines and flowers, and it is said that Addison and Steele often came here, and that a wonderful mulberry in the garden, whose branches form a sort of immense wicker

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TEA GARDENS.—From a drawing by Robert W. Macbeth.

basket, was planted by Hogarth. There is no scarcity of places of entertainment in Hampstead, and if the accommodation of the Bull and Bush should be beyond the traveller's means, there is a row of cottages opposite with strips of gardens in front where tea is provided on a common bench, among the wall-flowers, the Virginia stock, and the mignonette, for tenpence, or where, if the guests bring their own comestibles, hot water is supplied for brewing the tea at the very moderate price of twopence "a head." The proprietors are neat and civil women, and the purveying of refreshments is but the adjunct to the business of washing and ironing for city families, which fills some of the neighboring fields with fluttering and bleaching linen to such an extent that from a distance they look like masses of white bloom.

We have said nothing yet about the people we meet on our way, and the variety is too comprehensive for any detail. The bank holidays always bring up a boisterous crowd from London, and on these occasions the East Heath is like a country fair or the sands at Ramsgate. But the usual visitors to Hampstead are those who can appreciate its beauties, and who come on this account or for its associations. In the fields between Highgate and Hampstead, on a fine Saturday afternoon, we see London suburban life at its best, wearing an air of that Arcadian happiness and content which exist oftener in the ideal than in fact. The sun has no glare, and lets its light fall in something like a powdery gold; the foliage has a vapory softness, and the voices sound like echoes. It is "sweet Auburn" over again, and the scene is full of rejoicing. There are painters sitting at their easels and humming tunes or chatting, and young women, whom we are sorry we don't know, pillowed on the slopes, and reading in the pink shade of their parasols; there are some boys at play, and a flushed little "hare" bounds past us, distributing the paper "scent" in his course, and followed a quarter of an hour afterward by the panting and baffled "hounds."

The Bath-chairs are as common as at the watering-places, but the hills make them too heavy for men, and they are pulled up by ponies or donkeys. They are much used by old ladies, who survey the scene with quiet pleasure, while the

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drivers walk alongside, with the reins in their hands, at a pace of which the most indolent pony could not possibly complain. We also meet that big Englishman, familiar in the pages of *Punch*, with an extensive family of small girls, who, when they stand in a row, look like a band of parlor organ pipes. One evening a sudden turn confronted us with the most popular of English comedians, who was taking his constitutional airing on the heath, and who an hour later would be standing before the foot-lights—this shows how convenient London is—and professional men of all classes use Hampstead to clear their lungs and lubricate their sinews.

It was in the Hampstead ponds that Mr. Pickwick pursued his scientific investigations, and though Hampstead itself does not afford much opportunity for the practice of Izaak Walton's art, the Welsh Harp lake, which we have already seen from the flag-staff lying in the distance like a patch of silver, is not too far off for an angler.

From North End a circuit of Hampstead Hill may be made by going along the lower edge of the West Heath to Fortune Green, in which the now abolished Hampstead fair was held, and thence up West End Lane across Finchley Road to Frognal, from Frognal to Belsize, up Hampstead Hill to the Flask Walk, and by the way of the East Heath to the flagstaff.

West End Lane is such a tunnel through the surrounding verdure as we have already described, and on both sides of it beyond the hawthorn that borders them there are fields and woods, those to the south having been a haunt of Shelley, Keats, and Leigh Hunt. It leads to Frognal, where Dr. Johnson lived, and which was in his time, as it is now, a neighborhood filled with substantial houses insulated by walls which are saved from the appearance of arrogance and selfishness that walls are apt to have by the ivy which grows over them and the groves which separate the foot-paths from the street.

A path entering the yard of the parish church, which has the pea-green spire before mentioned, ends in a beautiful old place or broad street—the pride of Hampstead—called Church Row. There is nowhere near London any street like it. It consists entirely of old red brick houses belonging to the time of the first George; there is not a new house, or a rebuilt house, or an altered house, among them all. It is quite quiet and tranquil, and forms the most fitting avenue possible for the quaint old Georgian church. This has a picturesqueness of its own, yet it is wonderfully ugly. It was built in the year 1747. In the church-yard round it lie the honored remains of Constable, Joanna Baillie, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Erskine, Harrison, who discovered the mode of ascertaining longitude, and Incledon, the singer.

A long and stately avenue has lately been finished connecting Swiss Cottage with Hampstead, which, when the trees have grown up and time has softened the coloring of the bricks, will be one of the noblest streets in the world. The houses are all built in the fashion known as "Queen Anne's," although, as a matter of fact, the style is not in the least like the architecture of Queen Anne's time. These houses have been in many cases built and are largely occupied by artists, and their taste at present is largely for the "Queen Anne." St. John's Wood is also an artistic and literary quarter, and here the architecture is of the stucco sort, and in contrast with the pallid feebleness of this, the glowing warmth of Queen Anne bricks and the rugged combination of chimneys and gables show to advantage in the gray London weather.

Belsize is the region lying on the southwest slope of the hill, and among the modern villas are still remaining one or two of the old mansions with quaint little lodges at the gates and the Englishman's inevitable high wall around them, though the foliage is sufficient to create absolute privacy without other intervention. As we pass through Belsize to Haverstock Hill, which is both the name of the highway from the city to Hampstead and of another neighborhood much "affected" by authors and painters, nearly every inch of the ground has some story connected with it, or is reminiscent of some noted person. One house was the home of Stanfield; another was occupied by Mrs. Barbauld; another by Sir Rowland Hill; another by Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian of the Norman conquest; and another by Spencer Percival, the Prime Minister who was assassinated by Bellingham. Their houses are still existing, as also is Roslyn House, where Lord Chancellor Loughborough,

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the servile courtier and designing politician, entertained the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., with Fox, Sheridan, Burke, and Pitt. His style of living was splendid, and to it he devoted the whole of his official income. His banquets were famous, and whenever he went out it was with two splendid carriages exactly alike, drawn by the most beautiful horses, one for himself and the other for his servants. Servile though he was, his assiduous attentions only excited the distrust of old King George III., and when he died that monarch said of him, "He has not left a greater rogue behind in my dominions."

In a cottage which was pulled down in 1867 Harry Esmond's friend "Dick the Trooper" spent some time, and gathered around him Pope, Dr. Garth, and other members of the Kit-Kat Club. A story which is better known than its origin is attributed to Dr. Garth, who was a kindred spirit of Steele's, and found conviviality more seductious than duty exacting: "I've half a dozen patients waiting for me, but 'tis no great matter, for half of them have got such bad constitutions that all the doctors in the world can't save them, and the others such good ones that all the doctors in the land can't kill them." "I am at a solitude," wrote Sir Richard, "an house between Hampstead and London, where Sir Charles Sedley died."

Most of the old taverns—the Load of Hay, the Red Lion, and the George—are replaced by gaudy public-houses; but the road has many historic houses upon it, and houses which, if their inmates have been inconspicuous, bear the pathetic interest of the unrecorded. The Queen Anne architecture of the day has no lack of examples.

To return to Hampstead. Near the summit the road becomes Hampstead High Street, which is bordered by little shops and fed by straggling alleys and streets, sloping up from it on one side and down from the street. One of these by-ways is Flask Walk, wherein stood a tavern of ill repute—not to be confounded with another having the same name nearer the top of the hill—and by it we reach the eastern part of Hampstead, in which the old and the new are curiously mixed, and simple modern villas of yellow brick have usurped the space of more ancient and dignified buildings. But the latter are not wholly gone. A number of solemn and dusky old houses are yet left, with high-pillared gates before them, and gardens in which we can scent the memories of the loves and dreams of hearts that have no more existence than the rose leaves of a hundred years ago which typified them. There are also avenues of equidistant and shadowy elms under which repose attains its fuller luxuriousness. Flask Walk converges in Well Walk, and midway in the latter we come upon a stone trough with an entablature and pediment of sandstone and polished granite by the edge of the foot-path, which commemorates one of the most brilliant periods of Hampstead's history. A small jet of water trickles from a spout in the entablature, and falling into the basin overflows and disappears unused through a waste-pipe. This little fountain is all that remains of the Spa, the medicinal value of which was lauded to the skies, and made the village on the hill as famous for a time as Epsom or Bath. There was music and fashion, and for a brief season Well Walk was as full of ladies in monstrous hoops and gentlemen in laced ruffles, wigs, and cocked hats as the Mall in St. James's Park. Genuine sufferers who were willing to try any new remedy, and imaginary invalids suffering from nothing more serious than idleness, came together, and felt better as they drank. The water, in fact, had no more therapeutic value than Croton or New River, but without finding this out society was overtaken by its recurrent desire for novelty, and gradually abandoned Hampstead for another folly. Just beyond the commemorative fountain there is a long high wall and a grove of elms, and at the end, against a barn with curved roof, a low bench is placed, from which the charming prospect of Highgate and the undulating fields reaching to it is opened. The bench is only a few inches wide, and about two feet above the ground; it has been hacked and carved with many initials; it is sheltered by the quivering boughs of the limes. But it is consecrated from having been a favorite seat of John Keats, after whom it is called. The author of the *Table-Book* relates how he found the poet here, "sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief, and glancing parting looks toward the quiet landscape he had delighted in so much." The reminiscences of Keats flower up in sad profusion in Hampstead, where all the later years of his life before his departure for Rome were spent. He was the guest of Leigh

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COURT NEAR CHURCH ROW.—From a drawing by Robert W. Macbeth.

Hunt in a cottage in the Vale of Health, into which Well Walk emerges, and where Shelley waited upon him with heroic devotion. In the fields which may be seen from the bench he first met Coleridge, and here he wrote the "Eve of St. Agnes" and "Endymion." Haydon has described the effect produced on him when he visited Keats during his last illness: "The white curtains, the white sheets, the white shirt, and the white skin of his friend all contrasted with the hectic flush on his cheeks; and soon afterward this sweet boy-poet died, and was buried far away from Hampstead, but in a place so lovely that Shelley said that it might infatuate one with death."

The famous old "Upper Flask" tavern, we learn from Howitt, was close beside the new reservoir. He says: "The wall inclosing its garden and grounds extends down Heath Street from a lane nearly opposite to the pool along the heath-side toward the lower heath, and the road leading from Heath Street to the new church —Christ Church. Outside the wall the foot-path is shaded by a fine row of elm-trees." The description is rather vague, but Hampstead is a confusing place. Is this the same tavern where Lovelace took Clarissa Harlowe? Is it the same building in which the Kit-Kat Club was held? It would appear that although many alterations have been made, the house is substantially the same. It was originally called the Upper Bowling-green House. It used to be a public-house in the year 1737. In 1771 it was bought by George Steevens, the annotator of Shakspeare.

It was here, then, that the Kit-Kat Club met and supped ale under the mulberries when Queen Anne was on the throne. The Kit-Kats were the greatest gentlemen of the day, and their wit had a very fine flavor indeed. The club was by no means a sottish and penniless Grub Street clique. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord Halifax, the Earl of Dorset, and Sir Robert Walpole belonged to it, Dryden, Prior, Congreve, Pope, Addison, Steele, and Swift were members, and though Sir Richard had sometimes more need of a carriage in going home than was accountable to weariness, the Bohemianism was usually of the circumspect and dilettante sort that became men of quality and genius. It was the custom of this aristocratic club to elect some beauty as a toast annually, and the chosen queen of the year was celebrated in epigrammatic verse written with a diamond on the club

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glasses. Ah, old mulberry, shut up within those smoky walls and held together by hoops like a cripple, what wit has flashed underneath your boughs! And across the way on the south side of the West Heath is King's Bench Avenue, where, it is said—but it is not true—when the plague raged in London, the courts sat under a double row of limes, which are among the grandest in Hampstead. What labor of man's ever built such a colonnade as this, or fretted in stone an architrave like that elaborate filigree of leaves! The view from King's Bench reaches more to the northward than that from below the flagstaff, bringing in Mill Hill and Edgeware.

The most delightful time to visit Hampstead is in the morning. Then one has the heath, save for the children, who all play near the road, all to one's self. In the afternoon the ladies come out; on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays, all the year round, there are plenty of people; on Saturday and Sunday evenings, in the long days of July and August, the road and the tea gardens and the public-houses and the heath are thronged. There are always half a dozen circles, in each of which a man is preaching with enormous vigor; round him the folk stand listening. They do not scoff: English people like being preached to: it makes them feel better somehow—this rough brimstone preaching by their own sort; but they pay no real heed; they are accustomed to it; they listen for a few minutes and then go their way. Presently the sun sets, then the crowd grows thinner; the twilight falls, then the crowd has fallen to a few couples slowly walking homeward. In the summer nights of London there is no darkness, but only twilight, yet long before midnight the heath has been left quite deserted, and even the rangers have gone home.

We do not know under what conditions of atmosphere Hampstead is most pleasing—when the sun is unveiled and flashes its searching brilliance between the ridges, or in the golden haze of which we have spoken, or when the clouds are tossed and the hills are gray and a brisk wind chases over the heath and shakes the brambles. The twilight is pensive as it falls upon the sombre green of the heath and the naked yellow patches of the underlying sand and gravel. The spectators sit silent on the benches as if looking into a visible past as the shadows darken on the billows of land and the sun sinks over Harrow Weald. Hendon, Kingsbury, and Finchley light their lamps, and the air even in midsummer has a chilly edge which urges a retreat into Jack Straw's Castle, where we finish our cigars in a wainscoted room with a low ceiling, a window twice as wide as high, and an alcove bar shining with cups and saucers and goblets, and a brass kit alluringly singing of hot toddy.



IN JACK STRAW'S CASTLE.

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CONVENTIONAL ART.

THE term *conventional* as applied to art has itself become a conventionality, and is at best a vague description of the various art work it assumes to qualify—so vague that a precise definition would hardly meet with general acceptance. However, upon differences of method we may base subdivisions of the broad classification, and try to determine what qualities in design constitute *conventionality* as opposed to realism.

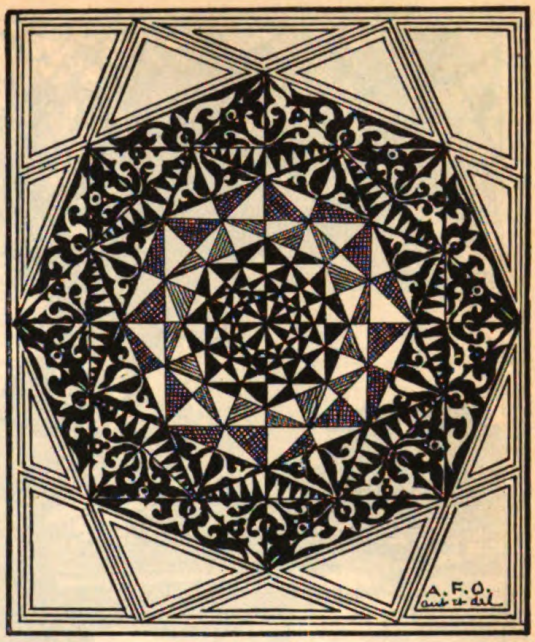


FIG. 1.

Symbolism must be considered the original, and is still the most conventional, kind of design in the true sense of the word conventional, as this art has descended from its original sacred and historic uses through heraldry to the trademark of to-day, which respects no tradition, and is as apt to distinguish a new kind of blacking by the signet of Solomon as by the arms of the United States.

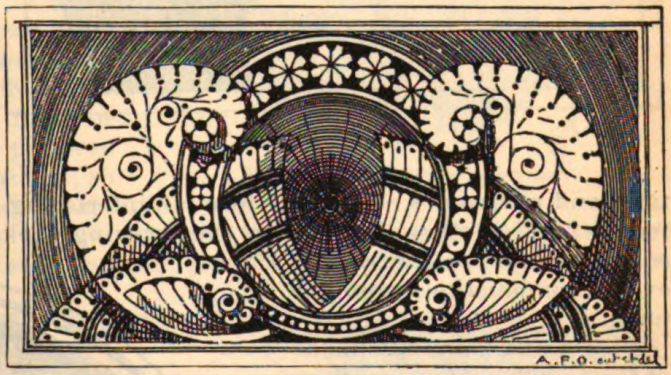


FIG. 2.

In much of our modern art work forms are combined that suggest to the archæologist the most incongruous association of ideas; but this is unimportant, except when a design is intended to have a symbolic or historic value, as no form or combination can be considered artistically to belong exclusively to a particular age or race. On the other hand, strict adherence to one method or system in any design is productive of the best effects, because the conditions that gave rise to any peculiar form have logical consequences, and no extensive knowledge of style is necessary to appreciate the incongruities of many of the attempts at assimilation that have been perpetrated ever since the beginning of the Renaissance. In architecture, sculpture, painting, and decorative art we have adopted style after style, every one of which was formed by older and less complex civilizations than ours, and after servilely copying their outward forms we have become novelty-hunters who do not encourage original thought and intelligent adaptation.



FIG. 3.

There are three classes of conventional design exemplified by the styles of all ages and races. First, designs composed of arbitrary

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FIG. 4.

or geometric forms; second, designs composed of forms derived from one or more natural objects; and third, designs composed of portraits of natural objects artificially arranged. Designs of the second and of the third class are often based upon a design of the first class—in fact, the outline of any group must present an arbitrary or geometric form more or less appropriate to the main idea of the design, and the arrangement or recurrence of details must suggest some pattern at variance or in accordance with the outline, so that many subdivisions of the three classes could be made. Further subdivisions could be based upon the employment of color. A design which is in every other respect realistic may be conventionalized with color in endless variety, from the simplest method of showing objects all in one tint on a background of another to the most complex, where the gradations and recurrence of one tint form an interlacing pattern with the gradations and recurrences of other tints on an ever-varying background so graded as to supply complementary contrasts for every combination wrought upon it.

Figs. 1 and 2 are specimens of the first class of conventional design, and sufficiently suggest the infinite possibilities of this class for the display of color without association, but merely as a sensuous effect.

It is in designs of the second class that the most important and most satisfactory effects are produced, as this class embraces every form or disposition that can be suggested by natural objects, from as rude a design as Fig. 3, taken from a Persian rug, and supposed to represent a row of dogs seated on their haunches, to as delicate a treatment as Fig. 4, in which the conventionality consists only in exaggerating the size of the blossoms, decreasing the size of the leaves, and omit-

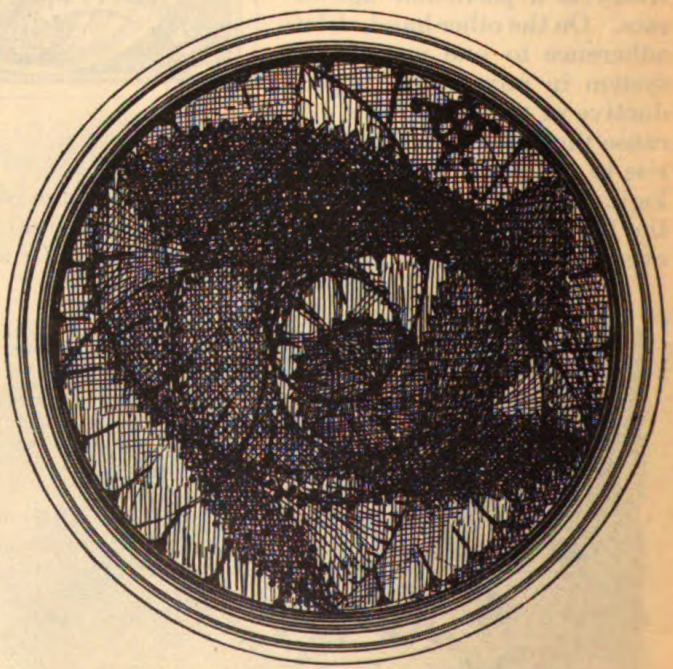


FIG. 5.—SUGGESTION FOR PLAQUE.
Blue-greens on Venetian and Indian red, also deep purple in lines and dots.

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FIG. 6.—SUGGESTION FOR PLAQUE.

Pale yellow centre, white flower, pale turquoise leaves. Border in stronger yellows and blues on white ground. The dots in light red on orange band.

ting all effects of light and shade that can not be produced by a flat tint.

In this second class there are two large methods to adopt in designing from natural objects—either to aim at an effect suggested by some combination of form or color, or both, as in Fig. 5, or to preserve the general characteristics of realism, so that the origin of the design shall be apparent, as in Fig. 6.

We can not make a judicious selection from natural objects for conventional treatment until we have decided what the character of our design should be in general form and expression, according to the position it is to occupy, whether as a

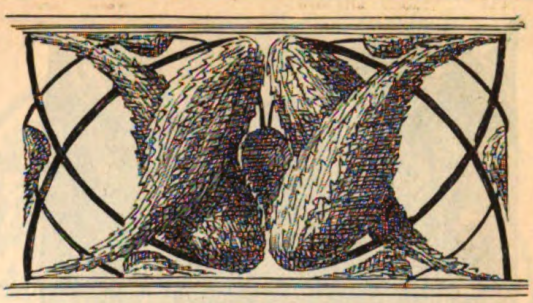


FIG. 8.—PODS.

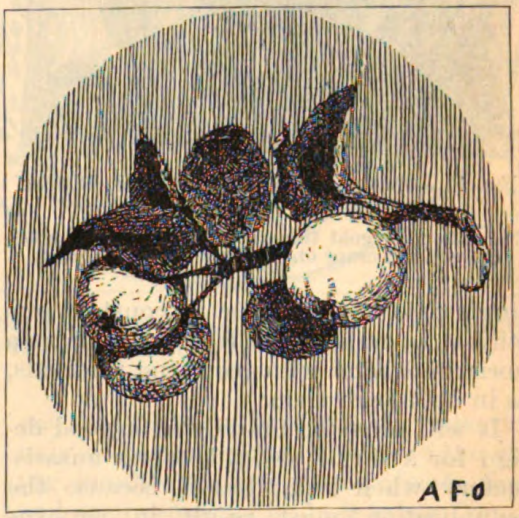


FIG. 9.—SKETCH FROM NATURE.



FIG. 7.—SKETCH OF MILKWEED.

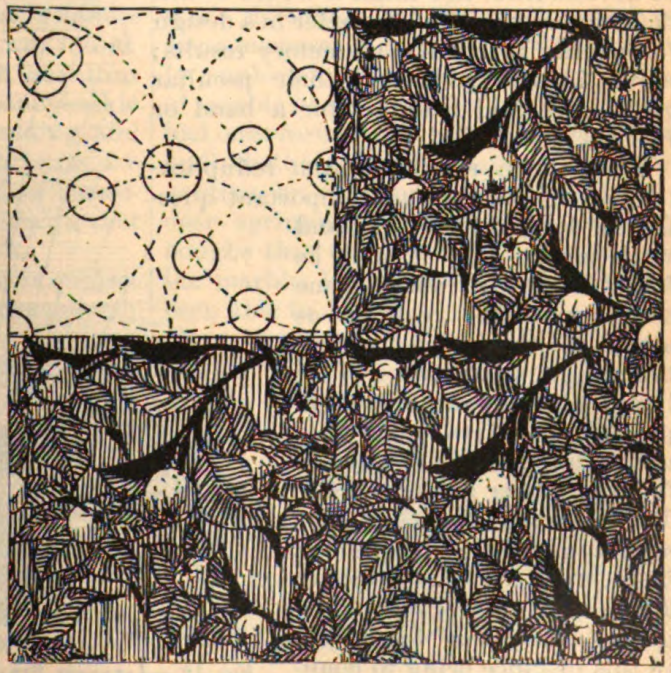


FIG. 10.

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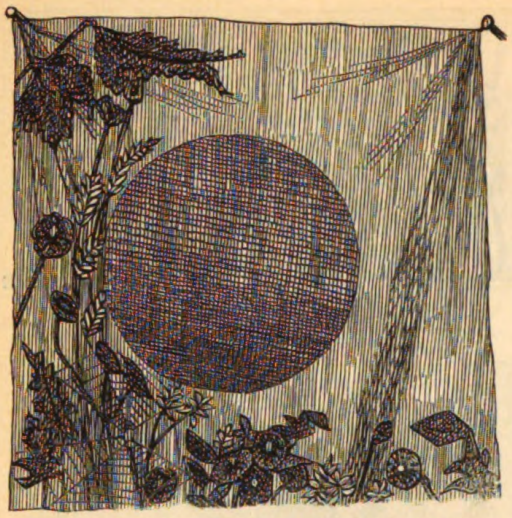


FIG. 11.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN OF MOON, WHEAT, AND POPPIES.

Embroidery in gold thread, with thread and appliqué silk and crape on silk plush, by M. Duchêne.

single object on a plaque, in constant repetition, as on a mural decoration, or as a horizontal band with recurring intervals, as in a frieze or dado.

It will often be found that a good design for a single object becomes unsatisfactory when reduplicated, because the reduplication must result in patterns growing from the general forms and the outline. Fig. 7 is a sketch of the common milkweed, and though a very beautiful decoration for a single panel could be devised from it, I think it would be difficult to preserve the character in a design for a wall-paper with satisfactory results; while in the pods and their peculiar growth we find material for a band or frieze, Fig. 8.

The pattern resulting from reduplication is perhaps the most important question in designs for fabrics and wall-papers, and it will be found useful to adopt some simple geometric treatment as a basis for the design, varying this treatment according to the lines that it is desirable to emphasize. Fig. 9 is a sketch from nature upon which the design for a wall-paper, Fig. 10, is based. The pattern is described in a square, and the general effect is secured by reduplication. The small square shows the geometric system, the object in this instance being to counteract the horizontal treatment of the leaves, and to give an effect of arbitrary disposition to the fruit. In any such matter what can not be satisfactorily accomplished by drawing can be more or less certainly accomplished by color.

Another important consideration in the selection of objects for conventional treatment is the process by which the design is to be executed. The charm of some things can only be preserved in certain materials and by certain processes, and the necessity of executing a design in any particular way must never be lost sight of, and every peculiarity of material or process should be made a virtue.

Fig. 11 is taken from an embroidery, which can only be suggested in this translation into ink and paper. Here the artist selected a piece of pale salmon-pink silk plush on which to work the moon in fine gold threads, the virtue of the material consisting in the way it received the light, casting a sort of changeable sheen over the whole which is extremely effective, while the poppies are in a strong deep scarlet, enhancing by contrast the shimmering of the gold thread and the uncertainty of the background. This is an in-

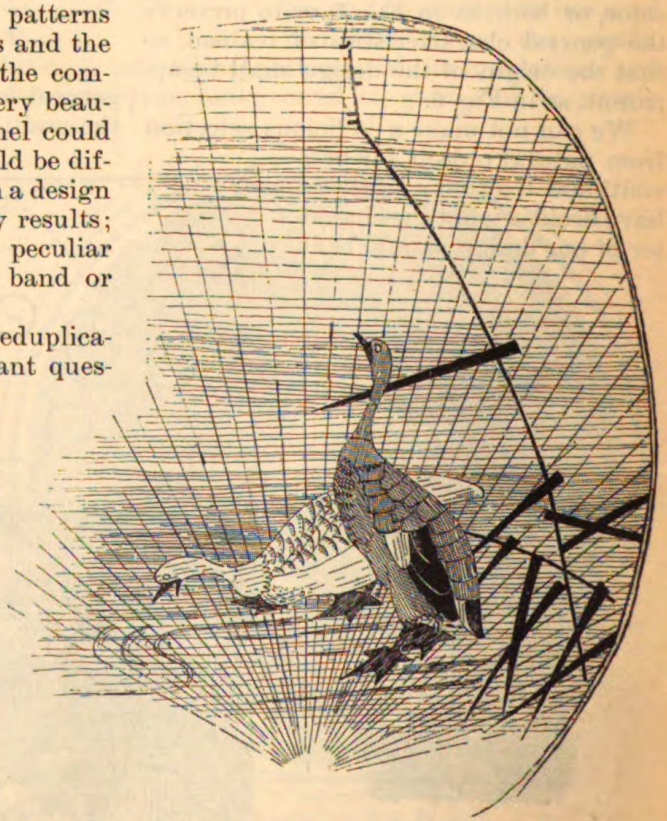


FIG. 12.—JAPANESE STRAW-WORK ON CORRUGATED CROSS-GRAIN VENEER.

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stance of real conventionality, if the term is admissible, for there is no attempt to reproduce nature, while much of the charm is preserved and translated into a thing that has many values and infinite suggestions.

In the whole range of natural objects, animal nature often serves the designer better than vegetable nature, because animals have the advantage of change. The bird, for instance, may be used in a thousand ways in its various positions. Fig. 12 is a Japanese suggestion, in which the natural character is so fully preserved that one is inclined to doubt whether the design can be properly included in conventionality; but this effect is due to the perfection of art, as on examination we shall find that some attributes have been exaggerated or decreased to accord with a general plan.

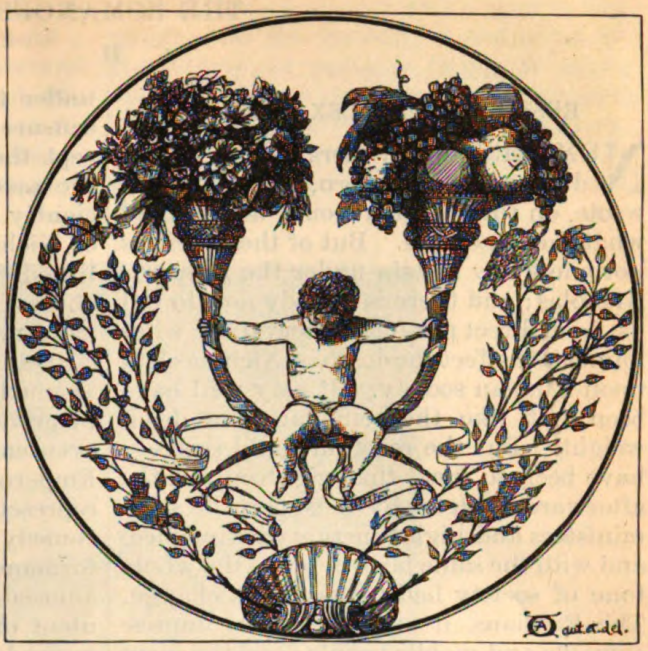


FIG. 13.—SPECIMEN OF RENAISSANCE AND ROCOCO DECORATION IN FRANCE AND ITALY IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Design of the third class—of which Fig. 13 is an instance—is found everywhere, and particularly in specimens of the late Renaissance or Rococo style, in which garlands of flowers and fruits, Venuses, Cupids, dolphins, etc., are included, though in the original Greek work where bass-reliefs of gods and goddesses, garlands and cornucopias, were employed for decorative purposes, some of the most refined instances of design of the *second* class are found. The Corinthian capital is the acanthus leaf conventionalized, and the honeysuckle ornament, the egg and dart moulding, and many other antique embellishments are likely to last forever as the most beautiful specimens of conventional design that forms without color can furnish.

There is another branch of this subject which has never been fully considered, and has hitherto occupied the attention only of caricaturists. I refer to the giving inanimate objects an animate form and expression. Fig. 14 is taken from a German publication, and humorously suggests what might be done in exactly the opposite direction to the general object of conventional design. It is easy to see how decoration on this principle could be made ridiculous, but I can believe that for some purposes the idea could be effectively employed. I remember seeing a scrap of marble at the palace of the Cæsars that had once formed part of an elaborate frieze, and whether my imagination became inventive, or whether I actually did see a deer springing through the interlacing boughs that were wrought in relief upon the marble, I have never at this distance been able to decide.



FIG. 14.—EVOLUTION OF AN ARTIST FROM BRUSH AND PAINT-POT.—From Fliegende Blätter.

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II.

RUSSIA UNDER ALEXANDER II.

NUMBERS of travellers visited Russia during the late reign, and not a few wrote, on their return home, accounts of what they had seen. But of these writers not one knew Russia under the Emperor Nicholas; and there is nobody now to tell us, from direct personal observation, what immediate effect the death of Nicholas had upon Russian society. It may well have been felt like the removal of a dead-weight. But the reaction could scarcely have been so great that, eighteen months afterward, with for the most part the same ministers and high functionaries in office, and with the same laws in force, the whole tone of society had undergone a change. The Russians, it is true, are an impressionable and mobile people; and the mere withdrawal of pressure may have been enough to excite them to activity of all kinds. It is certain, at all events, that, visiting Russia for the first time on the occasion of the late Emperor's coronation, I could not recognize in the Russians of various classes with whom I was brought into contact, and with many of whom, during a stay of eight months, I became more or less intimate, the mistrustful, suspicious, spy-fearing people of whom I had read. Above all, they were not ignorant, nor were they dull. They spoke many languages, and had at least some acquaintance with the literature—especially, it is true, the novel literature—of many countries. No one, indeed, pretends that the cultivation of literature, art, and music was ever forbidden to the Russians; and conversation is not necessarily uninteresting or unintelligent because politics do not form the staple of it. The most successful books on Russia during the Nicholas period—those, that is to say, which attracted the greatest amount of attention—were the English *Revelations of Russia*, published anonymously, and *Russia in* 1839, by the Marquis de Custine. Both these works were written with a view to effect, much that was strikingly dramatic being brought forward, while a great deal that was at least worthy of observation and of study was left in the background, or absolutely without notice. The despotic system of Nicholas must have been very terrible. But that it was possible under this system to live and move, to censure and to criticise everything except the internal politics of Russia and the sacred person of the Czar, is sufficiently shown by the novels and plays of Nicholas Gogol,* all written and published during Nicholas's reign. The abuses of the Russian administration have never been more freely or more incisively exposed than in those works; and as much must surely have been tolerated in private society as was permitted and even encouraged on the stage. For the Emperor Nicholas not only sanctioned the representation of Gogol's most famous comedy, he frequently attended its performance, and showed himself so much amused by the discomfiture of the fraudulent officials, whose misdeeds form the groundwork and substance of the piece, that the author thought it necessary to point out, in a preface to a second edition of the play, that "behind this laughter there were bitter tears."

At the period I was speaking of as that in which I first visited Russia, the Nicholas system still existed, but it was not enforced. It had been suspended without being replaced. The most striking external sign I saw of the despotism which in its harsher features had already begun to pass away was the attitude of individual soldiers, who, meeting an officer, halted, uncovered, and remained cap in hand until he had passed. I made the acquaintance, too, of a young lady who had been deprived very despotically of a lover to whom she was attached, and whom the Governor-General of Moscow, Count Zakrzewski, threatened, at the instance of her mamma, to send to Siberia unless he discontinued his attentions. I went to the wedding of a Russian dressmaker, whose husband gave, in honor of the event, an entertainment so evidently beyond his means that his neighbors who had not been invited to the feast informed against him, and caused him to be arrested the same night on suspicion of having done something wrong.

Arrested myself, or at least required to go to the nearest police station and to pay

* M. Louis Viardot and the late Prosper Mérimée have respectively translated into French the tales of Nicholas Gogol, and his comedy of *Revizor*.

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a fine, for smoking in the street, I was asked, in addition to the fine, to make a small present to the official who received it, on the ground that he had had the trouble of going out to get change.

An English friend of mine, having a quarrel forced upon him on his way to



ALEXANDER II.

a ball, struck a man, was taken in charge by a policeman, and could only get free by paying the man he had struck for withdrawing his complaint, and the policeman for not acting upon it.

In the public offices payment had to be made for the slightest service. There was said to be only one official in the whole government administration of Moscow whom it was unsafe to approach with a bribe; for to offer money to a public functionary was an offense which might have to be atoned for through gifts of some magnitude.

Persons in those days who went to law paid visits beforehand to the judge who was to try the case. The public was not admitted to the tribunal; and as there were no witnesses to examine and cross-examine, there were also no barristers.

The passport system was a serious nuisance. On the traveller's arrival at St. Petersburg the passport had to be given up, and a day or two passed before it could be got back duly viséd. Then it was necessary to call at the office for the reception of foreigners (though that was not precisely the name of the department), where a very urbane gentleman, a sort of political master of the ceremonies, expressed his gratification at seeing you; asked how long you proposed to stay in Russia, and if you meant to pass all the time at St. Petersburg; whether you had friends at St. Petersburg, and who they were; whether this was your first visit to Russia (a question, by-the-way, which he could and did decide for himself by referring to the proper books); what the object of your present visit might be, and so on. Then, on arriving at any new town, or at least at the chief town of a "government," or province, the passport had to be given up again for examination and approval. The traveller by railway was required to exhibit his passport at the ticket office before he could take his ticket; so, too, was

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the traveller by diligence, before he could book his place. Finally, it was necessary before leaving to have the precious document written upon and stamped for the last time; and this could not be done until advertisements had been published in the local papers announcing the intended departure, so that unpaid tradesmen and others might not suffer by it.

Not only at the main office—the office of the Governor-General in cities where there was one—but also at the police office of the quarter, passports had to be sent in for inspection and registration. All this was tiresome enough. But the hotel-keepers attended to all the business connected with passports; and though Englishmen grumbled at being perpetually asked for their passports, and at having now and then to appear in person at one of the public offices to claim them, the Russians did not appear to mind. They seemed to think that it was unavoidable, and that the same thing took place in all countries. I remember a Frenchman once telling me that although a passport gave a certain amount of trouble, it was all the same a proof of respectability, and that he should be very sorry indeed to be without one.

One passport regulation which the Russians did not like, though only a small class were affected by it, was that which until the time of the coronation of Alexander II. fixed the price of foreign passports at something like £40 a year. Worse, however, than this tax on the foreign passport was the obligation to apply annually for its renewal, with the strong probability that at the expiration of the first year the renewal would not be granted.

The limitation, too, of the number of students admissible at the Russian universities to 300 for each—which the Emperor Nicholas held would produce quite enough educated men for the service of the state—must have been felt as a grievance, as was sufficiently proved by the eagerness with which youths flocked to the universities, especially those of St. Petersburg and Moscow, directly the restriction as to numbers was (also at the time of the coronation) done away with.

The censorship in regard to the newspaper press was so severely exercised under the Emperor Nicholas that all journalism, except of the official kind, was rendered impossible. Russia then had very few newspapers, and the tolerated sheets were looked upon with suspicion, and the editors thereof regarded as agents of the government. Several important literary reviews or magazines existed, however, in Nicholas's time—a circumstance which every one writing about the Russia of that period has ignored, or more probably was ignorant of. Systematic inquiry into the condition of Russia was in those days pointedly discouraged; and educated Russians felt their country to be so far behind the rest of Europe that they would have hesitated to call the attention of the observant tourist to publications which owed most of their success to the translations they contained, but of which the very existence would all the same have shaken his belief as to the blankness of the Russian mind. "Nowhere except in England," wrote, more than thirty years ago, the late Alexander Herzen, who was not given to vaunt the merits of his country or of his countrymen*—"nowhere except in England has the influence of reviews been so great as in Russia. It is, in fact, the best form for spreading light through a vast country. The *Telegraph*, the *Moscow Messenger*, the *Telescope*, the *Library for General Reading*, the *National Annals*, and their natural son the *Contemporary*, without reference to their very different tendencies, have circulated an immense amount of information, notions, and ideas during the last twenty-five years. They have rendered it possible for the inhabitants of Omsk and Tobolsk to read the novels of Dickens or George Sand two months after their publication in London or Paris. The fact of their appearing periodically has, moreover, the advantage of rousing indolent readers."

The general report of writers on Russia during Nicholas's reign was that thought and study were systematically discouraged, and that a policy of "obscurantism" was pursued. That there was truth in the accusation is shown by the restrictions in connection with the universities, and by the action of the censorship in journalism properly so called. A caricature of the period (for private circulation) represented the so-called "Minister of Enlightenment" covering a lamp with a shade, and watching closely and carefully to see that through no hole or crack in the

* "*Du Développement des Idées révolutionnaires en Russie*, par Iskander [*i. e.*, Alexander] Herzen. Paris. 1848."

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ALEXANDER III.

shade could any gleam of light penetrate. Nicholas would permit no criticism of existing institutions; and regarding universities as nests of liberalism, he proposed, by a system of high fees and low numbers, which would confine university education to a "happy few," to mitigate, so far as that might be possible, their pernicious influence.

But he did not desire Russia to be illiterate; and, as a matter of fact, Russia could boast of many more great authors under the reign of Nicholas than she has since been able to do under that of his successors, when it may be that, thanks to the prodigious development of journalism, much of the literary talent of the country has expended itself in newspaper articles. No Russian author has, it is true, been so much read abroad, or so much translated into the languages of Western Europe, as Tourguéneff, who is undoubtedly of the present time. Beginning, all the same, to write when Nicholas was Emperor, he had, so far as Russia is concerned, already made his reputation when Alexander II. came to the throne; and that thoroughly Russian writer Nicholas Gogol, and the two great Russian poets Pushkin and Lermontoff, and Kriloff, the fabulist, and Griboiedoff, author of a really brilliant comedy, all belonged to Nicholas's reign.*

The Nicholas system was maintained in Russia for some time after the accession of Alexander II. But it ceased almost at once to be seriously applied; and an ordinary traveller, arriving in Russia when the Emperor Alexander II. had been about a year and a half on the throne, would have been more struck by the laxity than by the severity with which everything was administered. Under a pure despotism all conspire to cheat the despot, and in all probability this laxity existed even under Nicholas.

In Gogol's *Revizor* the postmaster in a small provincial town is represented as habitually reading the letters before he sends them out for delivery; not in the

* Griboiedoff's *Gore ot Ouma* (*Grief from Wit*), written in verse, has been translated into English prose by Mr. Bernadaky. An excellent prose translation of Kriloff's fables has been published by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston. Lermontoff and Pushkin have been translated into German verse by Bodenstedt, himself famous as a poet under the name of "Mirza Schaffy."

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way of espionage, but simply for his own amusement, and that he may communicate their contents to his friends.

I made the acquaintance during my stay in Russia of a Moscow postmaster who not only used to read, or at least look at, the English illustrated journals before dispatching them to the subscribers, but was always willing to lend a copy to those who obliged him in return. The subscribers received their papers rather late; but that was their affair, and it would have been perfectly useless to complain. The postman in those distant and facetious days expected a gratuity for delivering a letter. The theory on the subject was, from his point of view, that he might have had some trouble in finding the right man; from that of the right man, that if a small present were not given to the postman, he would, perhaps, not bring the next letter at all. At the principal St. Petersburg post-office, letters at the *poste restante* were presented to inquirers in a heap, registered and unregistered alike, for them to choose from at will. A foreigner taking another foreigner's registered letter would probably have been expected to hand a *douceur* to the official in charge. A Moscow postman pressed me to accept a letter which was addressed to a foreigner apparently not to be found, and which he thought I, being also a foreigner, might as well have as any one else.

"The laws in this country are very severe, and the regulations very tiresome," said a Russian to me, in reference to different vexatious practices of which we had been speaking; "but they are easily evaded, and there is no country in this world where a rich man, if he will only keep clear of politics, can so completely do as he likes."

On the St. Petersburg-Moscow Railway, travellers, rich and poor, liked travelling without paying their fare. Government officers, civil or military, wearing uniforms, refused to pay on the plea that they were engaged on state service, or that, in a general way, they were privileged persons. Others gave the conductor a ruble or two for informal permission to travel without a ticket. Others again avoided regular payment for journeying along the whole line by taking a ticket at the last station but one, and giving it up at the terminus. Under these circumstances the railway naturally did not pay. But that concerned the state; and meanwhile the conductors of the trains made large profits. They were, indeed, accused, in a phrase borrowed from Gogol's celebrated comedy, of "stealing too much for their place," an unpardonable sin—a sin against the spirit—amongst Russian officials. Occasionally a government inspector was sent along the line to see who travelled with and who without a ticket, and whether the conductors were doing their duty. The result was now and then a reprimand or a dismissal. But the established system was recommenced the next day, and it was not until the St. Petersburg-Moscow Railway passed into the hands of a company that it was managed in accordance with the simple principles observed in other countries.

It has been said, however, that the little inconveniences, the petty worries, resulting from a thoroughly despotic and bureaucratic system of government are not much felt by those who have once got used to them, while the ingenious know how to turn the system to their own advantage. The evils which Alexander II. had to deal with on his accession to the throne were of a graver kind. The greatest injustice of all which existed, and which exists to this day, in Russia, is the power possessed by the administration of confining to a particular place, or of sending into exile, any obnoxious person on a mere order, without trial, without examination, without accusation even. But although the government might wish to reserve to itself this effective means of dealing with disaffected or contumacious persons, that constituted no reason why reforms in the administration of the civil and criminal law should not be made, why some measures of decentralization should not be introduced, why the position of the peasants should not be ameliorated, and why, to facilitate the execution of these reforms, the barriers with which the Emperor Nicholas had surrounded the universities should not be thrown down, and their classes opened to as many new-comers as possible. The greater changes were accompanied, and, indeed, preceded, almost imperceptibly, by smaller ones; and on visiting Russia a second time, four or five years later, a good many little things which had before struck me as highly objectionable—as in the demeanor of soldiers toward officers, of postmen toward the receivers of letters, of ticket-sellers and railway conductors toward

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travellers by train, and of the clerks in public offices toward the bearers of passports — had undergone a remarkable change for the better. As for passports, they had to be shown on entering the country, and again on leaving it. But the precious documents had lost much of their ancient importance, and it was no longer necessary to get one's self "written in" and "written out" at a variety of offices and sub-offices.



THE EMPRESS MARIE FÉODOROVNA, WIFE OF ALEXANDER III.

The first half-dozen years of the reign of the Emperor Alexander formed a period less of reform than of relief. It was not until February, 1861, that, after a long and painful process of elaboration, the reform known officially as the "law for the amelioration of the condition of the peasantry"—in other words, the emancipation of the serfs—was proclaimed. Meantime the precise constitution of the contemplated district and provincial assemblies for the management and regulation of local interests had not yet been decided upon, while the institution of open tribunals, with oral evidence and the jury system, existed only as a project fully entertained. But the newspaper press had already been placed in quite a new position, and the censorship was exercised with a very light hand both in regard to publications issued in Russia and to those introduced from abroad.

The universities, too, had been thrown open to all who could or who could not afford a few shillings a term in the shape of fees; for a fund had been established by the richer students, aided by the professors, to which persons unconnected with the universities were allowed and even encouraged to contribute, in the interests of those for whom the almost nominal

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charges made by the university authorities were nevertheless too high. Exhibitions and scholarships were founded for their benefit; and the actors and actresses, singers and musicians, of the capital were expected, and indeed required, to give entertainments in aid of the poor students' fund, which it became so much the fashion to support that the poor student seemed at one time on the point of himself becoming fashionable.

No political effect has in a direct manner been produced by the emancipation of the serfs, by the formation of local assemblies, or by the law reforms. Grave political consequences, on the other hand, have resulted from the all but abolition of the censorship, from the opening of the universities, and the lowering of university fees; perhaps also from the comparative disuse of that disgraceful but efficacious instrument of despotic power, the spy system.

On this last point it is difficult to get authentic information. Plenty of spies, no doubt, were employed at home and abroad during the reign of Alexander II. London, at the time of the Universal Exhibition of 1862, was freely visited by Russian agents bent upon following the movements of the late Alexander Herzen and his friends. But the status of the spy, his wages, and consequently his activity, had fallen. So, at least, I was informed when, some years later than the period just referred to, I returned once more to Russia, and having become known to the Russian authorities in connection with the Polish insurrection of 1863 (of which, however, I had only been an impartial though not indifferent observer, in the character of correspondent of the *Times*), I was honored with the special attention of some members of the secret police. Formerly they were a terror to every one; now they no longer inspired the least fear. A servant at Klee's Hotel, in St. Petersburg, where I was staying, informed me that the room next mine had been taken by a police agent, who watched my going out and my coming in, and made notes as to the friends who visited me. One of the waiters told me that there was another spy who concealed himself under the principal staircase, and followed me whenever I went out. He spoke of the man with more pity than contempt. "People of his class," he said, "are in a very sad position now, sir. I remember the day when that sort of work was done by perfect gentlemen, who dined at the *table d'hôte*, and ordered their red wine and their white wine and their champagne like the best in the land. Now they crouch under staircases, and are glad to get a glass of *vodka*."

So relaxed was the police system in 1861 and 1862 that I remember in the former of these years an officer calling at a St. Petersburg café for the *Kolokol*—a journal which he knew the waiter would not bring him, and which he would not have dared in bravado to ask for but that everything at that time seemed to be permitted.

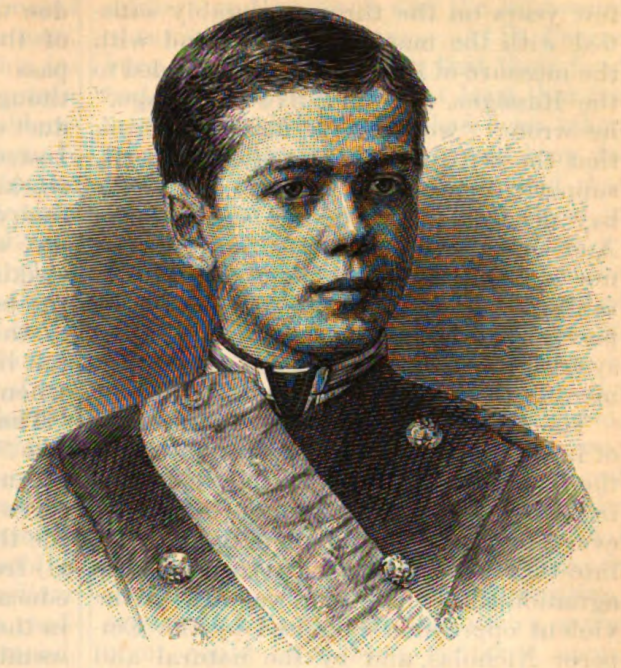
The reaction which had set in since the withdrawal of the restrictions imposed by Nicholas was complete. Not only was the censorship no longer exercised with anything approaching rigor—a negative change which had the effect of calling into existence journals innumerable, nearly all of an extreme liberal tendency—but police supervision was now so inadequately performed that secret printing-presses, all used for revolutionary purposes, could be established in the very heart of St. Petersburg. It was in 1861 and 1862 that the first numbers of the revolutionary print called *Land and Liberty*, and of another called *Great Russia*, were produced, and circulated from hand to hand, and that revolutionary proclamations were for the first time printed, and posted up at night on the walls of the public buildings. The prohibition enforced by the censorship of Nicholas's time against all foreign books of a political and philosophical character had been removed with such success that volumes which no one out of Russia would consider dangerous, but which had really the effect of exciting and inflaming the inexperienced Russian mind, were introduced in large quantities. Buckle and Mill were much read in Russian translations. *Mill on Liberty* appeared in two versions, one of which was enriched by notes from the translator, who pointed out that Mill's notions on the subject of freedom were meagre, and not sufficiently advanced.

Whether the custom-house officials had become more lax in the discharge of their duties, whether they had become more amenable to bribes, whether bribes were offered to them in larger sums, or whether the agents of the revolutionary movement now set agoing had become so numerous and so ingenious that it was impossible,

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with such an extended frontier as that of Russia, to prevent them from introducing whatever they pleased, certain it is, in any case, that Mr. Herzen's revolutionary journal, published in London—the before-mentioned *Kolokol*, or *Bell*, for which the officer at the café had jocosely called—used to find its way regularly in large numbers to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, and all the great centres.

Strange stories were told of the means by which this sheet found its way to Russia, and of the correspondents—many of them undoubtedly high-placed—who furnished it with Russian political and official news. Its staff of writers and compositors was from time to time re-enforced by fugitives from Russia, and in one case by an escaped exile—the well-known Bakounin, who made his way from his place of banishment in Siberia to the sea-coast, and there embarked on an American ship bound for Japan, whence in due time he reached, first New York, and afterward London. Like "pale death," the *Kolokol* entered equally the hut of the peasant who was to be stimulated to insurrection, and the palace of the Emperor who was to be frightened into concessions. Alexander II. was claimed as one of the "constant readers" of the revolutionary and incendiary print; and his ministers, finding this to be the case, are said on one occasion to have found it convenient to have a special copy printed at St. Petersburg, reproducing everything which the number of the *Kolokol* just arrived from London contained, with the exception of one obnoxious article, which was replaced by another of quite a different character. But the deception practiced upon the Emperor was reported to Mr. Herzen in London, and means were found to lay before his Majesty the incriminatory number as it had proceeded from the revolutionary printing-press.



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH, THE HEIR-APPARENT.

Mr. Herzen used to maintain that his journal, apart from any direct influence it might exercise in causing the introduction of reforms, was a wholesome terror to wrong-doers, and that it did good, moreover, by awakening his countrymen to a sense of their position. That this was the primary object of its publication would seem to be indicated by its motto, "*Vivos voco.*"

Alexander Herzen had found it impossible to write in Russia. The censorship when, in 1848, Mr. Herzen quitted his native land, never to return to it, was unusually severe. Indeed, there were, as Mr. Herzen explained in the first book he published after leaving Russia, two censorships—the ordinary one, and another composed of "generals, engineers, artillery, staff and garrison officers, and two monks, the whole under the immediate superintendence of a Tartar prince." This formidable body of supervisors gave him to understand that nothing he might write would be allowed to find its way into print, "even though I dwelt on the advantages of a secret police and of absolutism, or on the utility of serfdom, corporal punishment, and the recruiting system." There was one merit in Mr. Herzen's journal: that though its tendency was toward liberalism of the most advanced kind, it stopped far short of what is now known as Nihilism—the word in Mr. Herzen's days had only just begun to be used—and that it asked for definite concessions. Its editor, indeed, proclaimed himself, when

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the Emperor Alexander had been only a few years on the throne, tolerably satisfied with the march of events, and with the measure of liberty already accorded to the Russians. "Who, five years ago," he wrote, "would have dared to think that the settled right of possessing serfs, supported by the stick at home and by the bayonet abroad, would have been shaken? And who dares now to say that this will not be followed by the fall of the table of ranks, the secret police office, the arbitrary power of ministers, and a governmental system founded upon corporal punishment and the dread of superiors in office?"

The *Kolokol* had undoubtedly the effect of fanning the flames of revolution. But there were enough revolutionary elements in Russia itself to cause a blaze; and however much the introduction of the *Kolokol* into that country may have increased the agitation, the whole evil was due to the violent oppression exercised by the Emperor Nicholas, and by the natural and perhaps inevitable reaction which followed its cessation.

In 1862 the general relaxation reached a point at which everything seemed to be giving way, and an ambassador of that time aptly remarked that "though the revolutionary torrent was not strong, the governmental dams were alarmingly weak." The censorship, mildly as it worked, was now openly rebelled against by the journalists. Each ministerial department had its own particular censorship. The journals received from abroad were taken charge of by the censorship attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Military journals were supervised in the office of the Minister of War. Literary and political journals were attended to at the Ministry of the Interior. If the editor of one of these sheets considered that a given article had been unduly mutilated, he appealed to the minister of his department. The minister in many cases sided with the complaining editor. Then, reprimanded for having marked out what he might just as well have left in, the censor, humiliated and annoyed, would next time leave in what he knew perfectly well he ought to have marked out.

The foreign journals were subjected, as has been said, to the censorship attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and once, when some letters from a correspondent of the *Times* at St. Petersburg, giving an account of disturbances at the university, were published in that paper, and in due time reached Russia, the censorship of the Foreign Office allowed them to pass unblackened and unmutilated, although they reflected severely on the conduct of a colleague, the Minister of Public Instruction. The system was, in fact, not working harmoniously. Each ministry, each department, each interest in the country, was acting for itself. There was a striking absence of general direction; and the band of revolutionists and Nihilists, as they at this time began to be called, felt like Punch in the popular play, who, when the devil has been killed, exclaims, "Thank God, we can now all do as we like!"

Among those liberals who did not deserve to be stigmatized as revolutionists the three great objects held in view were, (1) freedom of expression, (2) extension of education, (3) right of representation; and in the direction of these objects strides of seeming importance were made. Their apparent significance might have been real had the pace been less rapid, and if persons working in good faith had not been aided in their efforts by others working in the worst faith possible. This applies in particular to the educational movement, which in both the capitals was taken in hand by enterprising persons working for the most part in associations, without any question of subventions, grants, or help of any kind from the government.

Much discussion took place at the time as to whether the Sunday schools established in the barracks of St. Petersburg, in factories, and in various public buildings were due to a sincere desire to instruct the people, or to a firm determination to instill into their breasts the principles of revolution. I visited a great number of these Sunday schools, and was convinced that they had been started with a good purpose, though they were soon, in some measure at least, converted to a bad one. At the Military School, the School of Artillery, and at almost all the military establishments and barracks where soldiers were quartered, Sunday classes were formed. The rooms were hung round with maps and plans; the officers acted as teachers, and the soldiers, who were very attentive, and showed a great desire for instruction, learned under their guidance reading, writing, arithmetic, and, if they showed any aptitude for it, geometrical drawing. Some of the

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officer-teachers were intimate friends of mine, and they were certainly animated by a wish not only to educate their men, but to raise their general tone. This involved treating the soldier with a certain kind of respect, or at least of consideration, to which he was not accustomed; and the authorities came at last to the conclusion that the sympathy of the men was not valued by their chiefs in the interest of the service alone, and that when they had finished their literary education, the books that would be given them to read would be works of a revolutionary character. The principal members of the civil administration, and in particular the police, had disapproved of these schools from the first. But the military authorities regarded them for a time with a certain favor; and they were certainly calculated to do good, if it be any advantage to the soldier and to the workman to be able to relieve the monotony of his life by a little reading and writing. They were condemned, however, by the high officials, and after being pronounced "hot-beds of revolution," were closed by superior order.

The disturbances which broke out in this year at the University of St. Petersburg, to be followed in subsequent years by disturbances of the same character, need not be dealt with at length. It had occurred to persons in power, and especially to a newly appointed Minister of Public Instruction, who had qualified himself for the post by long service in the navy, and who to assume its duties had resigned the command of the Russian squadron in the seas of Japan, that, like the Sunday schools, the universities were "hot-beds of revolution." It would have been considered very illiberal in those days to assert that it was useless, and might even be dangerous, to give crowds of very poor young men a university education; and when it occurred to the Japanese admiral that the government was at a great expense rearing a numerous brood of revolutionists, the notion was ridiculed, spurned, and condemned, though it must now be admitted that subsequent events, and subsequent law proceedings in connection with Nihilistic conspiracies, have shown that there was a certain amount of truth in it.

The university disturbances of the end of 1861 and the beginning of 1862 at St. Petersburg and at Moscow were remarkable as bringing about for the first time under Alexander II. a collision between soldiers and civilians, and the repression of tumult by armed force. At St. Petersburg the students, finding that their fund had been suppressed, or at least that the work of administering it had been taken from their hands, that they had been deprived of the right of meeting, and that other lately acquired privileges were to be withdrawn, assembled in face of an order forbidding them to do anything of the kind. According to a story circulated at the time, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg telegraphed to the Emperor, who was in the Crimea, asking how the rebellious students were to be treated. "Treat them like father"—*kak atets*—was the reply; which the Governor-General interpreted as meaning "treat them like my father." It was quite certain that the Emperor Nicholas would have made short work of a students' insurrection, supposing for a moment that such a movement could have been ventured upon, conceived, or even dreamed of under his dreaded sway; so, treating the young men as the Emperor's father would have treated them, the Governor-General sent out infantry and a squadron of dragoons, who, as the mutinous ones still refused to disperse, attacked them with bayonet and sword, wounding some, capturing others, and putting the rest to flight.

In Moscow, where all the incidents which had taken place at the St. Petersburg University were up to a certain point faithfully reproduced, the climax was slightly different. The students were carrying in procession a statement of their complaints to the Governor-General of Moscow, when a number of police agents, disguised as workmen, appealed to the populace, and representing the students as "enemies of the Czar," procured for them the severest ill-treatment at the hands of the genuine workmen and peasants who happened to be on the spot.

There was something typical in this affair; and any movement in Russia on the part of the educated classes, so little numerous, could be at once suppressed through the dangerous expedient of appealing in the name of the Emperor to the great mass of the peasantry. The universities having been closed by superior order, the professors, who, at St. Petersburg, were nearly all on the side of the students, established in that capital courses of lectures to which the students

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and the public generally were admitted gratuitously. Disaffection, however, was seen in this well-intentioned conduct on the part of the professors. It looked like a protest against the action of the authorities in shutting up the universities. Unfortunately, too, the students and many of their friends of the extreme liberal party made a point of applauding in the lectures everything that could be converted into an attack, direct or indirect, against the government. A professor assured me that his audience had discovered and applauded in a lecture he had just delivered a number of allusions which he had never intended. Some, however, allowed themselves to be betrayed into the imprudence of saying very sharp things against the Russian system of government; and the end of the free lectures was that the lecture-rooms, like the universities, were closed, that several of the lecturers were reprimanded, and that at least one was sent to Siberia. The public showed its sympathy for the students—which was another name for antipathy toward the existing system of government—by attending the concerts, dramatic performances, and entertainments of all kinds that were now organized by intelligent managers "for the benefit of the poor students." Education was regarded by the Russian liberals of those days as a panacea for every ill; and if after the emancipation special magistrates, called "peace arbiters," were to be appointed to decide disputes between peasants and proprietors, if judges worthy of their position were to be named to administer the law under the new system of procedure—which involved, moreover, for the first time in Russia, the employment of barristers—then it was evident that the numbers of the educated class must be largely increased. If in Nicholas's time three hundred students at each university would, according to that sovereign's calculation, yield enough educated men for the service of the state, that number would, for the requirements not only of the state, but of the community, be quite insufficient now.

But though students, rich or poor, who passed their examinations and adopted professions or entered the state service, might have much to thank the university for, the case would be different with students who failed to pass, and had nothing to fall back upon. These became Nihilists, or rather were already Nihilists, in the sense given to the word fourteen years ago by the late Prince Peter Dolgorouki. He was staying at Geneva, then as now the head-quarters of the Russian revolutionists working from abroad; and when I asked him what he knew about the at that time not very formidable sect of Nihilists, he replied that the Nihilists he had met with were of two kinds, "those who had nothing in their head, and those who had nothing in their pocket." This was a pleasant joke. But a poor student, alike without means and without a degree, would be very likely indeed to become the tool of richer and cleverer malcontents than himself.

It has been said that the emancipation of the serfs has hitherto produced no direct political effect. But the discussion of the question caused a general fermentation, and awakened all sorts of aspirations among the great bulk of educated Russians; while to the partially dispossessed proprietors it suggested, moreover, the idea of a moral compensation in the shape of political rights, which were formally and almost peremptorily demanded at the various assemblies of the nobility held at the end of 1861 and the beginning of 1862.

A few small proprietors who had already mortgaged their estates for two-thirds of their value—an amount the government was always ready to lend—and who had little or nothing to receive in the way of pecuniary compensation, lost everything by the emancipation, and found themselves occupying the unenviable and often dangerous position of "ruined gentlemen." "Know'st thou a murderer?" asks Richard III. of his page, as one might ask in the present day for the address of a boot-maker or tailor. "I know a ruined gentleman," replies the sagacious boy, "whose humble means match not his haughty tastes." That is evidently the man for the deed, and such men—not murderers, but ruined gentlemen—have been produced in considerable numbers by the working of the law of emancipation, which, impoverishing large proprietors, has reduced small ones to destitution.

In former days a ruined gentleman might be made a judge if he was a good fellow, and could get the proprietors of his district to elect him to the office; for the right of electing their own judges was one of the privileges conferred upon

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the nobles by the Empress Catherine II., and enjoyed by them until, three years after the publication of the law of emancipation, the new law reforms were introduced. The nobles, or, in other words, hereditary landed proprietors—for the most part soldiers, civil servants, or diplomatists by profession—possessed, moreover, the right of meeting at stated intervals in assembly; when, besides electing judges and a marshal or president, and regulating certain questions of provincial finance, they were entitled to vote an address to the sovereign, which usually took the form of a simple address of loyalty.

It was beyond doubt not generally known in Western Europe that political machinery existed in Russia by which large bodies of land-owners could communicate their views to the crown; and as a matter of fact but little advantage was taken of it. The Russian nobles possessed no spirit of independence, and manifested no *esprit de corps*, except in a small and pernicious way when they formed conspiracies against the sovereign, between which and absolute political inaction no medium course seems to have been known. Far from obtaining new development, the assemblies became more insignificant with each succeeding reign, until under the Emperor Nicholas they had lost altogether whatever importance they might at one time have possessed. It was the duty of the marshals to represent the wants of the nobles to the sovereign. But all that was really expected of them, and all they ever thought of doing, was to give good entertainments.

When, however, the law of emancipation was promulgated, the nobility were obliged to consider the new position in which it placed them. Apart from all question of material losses, they saw being formed beneath them a new class of free peasants, numbering twenty-three millions, who possessed the right of meeting, and of managing collectively their own affairs, whereas they, the so-called nobles, were allowed no such right; and it occurred to them that unless endowed with a certain amount of political power, they would be unable to keep what they held to be their natural place at the head of society. They resolved, therefore—at least resolutions to that effect were passed at all the triennial assemblies of the nobility which met in the winter of 1861-2—to abandon a few of their own useless privileges that they might demand with a better grace franchises for the whole nation.

Foreseeing what character the debates at the assemblies were likely to take, the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Valouieff, sought to give them an inoffensive direction by proposing certain questions, and cautioning the members against discussing any others. He particularly begged, moreover, that no address might be voted. But to narrow questions, wide answers may be returned; and the minister's request on the subject of the address was entirely set at naught.

After setting forth that the Moscow nobility had always been ready to serve to the best of its power the country and the Emperor, and after recalling in particular its attitude in 1812, when Russia was threatened by a foreign enemy, the address voted by the Moscow assembly declared that Russia was now threatened "by a not less menacing danger from within." "In every rank of society," it continued, "there is some sort of departure from law, and in their true meaning the laws are not observed. Neither persons nor property have any protection against the will of the administration. Classes have risen one against another, and the enmity between them grows greater and greater in consequence of individual discontent, together with a general fear of a pecuniary catastrophe from a government financial crisis, indicated already by the instability of the unit of reckoning, an utter absence of credit, and finally by a multiplicity of false rumors which convulse the public mind. . . . Such, in a few words, is the present state of things; and the Moscow nobility thinks it its duty to address the Emperor on the subject. The corner-stone on which all these evils rested—the right of holding serfs—has been taken away and destroyed, but much has yet to be done in order to reset the shaken edifice of the state on substantial foundations. To eradicate the bad, and to march in front after its Emperor in the path of peaceful reforms, such as shall satisfy the existing wants of society, restore a full measure of order, and avert, even in the future, all possible disturbances—this is the desire of the Moscow nobility; and it addresses its Emperor in all confidence, and submits to his gracious inspection the following measures as calculated to rescue the country from its present difficult position:

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"1. A greater extension to appointment by election in the government service, and also to local self-government. At the same time there must be a more strict fulfillment of the law, not only by the subordinates, but also by the superior officials, with strict responsibility before the law for every one in the government service, each one being held accountable for his own actions.

"2. Protection for the rights of person and property of all the citizens [*sic*] of the empire, through the introduction of oral evidence in judicial proceedings, and of trial by jury.

"3. The termination of the present antagonistic attitude between nobles and peasants, through the compulsory and immediate apportionment of the land when the regulation charts are given in, the government making itself responsible for the *obrok* [poll-tax] and for the redemption money, with a guarantee of eighty per cent. on the entire sum.

"4. The publication of the government debt, and of the government revenue and expenditure, so that the public mind may be quieted as to the prospect of a financial crisis.

"5. The freest discussion in print concerning reforms of all kinds, in connection with the forth-coming economical and administrative reforms."

Thus were Mr. Valouieff's five questions answered. The Moscow nobility then went on to say that it begged the Emperor most loyally "to choose from among its body a committee for the consideration of the principles which ought to lie at the basis of the future laws on election, also of laws on the taxation of land, on the establishment of land-credit institutions, and on the necessary reforms in judicial proceedings. As these questions interest and concern all the territorial and other classes, the result of the committee's labors should be examined in a general assembly, convened from all the provinces, at Moscow, the heart of Russia, the views of the persons chosen from all classes in the empire being afterward submitted to the inspection of your Imperial Majesty."

I can bear witness to the enthusiasm which the reading of the address called forth, and to the murmurs of sympathy and approbation which were elicited by those passages in which the actual state of the country was painted. When the adoption of the address was put to the vote, the members of the assembly went to the ballot-box, and out of 362 voters, 306 used white balls. The answers to the five questions were sent to the Minister of the Interior, and the address was presented to the Emperor, who did not, however, take any notice of it—not even to the extent of acknowledging its receipt.

At St. Petersburg, Toula, Smolensk, and other places of importance—wherever, in fact, the triennial assemblies met—similar addresses were voted; and at Tver, in addition to an address from the assembled nobility demanding the immediate formation of a representative assembly, another address from the "peace arbiters" of the province was adopted, setting forth that the law of emancipation, without being beneficial to the proprietor, was injurious to the peasant, and that, in any case, it would not work, and ought therefore to be remodelled, not by a committee of officials, but by a national assembly, freely elected, in which peasants and proprietors would alike be represented.

The peace arbiters, who had incorrectly assumed that being specially charged with the duty of settling disputes between peasants and proprietors, they had a right to make known to the Emperor how difficult was their position, and to suggest means to him for simplifying it, were arrested; and about this time it became necessary to take measures of repression against the revolutionists of St. Petersburg, who, besides circulating incendiary addresses, were setting houses on fire.

Mr. Herzen, when I consulted him in London as to the meaning of these conflagrations, explained to me that Russian discontent expressed itself in that form, just as Irish discontent expressed itself in the shooting of landlords. "Peasants in Russia," he added, "who have suffered an injury will set hay-stacks on fire, and say that 'the red cock' is about."

The fires of St. Petersburg, however, were lighted with a purpose; and when, in May, 1862, they had lasted some days, the revolutionists—"Nihilists," as they would now be called—profited by the confusion that had been caused to distribute revolutionary proclamations among the crowd. There was a slight collision with the troops, some arrests were made, and the police succeeded in discovering the house where the revolutionary journal called *Great Russia* was printed.

Some months before, a revolutionist

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named Mikhailoff had been exiled to Siberia, when, as he was the first political exile of Alexander II.'s reign, he became an object of popular sympathy. His photographs were exhibited in the shop windows, and a subscription was actually opened to provide funds for his wife and family during his temporary absence in Siberia; for, although Mikhailoff had, among other sweeping and Nihilistic—or at least annihilatory—measures, recommended the slaughter of the whole imperial family, the Emperor lowered the sentence, which by law should have been twenty-five years' penal servitude, to six and a half years' exile without hard labor. The Emperor even contributed to the fund for the benefit of Mikhailoff's family, sending a handsome donation to it through the Governor-General of St. Petersburg.

It became necessary, all the same, after the "red cock" had made its appearance in various parts of Russia, to place the principal provinces or "governments" of the empire in a state of siege. Capital punishment, except for high treason, is not recognized by the criminal law of Russia. If, therefore, it is thought necessary to strike terror into the minds of evil-doers, the state of siege is proclaimed; and offenders can then be brought before military tribunals, and sentenced, without too much ceremony or delay, to be shot.

What, however, put an end to the revolutionary movement, which had already shown itself in 1861, and which in 1862 assumed a really threatening character, was the outbreak of the Polish insurrection in 1863. This powerful alterative had a remarkable effect on Russia. With an insurrection—favored if not supported by all Europe—in Poland, revolution in Russia was not to be thought of. Finding how entirely and how strongly the national feeling was against them, the revolutionists of St. Petersburg considered it prudent to lie quiet for a time; and Nihilism seemed almost to have passed away, or at least to have subsided to the condition of a mere philosophical theory as to the nothingness of human life and the worthlessness of all human institutions, when, in 1866, a student named Karakozoff, a member of the Nihilistic society, did what no Russian had ever ventured to do against Nicholas—fired at the Emperor, and would probably have killed him but that the pistol was suddenly turned aside by the intervening hand of a St. Petersburg workman. The

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law reforms (open courts, oral evidence, employment of counsel, and the jury system) determined upon some time before. Karakozoff's attempt led to an inquiry, which resulted in the discovery of Nihilistic organizations in various parts of the empire; and since then the one thing that has made constant progress in Russia, until at last it accomplished the death of the Emperor Alexander II., is Nihilism.

The problem so terribly thrust upon Alexander III. has indeed been difficult of solution. The remedy for the cancer-like evil of Nihilism is not easy to discover, and discovered, might not be easy to apply. But the formation of a representative assembly would at least have the effect of interesting large numbers of educated persons in the well-being of the empire, and would range on the side of the government those who now neither support it nor attack it, but simply stand aside while it is being attacked and undermined in every possible manner. The revolutionary class would be weakened as the conservative classes were conciliated.

BORN TO GOOD LUCK.

I.

PATRICK O'RAFFERTY was a small farmer in the County Leinster. He and his father before him had been yearly tenants to Squire Ormsby for fifty years on very easy terms.

Patrick—more uneasy than his sire—now and then pestered this Squire for a lease. Then the Squire used to say, "Well, if you make a point of it, I will have the land valued and a lease drawn accordingly." But this iniquitous proposal always shut O'Rafferty's mouth for a time. He was called in the village Paddy Luck; and certainly he had the luck to get into a good many fights and other scrapes, and to get out of them wonderfully. It was he who set the name rolling; his neighbors did but accept it.

He professed certain powers akin to divination, and they were not generally

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ridiculed, for he was right one time in five, and that was enough, for credulity always forgets the usual and remembers the eccentric.

This worthy had a cow to sell, and drove her in to the nearest fair. He put twelve pounds on her, and was laughed at. She was dry, and she was ugly. "Twelve pounds! Go along wid ye." "Never mind *her*," was Pat's reply. "I'm Paddy Luck, and it's meself that will sell the baste for twelve pounds, and divil a ha'-penny less." This was his proclamation all the morning. In the afternoon he condescended to ten pounds, just to oblige the community. At sunset he managed to get eight pounds, and a by-stander told him he was a lucky fellow.

"That is no news, thin," said he. It was dark, and he was tired; his home was twelve Irish miles off: he resolved to sleep in the town. In the mean time he went to a tavern and regaled his purchaser, drank, danced, daffed, showed his money, got drunk, and was robbed by one of the light-fingered gentry who prowl about a fair.

The consequence was that the next time he ordered liquor on a liberal scale —for he was one who treated semicircularly in his cups—he could not find a shilling to pay, and the landlord put him out into the street. He cooled himself at a neighboring pump, and went in search of gratuitous lodgings. The hard-hearted town did not provide these, so he walked out of it into sweeter air. He was not sick nor sorry. Quite the reverse. He congratulated himself on his good luck. "Sure, now," said he, "if I had sold her for twelve pounds, it's four pounds I'd be losing by that same bargain."

Some little distance outside the town he found a deserted hovel; there was no door, window, nor floor; but the roof was free from holes in one or two places, and there was a dry corner, and a heap of straw in it. Paddy thanked his stars for providing him with so complete and gratuitous a shelter, and immediately burrowed into the straw, and was about to drop asleep when the glimmer of a lantern shot in through the doorway, and voices muttered outside.

Patrick nestled deeper in the straw; he was a trespasser, and it seemed too late and yet too early for the virtues, charity included, to be afoot.

Two men came in with a sack, a spade, and a lantern; one of them lifted the lantern up and took a cursory glance round the premises. Patrick, whom the spade had set a-shivering, held his breath. Then the man put the lantern down, and his companion went to work and dug, not a grave, as panting Pat expected, but a big round hole.

This done, they emptied the sack; out rolled and tinkled silver salvers of all sizes, coffee-pots, tea-pots, forks, spoons, brooches, necklaces, rings—a mine of wealth that glowed and glittered in the light of the lantern.

Patrick began to perspire as well as tremble. The men filled in the hole, stamped the earth firmly down, and then lighted their pipes and held a consultation. The question was how to dispose of these valuables. After some differences of opinion they agreed that one Barney was the fence they would invite to the spot, and if he would not give one hundred pounds for the spoil they would take it to Dublin. It transpired that Barney lived at some distance, but not too far to come to-morrow evening and inspect the booty. Then, if he would spring to their price, they would go home with him and receive the coin.

"My luck!" thought Patrick. "What need had they to light their pipes and chatter like two old women about such a trifle, without searching the straw first, the omadhauns!" The thieves retired, and lucky Pat went quietly to sleep.

He awoke in broad daylight, and strolled back into the town. He walked jauntily, for, if he had no money, he possessed a secret. He was too Irish and too sly to go to the police office at once; his little game was to try and find out who had been robbed, and what reward they would give.

Meantime he had to breakfast off a stale roll given him by a baker out of charity. About noon he passed through a principal street, and lo! in a silversmith's shop was a notice, written very large:

"THIRTY GUINEAS REWARD!

"Whereas, these premises were broken into last night, and the following valuable property abstracted—"

Then followed an inventory a foot long.

"The above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as may lead to the conviction of the thieves and the recovery of the stolen goods, or any considerable part thereof."

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Patrick walked in and asked to see the proprietor. A little fussy man in a great state of agitation responded to that query.

"Are you in arnest now, sorr?" asked Pat.

"In earnest! Of course I am."

"What if a dacent poor boy like me was to find you the silver and thieves and all?"

"I'd give you the thirty guineas, and my blessing into the bargain."

"Maybe ye wouldn't like to give me my dinner an' all, by raison I'm just famishing with hunger?"

This proposal raised suspicion, and the proprietor asked his name.

"Patrick O'Rafferty. I'm tenant to Squire Ormsby."

"I know *him*. Well, Patrick, I suppose you can give me some information. I'll risk the dinner, anyway."

"Ah, well, sorr," said Patrick, "they say 'fling a sprat to catch a whale.' A rump-steak and a quart of ale is a favorite repast of mine; when I have had 'em I'll arn 'em, by the holy poker!"

"Step into my back parlor, Mr. Rafferty," said the silversmith.

He then sent for the rump-steak very loud, and for a policeman in a whisper.

The steak came first, and was most welcome. When he had eaten it the modest O'Rafferty asked for a pipe and pot.

Whilst he smoked and sipped calmly the disguised policeman arrived, and was asked to examine him through a little window.

"Does he look like crime?" whispered the silversmith.

"No," said the policeman. "Calf-like innocence and impudence galore."

The jeweller asked O'Rafferty to step out. "Now, sir," said he, "you have had your dinner, and I don't grudge it you; but if this is a jest, let it end here, for I am in sore trouble, and it would be a heartless thing to play on me."

"Och, hear to him!" cried Patrick, with a whine as doleful as sudden. "Did iver an O'Rafferty make a jist of an honest man's trouble, or ate a male off his losses? But what is a hungry man worth? I could not see how to do your work while I was famished, but now my belly is full, and my head fuller, glory be to God!"

"I don't know how it is," said the jeweller, aside to the detective, "he tells me nothing, and yet somehow he gives me confidence.—But, Mr. O'Rafferty, do consider: time flies, and I'm no nearer my stolen goods. What is the first step we are to take?"

"The first step was to fill my belly; the next step is to find me—och, murther, it is a rarity!"

"Never mind," said the disguised officer. "Find you what?"

"A policeman—that isn't a fool."

II.

This was a stinger, and so sudden; his hearers looked rather sheepish at him. It was the policeman who answered.

"If you will come to the station, I will undertake to find you that."

Patrick assented, and on the way they made friends; his companion revealed himself, and forgave the stinger, and Patrick, pleased with his good temper, let him into the plan he had matured while smoking his pipe and appearing to lose time. All Patrick stipulated was that he himself should be the person in command; and as he alone knew where the booty was, and was manifestly as crafty as a badger, this was cheerfully acceded to. So, an hour before dusk, four fellows that looked like countrymen drove a cart full of straw up to the hovel, and made a big heap by adding it to what was there already.

Then two drove the cart back to the edge of the town, and put the horse up, and rejoined their companions in ambush, all but one, and he hid in a dry ditch opposite. They were all armed, and the outside watcher had a novel weapon—a powerful blue-light in the shape of a fat squib.

It is a dreary business waiting at night for criminals who may never come at all, or, if they do, may be desperate, and fight like madmen or wild-cats.

Eight o'clock came—nine—ten—eleven—twelve: the watchers were chilled and stiff, and Patrick sleepy.

One of the policemen whispered him: "They won't come to-night. Are you sure they have not been and taken up the swag?"

"Not sure; but I think not." The policeman growled and muttered something about a mare's-nest.

"Hush!" said another.

"What?" in an agitated whisper.

"Wheels!"

Silence.

They all remained as still as death. The faint wheels, that would have been inaudible by day, rattled nearer and nearer. It

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was late for a *bona fide* traveller to be on the road. Would the wheels pass the hovel?

They came up fast; then they stopped suddenly. To the watchers everything was audible, and every sound magnified. When the drag stopped it was like a railway train pulling up. Men leaped out, and seemed to shake the ground. When three figures bustled into the hovel it sounded like a rush of men. Then came a thrilling question. Would the thieves examine the premises before they looked for the booty? The chances were they would.

Well, they did not. They were in great anxiety too, but it took the form of hurry. They dug furiously, displayed the booty to Barney all in a hurry, and demanded their price.

"Now, then, one hundred pounds, or take your last look at 'em."

"One hundred pounds!" whined Barney. "Can't be done."

"Very well; there's no time to bargain."

"I'll give eighty pounds. But I shall lose money by 'em."

"Blarney! They are worth a thousand. Here, Jem, put 'em up; we can do better in Dublin."

Barney whined and remonstrated, but ended by consenting to give the price.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the hovel gleamed with a lurid fire, so vivid and penetrating that every crevice of it and the very cobwebs came out distinct.

The thieves yelled with dismay, and one ran away from the light, slap into the danger, and was dazzled again with opening bull's-eyes, and captured like a lamb. The other rushed blindfold at the entrance, but his temple encountered a cold pistol, and a policeman immovable as a statue. He recoiled, and was in that moment of hesitation pinned from behind and handcuffed—click! As for Barney, from whom no fight was expected, he was allowed to clamber up the walls like a mouse in a trap, then tumble down, until the four-wheel they had come in was brought up by Paddy O'Rafferty. Then the thieves were bundled in, and sat each of them between two honest men, and the fence was attached by the wrist to a policeman, who walked him to the same destination; but, like friend Virgil's bull, *multa reluctantem*, hanging back in vain, and in vain bribing the silent, impenetrable Bobby.

Pat slept at the station, and next morning the jeweller gave his thirty guineas with a good heart, but omitted the blessing. Patrick whined dismally at this very serious omission, and the worthy little fellow gave it him with glistening eyes, "For," said he, "I'll own now the loss would have ruined me. I find by my books they cost me thirteen hundred pounds." So then he blessed him solemnly, and Pat went home rejoicing. "I'll have more luck than ever now," said he. "I'll have all sorts of luck—good, bad, and indifferent."

When he got home he told the story inaccurately, and like a monomaniac; that is to say, he suppressed all the fortitude and sagacity he had shown. These were qualities he possessed, so he thought nothing of them.

Luck and divination were what he prided himself on. His version ran thus: he had the luck not to sell his cow till night-fall, the still better luck to be robbed of his money, and compelled to sleep in the neighborhood. Then, thanks to his superlative luck, the Queen's jeweller had been robbed of silver salvers the size of the harvest-moon, two-gallon tea-pots, pearls like hazel-nuts, and diamonds as big as broad beans; and seeing no other way to recover them, and hearing that the wise man of Gannachee was in the town, had given him a good dinner and his pipe, and begged him to use all his powers as a seer; of all which the upshot was that he had put the police on the right track, and recovered the booty, and caged the thieves, and marched home with the reward.

In telling this romance he was careful to take out the thirty sovereigns and jingle them, and this musical appeal to the senses so overpowered the understandings of his neighbors that they swallowed the wondrous tale like spring water.

After this few were bold enough to resist his pretensions to luck and divination. He was often consulted, especially about missing property, and as he now and then guessed right, and sometimes had taken the precaution to hide the property himself, which materially increased his chances of finding it, he passed for a seer.

One fine day Squire Ormsby learned to his dismay that his pantry had been broken into and a mass of valuable plate

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taken. Mr. Ormsby was much distressed, not only on account of the value, but the length of time certain pieces had been in his family. He distrusted the police and publicity in these cases, and his wife prevailed on him to send for Patrick O'Rafferty.

That worthy came, and heard the story. He looked at the lady and gentleman, and his self-deception began to ooze out of him. To humbug his humble neighbors was not difficult nor dangerous, but to deceive and then undeceive and disappoint his landlord was quite another matter.

He put on humility, and said this was a matter beyond him entirely. Then the Squire was angry, and said, bitterly, "No doubt he would rather oblige his neighbors, or a shopkeeper who was a stranger to him, than the man whose land had fed him and his for fifty years." He was proceeding in the same strain when poor Pat, with that dismal whine the merry soul was subject to occasionally, implored him not to murder him entirely with hard words; he would do his best.

"No man can do more," said Mr. Ormsby. "Now how will you proceed? Can we render you any assistance?"

Patrick said, humbly, and in a downcast way, he would like to see the place where the thieves got in.

He was taken to the pantry window, and examined it inside and out, and all the servants peeped at him.

"What next?" asked the Squire.

Then Patrick inwardly resolved to get a good dinner out of this business, however humiliating the end of it might be. "Sorr," said he, "ye'll have to give me a room all to myself, and a rump-steak and onions; and after that your servants must bring me three pipes and three pints of home-brewed ale. Brewers' ale hasn't the same spiritual effect on a seer's mind."

The order was given, and set the kitchen on fire with curiosity. Some disbelieved his powers, but more believed them, and cited the jeweller's business and other examples.

When the first pipe and pint were to go to him a discussion took place between the magnates of the kitchen who should take it up. At last the butler and the housekeeper insisted on the footman taking it. Accordingly he did so.

Meantime Patrick sat in state digesting the good food. He began to feel a physical complacency, and to defy the future; he only regretted that he had confined his demand to one dinner and three pots. To him in this frame of mind entered the footman with pipe and pint of ale as clear as Madeira.

Says Patrick, looking at the pipe, "This is the first of 'em."

The footman put the things down rather hurriedly and vanished.

"Humph," said Pat to himself, "*you* don't seem to care for my company."

He sipped and smoked, and his mind worked.

The footman went to the butler with a scared face, and said, "I won't go near him again; he said I was one."

"Nonsense!" said the butler: "I'll take up the next."

He did so. Patrick gazed in his face, took the pipe, and said, *sotto voce*,

"This is the second;" then, very regretfully, "Only one more to come."

The butler went away much discomposed, and told the housekeeper.

"I can't believe it," said she. "Anyway, I'll know the worst."

So in due course she took up the third pipe and pint, and wore propitiatory smiles.

"This is the last of 'em," said Patrick, solemnly, and looked at the glass.

The housekeeper went down all in a flutter. "We are found out, we are ruined," said she. "There is nothing to be done now but— Yes there is; we must buy him, or put the comether on him before he sees the master."

Patrick was half dozing over his last pipe when he heard a rustle and a commotion, and lo! three culprits on their knees to him. With that instinctive sagacity which was his one real gift—so he underrated it—he said, with a twinkling eye:

"Och, thin, you've come to make a clane brist of it, the three Chrischin vartues and haythen graces that ye are. Ye may save yourselves the throuble. Sure I know all about it."

"We see you do. Y'are wiser than Solomon," said the housekeeper. "But sure ye wouldn't abuse your wisdom to ruin three poor bodies like us?"

"Poor!" cried Patrick. "Is it poor ye call yourselves? Ye ate and drink like fighting cocks; y'are clothed in silk and plush and broadcloth, and your wages is all pocket-money and pin-money. Yet

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ye must rob the man that feeds and clothes ye."

"It is true! it is true!" cried the butler.

"He spakes like a priest," said the woman. "Oh, alanna! don't be hard on us; it is all the devil's doings; he timpted us. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Whisht, now, and spake sinse," said Patrick, roughly. "Is it melted?"

"It is not."

"Can you lay your hands on it?"

"We can, every stiver of it. We intinded to put it back."

"*That's* a lie," said Patrick, firmly, but not in the least reproachfully. "Now look at me, the whole clan of ye, male and faymale. Which would you rather do—help me find the gimcracks, every article of 'em, or be lagged and scragged and stretched on a gibbet and such like iligant divarsions?"

They snatched eagerly at the plank of safety held out to them, and from that minute acted under Mr. O'Rafferty's orders.

"Fetch me another pint," was his first behest.

"Ay, a dozen, if ye'll do us the honor to drink it."

"To the divil wid your blarney! Now tell the master I'm at his sarvice."

"Oh, murder! what will become of us? Would you tell him, after all?"

"Ye omadhauns, can't ye listen at the dure and hear what I tell him?"

With this understanding Squire Ormsby was ushered in, all expectation.

"Yer honor," said Patrick, "I think the power is laving me. I am only able to see the half of it. Now, if you plaze, would you like to catch the thieves and lose the silver, or to find the silver and not find the thieves?"

"Why, the silver, to be sure."

"Then you and my lady must go to mass to-morrow morning, and when you come back we will look for the silver, and maybe, if we find it, your honor will give me that little bit of a lease."

"One thing at a time, Pat; you haven't found the silver yet."

At nine o'clock next morning Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby returned from mass, and found O'Rafferty waiting for them at their door. He had a long walking-stick with a shining knob, and informed them, very solemnly, that the priest had sprinkled it for him with holy water.

Thus armed, he commenced the search. He penetrated into out-houses, and applied his stick to chimneys and fagots and cold ovens, and all possible places. No luck.

Then he proceeded to the stable-yard, and searched every corner; then into the shrubbery; then into the tool-house. No luck. Then on to the lawn. By this time there were about thirty at his heels.

Disgusted at this fruitless search, Patrick apostrophized his stick: "Bad cess to you, y'are only good to burn. Ye kape turning away from every place; but ye don't turn to anything whatever. Stop a bit! Oh, holy Moses! what is this?"

As he spoke, the stick seemed to rise and point like a gun. Patrick marched in the direction indicated, and after a while seemed to be forced by the stick into a run. He began to shout excitedly, and they all ran after him. He ran full tilt against a dismounted water barrel, and the end of the stick struck it with such impetus that it knocked the barrel over, then flew out of Patrick's hand to the right, who himself made a spring the other way, and stood glaring with all the rest at the glittering objects that strewed the lawn, neither more nor less than the missing plate.

Shouts and screams of delight. Everybody shaking hands with Patrick, who, being a consummate actor, seemed dazzled and mystified, as one who had succeeded far beyond his expectations.

To make a long story short, they all settled it in their minds that the thieves had been alarmed, and hidden the plate for a time, intending to return and fetch it away.

Mr. Ormsby took the seer into his study, and gave him a piece of paper stating that for a great service rendered to him by Patrick O'Rafferty he had, in the name of him and his, promised him undisturbed possession of the farm so long as he or his should farm it themselves, and pay the present rent.

Pat's modesty vanished at the Squire's gate; he bragged up and down the village, and henceforth nobody disputed his seership in those parts.

But one day the Sassenach came down with his cold incredulity.

A neighbor's estate, mortgaged up to the eyes, was sold under the hammer, and Sir Henry Steele bought it, and laid some of it down in grass. He was a breeder of stock. He marked out a park wall, and did not include a certain little orchard

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and a triangular plot. The seer observed, and applied for them. Sir Henry, who did his own business, received the application, noted it down, and asked him for a reference. He gave Squire Ormsby.

"I will make inquiries," said Sir Henry. "Good-morning."

He knew Ormsby in London, and when he became his neighbor the Irish gentleman was all hospitality. One day Sir Henry told him of O'Rafferty's application, and asked about him.

"Oh," said Ormsby, "that is our seer."

"Your what?"

"Our wise man, our diviner of secrets; and some wonderful things he has done."

He then related the loss of his plate, and its supernatural recovery.

The Sassenach listened with a cold incredulous eye and a sardonic grin.

Then the Irishman got hot, and accumulated examples.

Then the Sassenach, with the obstinacy of his race, said he would put these pretensions to the test. He had picked out of the various narratives that this seer was very fond of a good dinner, and pretended it tended to enlighten his mind; so he laid his trap accordingly.

At his request Patrick was informed that next Tuesday, at one o'clock, if he chose to submit to a fair test of his divining powers, the parcel of land he had asked for should be let him on easy terms.

Patrick assented jauntily. But in his secret soul he felt uneasy at having to encounter this Sassenach gentleman. Sir Henry was the fortunate possessor of what Pat was pleased to call "a nasty glittering eye," and over that eye Pat doubted his ability to draw the wool as he had done over Celtic orbs.

However, he came up to the scratch like a man. After all, he had nothing to lose this time, and he vowed to submit to no test that was not preceded by a good dinner. He was ushered into Sir Henry Steele's study, and there he found that gentleman and Mr. Ormsby. One comfort, there was a cloth laid, and certain silver dishes on the hobs and in the fender.

"Well, Mr. O'Rafferty," said his host, "I believe you like a good dinner?"

"Thrue for you, sorr," said Pat.

"Well, then, we can combine business with pleasure; you shall have a good dinner."

"Long life to your honor!"

"I cooked it for you myself."

"God bless your honor for your condescinsion."

"You are to eat the dinner first, and then just tell me what the meat is, and the parcel of land is yours on easy terms."

Patrick's confidence rose. "Sure, thin, it is a fair bargain," said he.

The dishes were uncovered. There were vegetables cooked most deliciously; the meat was a chef-d'œuvre; a sort of rich ragout done to a turn, and so fragrant that the very odor made the mouth water.

Patrick seated himself, helped himself, and took a mouthful: that mouthful had a double effect. He realized in one and the same moment that this was a more heavenly compound than he had ever expected to taste upon earth, and that he could not and never should divine what bird or beast he was eating. He looked for the bones; there were none. He yielded himself to desperate enjoyment. When he had nearly cleaned the plate he said that even the best-cooked meat was none the worse for a quart of good ale to wash it down.

Sir Henry Steele rang a bell and ordered a quart of ale.

Patrick enjoyed this too, and did not hurry; he felt it was his last dinner in that house, as well as his first.

The gentlemen watched him and gave him time. But at last Ormsby said, "Well, Patrick—"

Now Patrick, whilst he sipped, had been asking himself what line he had better take; and he had come to a conclusion creditable to that sagacity and knowledge of human nature he really possessed and underrated accordingly. He would compliment the gentlemen on their superior wisdom, and own he could not throw dust in such eyes as theirs; then he would beg them not to make his humble neighbors as wise as they were; but let him still pass for a wise man in the parish, whilst *they* laughed in their superior sleeves. To carry out this he impregnated his brazen features with a world of comic humility.

"And," said he, in cajoling accents, "ah, your honors, the old fox made many a turn, but the dogs were too many for him at last."

What more of self-depreciation and cajolery he would have added is not known, for Sir Henry Steele broke in loudly, "Good heavens! Well, he *is* an extraordinary man. It *was* an old dog-fox I cooked for him."

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"Didn't I tell you?" cried Ormsby, delighted at the success of his countryman.

"Well, sir," said Sir Henry, whose emotions seldom lasted long, "a bargain's a bargain. I let you the orchard and field for—let me see—you must bring me a stoat, a weasel, and a polecat every year. I mean to get up the game."

Mr. O'Rafferty first stared stupidly, then winked cunningly, then blandly absorbed laudation and land; then retired invoking solemn blessings; then, being outside, executed a fandango, and went home on wings; from that hour the village could not hold him. His speech was of accumulating farms at peppercorn rents, till a slice of the county should be his. To hear him, he could see through a deal board, and luck was his monopoly. He began to be envied, and was on the way to be hated, when, confiding in his star, he married Norah Blake, a beautiful girl, but a most notorious vixen.

Then the unlucky ones forgave him a great deal: for sure wouldn't Norah revenge them? Alas! the traitress fell in love with her husband after marriage, and let him mould her into a sort of angelic duck.

This was the climax. So Paddy Luck is now numbered amongst the lasting institutions of ould Ireland (if any).

May he live till the skirts of his coat knock his brains out, and him dancing an Irish fling to "the wind that shakes the barley"!

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN A NEW LIGHT.

THE scholarly paper read last year by Mr. George H. Moore before the New York Historical Society upon "John Dickinson, the Author of the Declaration on taking up Arms in 1775," aroused such general interest that it is believed a sketch both of the circumstances which led to the adoption and signing of the Declaration of Independence—of which Dickinson's was the forerunner—and of the part taken in it by the New York delegation, may not be without value.

On the 15th of May, 1776, the Second Continental Congress voted to recommend all the colonies to adopt new forms of government. On the 7th of June Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, obeying the instructions of that colony, moved "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Three days later, on the 10th—the day when the first debate on Lee's resolution was closed—six of the colonies being unprepared to vote, a postponement was had until the 1st of July, in the expectation that by that time there would be entire unanimity. On the evening of the 1st, John Adams wrote to Samuel Chase that the debate took up most of the day. Jefferson in 1787 stated that the debate lasted "nine hours, until evening, without refreshment and without pause." At the close of the debate, however, no definite action was taken, and the final voting was postponed until the following day. Accordingly, on the 2d of July, the first formal and final vote was taken on independence, all of the thirteen colonies voting for it except New York.

It has been stated by a high authority that the New York delegates, during the entire debate on Lee's resolution, "remained passive, neither opposing nor helping, as they deemed the whole subject of separation as outside of their instructions."* There could not be a greater error. To suppose that George Clinton, who had been elected a delegate to the Continental Congress from New York chiefly on account of his pronounced views against the crown, or that Robert R. Livingston, one of the five who reported the Declaration, remained "passive," instead of each using all his influence in moulding the sentiments of Congress in the right direction, is to accuse both of those gentlemen of grave inconsistency.

On May 15, 1776, as we have seen, a resolution was passed by the Continental Congress and ordered to be published. If either Clinton or Livingston was present and voted for it at that time, it could fairly be said that he not only *favored*, but *voted* for independence. One of the phrases of the preamble to the resolution is, "It is necessary that the exercise of every kind of authority under the said

* William V. McKean in his Centennial Address at Independence Hall, July 2, 1876.

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crown should be totally suppressed, and all the powers of government exerted under the authority of the people of the colonies." John Adams at the time called this act or resolution "independence itself." The colonies were recommended by it to establish popular governments where they had not already done so. Indeed, the independence of the colonies took place in fact, if not in name, before the general independence of the whole was declared. Bancroft says that all the New York delegates except Alsop were personally ready to vote for independence, and were confident of their constituents. John Adams says that even Duane favored it, and he had been a half Tory all along; how much more, then, must Clinton and Livingston have been for it! The Documentary Declaration was debated in Committee of the Whole before being reported to the House; and there is not much doubt that in such committee the New-Yorkers voted for it. Wisner, one of the New York delegates, we know did.

But it has been further stated to the disparagement of New York that on the 2d of July, when the vote on independence was actually taken, New York (the vote was by colonies, not by individuals) did not vote, the delegates from that colony, over their own signatures, with Clinton at their head, officially reporting as follows: "The important question of independence was agitated yesterday in a committee of the whole Congress, and this day will be finally determined in the House. We know the line of our conduct on this occasion; we have your instructions, and will faithfully pursue them." But this course was entirely proper, and for the delegates to have acted otherwise would have been to disobey the express commands of the New York Provincial Congress, which they represented. Upon the passage of the resolution of May 15 by the Continental Congress the New York delegates, on June 8, wrote home to ascertain the sentiments of their constituents on the question of independence, which was expected to come up shortly in that body. Meanwhile, on the 19th of June, a new Provincial Congress was elected by New York for the express purpose of acting on the question of independence, as the previous one, to whom the letter of the delegates was addressed, did not consider itself authorized so to do. The old Provincial Congress continued to sit for some days after the new one was chosen, but of course can be excused for not authorizing their delegates in the Continental Congress to vote for independence. They purposely left it to the new Provincial Congress, which met at White Plains July 8, 1776, and which the very next day passed unanimously a resolution approving the Declaration of Independence.* The fact, therefore, upon which considerable stress has been laid—that the New York delegates in the Continental Congress were not the voters for the adhesion of New York—is a purely private and local affair between them and their constituents; nor does it in the slightest degree affect the *willingness* of New York to declare itself independent. There was very little Toryism that dared to show itself to the public at this late day. Most of the leading loyalists had either left the State or were in hiding; and indeed, as a matter of fact, New York was as nearly unanimous at the time as either New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Finally, when on the 2d of July the vote was taken for formal independence, the New York delegates, who for local reasons could not act for their State, were probably much better disposed than those of Pennsylvania, who could act, and yet were intending to vote four against independence, and three for it; and it was only by great persuasion that two of the four were induced to absent themselves, so as to turn the minority into a majority. Though the *Colony* of New York, for the above reasons, failed to vote, the *State* failed not to act, for liberty and independence.

The official record of the momentous proceedings of the 2d is in these words:

"TUESDAY, *July* 2, 1776.

"The Congress resumed the consideration of the resolution from the Committee of the Whole, which was agreed to, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

* The resolution reads as follows: "*Resolved*, unanimously, that the reasons assigned by the Continental Congress for declaring the United Colonies free and independent States are *cogent* and *conclusive*; and that while we lament the cruel necessity which has rendered that measure unavoidable, we approve the same, and will, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other colonies in supporting it."

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"From the hour when that vote was taken and that record made," says Mr. McKean, very justly, in his Centennial Address, "the United States of America 'assumed among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them.'"

In fact, the *Second* of July and not the *Fourth* should be *the* day for the celebration of our independence. That it would be was the opinion of the prominent men of that day. On the morning of the 1st of July, John Adams, anticipating independence in that day's vote, wrote from Pennsylvania to Archibald Bullock, "May Heaven prosper the new-born Republic, and make it more glorious than any former republics have been!" And on the 3d, *after* the adoption of the Resolution of Independence, he wrote to his wife, Mrs. Adams, as follows: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. That will live as truth among all Americans who know and value the history of their country." And in the course of the same letter he adds, "The *second* day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as *the great anniversary festival;* be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore. It ought also to be commemorated as the Day of Deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. . . . Through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory; and posterity will triumph in this day's transactions."

At length, on the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence—the complement of the act of the 2d—having been drafted by Jefferson, was formally submitted to the delegates present.

If, however, it be asked how has it come to pass that the 4th of July has been substituted as a day of celebration for the 2d, the real date of the birth of the United States as an independent nation, the answer is that the Resolution of the 2d was passed in private session, and remained unknown to the people generally until it and the Declaration were publicly proclaimed together. "There was nothing in the phrasing of the resolution to cause it to live in the popular memory, whilst there was everything in the Declaration to give it a vital hold upon the affections of the American people." But there was still another cause for this. It has been well said that "the great importance, the decisive and controlling character of the Resolution of Independence adopted on the 2d of July, 1776, have been obscured to the popular vision by the splendor and fame of Jefferson's immortal Declaration of the reasons for the adoption of that Resolution. Yet Jefferson himself never allowed the one to overshadow in his estimation the importance of the other. The Declaration in his mind was intended to be 'an appeal to the tribunal of the world' as a justification of what had already been done. It was intended, he says, 'to be an expression of the American mind, and to give that expression the proper tone and spirit called for by the occasion, to place before mankind the common-sense of the subject in terms so plain and firm as to command their assent.' Yet the Declaration of Independence *has* dislodged the Resolution of Independence from the place of precedence in the popular mind, and the Fourth of July has displaced the second as the nation's holiday and the patriot's high festival."

We are now prepared to speak of the signing of the document known as the Declaration of Independence, and which so many of us have seen and examined in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

In thinking of that instrument one is apt to call up before him an august assemblage gravely seated around a table, with the Declaration spread out upon it, and each member of the Continental Congress in turn taking a pen and with great dignity affixing to it his name. Nothing, however, can be further from that which actually took place. Very few of the delegates, if indeed any, signed the original document on the 4th, and none signed the present one now in Independence Hall, for the very good reason that it was not then in existence.

On July 19 Congress voted that the Declaration be engrossed on parchment. Jefferson, however, says that New York signed on July 15. Consequently New York must have signed the original copy of the Declaration before it had gone into the hands of the engrosser. On what day the work was done by the copyist is not

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known. All that is certainly known is that on the 2d of August Congress had the document as engrossed. This is the document in existence now in Independence Hall. It is on parchment, or something that the trade calls parchment. On that day (August 2) it was signed by all the members present. The original Declaration is lost, or rather was probably purposely destroyed by Congress. All the signatures were made anew. When the business of signing was ended is not known. One, Matthew Thornton, from New Hampshire, signed it in November, when he became a member for the first time; and Thomas McKean, from Delaware, as he says himself, did not sign till January, 1777. Indeed, this signing was, in effect, what at the present day would be called a "test oath." The principles of many of the new delegates coming into Congress from the different States were not known with certainty—some of them might be Tories in disguise—and thus each one was required on first entering Congress to sign the Declaration. In January, 1777, an authenticated copy, with the names of all the signers, was sent to each State for signatures—a fact which may have put a stop to the business of signing. It shows, however, the little importance that was attached to this ceremony, that Robert R. Livingston was one of the committee of five that reported the Declaration, and yet did not sign it, unless his signature is lost with the original document.

But I am not delving in the field of conjecture. The same questions seem to have occurred as early as 1813, when Thomas Rodney wrote to Governor Thomas McKean—a delegate from Delaware, and afterward President of Congress and Governor of Pennsylvania—asking why his name was not among the list of the signers in the Journal of Congress. To this letter Governor McKean replied, under date of August 22, 1813, as follows:

"Now that I am on this subject, I will tell you something not generally known. In the printed public Journal of Congress for 1776, Vol. II., it would appear that the Declaration of Independence was signed on the 4th of July by the members whose names are there inserted. But the fact is not so, *for no person signed it on that day, nor for many days after;* and among the names subscribed one was against it, Mr. Reed, and seven others were not in Congress on that day, viz., Messrs. Morris, Rush, Clymer, Smith, Taylor, and Ross, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Thornton, of New Hampshire. Nor were the six gentlemen last named at that time members. The five for Pennsylvania were appointed delegates by the Convention of that State on the 26th of July; and Mr. Thornton entered Congress for the first time on the 4th of November following, when the names of Henry Wisner, of New York, and Thomas McKean, of Delaware, were not printed as subscribers, though both were present and voted for Independence."*

The truth is, the Declaration of Independence was considered at that time of much less importance than now; nor did the signers dream of its becoming a shrine almost of worship at the present day. It

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* The following is the full text of the letter. If Dickinson drafted the Declaration of 1775, as Mr. Moore seems to think, it is singular that he should have *voted against* the one of 1776, as this letter—most excellent authority—asserts.

"PHILADELPHIA, *Aug.* 22*d*, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 22d last month, with a copy of the Journal of the Congress at New York in October, 1765, printed in the Baltimore *Register*, came safe to hand. Not having heard of this publication, I had the proceedings of that body (not the whole) reprinted here about 2 months ago from a copy I found in the 1st volume of *American Tracts*, contained in four volumes octavo, edited by J. Almon, of London, in 1767. Such an important transaction should not be unknown to the future historian.

"I recollect what passed in Congress in the beginning of July, 1776, respecting Independence; it was not as you have conceived. On Monday, the 1st of July, the question was taken in the Committee of the Whole, when the State of Pennsylvania, represented by seven gentlemen then present, voted ag. it; Delaware, having then only two representatives present, was divided; all the other states voted in favor of it. Whereupon without delay I sent an express (at my private expense) for your honored uncle, Cæsar Rodney, Esquire, the remaining member for Delaware, whom I met at the State-house door in his boots and spurs as the members were assembling; after a friendly salutation (without a word on the business) we went into the Hall of Congress together, and found we were among the latest; proceedings immediately commenced, and after a few minutes the great question was put; when the vote for Delaware was called your uncle arose and said, 'As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men is in favor of Independence, my own judgment concurs with them, I vote for Independence,' or in words to the same effect. The State of Pennsylvania on the 4th of July, there being only five members present (Messrs Dickinson and Morris, who had, in the Committee of the Whole, voted against Independence, were absent), voted for it, three to two, Messrs Willing and Humphreys in the negative. Unanimity in the thirteen states, an all-important point on so great an occasion, was thus obtained; the dissention of a single state might have produced very dangerous consequences.

"Now that I am on this subject," etc.

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is a dramatic incident, and naturally concentrates men's attention on it. In the public mind at the time, Provincial Congresses were more important than the General Congress. The latter was a body of agents, and was endowed with no sovereignty except for war purposes. The real sovereigns were the States.

THE FEE OF THE DIOSCURI.

Loud the midnight revel roared
In the home of Cranon's lord.
Lyres were ringing, flutes were shrilling,
Foamed in flower-wreathed bowls the glowing wine.
Torches flashing through the hall
Lit the armor on the wall—
Stout Chalcidian blades and lances,
Shield and helm and cuirass, ranged in line.

In the midst, in princely pride,
With his kinsmen at his side,
Lay proud Scopas, lord of Cranon,
On Milesian purples couched at ease.
Then, with half-uplifted hand,
Scarcely deigning to command,
All the banquet's din he silenced,
Beckoning to the bard Simonides.

He, the swan of Dorian song,
With the common feasters' throng
Lay, not wholly mingling, silent,
Musing great thoughts in his poet heart.
Slowly, at the chief's command,
Near the throne he took his stand,
As who wakes from dreams of heaven,
On dull earth to play a mere man's part.

Glancing half in scorn the while,
Scopas smiled a prince's smile:
"Hear we now how lyres of Ceos
Skill to celebrate Thessalian deeds!
Grudge me not thy choicest lay.
What! *a poet still*, men say,
Craves his fee. If gold thou cravest,
Gold have I for fifty Homers' meeds!

"Sing my wars, my victories."
There he ceased. Simonides
Wreathed his brow with bays, and lightly
Ran his hand in prelude through the chords.
And he chanted how in fight
Scopas tamed Larissa's might;
Quellèd Tolcas; ravaged Tempe;
Tribute laid on vanquished Pheræ's lords.

Now a nobler music flows,
For to worthier themes he rose—
Dwelt no more on man's mean triumphs—
Gods and heroes claim his praises now!
"Thus," he cries, "in earlier days
Castor stemmed the yielding frays!
Polydeuces in Therapnæ
Thus with plumes of triumph decked his brow!"

Then in melting strains he told
All that sweetest tale of old,
Of the Twins, the Dioscuri,
Castor, Polydeuces: how in strife
Castor fell; and at his grave
Deathless Polydeuces gave,
To restore his mortal brother,
Freely, half his own immortal life:

How the prison bonds of hell
From reviving Castor fell;
And, thenceforth, the Twins alternate
Life in Heaven and death in Hades share:
How their hero spirits reign,
Worshipped in Olympia's fane;
And their Twin Star o'er the Ægean
Gleaming grants the storm-vext seaman's prayer.

Breathless hung the sobered throng
On the magic of the song,
Only Cranon's lord ungracious
Deemed his praise by praise of others marred.
"Friend," he sneers, "take *half* thy fee:
Half thy song was given to me:
Let thy Twins, thy Dioscuri,
Pay, themselves, their share of thy reward."

At the brutal prince's jest
Each sleek courtier smiled his best.
But a Voice came: "Ceian stranger,
At the door two horsemen ask for thee."
Even as he left the hall,
Down it crashed upon them all:
All but him. That Voice had saved him.
Thus the Dioscuri paid their fee.

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COTTON MATHER.

THE SECOND GENERATION OF ENGLISHMEN IN AMERICA.

WHEN a modern American makes a pilgrimage, as I have done, to the English village church at whose altars his ancestors once ministered, he brings away a feeling of renewed wonder at the depth of conviction which led the Puritan clergy to forsake their early homes. The exquisitely peaceful features of the English rural landscape—the old Norman church, half ruined, and in this particular case restored by aid of the American descendants of that high-minded emigrant; the old burial-ground that surrounds it, a haunt of such peace as to make death seem doubly restful; the ancestral oaks; the rooks that soar above them; the flocks of sheep drifting noiselessly among the ancient grave-stones—all speak of such tranquillity as the eager American must cross the Atlantic to obtain. No Englishman feels these things as the American feels them; the antiquity, as Hawthorne says, is our novelty. But beyond all the charm of the associations this thought always recurs—what love of their convictions, what devotion to their own faith, must have been needed to drive the educated Puritan clergymen from such delicious retreats to encounter the ocean, the forest, and the Indians!

Yet there was in the early emigration to every American colony quite another admixture than that of learning and refinement; a sturdy yeoman element, led

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by the desire to better its condition and create a new religious world around it; and an adventurous element, wishing for new excitements. The popular opinion of that period did not leave these elements out of sight, as may be seen by this London street ballad of 1640, describing the emigration:

"Our company we feare not, there goes my Cosen Hanna,
And Ruben doe perswade to goe his sister faire Susanna,
Wth Abigall and Lidia, and Ruth noe doubt comes after,
And Sara kinde will not stay behinde my Cosen Constance dafter—
Then for the truth's sake goe.

"Nay Tom Tyler is p'pared, and ye Smith as black as a cole,
And Ralph Cobbler too wth us will goe for he regards his soale,
And the weaver honest Lyman, wth Prudence Jacobs daughter,
And Agatha and Barrbarra professeth to come after—
Then for the truth's sake goe."

There were also traces, in the emigration, of that love of wandering, of athletic sports and woodcraft, that still sends young men of English race to the far corners of the earth. In the Virginia colonization this element was large, but it also entered into the composition of the Northern colonies. The sister of Governor Winthrop wrote from England in 1637 of her son, afterward Sir George Downing, that the boy was anxious to go to New England, and she spoke of the hazard that he was in "by reson of both his father's and his owne strange inclination to the plantation sports." Upham accordingly describes this same youth in Harvard College, where he graduated in 1642, as shooting birds in the wild woods of Salem, and setting duck-decoys in the ponds. Life in the earlier days of the emigration was essentially a border life, a forest life, a frontier life—differing from such life in Australia or Canada mainly in one wild dream which certainly added to its romance—the dream that Satan still ruled the forest, and that the Indians were his agents.

Whatever else may be said of the Puritan emigration, it represented socially and intellectually much of what was best in the mother country. Men whose life in England would have been that of the higher class of gentry might have been seen in New England taking with their own hands from the barrel their last measure of corn, and perhaps interrupted by the sight of a vessel arriving in the harbor with supplies. These men, who ploughed their own fields and shot their own venison, were men who had paced the halls of Emanuel College at Cambridge, who quoted Seneca in their journals of travel, and who brought with them books of classic literature among their works of theology. The library bequeathed by Rev. John Harvard to the infant college at Cambridge included Homer, Pliny, Sallust, Terence, Juvenal, and Horace. The library bought by the commissioners from Rev. Mr. Welde, for Rev. Mr. Eliot, had in it Plutarch's Morals and the plays of Aristophanes. In its early poverty the colony voted £400 to found Harvard College, and that institution had for its second president a man so learned, after the fashion of those days, that he had the Hebrew Bible read to the students in the morning, and the Greek Testament in the afternoon, commenting on both extemporaneously in Latin. The curriculum of the institution was undoubtedly devised rather with a view to making learned theologians than elegant men of letters—thus much may be conceded to Mr. Matthew Arnold—but this was quite as much the case, as Mr. Mullinger has shown, in the English Cambridge of the seventeenth century.

The year 1650 may be roughly taken as closing the first generation of the American colonists. Virginia had then been settled forty-three years, New York thirty-six, Plymouth thirty, Massachusetts Bay twenty-two, Maryland nineteen, Connecticut seventeen, Rhode Island fourteen, New Haven twelve, and Delaware twelve. A variety of industries had already been introduced, especially in the New England colonies. Boat-building had there begun, according to Colonel C. D. Wright, in 1624; brick-making, tanning, and windmills were introduced in 1629; shoemaking and saw-mills in 1635; cloth mills in 1638; printing the year after; and iron foundries in 1644. In Virginia the colony had come near to extinction in 1624, and had revived under wholly new leadership. In New England, Brewster, Winthrop, Higginson, Skelton, Shepard, and Hooker had all died; Bradford, Endicott, Standish, Winslow, Eliot, and Roger Williams were still living, but past their prime. Church and state were already beginning to be possessed by a younger race, who had either been born in America or been brought as young chil-

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dren to its shores. In this coming race, also, the traditions of learning prevailed; the reading of Cotton Mather, for instance, was as marvellous as his powers of memory. When he entered Harvard College, at eleven, he had read Cicero, Terence, Ovid, Virgil, and the Greek Testament; wrote Latin with ease; was reading Homer, and had begun the Hebrew grammar. But the influences around these men were stern and even gloomy, though tempered by scholarship, by the sweet charities of home, and by some semblance of relaxation. We can hardly say that there was nothing but sternness when we find Rev. Peter Thacher at Barnstable, Massachusetts—a man of high standing in the churches—mitigating the care of souls, in 1679, by the erection of a private nine-pin alley on his own premises. Still there was for a time a distinct deepening of shadow around the lives of the Puritans, whether in the Northern or Southern colonies, after they were left wholly to themselves upon the soil of the New World. The persecutions and the delusions belong generally to this later epoch. In the earlier colonial period there would have been no time for them, and hardly inclination. In the later or provincial period society was undergoing a change, and wealth and aristocratic ways of living were being introduced. But it was in the intermediate time that religious rigor had its height.

Modern men habitually exaggerate the difference between themselves and the Puritans. The points of difference are so great and so picturesque, we forget that the points of resemblance must necessarily outweigh them. We seem more remote from them than is really the case, because we dwell too much on secondary matters—a garment, a phrase, a form of service. Theologian and historian are alike overcome by this; as soon as they touch the Puritans all is sombre, there is no sunshine, no bird sings. Yet the birds filled the woods with their music then as now; children played; mothers talked pretty nonsense to their babies; Governor Winthrop wrote tender messages to his third wife in a way that could only have come of long and reiterated practice. We can not associate a gloomy temperament with Miles Standish's doughty defiances, or with Francis Higginson's assertion that "a draught of New England air is better than a flagon of Old English ale." Their lives, like all lives, were tempered and moulded by much that was quite apart from theology—hard work in the woods, fights with the Indians, and less perilous field-sports. They were unlike modern men when they were at church, but not so unlike when they went on a bear-hunt.

In order to understand the course of Puritan life in America we must bear in mind that the first-comers in the most strictly Puritan colonies were more and not less liberal than their immediate descendants. The Plymouth colony was more tolerant than the later colony of Massachusetts Bay, and the first church of the Massachusetts Bay colony was freer than those which followed it. The covenant drawn up for this Salem church in 1629 has seldom been surpassed in benignant comprehensiveness; it is thought that the following words constituted the whole of it: "We covenant with the Lord and one with another, and do bind ourselves in the presence of God, to walk together in all His ways, according as He is pleased to reveal Himself to us in His blessed word of truth." This was drawn up, according to Mather, by the first minister of Salem; and even when this covenant was enlarged into a confession of faith by his son and successor, some years later, it nevertheless remained more liberal than most later documents of the same kind. The trouble was that the tendency was to narrow instead of to widen. The isolation and severity of the colonial life produced its just effect, and this tendency grew as the new generation developed.

But it must be noticed that this greater early liberality never went so far as to lay down any high-sounding general principles of religious liberty, or to announce that as the corner-stone of the new enterprise. Here it is that the great and constant injustice comes in—to attribute to these Puritans a principle of toleration which they never set up, and then to reproach them with being false to it. Even Mr. Francis Parkman, who seems to me to be, within his own domain, unquestionably the first of American historians, loses his habit of justice when he quits his Frenchmen and his Indians and deals with the Puritans. "At the outset," he says, in his *Pioneers of France*, "New England was unfaithful to the principles of her existence. Seldom has religious toleration assumed a form more oppressive than among the Puritan exiles. New England Prot-

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estantism appealed to liberty; then closed the doors against her. On a stock of freedom she grafted a scion of despotism." Surely this is the old misstatement often made, often refuted. When were those colonists unfaithful to their own principle? When did they appeal to liberty? They appealed to truth. It would have been far better and nobler had they aimed at both, but in this imperfect world we have often to praise and venerate men for a single virtue. Anything but the largest toleration would have been inconsistency in Roger Williams, or perhaps—for this is less clearly established—in Lord Baltimore; but in order to show that the Puritans were false to religious liberty it must be shown that they had proclaimed it. On the contrary, what they sought to proclaim was religious truth. They lost the expansive influence of freedom, but they gained the propelling force of a high though gloomy faith. They lost the variety that exists in a liberal community where each man has his own opinion, but they gained the concentrated power of a homogeneous and well-ordered people.

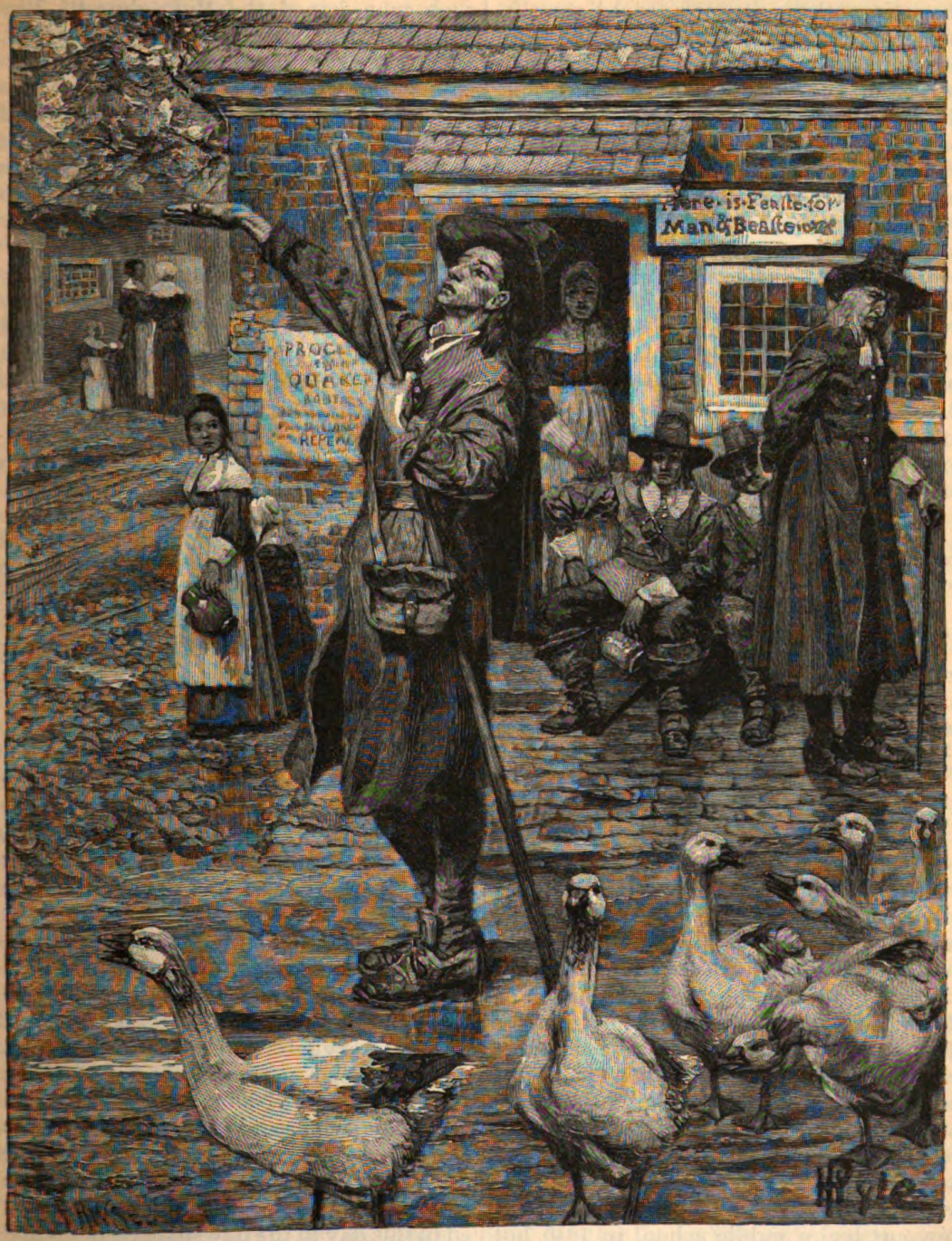
There are but two of the early colonies of which the claim can be seriously made that they were founded on any principle of religious freedom. These two are Rhode Island and Maryland. It was said of the first by Roger Williams, its spiritual founder, that "a permission of the most paganish, Jewish, Turkish, or anti-Christian conscience" should be there granted "to all men of all nations and countries." Accordingly, the colony spread such shelter on a very wide scale. It received Anne Hutchinson after she had set the state as well as church in a turmoil at Boston, and had made popular elections turn on her opinions. It not only sheltered but gave birth to Jemima Wilkinson, prophetess of the "Cumberland Zealots," who might under the stimulus of a less tolerant community have expanded into a Joanna Southcote or a Mother Ann Lee. It protected Samuel Gorton, a man of the Savonarola temperament, of whom his last surviving disciple said, in 1771, "My master wrote in heaven, and none can understand his writings but those who live in heaven while on earth." It cost such an effort to assimilate these exciting ingredients that Roger Williams described Gorton in 1640 as "bewitching and bemadding poor Providence," and the Grand Jury of that city was compelled to indict him as a nuisance in the same year, on this count, among others, "that Samuel Gorton contumeliously reproached the magistrates, calling them Just-asses." Nevertheless, all these, and such as these, were at last disarmed and made harmless by the wise policy of Rhode Island, guided by Roger Williams, after he had outgrown the superfluous antagonisms of his youth, and learned to be conciliatory in action as well as comprehensive in doctrine. Yet even he had so much to undergo in keeping the peace with all these heterogeneous materials that he recoiled at last from "such an infinite liberty of conscience," and declared that in the case of Quakers "a due and moderate restraint and punishment of these incivilities" was not only no persecution, but was "a duty and command of God."

Maryland has shared with Rhode Island the honor of having established religious freedom, and this claim is largely based upon the noble decree passed by its General Assembly in 1649:

> "No person whatsoever in this province professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall from henceforth be any way troubled or molested for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof, or any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent."

But it is never hard to evade a statute that seems to secure religious liberty, and this decree did not prevent the Maryland colony from afterward enacting that if any person should deny the Holy Trinity he should first be bored through the tongue and fined or imprisoned; then, for the second offense, should be branded as a blasphemer, the letter "B" being stamped on his forehead; and for the third offense should die. This was certainly a very limited toleration; and granting that it has a partial value, it remains an interesting question who secured it. Cardinal Manning and others have claimed this measure of toleration as due to the Roman Catholics, but Mr. E. D. Neill has conclusively shown that the Roman Catholic element was originally much smaller than was supposed, that the "two hundred Catholic gentlemen" usually claimed as founding the colony were really some twenty gentlemen and three hundred laboring-men; that of the latter twelve died on shipboard, of whom only two confessed to the priests, thus giving a clew to the proba-

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A QUAKER EXHORTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

ble opinions of the rest; and that of the Assembly which passed the resolutions the majority were Protestants, and even Puritans. But granting to Maryland a place next to Rhode Island in religious freedom, she paid, like that other colony, what was then the penalty of freedom, and I must dwell a moment on this.

In those days religious liberty brought a heterogeneous and often reckless population; it usually involved the absence of a highly educated ministry; and this implied the want of a settled system of education, and of an elevated standard of public duty. These deficiencies left both in Rhode Island and in Maryland certain

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results which are apparent to this day. There is nothing more extraordinary in the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies than the promptness with which they entered on the work of popular education. These little communities, just struggling for existence, marked out an educational system which had then no parallel in the European world. In the Massachusetts Bay colony, Salem had a free school in 1640, Boston in 1642, or earlier, Cambridge about the same time, and the state, in 1647, marked out an elaborate system of common and grammar schools for every township—a system then without a precedent, so far as I know, in Europe. Thus run the essential sentences of this noble document, held up to the admiration of all England by Lord Macaulay in Parliament:

....“Yt learning may not be buried in ye grave of or fathrs in ye church and comonwealth, the Lord assisting or endeavors—It is therefore ordred, yt evry township in this iurisdiction, aftr ye Lord heth increased ym to ye number of 50 householdrs, shall then forthwth appoint one wthin their towne to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and reade; * * * * and it is furthr ordered, yt where any towne shall increase to ye numbr of 100 families or household^{s}, they shall set up a grāmer schoole, ye mr thereof being able to instruct youth so farr as they may be fited for ye university.”

The printing-press came with these schools, or before them, and was actively employed, and it is impossible not to recognize the contrast between such institutions and the spirit of that Governor of Virginia (Berkeley) who said, a quarter of a century later, “We have no free schools nor printing, and I hope shall not have these hundred years.” In Maryland, convicts and indented servants were sometimes advertised for sale as teachers at an early day, and there was no public system until 1728. In Rhode Island, Newport had a public school in 1640, but it apparently lasted but a year or two, nor was there a general system till the year 1800. These contrasts are mentioned for one sole purpose: to show that no single community unites all virtues, and that it was at that period very hard for religious liberality and a good school system to exist together.

There was a similar disproportion among the colonies in the number of university-trained men. Professor F. B. Dexter has shown that no less than sixty such men joined the Massachusetts Bay colony within ten years of its origin, while after seventeen years of separate existence the Virginia colony held but two university men, Rev. Hant Wyatt and Dr. Pott; and Rhode Island had also but two in its early days, Roger Williams and the recluse William Blaxton. No one has more fully recognized the “heavy price paid” for this “great cup of liberty” in Rhode Island than her ablest scholar, Professor Diman, who employs precisely these phrases to describe it in his Bristol address; and who fearlessly points out how much that state lost, even while she gained something, by the absence of that rigorous sway and that lofty public standard which were associated with the stern rule of the Puritan clergy.

In all the early colonies, unless we except Rhode Island, the Puritan spirit made itself distinctly felt, and religious persecution widely prevailed. Even in Maryland, as has been shown, the laws imposed branding and boring through the tongue as a penalty for certain opinions. In Virginia those who refused to attend the Established Church must pay 200 pounds of tobacco for the first offense, 500 for the second, and incur banishment for the third. A fine of 5000 pounds of tobacco was placed upon unauthorized religious meetings. Quakers and Baptists were whipped or pilloried, and any ship-master conveying Nonconformists was fined. Even so late as 1741, after persecution had virtually ceased in New England, severe laws were passed against Presbyterians in Virginia; and the above-named laws of Maryland were re-enacted in 1723. At an earlier period, however, the New England laws, if not severer, were no doubt more rigorously executed. In some cases, to be sure, the so-called laws were a deliberate fabrication, as in the case of the Connecticut “Blue Laws,” a code reprinted to this day in the newspapers, but which existed only in the active and malicious imagination of the Tory Dr. Peters.

The spirit of persecution was strongest in the New England colonies, and chiefly in Massachusetts, because of the greater intensity with which men there followed out their convictions. It was less manifest in the banishment of Roger Williams —which was, after all, not so much a religious as a political transaction—than in the Quaker persecutions which took place

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between 1656 and 1660. Even these, it must be remembered, were never persecutions in the sense which had become familiar in Europe—that is, of forbidding heretics to leave the realm, and then tormenting them if they staid. Not a Quaker ever suffered except for voluntary action; that is, for choosing to stay, or return after banishment. To demand that they should consent to be banished seems to us so unreasonable as to be an outrage; but it seemed quite otherwise, we must remember, to those who had already banished themselves to secure a spot where they could worship in their own way. Cotton Mather says, with some force:

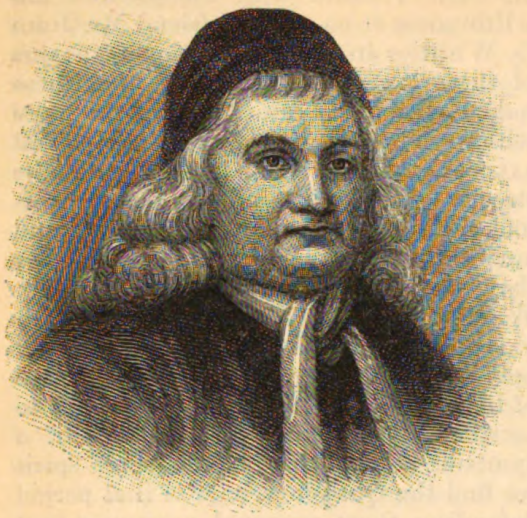
> "It was also thought that the very Quakers themselves would say that if they had got into a Corner of the World, and with an immense Toyl and Charge made a Wilderness habitable, on purpose there to be undisturbed in the Exercises of their Worship, they would never bear to have New-Englanders come among them and interrupt their Publick Worship, endeavor to seduce their Children from it, yea, and repeat such Endeavors after mild Entreaties first, and then just Banishments, to oblige their departure."

We now see that this place they occupied was not a mere corner of the world, and that it was even then an essential part of the British dominions, and subject to British laws. We can therefore see that this was not the whole of the argument, but as an *argumentum ad hominem* it was very strong. Had the Quakers, like the Moravians, made settlements and cleared the forests for themselves, this argument would have been quite disarmed; and had those settlements been interfered with by the Puritans, the injustice would have been far more glaring; nor is it probable that the Puritans would have molested such settlements — unless they happened to be too near.

It must be remembered, too, that the Puritans did not view Quakers and other zealots as heretics merely, but as dangerous social outlaws. There was among the colonists a genuine and natural fear that if the tide of extravagant fanaticism once set in, it might culminate in such atrocities as had shocked all Europe while the Anabaptists, under John of Leyden were in power at Münster. In the frenzies and naked exhibitions of the Quakers, or rather Ranters, they saw tendencies which might end in uprooting all the social order for which they were striving, and ultimately in the revocation of their charter. I differ with the greatest unwillingness from my old friend Mr. John G. Whittier in his explanation of a part of these excesses. He thinks that these naked exhibitions came chiefly from those who were maddened by seeing the partial exposures of Quakers whipped through the streets. This view seems to me to overlook the highly wrought condition of mind among these enthusiasts, and the fact that they regarded everything as a symbol. When, on February 13, 1658, Sarah Gibbins and Dorothy Waugh broke two empty bottles over Rev. John Norton as "a sign of his emptiness," they deemed it right to sacrifice all propriety for the sake of a symbolic act; and in just the same spirit we find the Quaker writers of that period defending these personal exposures, not by Mr. Whittier's reasons, but as a figurative act. In Southey's *Commonplace-Book* there is a long extract, to precisely this effect, from the life of Thomas Story, an English Friend who had travelled in America. He seems to have been a moderate man, and to have condemned some of the extravagances of the Ranters, but gravely argues that the Quakers might really have been commanded by God to exhibit this nakedness "as a sign."

But whatever provocation the Friends may have given, their persecution is the darkest blot upon the history of the time —darker than witchcraft, which was a disease of supernatural terror. And like the belief in witchcraft, the spirit of persecution could only be palliated by the general delusion of the age, by the cruelty of the English legislation against the Jesuits, which the Puritan Legislature closely followed as regarded Quakers; and in general by the attempt to unite church and state, and to take the Old Testament for a literal modern statute-book. It must be remembered that our horror at this intolerance is also stimulated from time to time by certain extravagant fabrications which still appear as genuine in the newspapers; as that imaginary letter said to have been addressed by Cotton Mather to a Salem clergyman in 1682, and proposing that a colony of Quakers be arrested and sold as slaves. This absurd forgery appeared first in some Pennsylvania newspaper, accompanied by the assertion that this letter was in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. No such paper was ever known to that

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SAMUEL SEWALL.
From the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society

society; Cotton Mather was, at the time alleged, but nineteen years old, and the Quaker persecution had substantially ceased twenty years before. But when did such contradictions ever have any effect on the vitality of a lie?

The dark and intense convictions of Puritanism were seen at their highest in the witchcraft trials—events which took place in almost every colony at different times. The wonder is that they showed themselves so much less in America than in most European nations at the same period. To see the delusion in its most frightful form we must go beyond the Atlantic and far beyond the limits of English Puritanism. During its course 30,000 victims were put to death in Great Britain, 75,000 in France, 100,000 in Germany, besides those executed in Italy, Switzerland, and Sweden, many of them being burned. Compared with this vast estimate—which I take from that careful historian Mr. W. F. Poole—how trivial seem the few dozen cases to be found in our early colonies; and yet, as he justly remarks, these few have attracted more attention from the world than all the rest. Howells, the letter-writer, says, under date of February 22, 1647: "Within the compass of two years near upon 300 witches were arraigned, and the larger part of them executed, in Essex and Suffolk [England] only. Scotland swarms with them more and more, and persons of good quality are executed daily." In a single Swedish village threescore and ten witches were discovered, most of whom, including fifteen children, were executed, besides thirty children who were compelled to "run the gauntlet" and be lashed on their hands once a week for a year. The eminent English judge Sir Matthew Hale, giving his charge at the trial for witchcraft of Rose Cullender and Anne Duny in 1668—a trial which had great weight with the American judges—said that he "made no doubt there were such Creatures as Witches, for the Scriptures affirmed it, and the Wisdom of all Nations had provided Laws against such Persons." The devout Bishop Hall wrote in England: "Satan's prevalency in this Age is most clear, in the marvellous numbers of Witches abiding in all places. Now hundreds are discovered in one Shire." It shows that there was, on the whole, a healthy influence exerted on Puritanism by American life when we consider that the witchcraft excitement was here so limited and so short-lived.

The first recorded case of execution for this offense in the colonies is mentioned in Winthrop's journal, March, 1646–7, as occurring at Hartford, Connecticut, where another occurred in 1648, there being also one in Boston that same year. Nine more took place in Boston and in Connecticut before the great outbreak at Salem. A curious one occurs in the Maryland records of 1654 as having happened on the high seas upon a vessel bound to Baltimore, where a woman was hanged by the seamen upon this charge, the case being afterward investigated by the Governor and Council. A woman was tried and acquitted in Pennsylvania in 1683, one was hanged in Maryland for this alleged crime by due sentence of court in 1685, and one or two cases occurred at New York. The excitement finally came to a head in 1692 at Salem, Massachusetts, where nineteen persons were hanged, and one "pressed to death" for refusing to testify—this being the regularly ordained punishment for such refusal. The excitement being thus relieved, a reaction followed. Brave old Samuel Sewall won for himself honor in all coming time by rising in his place in the congregation, and causing to be read an expression of regret for the part he had taken in the trials. The reaction did not at once reach the Southern colonies. Grace

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Sherwood was legally ducked for witchcraft in Virginia in 1705, and there was an indictment, followed by acquittal, in Maryland as late as 1712.



ARRESTING A WITCH.

That the delusion reached this point was due to no hardened inhumanity of feeling; on the contrary, those who participated in it prayed to be delivered from any such emotion. "If a drop of innocent blood should be shed in the prosecution of the witchcrafts among us, how unhappy are we!" wrote Cotton Mather. Accordingly Mr. Poole has shown that this eminent clergyman, popularly identified beyond any one else with the witchcraft delusion, yet tried to have it met by

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united prayer rather than by the courts; would never attend any of the witchcraft trials; cautioned the magistrates against credulity, and kept secret to his dying day the names of many persons privately inculpated by the witnesses with whom he conversed. It was with anguish of spirit and the conscientious fidelity of the Anglo-Saxon temperament that these men entered upon the work. Happy would they have been could they have taken such supposed visitations lightly, as the Frenchmen on this continent have taken them. Champlain fully believed that there was a devil inhabiting a certain island in the St. Lawrence, under the name of the Gougou; but he merely crossed himself, carolled a French song, and sailed by. Yet even in France, as has been seen, the delusion raged enormously; and to men of English descent, at any rate, it was no such light thing that Satan dwelt visibly in the midst of them. Was this to be the end of all their labors, their sacrifices? They had crossed the ocean, fought off the Indians, cleared the forest, built their quaint little houses in the clearing, extirpated all open vice, and lo! Satan was still there in concealment, like the fabled ghost which migrated with the family, being packed among the beds. There is no mistaking the intensity of their lament. See with what depth of emotion Cotton Mather utters it:

"'Tis a dark time, yea a black night indeed, now the Ty-dogs of the Pit are abroad among us, but *it is through the wrath of the Lord of Hosts!*.....Blessed Lord! Are all the other Instruments of thy Vengeance too good for the chastisement of such Transgressors as we are? Must the very *Devils* be sent *out of their own place* to be our troublers?.....They are not swarthy Indians, but they are sooty Devils that are let loose upon us."

Thus wrote Cotton Mather, he who had sat beside the bedside of the "bewitched" Margaret Rule and had distinctly smelled sulphur.

While the English of the second generation were thus passing through a phase of Puritanism more intense than any they brought with them, the colonies were steadily increasing in population, and were modifying in structure toward their later shape. Delaware had passed from Swedish under Dutch control, Governor Stuyvesant having taken possession of the colony in 1655 with small resistance. Then the whole Dutch territory, thus enlarged, was transferred to English dominion, quite against the will of the same headstrong Governor, known as "Hardkoppig Piet." The Dutch had thriven, in spite of their patroons and their slaves and their semblance of aristocratic government; they had built forts in Connecticut, claimed Cape Cod for a boundary, and even stretched their demands as far as Maine. All their claims and possessions were at last surrendered without striking a blow. When the British fleet appeared off Long Island, the whole organized Dutch force included only some two hundred men fit for duty, scattered from Albany to Delaware; the inhabitants of New Amsterdam refused to take up arms, although Governor Stuyvesant would fain have had them, and he was so enraged that he tore to pieces the letter from Nicolls, the English commander, to avoid showing it. "The surrender," he said, "would be reproved in the fatherland." But the people utterly refused to stand by him, and he was thus compelled, sorely against his will, to surrender. The English entered into complete occupation; New Netherlands became New York; all the Dutch local names were abolished, although destined to be restored during the later Dutch occupation, which again ceased in 1674. Yet the impress of that nationality remains to this day on the names, the architecture, and the customs of that region, and has indeed tinged those of the whole country; and the Dutch had securely founded what was from its early days the most cosmopolitan city of America.

Their fall left the English in absolute possession of a line of colonies that stretched from Maine southward. This now included some new settlements made during the period just described. Carolina, as it had been called a hundred years before by Jean Ribault and his French Protestants, was granted in 1663 by King Charles II. to eight proprietors, who brought with them a plan of government framed for them by the celebrated John Locke—probably the most absurd scheme of government ever proposed for a new colony by a philosopher, and fortunately set aside from the very beginning by the common-sense of the colonists. Being the most southern colony, it was drawn into vexatious wars with the Spaniards, the French, and the Indians; but it was many years before it was divided by the King into two parts, and before Georgia was set-

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PETER STUYVESANT TEARING THE LETTER DEMANDING THE SURRENDER OF NEW YORK.

tled. Another grant by Charles II. was more wisely planned, when in 1681 William Penn sent out some emigrants, guided by no philosopher except Penn himself, who came the following year. A great tract of country was granted to him as a sort of equivalent for a debt owed by the King to his father, Admiral Penn; the annual rent was to be two beaver-skins. Everything seemed to throw around the coming of William Penn the aspect of a lofty enterprise: his ship was named "*The Welcome*"; his new city was to be called "Brotherly Love," or "Philadelphia." With the opportunity of supreme control, Penn ordained for his people entire self-government; and he directed them from the beginning to a policy of peace, contentment, and wise comprehensiveness. His harmonious relations with the Indians have been the wonder of later times, though it must be remembered that he had to do with no such fierce tribes as had devastated the other colonies. Peace prevailed with sectarian zealots, and even toward those charged with witchcraft. Yet even Philadelphia did not escape the evil habits of the age, and established the whipping-post, the pillory, and the stocks —some of which Delaware, long a part of

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Pennsylvania, still retains. But there is no such scene of contentment in our pioneer history as that which the early annals of "Penn's Woods" (Pennsylvania) record.

Other great changes were meanwhile taking place. New Hampshire and New Jersey came to be recognized as colonies by themselves; the union of the New England colonies was dissolved; Plymouth was merged in Massachusetts, New Haven in Connecticut, Delaware temporarily in Pennsylvania. At the close of the period which I have called the second generation (1700) there were ten distinct English colonies along the coast—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Carolina.

It is a matter of profound interest to observe that whatever may be the variations among these early settlements, we find everywhere the distinct traces of the old English village communities, which again are traced by Freeman and others to a Swiss or German origin. The founders of the first New England towns did not simply settle themselves upon the principle of "squatter sovereignty," each for himself; but they founded municipal organizations, based on a common control of the land. So systematically was this carried out that in an old town like Cambridge, Massachusetts, for instance, it would be easy at this day, were all the early tax lists missing, to determine the comparative worldly condition of the different settlers simply by comparing the proportion which each had to maintain of the great "pallysadoe" or paling which surrounded the little settlement. These amounts varied from seventy rods, in case of the richest, to two rods, in case of the poorest; and so well was the work done that the traces of the "fosse" about the paling still remain in the willow-trees on the play-ground of the Harvard students. These early settlers simply reproduced, with a few necessary modifications, those local institutions which had come to them from remote ancestors. The town paling, the town meeting, the town common, the town pound, the fence-viewers, the field-drivers, the militia muster, even the tip-staves of the constables, are "survivals" of institutions older than the Norman conquest of England. Even the most matter-of-fact transactions of their daily life, as the transfer of land by giving a piece of turf, an instance of which occurred at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1696, sometimes carry us back to usages absolutely mediæval—in this case to the transfer "by turf and twig" so familiar to historians. All that the New England settlers added to their traditional institutions—and it was a great addition—was the system of common schools. Beyond New England the analogies with inherited custom are, according to Professor Freeman, less clear and unmistakable; but Professor Herbert B. Adams has lately shown that the Southern "parish" and "county," the South Carolina "court-greens" and "common pastures," as well as the Maryland "manors" and "court-leets," all represent the same inherited principle of communal sovereignty. All these traditional institutions are now being carefully studied, with promise of the most interesting results, by a rising school of historical students in the United States.

The period which I have assigned to the second generation in America may be considered to have lasted from 1650 to 1700. Even during this period there took place collisions of purpose and interest between the home government and the colonies. The contest for the charters, for instance, and the short-lived power of Sir Edmund Andros, occurred within the time which has here been treated, but they were the forerunners of a later contest, and will be included in another paper. It will then be necessary to describe the gradual transformation which made colonies into provinces, and out of a varied emigration developed a homogeneous and cohering people; which taught the English ministry to distrust the Americans, and caused the Americans to be unconsciously weaned from England; so that the tie which at first had expressed only affection became at last a hated yoke, soon to be thrown aside forever.

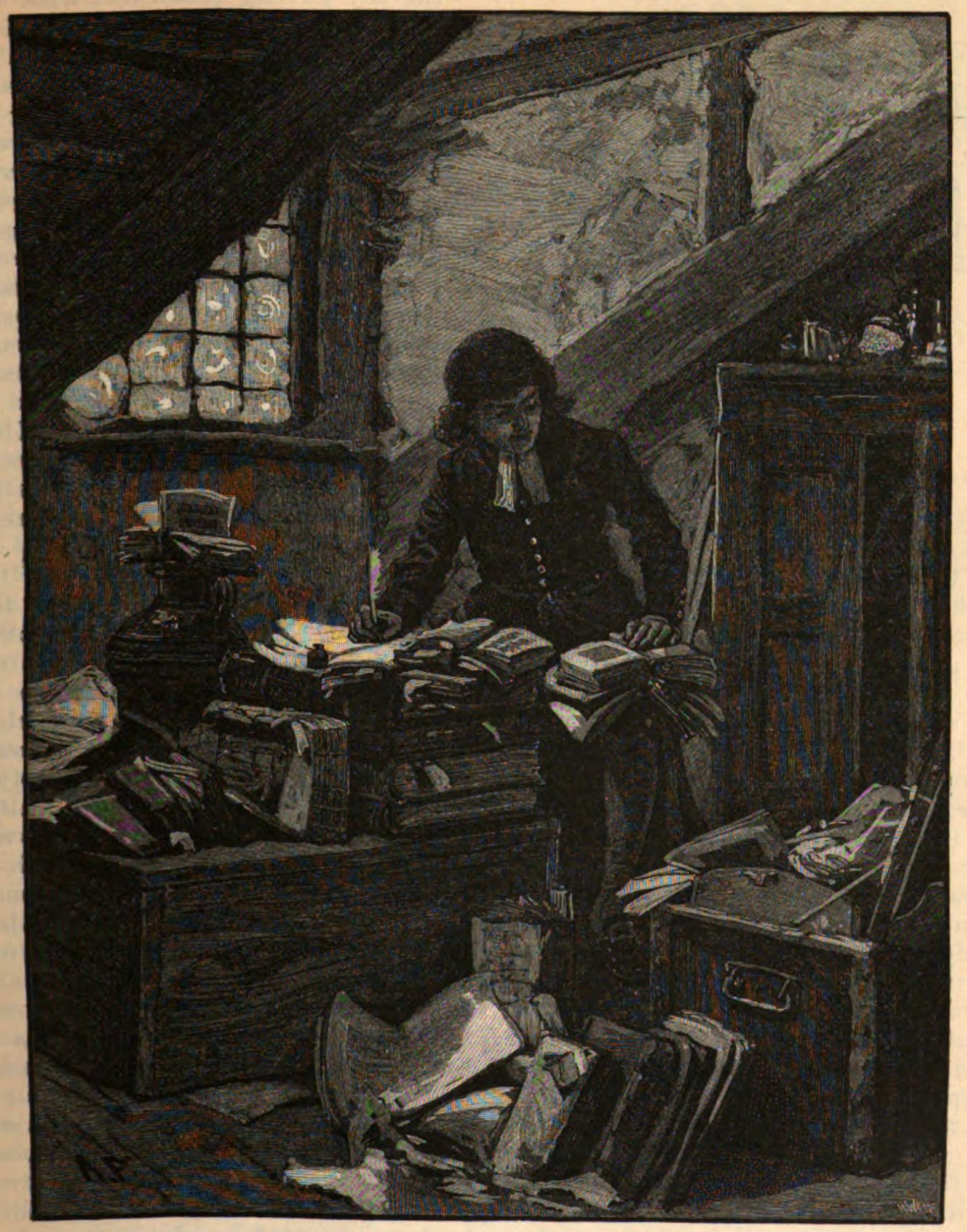
THY LOVE.

It brightens all the cruel gloom
That closes round me like a tomb,
And fills my heart with summer bloom.

It makes me quite forget the pain
That grief has wrought within my brain,
And brings a flash of joy again.

It makes the darkest night to me
More clear than ever day can be,
For in my dreams I am with thee.

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CHATTERTON IN HIS GARRET.

CHATTERTON AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

FAIR women and fellow-bards have generally been the associates of poets, but Chatterton knew little of either, save by repute. He imagined an ideal world, and peopled it with the creations of his own vivid fancy, but the real folk he lived among and associated with were, without exception, of the most conventional type. The posthumous son of a poor school-master, Chatterton first saw the light in Bristol, on the 20th November, 1752, in the humble dwelling where his father had died three months previous. Mrs. Chatterton was only twenty at the time of her son's birth, and was already burdened with the support of another child, a girl of about two years old. Soon after the birth of her son, who was christened Thomas after his deceased father, the widow removed from the free school

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BIRTH-PLACE OF CHATTERTON.

in Pyle Street to a house on Redcliffe Hill, where, henceforward, by keeping school and by her needle, she strove to provide for her little family. As her boy grew in years, finding herself unable to teach him anything, she sent him to Mr. Love, who then held the post of master of the free school formerly taught by her husband. After a short trial the boy, then between five and six years of age, was returned to his mother as hopelessly dull and incapable of learning. This was sad news for the poor widow, who, knowing that there was insanity in the family, often wept through fear that her last-born would prove an idiot. And yet redeeming traits were noticed in the child, only nobody knew how to turn them to account. One of his sister's earliest recollections of her brother was that he thirsted for pre-eminence, and that "before he was five years old he would always preside over his playmates as their master, and they his hired servants." Sometimes the ill-comprehended child would sit quietly crying to himself for hours, and no one could tell what for.

After a time, however, Mrs. Chatterton discovered that her little boy was not the hopeless dunce she had feared, for "he fell in love," as she styled it, with the illuminated capitals of an old French musical manuscript, and she was enabled, by taking advantage of the momentary fascination, to teach him his alphabet, and thence, by easy stages, to read out of an old black-letter Bible. A characteristic anecdote is related of this period of the child's life, which proves that even at that early stage of his career he was endowed with ambitious aspirations. A relative of the boy having presented him with a delf basin with a lion upon it, he said he had "rather it had been an angel with a trumpet to blow his name about the world." A strange saying for a child, and one that might have rendered the most thoughtless observant of the boy's behavior. But of course people are not on the lookout for a genius, especially in poor families, where such personages are strangely in the way and unprofitable, and it is not surprising, therefore, that Chatterton's peculiarities only aroused doubts as to his sanity. The miscomprehension and want of sympathy which the poor child felt fostered, if it did not engender, that wonderful secretiveness and self-reliance which so strongly characterized his after-years.

The mother's fears about her "ugly duckling" now took another turn: to her joy and surprise he rapidly improved at his studies, so that by "eight years of age he was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if allowed." Henceforth Mrs. Chatterton's anxiety was that her son would injure his health by overstudy, for in order to devote his whole time to reading he neglected both food and sleep, and often lost all consciousness of what was transpiring around him, so that when spoken to repeatedly he would start and ask what was being talked about. But for all his eccentricities the boy was frank and companionable, and was very useful at home because of his ingenuity in repairing or manufacturing domestic articles. His mother described him as sharp-tempered, but as quickly appeased, in which respects, apparently, he resembled her. From the earliest childhood he is represented as of a generous, impulsive, acquaintance-making disposition, and when quite young exercised great self-restraint over his appetite in eating and drinking. At times the boy loved to retire with his books to the seclusion of an old garret for the only indulgence he ever seems to have permitted himself, that is to say, deep draughts of literature. In the perusal of books, and in abstracted wanderings about the precincts of the adjacent church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the little fellow passed some neither profitless nor unhappy years. But a change impended.

There was a school at Bristol for the

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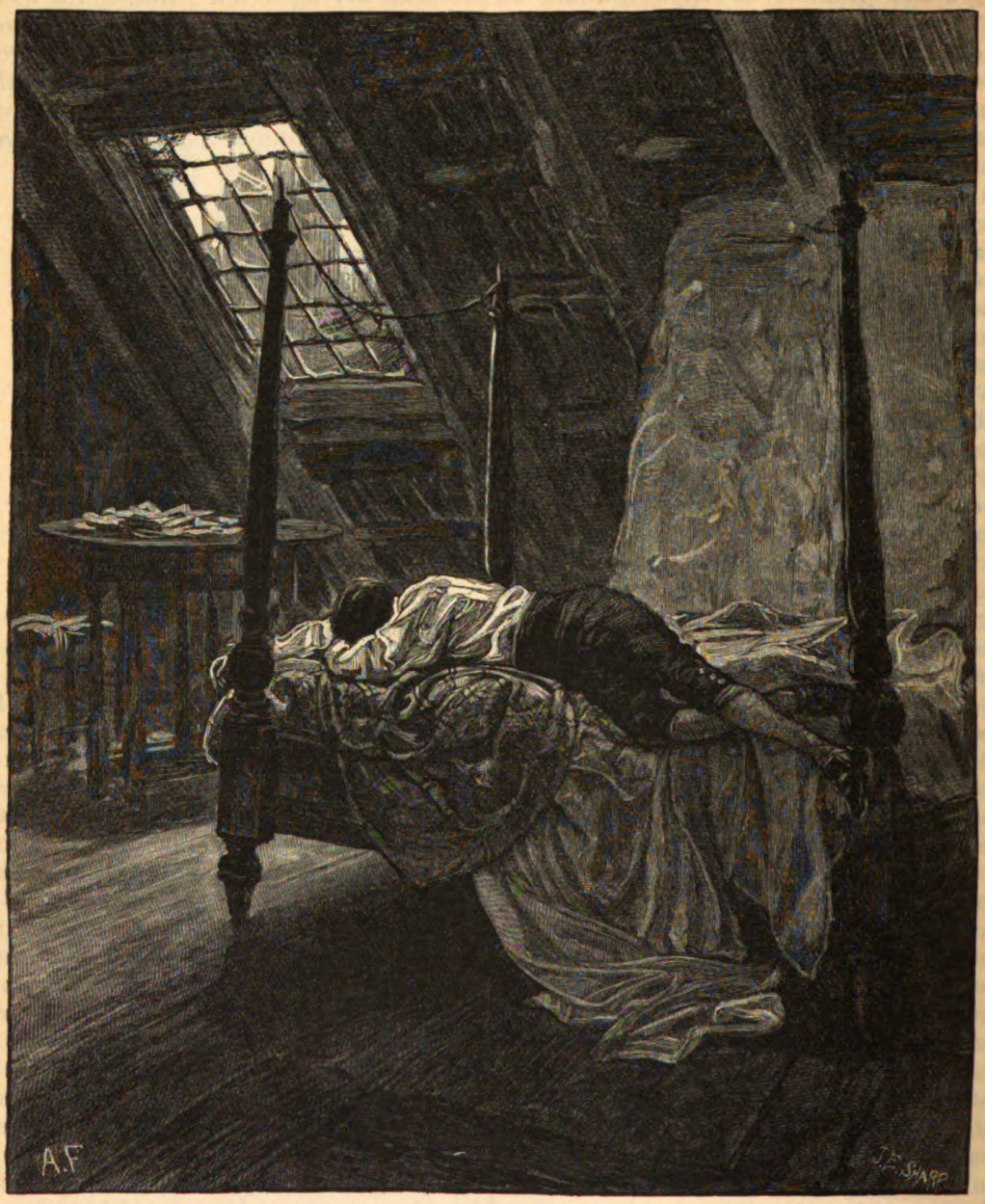
free board, clothing, and education of a stipulated number of boys, founded in 1708 by a wealthy native of the city named Edward Colston, and therefore known as Colston's Hospital. This school, situated in a street called St. Augustine's Back, is the house where Queen Elizabeth was entertained when she visited the city. It was purchased by its pious founder because of its apparent suitability to his charitable purposes. The school-room is on the first floor, and runs along the entire front of the building; the dormitories are the large airy rooms above. The school was avowedly established in imitation of Christ's Hospital, London, and a similar mediæval monkish garb was worn by the scholars; but instead of the lads being provided with the generous curriculum of that ancient and noble charity, their instructions were rigidly limited to the most elementary subjects. Could Chatterton have been placed at a school really like that where Richardson, Coleridge, Lamb, and so many brother celebrities received their education, his might have been a very different fate. Mrs. Chatterton was, however, doubtless delighted to obtain a presentation to Colston's for her little lad, and Chatterton, who was not quite eight, was much pleased when he heard of his nomination, deeming that he should now be able to quench his thirst for learning at an inexhaustible spring. His hopes were speedily blighted: the monotonous routine and limited character of the studies taught at Colston's were very different to what he had anticipated. "He could not learn so much at school," he said, "as he could at home; they had not enough books." Instead of wanderings amid the flowers of literature, Chatterton found nothing but instruction of the most elementary kind, varied only by catechisms and church services. The discipline was severe, and the rules of the institution as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians. In summer the school hours were from seven in the morning till noon, and from one till five in the afternoon; in winter, school did not commence before eight, and was concluded by four. All through the year the pupils had to be in bed by eight, so that when meal-time and the various claims of boarding-school life are considered, it will readily be understood that Chatterton had very little leisure left for the indulgence of his solitude-loving mind. But, so far as the scanty records of this portion of the boy's career extend, he appears to have gone through his work creditably, his mother having been informed that he made rapid progress in arithmetic, and his tutors generally speaking well of his behavior. He never neglected any opportunity of reading, and out of the little sum of pocket-money his mother allowed him he hired books from a circulating library. Shortly before his twelfth year he, like Byron and many other boys of such an age, made a catalogue of the works he had read, to the number of seventy. "History and divinity," says his sister, "were the chief subjects." On Saturdays and saints' days leave of absence from the school was granted to the boys from one or two in the afternoon till seven or eight in the evening, according to the season, and Chatterton, like his comrades, would hurry home, but, unlike them, instead of spending his few precious hours in boyish play, would rush up into his little upstairs sanctum to wile away the time in reading. Mrs. Edkins, in her very imaginative recollections of the poet, says that when he was home for the holidays he would lock himself in the little lumber-room he had appropriated as a study, and frequently remain there the whole day without taking any meals.



COLSTON'S HOSPITAL.

As might be well comprehended, Chatterton's school friends were few, but prominent among them were his bedfellow, Baker, who subsequently went to Charleston, South Carolina, and his tutor, Thomas Phillips. He appears to have regarded

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CHATTERTON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

Phillips as an epitome of manly virtues, and all those interested in the boy's story will coincide in the wish of his first biographer, Dr. Gregory, that a more extended knowledge was possessed of this Phillips. One of the assistant masters at Colston's, Phillips is found to have not only had a taste for poesy himself, but even to have contrived to inspire many of his pupils with similar feelings, several of them besides Chatterton having "made no mean figure in the periodical publications of the day." Here, doubtless, may be discovered Chatterton's first incentive to versifying. He ever regarded the memory of Phillips with reverential affection, and his feelings at the tutor's premature death, although expressed in artificial language, evince the strength of his attachment for his first, and, one might almost say, last friend. In the "Elegy" he wrote upon Phillips he terms

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him "my much-loved friend," "a friend made dear by every sacred tie," speaks of his "unsullied soul," and frequently alludes to his virtues, as they appeared to his boyish view, with eulogistic admiration. It is stated on the somewhat unsatisfactory testimony of a fellow-pupil that Chatterton never took part in the poetic contests which Phillips stimulated his pupils to engage in, yet before his twelfth year the boy appears to have already indulged in versification, and indeed to have made more than one appearance in the poets' corner of a local newspaper. At this time his sister made him a present of a pocket-book as a New-Year's gift, and at the end of the year he returned it to her filled with writing, most of which was verse. "He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn," says his sister; but, she suggestively adds, "we remarked that he was more cheerful after he began to write poetry." His first poetic essays appear to have been of a religious nature, followed, if not accompanied, by some satirical productions. His fellow-pupils, tutors, and even some public personages became the victims of his satire, and a cousin, apparently with him at Colston's, said all he could remember of Chatterton's writings whilst at the Hospital was "that a story went about, when he was at the school, of a lad named Bess, called 'Crazy Bess' by the boys, having got Chatterton to write some lines satirizing the usher, who caught him finishing the last line, and corrected him severely for it." Whatever the truth of this story may be, certain it is that the embryo bard inspired the masters and pupils at Colston's with real regard for him: with Phillips he formed an intense and lasting friendship, whilst Mr. Haynes, another assistant master at the Hospital, is declared to have "conceived for him a strong and affectionate attachment," and several of his fellow-scholars have recorded in unmistakable language the sympathetic interest they felt for him. There was doubtless something fascinating in the poor boy's manner, or he could never have contrived to attract and maintain acquaintanceship with so many persons differing from him in age and social position as he did. He appears to have had some knowledge of this power himself, for in writing from London he remarked, among other similar allusions, "I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside." Another trait of the boy that would certainly inspire his masters with regard for him was, as his sister proudly recalled, his strong love for truth. "When in the school," is her record, "we were informed by the usher his master depended upon his veracity upon all occasions," and that "nothing would move him so much as being belied." Even at his then early age he is reported to have been "tenderly sensible of every one's distress," and "could not bear to hear of any one suffering." Mrs. Edkins states that she had seen him, when passing a certain place in the city where beggars were accustomed to ply their trade, "distribute all the halfpence he had in his pocket, and do without what he was going to purchase for himself."

Chatterton left Colston's Hospital on the 1st of July, 1767, and on the very same day was articled to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, for seven years, to learn the art and mystery of a scrivener. Hitherto the lad's lot had not been cast in very pleasant places, but if he fancied that release from school meant freedom for study or happiness, he speedily discovered his mistake. After seven long years of very rigid scholastic discipline, Chatterton found that he had been bound for yet another seven, and to a still more trying system of servitude. Not only had he to enter upon his new labors without a single day's interval of leisure, but he now had no half-holidays nor legitimate play hours to call his own. Every morning he had to walk a long distance from his master's private residence to the office in Corn Street, and yet he had to be at his post by eight o'clock, and, save during the interval allowed for dinner, remain there until eight in the evening. But a harder trial for his proud spirit than the long companionless hours of solitary servitude had to be encountered. All the Chattertons, despite their lowly position, were proud, but the youthful poet's pride was greater than any; his indignation, therefore, may be imagined when one is told that at Mr. Lambert's he had not only to dine with the well-to-do attorney's servants, but at night had to sleep with the foot-boy. The poor young bard might have endured uncomplainingly all the hardships of the day if he could have had at night the solitude of his own room in which to unbosom himself of his poetic

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fancies. It must have been maddening for Chatterton, and was not, in all probability, very pleasant for the foot-boy, especially toward the full of the moon, because then the young author, feeling or fancying he felt that he could compose better, would sit up the whole night writing. No wonder that Mr. Lambert, who could not specify any other fault in his eccentric pupil's behavior, deemed him "of a sullen and gloomy disposition," especially "among the servants." The rich attorney had received a fee of ten pounds with his apprentice, and for that he covenanted to provide him with food, clothes, and lodging, but if it had been stated in the deed that the last-named item was to have been closely shared with the foot-boy, however exemplary a specimen of foot-boys he may have been, in all probability the proud young poet would have insisted upon being placed elsewhere. His fantasy had created a lengthy race of knightly Chattertons, springing from royalty itself, and so strongly did ancestral myths cloud his imaginings that he was wont to say, "The greatest oath by which a man could swear was by the honor of his ancestors."

The idealities in which he lived did not hinder the lad attending to his duties in real life. Mrs. Lambert admitted to his sister, only two months before he quitted the attorney's service, that Chatterton "had never once been found out of the office during the stated hours, as they frequently sent the footman and other servants there to see." And yet this Lambert, who could find no better employment for his liveried menials than to insult and spy upon the young clerk, had little real work for the lad to do. For fear he might make use of his time for his own work, he made him fill up his spare moments by copying precedents, and, as monuments of the lad's industry, two thick volumes, containing some hundreds of folio pages, all in Chatterton's handwriting, are still preserved. "Like the dog in the manger," said a friend of Mrs. Chatterton, "he would neither employ him nor let him employ himself." When he caught him writing his own private work, Lambert would seize the paper, and tearing it into pieces, scatter it about, saying, "There is your stuff!" although the lad had purchased the paper out of the pocket-money his mother allowed him. This treatment troubled Chatterton greatly, because it frequently happened that the destroyed manuscripts were poetical compositions which he could not rewrite. Not only would Lambert go to the lad's desk and take out and destroy his writings, but he is known, once at least, to have gone to the extent of personally chastising him. That by his employer's behavior Chatterton should be brought to hate a profession he had once entertained a great liking for is not to be wondered at. The only free time the pupil was permitted was between eight and ten in the evening. Instead of retreating to the detested kitchen, or gadding about the city with other lads, Chatterton would hurry home as fast as possible. "He was seldom two evenings together without seeing us," records his sister, in the simple and pathetic letter which she wrote soon after his death. And he was always back at his master's house by the stipulated time, never but once having been out later than the usual hour, and then only at Christmas, when he obtained permission to stay at his mother's an hour later, as she had friends visiting her.

There can be little real doubt that it was during his apprenticeship at Lambert's that he first began, if he did not then first conceive, his grand creation of the Rowley romance. Despite the enforced copying of precedents, and the to-be-dreaded interruptions from the footman during his master's frequent absence, Chatterton must have had many leisure hours he could utilize for his studies between eight in the morning and eight at night. The office library contained a copy of Camden's *Britannia*, and out of that, and such volumes of old and curious lore as he could hire or borrow and smuggle into his desk, he contrived to extract a sufficient knowledge of antiquity to puzzle all the literary Dryasdusts for a century. It must be premised that some old chests or coffers which had been deposited in the so-called muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliffe for the space of two or three centuries had been broken open a few years before Chatterton's birth, and certain title-deeds they contained removed, by order of the vestry. A large number of other deeds and ancient documents were found in the chests, but being considered of no value by their sapient custodians, they were left scattered about, to rot or be pilfered. Several persons appear from time to time to have taken possession of the parchments, but the chief collector of

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them seems to have been the poet's father. He is said to have taken away a whole basketful at once to use for covering his pupils' books and such like purposes; at his death his widow still retained a quantity of these parchments, and after having them stowed away for some years as useless lumber, gave them to her son, or permitted him to take them. The facility for reading legal documents which he acquired at Lambert's enabled him to decipher and understand these antique deeds, for such, there is every reason to believe, they all were. From his earliest childhood Chatterton had doubtless been imbued with a love of antiquity, and had loitered lovingly and reverently about the precincts of Redcliffe church, treasuring up in his imaginative mind and endowing with fictitious environments the names of those there entombed. He had created for himself a world of things ideal, in which he lived and moved and had his being with as much certainty and vraisemblance, so far as he was personally concerned, as in the other course of life which he was unwillingly forced to pursue. In this ideal world lived and labored the boy's *alter ego*, a certain visionary priest, hight Thomas Rowley, and his patron and bosom-friend, a right worthy, noble-hearted gentleman named William Canynge. Around these two ideal personages did the youthful poet weave the whole wonderful story of the Rowley manuscripts. How or when he first conceived the idea of letting the outer world share his visionary society is, of course, a mystery, but a close scrutiny into all the evidence available convinces us that he made no sign of having any documents referring to the *soi-disant* "Rowley" collection until after he had been some short time at Lambert's.

The first intimation of the Rowley romance may be regarded in the light of a ludicrous prologue to the tragedy that was to follow. On his way home to his mother's, whilst still a school-boy, Chatterton had to pass a certain pewterer's shop, kept by two persons styled respectively Henry Burgum and George Catcott. When the eccentricities of these two tradesmen are detailed it will not be deemed extraordinary that the business they conducted came to an untimely end. Catcott having a brother a clergyman, with some pretensions to literature, became inoculated with a taste for books, but for books of a respectable antiquity only, nothing being admitted into his collection until it had attained a century of age. Burgum, although of lowly origin, appears to have sought to pass himself off as a virtuoso of birth and learning. It is surmised that he had been brought up at Colston's, and that a lingering regard for his old school, with which he still retained some official connection, had caused him to notice Chatterton while still an inmate of the Hospital, and that finding him to be an interesting, acute lad, he had occasionally tipped him to the extent of a sixpence. If the very circumstantial account which Mr. Cottle gives of the earliest known episode in the Rowley romance could be implicitly relied on, Chatterton must have produced the "De Burgham pedigree" whilst still at Colston's; but all reliable evidence concurs to prove that he did not display any specimen of the Rowley MSS. until after he had resided at Lambert's for some time. The lad had undoubtedly noticed Burgum's weakness for ancestral honors, and either as an amusing hoax, or as his first tentative effort in the Rowley romance, determined to make use of this pewterer's foible as a stepping-stone to his grand scheme. Joseph Cottle thus describes the affair:

"One Saturday afternoon Chatterton called on Mr. Burgum, in his blue-coat habiliments, and with unusual solemnity told him that he had made a discovery. 'What?' said Mr. B., eagerly. 'Why,' replied the young bard, 'that you are related in lineal descent to some of the first nobles of the land.' 'I did not know it, Tom,' was Mr. Burgum's reply. 'Perhaps not,' rejoined Chatterton, 'but amongst the treasures which I have obtained from Redcliffe church muniment-room I have found your pedigree, clearly traced from a very remote period.' 'Let me see it,' said Mr. Burgum. And sure enough, a few days later, Chatterton presented the ambitious pewterer with a boy's copy-book, to which was prefixed a scrap of parchment whereon was painted the De Burgham arms, and wherein was written a circumstantial 'Account of the Family of the De Burghams, from the Norman Conquest to this Time; collected from Original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter Records, by T. Chatterton.'

"'The documents in Redcliffe church,' said Chatterton, 'extended only to a certain period, and I have been obliged to fill up the hiatus by a reference to other sources.'"

This is the account furnished by Cottle, and although in it the worthy publisher

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did not scruple to give free play to his imagination, the story is in some respects true to history, and as a fairly characteristic account of the initial incident in the famous Rowley controversy deserves citation. It should be noted that the elated pewterer rewarded the youthful genealogist with the munificent gift of five shillings! Instead of being repelled by his reward, Chatterton proceeded to manufacture a second portion of the pedigree, in which he brought it as close "to this time" as he prudently dared, and for which he was remunerated by Burgum with yet another crown piece. But the De Burgham pedigree was a very minor affair compared with the next act in the Rowley romance. When Chatterton had been at Lambert's for about fifteen months, and had nearly completed his sixteenth year, the new bridge over the Avon at Bristol was thrown open to the public. The much-needed and long-talked-about edifice had been seven years in construction, and its completion was considered one of the most important events in the history of the city. The bridge was opened for foot-passengers in September, 1768, and the following month, whilst the citizens were still fully occupied with what they deemed the eighth wonder of the world, they were startled and delighted by the appearance in Farley's *Bristol Journal* of the following very *à propos* account of the ceremonies which accompanied the inauguration of the old bridge in Henry the Second's reign:

"On Fridaie was the time fixed for passing the newe Brydge. Aboute the time of the tollynge the tenth clock, Master Greggorie Dalbenye, mounted on an Irongrey Horse, enformed Master Mayor all thynges were prepared; whan two Beadils want fyrst streyng fresh Stre; next came a Manne dressed up as follows: Hose of Goatskyn, Crinepart (*i. e.*, hairy side) outwards, Doublet and Waystcoat also, over which a white Robe without Sleeves, much like an Albe, but not so long, reeching but to his Lends (*i. e.*, loins), a Girdle of Azure over his left Shoulder rechde also to his Lends on the ryght, and doubled back to his Left, bucklyng with a gouldin Buckel, dangled to his Knee, thereby representing a Saxon Elderman. In his Hande he bare a Shield, the Maystrie of Gille a Brogton, who paincted the same, representyng Sainct Warburgh crossynge the Ford. Then a mickle strong Manne, in Armour, carried a huge Anlace (*i. e.*, sword); after whom came six Claryons and six Minstrels, who sang the Song of Sainct Warburgh; then came Master Maior, mounted on a white Horse, dight with sable trappyngs, wrought about by the Nunnes of Saincte Kenna, with Gould and Silver; his Hayr brayded with Ribbons, and a chaperon (*i. e.*, escutcheon), with the auntient Arms of Brystowe fastende on his Forehead. Master Maior bare in his Hande a gouldin Rodde, and a Congeon (*i. e.*, dwarf) Squier bare in his Hande his Helmet.... Than came the Eldermen and Cittie Broders mounted on Sable Horses, dyght with white trappynges and Plumes, and Scarlet Copes and Chapeous (*i. e.*, hats), having thereon Sable Plumes; after them the Preests and Fryars, Parysh, Mendicaunt, and Seculor.... In thilk manner reeching the Brydge, the Manne with the Anlace stode on the fyrst Top of a Mound reerd in the midst of the Brydge; then went up the Manne with the Sheelde, after him the Ministrels and Clarions. And then the Preestes and Freeres, all in white Albs, making a most goodlie Shewe; the Maior and Eldermen standyng round, theie sang, with the sound of clarions, the Song of Saincte Baldwyn.... Then theie sang again the songe of Saincte Warburgh, and proceeded up Chryst's hill, to the Cross, where a Latin Sermon was preeched by Ralph de Blundeville, etc."

Notwithstanding the daringly suggestive name of the Latin preacher and other suspicious items about this theatrical-like production, the local antiquarians were completely deceived, and in a ferment to know more about the "old manuscript" whence it was professedly extracted. A certain surgeon and F.S.A. named William Barrett had for some years past been collecting materials for a History of Bristol and its Antiquities, and had already collected a large quantity of valueless lumber with a view of utilizing it in his projected work, when his attention was drawn to Chatterton's communication. For some time Barrett's endeavors to discover the owner of the "old manuscript" were fruitless, but eventually he found out that the precious communication had been received from Thomas Chatterton. At first the youth, disgusted at the way in which he was interrogated, declined to furnish any explanation of his secret, but ultimately, driven into a corner, stated that he had transcribed the account sent to Farley's *Journal* from one of several ancient manuscripts he possessed, and which had been originally brought by his father from the muniment-room in St. Mary Redcliffe. This confession was forced from the youth reluctantly, and doubtless was antagonistic to and probably unforeseen in his original design. His mind had been inflamed by the recent contro-

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versy on *Ossian*, and the deception practiced by Walpole in palming off *The Castle of Otranto* as from an old Italian manuscript, into attempting something similar. The Rowley romance was to be the result of his lucubrations, but he doubtless expected to get the poetry and prose he intended to pass off as by the "secular priest of St. John's" published without being subjected to any *vivâ voce* examination; the stringent investigation which followed so speedily after the production of "The Passage of the Bridge" —evidently intended only as a "feeler"— disconcerted his plans, and compelled him to disclose his story prematurely. This precipitation of matters was a grand misfortune, as it obliged him to produce his compositions hurriedly and in fragments, instead of allowing him to defer their production until he had a whole series of "Rowleys" ready for publication in volume form.

The supposed possession of some valuable antiques, however, gave Chatterton importance in the eyes of the Bristol wiseacres, who continually urged him to furnish them with "old Rowleys." When the youth found a well-known surgeon like Barrett, an apparently well-to-do tradesman like Catcott, and others of their calibre eager to accept his fiction for fact, he fancied he had "sprung a mine," although subsequent events proved but too bitterly the slender value of their patronage. The introduction they gave him into society and the prestige of their acquaintance were amply repaid by Chatterton, who trusted to them from time to time, without any pecuniary recompense, the precious productions of his genius. The lad's inherent pride prevented him making known his but too often well-founded necessities, and the only case in which he is known to have intimated hopes of a remuneration for his Rowley productions, appears in the following characteristic document addressed to Catcott:

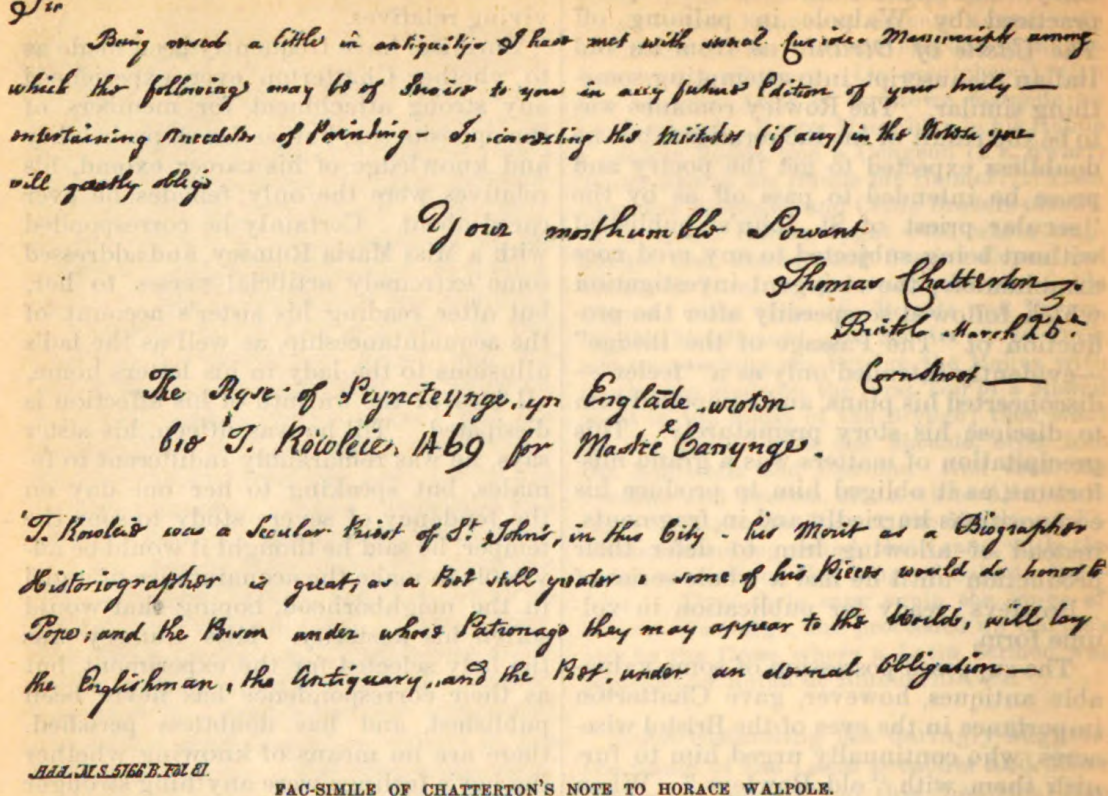
Mr. G. Catcott to the executors of T. Rowley, *Dr.*

	£	*s.*	*d.*
To pleasure received in reading his historic works	5	5	0
To pleasure received in reading his poetic works	5	5	0
	£10	10	0

To this account, it is to be feared, Chatterton never experienced the satisfaction of appending a receipt, although after his death Catcott sold his share of the Rowley spoil for fifty guineas, six only of which were handed over to the lad's surviving relatives.

Surmises have frequently been made as to whether Chatterton ever experienced any strong attachment for members of the opposite sex, but, as far as probability and knowledge of his career extend, his relatives were the only females he ever cared about. Certainly he corresponded with a Miss Maria Rumsey, and addressed some extremely artificial verses to her, but after reading his sister's account of the acquaintanceship, as well as the lad's allusions to the lady in his letters home, all idea of the warmth of his affection is dissipated. Till he was fifteen, his sister says, he was remarkably indifferent to females, but speaking to her one day on the tendency of severe study to sour the temper, he said he thought it would be advisable to make the acquaintance of a girl in the neighborhood, hoping that would soften his austerity. Miss Rumsey was the lady selected for the experiment, but as their correspondence has never been published, and has doubtless perished, there are no means of knowing whether the boy's feelings were anything stronger than those of a lad who deemed it manly to pay homage at a female shrine. The artificial and stilted style of Chatterton's lyrics to his many flames is pretty conclusive evidence of their Platonic character, and the fact that the girls to whom his verses were indited were acquaintances of his mother and sister seems sufficient proof of their respectability—not that such proof would have been needed but for the absurd imputations cast upon the poor lad's memory during the heated discussion about his Rowley legacy. Female fascinations held a very minor position in his mind as compared with his thirst for literary fame. The great object of his life was to get his Rowley manuscripts before the public. His first known effort to accomplish this was by way of an appeal to Dodsley, the great publisher and would-be poet. His offer to forward "copies of several ancient poems," including "perhaps the oldest dramatic work extant," does not appear to have elicited any response, so two months later he sent a second and most boyish letter, in which he remarked that his reason for having given initials instead of his full name "was lest my master (who is now out of town) should see my letters, and think I neglected his business." And as if to

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Sir

Being versed a little in antiquity I have met with several curious Manuscripts among which the following may be of Service to you in any future Edition of your truly entertaining Anecdotes of Painting — In correcting the Mistakes (if any) in the Notes you will greatly oblige

Your most humble Servant
Thomas Chatterton.
Bristol March 26th
Corn Street —

The Ryse of Peyncteynge, yn Englāde, wroten bie T. Rowleie, 1469 for Mastre Canynge.

T. Rowley was a Secular Priest of St. John's, in this City — his Merit as a Biographer Historiographer is great; as a Poet still greater; some of his Pieces would do honor to Pope; and the Person under whose Patronage they may appear to the World, will lay the Englishman, the Antiquary, and the Poet, under an eternal Obligation —

Add. MS. 5766 B. Fol. 61.

FAC-SIMILE OF CHATTERTON'S NOTE TO HORACE WALPOLE.

completely destroy any chance of enlisting the publisher's attention, the inexperienced lad—for such he still was in most practical matters, notwithstanding the precocity of his intellect—asked Dodsley to let him have a guinea, in order to obtain with it the only copy of *Ælla* known to be in existence! "The present possessor," who absolutely refused Chatterton a copy of his own tragedy without a guinea as a consideration, was of course George Catcott, who obtained it from its author by purchase, or more probably as a free gift. Dodsley does not appear to have taken any notice of his unknown correspondent's communication, and the magnificent drama of *Ælla*, the Rowley masterpiece, did not appear in print until several years after Chatterton's decease.

In those days a patron was almost an absolute necessity for literary men. The young poet, therefore, selected for his next attempt Horace Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford. Walpole was not only wealthy and influential, but had already stood sponsor for Macpherson's *Ossian*, and had tried a literary hoax of his own by palming off his absurd *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from an ancient Italian manuscript. Encouraged by a knowledge of these things, Chatterton sent the man a polite note, accompanied by one of his pseudo antiques, described as "The Ryse of Peyncteynge, yn Englāde, wroten bie T. Rowleie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge," and proffered as likely to be of service to Walpole in any future edition of his *Anecdotes of Painting*. The lad alluded in eulogistic terms to the works of "Rowley," and suggested that the person under whose patronage they were given to the world would "lay the Englishman, the antiquary, and the poet under an eternal obligation." The bait took, and Walpole, deeming his Bristol correspondent a man of position, answered his note by return of post in a lengthy and very complimentary epistle, in which he remarked of Rowley's poems, "I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed." In response Chatterton sent another batch of "Rowleys," and received another communication, the contents of which are unknown, but were so gratifying to the recipient that he forwarded Walpole a full statement of his position in life and of his literary aspirations. According to Wal-

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pole's own statement—and although it is replete with baseless slanders and proven falsehood, it is the only authority for this portion of the poor lad's story—upon receipt of this explanatory letter "I wrote for further particulars," and in reply Chatterton "informed me that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies, and hinted a wish that I would assist him.... by procuring him some place, in which he could pursue his natural bent." "I wrote to a relative of mine at Bath," says Walpole, "to inquire into the situation and character of Chatterton.... Nothing was returned about his character, but his own story was verified. In the mean time I communicated the poems to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, who at once pronounced them forgeries." Walpole now, according to his own account, wrote his young correspondent "a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian," advising him to wait until he had made a fortune before devoting himself to "studies consonant to his inclinations," and informing him that he, Walpole, was not "a person of any interest." Chatterton in reply remarked, "Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature," and promised to destroy all his "useless lumber of literature," and "never to use his pen again but in the law." Wanting, however, his copy of the Rowley manuscript back for Mr. Barrett, he wrote for it. "When I received this letter," says Walpole, "I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems, or, perhaps, not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return." For six weeks Chatterton waited for his manuscript, and after two unanswered communications sent Walpole what that noble personage terms this "singularly impertinent" note:

> "I can not reconcile your behavior with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, sir; and did you not know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the manuscripts: no answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige
>
> "THOMAS CHATTERTON."

Within a fortnight Walpole, having returned to London, collected the letters and manuscripts, and returned them to Chatterton in a blank cover, and thus ended, so far as the sanguine young poet was concerned, the vision of a wealthy and influential patron ushering his Rowley romance into the world. Had Walpole's share of the transaction ended here, there would not have been much matter to animadvert upon; nor would it have given cause for much surprise that a selfish man of the world, upon discovering a poor youth had tried to palm off on him his own poems as antique works, had left the lad to his fate; but what has thrown lasting infamy on the unscrupulous nobleman is the fact that from the time he heard of Chatterton's death he neglected no opportunity, either in public or in private, to vent his spite upon the defenseless dead. Deeming his letters destroyed, Walpole denied having written them. Not content with continual allusions to the unfortunate boy as "a forger," "an impostor," "a consummate villain," "a complete rogue," and the like, he went out of his way to ascribe to him the authorship of a letter which, if proved to have been written by Chatterton, would have alienated from him much of the sympathy of his political admirers; the fact, however, that the existence of such a letter rests solely upon Walpole's word, and that no one else has ever been known to have seen the letter alluded to, seems a sufficient reply to any one willing to accept the Earl of Orford's vitiated testimony.

Unable to obtain publication of his Rowley poems, Chatterton resumed his satiric labors with renewed vigor. The folly and selfishness of his Bristol associates allowed plenty of scope for severity. George Catcott the pewterer, afterward known as "the Rowley midwife," from the share he had in the collection and publication of the Rowley poems, was very severely dealt with, but was so obtuse that he regarded the allusions to himself as quite complimentary. He had a great desire of notoriety, and in pursuit of his hobby had paid five pounds to be allowed to cross the new Bristol bridge before any one else, and on another occasion risked his neck in order to climb a church spire and affix to it a metal plate commemorating the deed. Chatterton, ever ready to seize upon the salient points in a man's character, most caustically reviewed the pewterer and his performances in some of his local satires. Neither did Barrett, nor Burgum, nor many of the lad's Bristolian

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acquaintances, escape his sarcastic attentions. "The Exhibition: A Personal Satire," is a still more daring production—not, however, that there is any reason to imagine that its author intended it for publication. The argument of the poem is the supposed arraignment of a Bristol surgeon before his professional brethren for a misdemeanor. The subject of the piece has been of a nature to deter Chatterton's editors from including it in his works, and all that has appeared of its four hundred and forty lines are the fourteen quoted by Dr. Wilson in his *Life of Chatterton*. Although the piece can not be cited *in extenso*, and is of unequal merit, some lines may be given as a specimen of what the work is like. The invocation begins:

"With honest indignation nobly fill,
My energetic, my revengeful, Quill;
Let me in strains which Heaven itself indites
Display the Rascals....

Flying on silken wings of dusky gray,
The cooling evening closed a sultry day;
The cit walked out to Avon's dusty vale
To take a smack at Politics and ale,
Whilst rocked in clumsy coach about the town,
The prudent Mayor jogged his dinner down."

Richard Smith, a surgeon, and a brother-in-law of Catcott, is introduced as arraigning the culprit:

"Smith was deputed, in his accents great,
Her ladyship's ambassador of state,
To bring the culprit to the bar....

Still silence reigns—when prating Smith begins
To lay down all his catalogues of sins."

The surgeons are then called to account by Chatterton as

"Ye children of Corruption, who are fed
On the good fortune of a broken head;....
Who live luxuriant on a rotten shin,
And, like the devil's kingdom, thrive by Sin."

The piece, ending with Smith's invectives, concludes:

"He ended, and, as usual in his way,
Could in his long oration nothing say;
Empty and without meaning, he displayed
His sire's loquacity....
All the rough gang to mercy were inclined,
For now the clock struck three—and none had dined."

As an unpublished poem by Chatterton the "Exhibition" is deserving of notice, but it would be unjust to regard it in any way as a fair sample of its author's genius. It was written in great haste, left uncorrected, and, like most of his satirical pieces on local personages, was not intended for publication. Finding out, however, in what direction the public taste lay, the lad now began seriously to exercise his satirical powers upon public characters, not hesitating to attack the foremost personages in the realm. In a fragmentary poem of this period of his career, which, owing to the almost insuperable difficulties of deciphering its hasty calligraphy, still remains in manuscript, Chatterton evidently refers to the chief contemporary politicians, Fox, for instance, being designated Reynardo, and other well-known characters introduced by more or less recognizable *noms de guerre*. In the following extracts from this unpublished poem, which is a dialogue between Thyrsis and Hobbinol, the words given in brackets are conjectural:

HOBBINOL.

What if a Bard to swell his [shrunken] purse
Shall seem to weep in Want-dictated verse,
And dress the idol of their crazy brain
In all the virtues of a [Gracchie] strain;
Lament the fallen Minister of State—
As though a Rogue is good because he's great!
So Puria, when she hears a four hours' toll,
Lamenting cries, "'Tis for some happy soul!"
But when the sexton scarcely tolls the bell,
Mutters, unmoved, "Some soul is gone to hell!"

THYRSIS.

Uncourtly Shepherd, notions such as [thine]
Won't introduce you with my lord to dine.
Don't ask me why I weep the Heroes' fate?
I weep like Puria only for the great.
Hobbinol, thy stories are not known to all—
But now the chilly dew begins to fall;
Let's fold our sheep, and bid adieu to woe....
So had not Reynardo stept in to save
His sinking country from the threatening wave
Of France and Papal Power, with dreadful roar
This stream had drenched all Albion's land with gore;
And when he had performed this mighty job,
Damned with a pension, hooted by the mob....
Balarto always at his Levee came,
A Caledonian great in birth and fame,
Well versed in every kind of courtiers' Laws;
Could twirl his lordship's wig, or twist a cause;
With Rusticus he was a stupid log;
With Servilus a flattering, fawning dog;
As pliant wax will any shape retain,
So he conformed to all in hopes of [gain];
Like my lord duke he on Newmarket bets,
And like his lordship never pays his debts;
Can lie like Johnson, and with Dodsley pray,
And be a stupid fool with Master Day.

Another of Chatterton's satirical pieces, which has escaped the notice of his editors, is entitled "The Hag"; it begins thus:

"*Morals*, as critics must allow,
Are almost out of fashion now;
And if we credit Dodsley's word,
All *Applications* are absurd.

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What has the author to be vain in
Who knows his fable wants explaining;
And substitutes a second scene,
To publish what the first would mean?
Besides, it saucily reflects
Upon the readers' intellects,
When, armed in metaphors and dashes,
The bard some noble villain lashes;
'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,
To think he can not find it out."

The poet then proceeds at length to couple in praise or blame the names of various Bristolian nonentities with those of the best-known personages of the realm, evidently impressed with the boyish belief that the citizens of his native place were as well known to the rest of the nation as they were to him. Although with youthful forwardness the young bard ventured in some of these satires to introduce topics of a tabooed nature, there does not appear the slightest basis or probability for the suggestion that he was then, or at any period of his short career, leading a dissipated life. His companion, Thistlethwaite, alluding to some objectionable passages in Chatterton's writings, sensibly remarks: "I believe them to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example. The opportunities a long acquaintance with him afforded me justify me in saying that while he lived in Bristol he was not the debauched character represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion." The lad's temperate habits are fully testified to by all who had any intimate acquaintance with him, and he himself, writing to the surgeon, Barrett, at a most critical moment, and with all evident sincerity, says, "I keep no worse company than *myself;* I never drink to excess, and have, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity." Rarely if ever had the poor boy the means, had he had the will, to play the voluptuary, but in truth he carried his ideas of abstinence to a hurtful extent, contenting himself with bread and water, and when he had something important to do often foregoing these, saying that he "had work on hand, and must not make himself more stupid than God had made him."

But the most important event in Chatterton's life now impended. His contributions to the London press began to find acceptance and publication, although not paid for, whilst his position at Lambert's grew more irksome daily. Unable to obtain his discharge from his master in a legitimate way, he hit upon a desperate attempt to procure it by other means. He left upon his desk—probably with the intention of letting Lambert see it—a document purporting to be "The last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton," and announcing his own death for the following day. The document was a jumble of jest and earnest, satire and pathos, more like the production of a madman than of a sane person; it may have been designed to terrify Mr. Lambert, although it is within the bounds of probability that it was only the effusion of some idle moment, intended for no eye but its author's. Whatever "The last Will and Testament" may have been designed for, it had the desired effect of procuring Chatterton's dismission from his employer, who was apparently only too glad to be rid of his eccentric pupil, and agreed to give him his discharge. The lad now gayly prepared to leave Bristol for the metropolis. According to Barrett's account, most of his friends subscribed a guinea each to equip him for the journey; but as the number of his acquaintances able and willing to furnish a guinea toward his outfit must have been very limited, the probability is that, after all the requisites for his journey had been provided, very little of the sum collected remained for use in London, where he arrived late in April, 1770. His means were too slender to admit of any selection of locality, so he at once took up his abode at the house of a plasterer, where his relative Mrs. Ballance was lodging. Even here he could not afford a room to himself, but had to share the bed of the plasterer's son, a young man of three or four and twenty. But he was now master of his own time, and therefore so far free. His letters home to his mother and sister give a very good, although somewhat too roseate, idea of how he lived and labored in London, and they are corroborated and pieced out by the details collected by Croft for his *Love and Madness.* The poor boy suppressed all the sadder details, and tried to buoy up the hearts of his dear ones at home with visionary forecasts of coming wealth and fame. When he received money he expended the chief portion of it in order to send presents to his rela-

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tives at Bristol, the whilst he lived on bread and water, and sat up working all through the night.

As soon as Chatterton arrived in London he called upon the editors and publishers who had advised him to come to the metropolis, and, judging by his letters home, they all gave him great encouragement in his idea of becoming a professional *littérateur*. They continued to publish his lucubrations; but that these cormorants basely robbed the inexperienced lad can be seen from the following list of his receipts, found in his pocket-book after his death:

	£	s.	d.
Received to May 23 of Mr. Hamilton for *Middlesex Journal*	1	11	6
" of B.	1	2	3
" of Fell, for "The Consuliad"		10	6
" of Mr. Hamilton, for "Candidus" and *Foreign Journal*		2	0
" of Mr. Fell		10	6
" *Middlesex Journal*		8	6
" of Mr. Hamilton, for 16 songs		10	6
	4	15	9

Ten shillings and sixpence for a poem of nearly three hundred lines, and a similar sum for *sixteen* songs, or something under eightpence each! Never since poet coined his brain for profit did genius meet with so sad a recompense. And yet, whilst the unfortunate boy was starving on these miserable earnings, the same carefully kept record shows that, "poor as he was, he could still *give* to some more wretched than himself."

Chatterton found on his arrival in the metropolis that political writing was that most in request; accordingly, with his usual adaptability, he began to compete in popularity with Junius in prose and Churchill in verse. At first the prospect was not altogether visionary. On the 30th of May he wrote home full of confidence in the future. Referring to the celebrated "Remonstrance" proffered to the King by Lord Mayor Beckford, and the patriotic reply the King's ungracious refusal to receive the "Remonstrance" called forth from Beckford, Chatterton said: "You have doubtless heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King; but it will be a piece of news to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his lordship, it was very well received—perhaps better than it deserved—and I waited on his lordship to have his approbation to address a second letter to him on the subject of the Remonstrance and its reception. His lordship received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret." And a secret "the rest" will doubtless remain until the end of time, for on the 21st of June Beckford suddenly died, and the letter which Chatterton addressed to him on the royal rejection of the Remonstrance, and which was already in type, was returned to him. All the poor lad's hopes were demolished. "He was perfectly frantic," remarked his relative Mrs. Ballance, "and said he was ruined." Once more his prospect of obtaining protection and patronage from a modern Canynge was overthrown. But the elasticity of youth was not quite crushed, and Chatterton speedily recovered his wonted energy. Indeed, if the very suspectable testimony of Walpole may be credited, he so far contrived to improve the occasion as to indorse upon his returned manuscript:

Accepted by Bingley, set for, and thrown out of the *North Briton*, 21st of June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Lost by his death on this essay				1	11	6
Gained in elegies	2	2	0			
" " essays	3	3	0	5	5	0
Am glad he is dead by				3	13	6

There is little reason to believe that the poor lad either earned so much money by his prospective patron's death, or that he had so easily acquired the cynical tone of the Strawberry Hill man of the world. At any rate, his projects were once more demolished, and again he had to devise new schemes for the future. Owing to the repressive measures which the ministry now resorted to, work in behalf of the political party Chatterton had aided with his pen was too dangerous for the publishers to undertake, and in order to gain a subsistence he had to turn to any kind of hackwork his employers chose to suggest to him; to have followed his own feelings or aspirations in literature meant starvation. At this critical moment, not improbably to conceal his real circumstances from his London acquaintances, he removed from his Shoreditch lodging to Brook Street, Holborn, where, for the first time in his life, the unfortunate youth had the gratification of having a room—such as it was—to himself. It is curious to notice that at the time of this change of residence anoth-

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er, and the last known, production of the Rowley romance, was sent to the *Town and Country Magazine*, as if in solitude his spirit had once more been able to conjure up the ideal personages of his Bristol phantasy. Some lines in this piece, "A Balade of Charitie," have been construed to intimate a desperate and despairing purpose haunting the poor lad's brain:

"Look in his gloomy face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
Haste to thy church-yard home, accursed man!
Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed!
Cold as the clay which will lie on thy head
Are Charity and Love among high elves;
For knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves."



CHATTERTON'S HOUSE, BROOK STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON.

One final gleam of hope broke in upon his sad life. He evidently inherited his father's talent for music, and was now enabled to turn it to some account. As early as August, 1769, he had commenced *Amphitryon*, a musical drama, and had already written some scenes of it, and now, through a chance acquaintance apparently, he had an opportunity of disposing of it. He set to work, and with his usual rapidity speedily completed the long-since commenced drama, rechristening it *Revenge: a Burletta*. The poem as it now stands is a most spirited and harmonious production, deserving to rank second only to the best of the Rowley pieces. The discarded *Amphitryon* has never been published, save such portions of it as were incorporated in the burletta, but it contains many vigorous passages worthy of preservation: for instance, a scene in Olympus between two deities is thus introduced:

Jupiter. Ho! where's my valet, Hermes—can't you hear, sir? [*Enter* Mercury.
Mercury. I came as quickly as I could, my dear sir;
But Madam Juno's keeping such a clatter,
Old Neptune stayed me to inquire the matter....
Jupiter. In the folio ledger of Fate 'tis set down.
Mercury. It may be so, sir, but the writing's your own:
You took care that no woes should to you appertain—
Engrossed all the Pleasure—gave others the Pain.

For the *Revenge* Chatterton was paid five guineas,* undoubtedly the largest sum of money he ever received for any single work, and with it he purchased and sent to Bristol various souvenirs for his relatives. Whether he ever obtained any further payments from other sources is problematical, but certain it is that he soon after became so impoverished that in order to sustain life he prepared to forego all his boyish hopes and literary aspirations, and, abasing his pride, go to sea as surgeon's mate. He had acquired some slight surgical knowledge in Bristol, and the quantum required for the post he sought was very small in those days, although a medical certificate was needed. For this he applied to Barrett, but the surgeon is believed to have refused the necessary document, and thus have deprived him of his last resource. According to the almost universally accepted belief, the unfortunate despairing youth now put an end to his own existence, on the 24th August, 1770, by poison. For a century no one appears to have doubted the assertion that Chatterton committed suicide, and yet some of his contemporaries appear to have been skeptical on the point. In the first edition of the Rowley poems, published in 1777, the manner of Chatterton's death was said not to be certainly known, and it is a strange circumstance that the

* Some years after Chatterton's death the *manuscript* was sold for £150.

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horrible and disgusting ceremonies inflicted upon the bodies of suicides do not appear to have been practiced in his case. It does not appear improbable that the boy-poet died from starvation, although at the time of his death he was owed ten pounds by various publishers.

Chatterton's body was believed to have been consigned to a pauper's grave in the burial-ground of Shoe Lane work-house, but of late years evidence has been educed to console those who concern themselves with the *post-mortem* comfort of departed genius with the probability of the remains having been quietly removed to Bristol, and buried within the precincts of that St. Mary Redcliffe the young bard loved so well.

NOTE.—It is questionable whether any authentic portrait of the boy-poet exists. The likeness commonly supposed to be his, and published as such in Dix's life of Chatterton, in 1837, is now considered to be that of another lad, contemporary with him at Bristol. A portrait called by his name is in the museum at Salford, and was shown as his at the South Kensington Loan Exhibition of 1867. It is attributed to Hogarth, who died when Chatterton was but twelve years old, and probably had nothing to do with this so-called Chatterton portrait. There is a print said to be "from a picture belonging to his sister," but its authenticity does not seem fully established.

QUITE PRIVATE.

A Drawing-Room Commedietta.

PERSONAGES.

JULIE GRESHAM, whom you must know.
BROOK SPENCER, who prided himself upon knowing her.
MRS. STEWART, her aunt, who had made her a study.
TOM BESANT, a new acquaintance, who knew her inmost thought.

I.

SCENE.—*A feminine-looking library. Portière and curtains in olive and gold. Tall vases, blue china, and ferns in gilt baskets scattered about the room. A slim young woman, with irregular features, pure complexion, and a wonder of auburn hair, sits on a low chair, gazing in the fire, her hands clasped on her knees. Parlor-maid enters with a card.*

Julie (*examining it, gives a start*). Possibly he has found it. Marie, ask Mr. Spencer to come up to the library.

[*Enter a very tall young man, evidently a careful study of "good form" in dress, person, and manner.*

Julie (*rising to meet him, and moving with a certain brilliant grace quite her own*). Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Have you— But no, I see that you haven't found my bag.

Spencer. Your bag? What, that adorable combination of plush and crushed roses which you carried yesterday? What will become of the hat—and the muff?

Julie. The hat—and the muff—indeed! What will become of me? I've lost something utterly priceless! I assure you I am just in despair.

Spencer. Was there anything in it?

Julie. How can you be so exasperating? What do you suppose it was *for*?

Spencer. How should I know?

Julie (*severely*). As it *happens*, there were *very* important things in it.

[*Enter Mrs. Stewart, a dignified, direct, and sensible lady of fifty.*

Mrs. Stewart. Good-evening, Mr. Spencer. Have you heard of our misfortune? Julie has lost her purse. She knows there was gold in it, but is not sure how much; probably a considerable sum. And besides that, she had in her bag her notes of the Monday lectures. I regret exceedingly that she should have lost those. We have found them so stimulating, so helpful; and we have each noted only what appealed strongly to herself. I have written mine out every week, but Julie has been so much occupied she has postponed it, and now they are lost.

Spencer. Ah! And the bag itself! I can't forgive myself that I didn't find it. [*To Julie.*] Do you remember anything about it while we were out?

Julie. Certainly I do. I took out my little book and made a note in it while we were sitting before that large Shirlaw. Don't you remember?

Spencer. I remember the Shirlaw tremendously, but I'm sure I didn't see you write anything.

Julie. You were looking at that girl in mouse-colored velvet—the one with the white eyelashes.

Spencer. And after that?

Julie. I don't remember anything more, but I dare say I lost it in Twenty-third Street. You know the wind was blowing so one could scarcely stand.

Mrs. Stewart. Very likely it was taken

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from your arm in the crowd. The street was full, I suppose.

Julie. Oh yes; everybody seemed to be out. But if it was stolen, they would throw it away at once, wouldn't they? For it would attract attention, you know. Imagine some rough fellow carrying it! [*Pensively.*] I don't think he would put it in his pocket, it was so prickly. Do you think he would stop for anything but the money?

Spencer. Probably not. But some one else might pick it up.

Julie. Oh, how discouraging you are!

Spencer (*thus reproached, has a happy thought*). Shall I advertise it?

Mrs. Stewart. Oh, we've done that. It is "lost" in all the morning papers. [*A ring is heard. The maid brings a card to Mrs. Stewart.*] Excuse me [*putting on her eyeglasses. With an expression of disapprobation she examines the pencilled lines*]. Why [*excitedly*], the bag is found! Is the young man waiting, Marie?

Marie. Yes, madame.

Mrs. Stewart. Does he—does he look—like—does he look like a gentleman, Marie?

Marie (*in surprise*). Oh, yes, madame.

Mrs. Stewart (*helplessly*). What shall we say to him?

[*She offers the card to Mr. Spencer.*

Spencer (*reading*). "Can I be permitted the honor of returning the little plush aumônière to its owner in person?" I should say, decidedly, No. [*Turning over the card.*] "Tom Besant." Why, Tom Besant! I believe I know him. It's a man of my class at Yale—a deuced clever fellow; gone into journalism, they say. I ought to have looked him up before.

Mrs. Stewart. Not a reporter?

Spencer. Oh no; an editor, I suppose—or a—a manager—or something.

Mrs. Stewart (*with suspicious sweetness*). Perhaps you wouldn't mind going down to see him? You can thank him in my name, and say whatever is necessary.

Julie. Oh, Aunt Marcia, do please ask him up. If he's a friend of Mr. Spencer's, you would like to meet him, I'm sure, and I do want to hear all about his finding it.

Spencer. I will go down first and see if it is really the Tom Besant I know; if it is, perhaps Mrs. Stewart will let me bring him up?

Mrs. Stewart. Oh yes, certainly; pray do.

[*Mr. Spencer soon returns, followed by a decidedly handsome young man. He is dark, looks alert and spirited, yet entirely well-bred. He is presented as "My classmate, Tom Besant," and received very suavely by Mrs. Stewart, and with an air of interest by Julie. He carries in his hand a small package, and as he glances from it to Miss Gresham a slight involuntary start betrays her eagerness to recover her property.*

Besant (*offering it, not ungracefully*). I'm quite dazzled by my own good fortune in finding this.

Julie (*looking at him frankly, but rather keenly*). I'm so much obliged to you! I was quite in despair. Mr. Spencer was condoling with us when you came.

Spencer. Did you pick it up on the street?

Besant. No; I'm afraid I sat down on it, on one of the benches in the Twenty-third Street building. I didn't know what to make of it at first.

Julie (*laughing*). But you were anxious to restore it to somebody, I'm sure.

Spencer. That was puzzling too, wasn't it?

Besant (*showing a very attractive smile*). Yes, indeed. I made myself a conspicuous bore by offering it to several ladies whose dresses it wouldn't have suited at all. One especially, a very severe young lady in mouse-color, nearly petrified me with her stare. I had to sit down to recover. And when I came to myself I found the operation had been entirely successful: I realized fully that the owner would be dressed in red bronze, and as I found no one who was dressed in red bronze, I soon came away.

Julie. Pardon me, but—did you bring it away in your hand?

Besant. Certainly, and very proudly too.

Julie. Oh, heroic!

Besant. Won't you open it?

Julie. Yes, indeed, very gladly.

[*She takes off the wrapper, and finds in a neat box the pouch with its contents.*

Besant (*smiling*). Won't you count your money?

Julie. As I had never counted it, I think I may be excused now; but [*taking out a small seal-covered note-book*] I assure you I am very glad to see *this* again.

Mrs. Stewart. You have really render-

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ed us a great service, Mr. Besant. My niece and I have joined this season a Monday class in Literature. Mrs. Hunt, a severe scholar and a most gifted and delightful speaker, gives a conversational lecture, and the class ask questions and take part in the discussion which follows. The note-book that my niece values so highly contains her notes and private comments upon these lectures.

Besant. What a temptation to claim a reward! If I could see those abstracts!

Julie. Not for worlds! My notes are quite private.

Mrs. Stewart. Mr. Besant would doubtless be an admirable critic.

Besant. Oh, not a critic!

Mrs. Stewart. We are learning to express ourselves, but we feel our incapacity more strongly than our capacity, so far.

Julie. Mrs. Hunt shows us feminine possibilities.

Besant. Are her lectures entirely private?

Mrs. Stewart. Oh, very strictly so. She is a charming woman—a wonderful combination of the intellectual and the womanly qualities. She has told me herself that it would be impossible for her to say a single word in public.

Spencer. Now why is that? I don't understand it, you know.

Besant. No, if she really has something to say. The public is not carnivorous, in these days.

Mrs. Stewart (*coldly*). She has true instincts, and the most delicate sensibilities.

Besant (*trying to hedge*). She couldn't do anything finer or better worth while than just what she has undertaken. What an inspiring opportunity! Why, it's a kind of intellectual and spiritual diamond-polishing. The most precious work conceivable.

Mrs. Stewart (*much placated*). I'm very glad you don't underrate it. That's a pretty illustration. I think it would please Mrs. Hunt, Julie.

Besant (*rising to go*). Believe me, I feel the deepest interest in the subject. (*To Julie.*) May I not hear something more of it?—another time?

Julie (*looking at her aunt*). I don't know. In virtue of the note-book—I think—perhaps—if you claim a right of out-door relief, your claims will be considered.

Mrs. Stewart. Won't you come with your friend and lunch with us next Monday, Mr. Besant? We shall be just in from the lecture on Goethe, and we can talk that over.

[*The young men take leave together. Mrs. Stewart, who has an engagement, leaves the room also. But as she goes out, Julie asks, with some excitement:*

Julie. Aunt Marcia, *do* you suppose he has seen my note-book?

Mrs. Stewart. No, child. But if he has, it may do him good.

Julie (*resuming her low chair by the fire, and opening the note-book*). M—m—do him good. I have my doubts. He seems very much interested in Mrs. Hunt, but this is chiefly JULIE GRESHAM: HER BOOK. [*Turning the leaves, and reading to herself.*] "Margaret Fuller lecture. Her early studies—prodigious cramming. *Mem.* read Béranger. Enviable friendships. This is fine: 'By the conversation of an hour or two, could not merely entertain and inform, but make an epoch in one's life.' Idols and ideals—why do women never have both? *Who wants idols?* I do. Even Margaret wasn't satisfied with ransacking the universe. The Italian story is simply heart-breaking. Ossoli? (That plastron of steel ornaments is effective—with her pale hair. I might try it in jet.) Never was anything in finer keeping than her death. 'Twas a part of her Fate. Mrs. Hunt's profile is so funny: it looks like an ill-made doll." [*Turning the pages.*] "Wednesday. Aunt Marcia lectured to-day. Says I spend money 'recklessly.' Why shouldn't I? I'm sure she's careful enough for two. I'll never, never, never marry a little man." Oh, Julie Gresham! what a note-book to leave lying about for strange young men! I *must* find out whether he opened it.

II.

SCENE.—*Mrs. Stewart's drawing-room. Five-o'clock tea on a Monday. It has become during the past six weeks quite a matter of course to find Tom Besant discussing literature with Mrs. Stewart on Monday, either at her lunch table or later in the day; but just now she is alone. She greets Brook Spencer as he enters very kindly and familiarly.*

Spencer (*who has been most devoted to Miss Gresham all winter*). How is Miss Julie to-day?

Mrs. Stewart. Julie isn't quite herself: she has a little nervous headache. I advised her to lie down after lunch, but I think she will come and have a cup of tea.

Spencer (*evidently embarrassed*). I—

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ah—I'm glad to find you alone. I—ah—I wanted to speak to you in confidence. Do you—do you think I'm making any headway with Miss Julie? She's so clever—she turns you around in such a way—I—I—don't really understand her, you know.

Mrs. Stewart. Bless you! I don't understand her myself, though I've made her my chief object for five years, and my most conscientious study. As I told you before, she's in a very independent position. She's as free as any girl in New York, and that's saying a good deal. Her fortune is in her own right; her guardian takes excellent care of her business interests, but never advises her in social or personal matters. She keeps her intentions quite private. *I* can do nothing—absolutely nothing—except to wish you well.

Spencer. Oh, thank you! You have always been too kind.

[*Enter Julie, a little pale and quiet. At the same moment Besant is announced.*

Besant. Good-afternoon, ladies. How are you, Brook? Well, how's Mrs. Hunt to-day?

[*He arranges Julie's chair, brings a cushion for her, hands her tea, and places himself beside her—all in the easiest manner. Although the party is so small, he succeeds in addressing a word occasionally to her ear alone.*

Mrs. Stewart. Julie was fully in sympathy with the lecture this morning, but I'm afraid I wasn't.

Besant. How was that?

Mrs. Stewart. For one thing, French is difficult reading with me; but that's not all. The subject was Victor Hugo, you remember.

Besant. 'Most too much for her, wasn't it?

Mrs. Stewart. She spoke well, but I didn't agree with her altogether.

Besant. Grand old Hugo! There's more poetry in his heart than in all the rest of France put together. [*Aside to Julie.*] (I can't endure seeing you so pale.)

Spencer. But how about the French classics—Racine, Corneille, you know?

Besant. Dry bones. Odds and ends at that. Molière had red blood in his veins; he was a genuine man; but Hugo's a giant. —(I've got a piece of very droll news for you.)

Mrs. Stewart. But he is so startling. He makes me positively dizzy. Jean Valjean, now—isn't he dreadful? He gave me bad dreams for a week.

Julie. But he's so grand, Aunt Marcia. You must admit his sentiments—though I despise calling them sentiments—his whole atmosphere is really quite above this world.

Mrs. Stewart. Oh yes; he's all in the clouds to me—when he isn't in the gutters.

Spencer. But one can't have everything. Poetry, now—the thing itself—it seems to me it isn't exactly Frenchy.

Besant. Quite right. It's both too severe and too simple for the French mind. Too noble and too delicate. You shouldn't ask a monkey to skate; he can't—he's all hands.—(It's about Mrs. Hunt.)—But Hugo reaches as high and goes as deep as anybody. He isn't a Frenchman, he's a poet.

Spencer. But isn't he rather—rather volcanic? We expect so much polish. A French play, now—it's so finished.

Besant. Yes, the French want to *form* everything. But poetry won't be cut and dried. It prefers to bubble.—(I've seen her!)

Mrs. Stewart. Julie, how's your head?

Julie. Your good tea has done wonders for me; or perhaps it's the conversation [*smiling at Besant*]. There's one of Hugo's theories that I adopted at once. Do you remember? "The useless is needed in happiness. Happiness is only the essential. Season it for me with the superfluous."

Besant. Do you claim that? I thought it was mine.

Julie. The French can be sentimental enough over their poetry. Mlle. Antoine used to sigh and cast up her eyes over the tiresome old things that she made us recite in school.

Besant. Oh, we can always *say* '*De gustibus*,' but it's great nonsense, for we *do* dispute about questions of taste, as a matter of course.

Julie. Certainly; about beauty, for instance. Aunt Marcia, do you think Mrs. Hunt is handsome?

Mrs. Stewart. N—no; not exactly handsome; her face is too intellectual for mere beauty.

Julie (*looking studiously away from Besant*). And she's too *petite* for the grand style. You couldn't call her beautiful, but I believe she is much admired.

Besant (*to Julie*). I call her decidedly plain.

Mrs. Stewart. I beg pardon?

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Besant. I have heard her spoken of as plain.

[*Spencer, who finds Besant a little too much at home, stands up, and begins telling Mrs. Stewart about a very pretty little lioness from New England whom he is to meet at dinner. Besant improves the opportunity.*

Besant. What gave you a headache?

Julie. I never confess to any one but my note-book.

Besant. Doesn't that inviolable note-book belong partly to me?

Julie. You know best whether you are an accessory after the fact.

Besant. I'm not afraid to share anything with you.

Julie. Ah! that's not the question.

Mrs. Stewart. Julie, shall you feel equal to keeping your engagement for the evening?

Julie. Oh yes, Aunt Marcia; I'm a failure as an invalid.

Spencer. Which way are you going, Tom?

Besant. I'll walk down with you.

Spencer. Then *au revoir*, ladies.

III.

Easter-Monday. Mrs. Stewart has spent the morning in her room. To the disappointment of the ladies composing it, Mrs. Hunt's lecture class was given up during Lent. "Just when we had nothing else to do!" as the lively Miss Van Benschoten declared, with some impatience. Miss Gresham has gone out quietly by herself. It is one o'clock, and she has not come in, but Mr. Spencer has.

Mrs. Stewart. I never wait lunch for her. She is more comfortable with that understanding. But I think she will soon be in.

Spencer (with an air of mystery). I have a bit of strange news for you both.

Mrs. Stewart. Have you? Then don't wait for Julie. I will give you lunch and you shall give me news. Now this is cozy, over our chocolate. If they are both cold when Julie comes in, it is her own fault.

Spencer. It's about your favorite, Mrs. Hunt. There's a rumor afloat that she's been on the stage.

Mrs. Stewart. Mere spiteful gossip.

Spencer. That mayn't be true; still, you'll be disappointed in her. She's going to lecture at Chickering Hall.

Mrs. Stewart. A public lecture! Impossible!

Spencer. Oh, I'm quite sure about it. The arrangements are all made, and there will be a long sketch of her in the evening papers to-day.

Mrs. Stewart (with much disgust). How dreadful!

Spencer. There's no end of curiosity about her. You see you ladies have talked of her lectures so much that we're all dying to see her.

Mrs. Stewart. I'm exceedingly sorry she should be so unwise as to be persuaded to such a step. One would think she might be satisfied with the *éclat* she has already. Nothing is more flattering than an exclusive success like hers.

Spencer. Do you know, I believe Tom Besant has as much to do with her plans as any one.

Mrs. Stewart. What *do* you mean?

Spencer. I have reason to think he has advised her "coming out," as he calls it. She has consulted with him, and he knows just what the papers will say of her.

Mrs. Stewart. Extraordinary!

Spencer. Yes, he says "she's managed her cards splendidly."

Mrs. Stewart. You astonish me!

Spencer. Have you never thought, dear Mrs. Stewart, that Besant is a little too—ah—too pushing?

Mrs. Stewart. I don't know what to say. He is certainly most entertaining, and I have liked him very much. Not exactly one of us, you understand, but agreeable and most obliging. But this strange affair is incomprehensible!

[*At this moment a loud ring is heard. Enter Besant with Julie on his arm. Both look a little excited. Julie wears a very delicate silvery spring costume, and has an unusual color in her cheek. Besant is pale. Julie slips from him, passes swiftly round the table, and throws her arms round her aunt's neck.*

Julie } (*at the same moment*). { My husband, Aunt Marcia!
Besant } { My wife!

Mrs. Stewart } (*together*). { Julie, impossible!
Spencer } { Amazing!

Besant (recovering himself). Amazing, perhaps, but not impossible. The note-book did it.

Julie. He would never tell me whether he had read it, but now I shall find out.

Besant. And even Mrs. Hunt is no longer "quite private."

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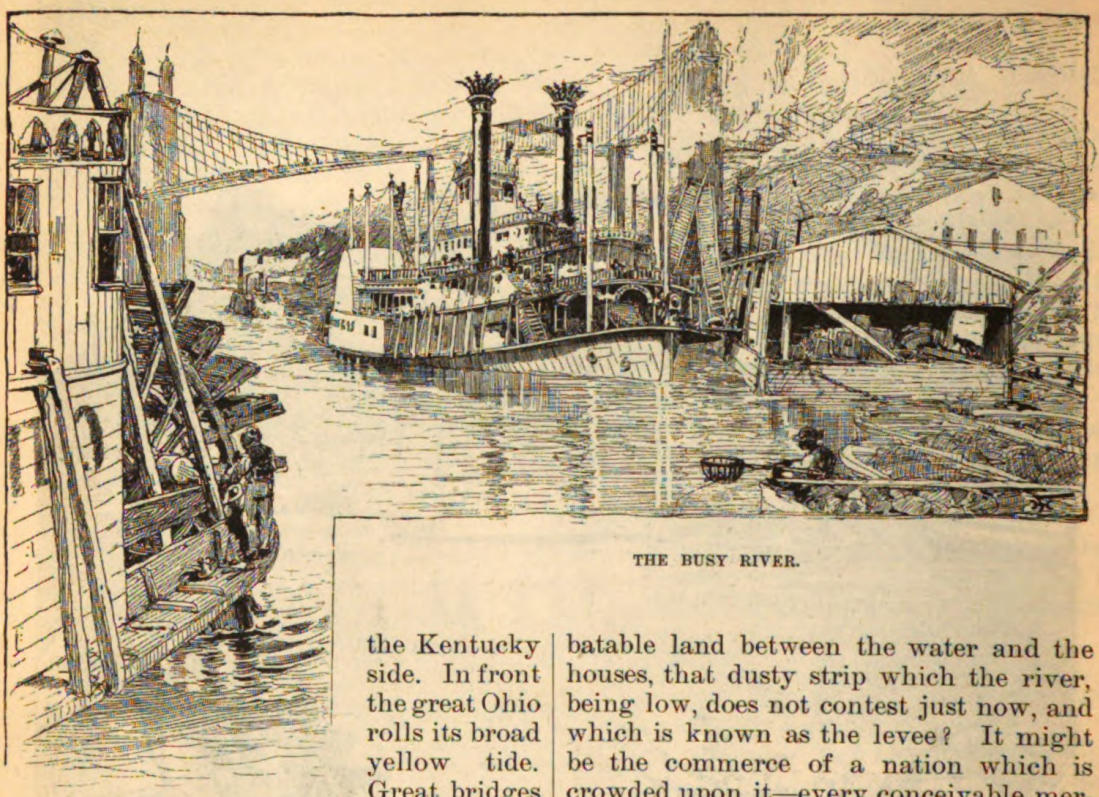
CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI is like London. In the heat of summer or in the cold of winter you look up through the laden atmosphere and see a cheerful sphere of burnished copper doing duty for the sun. The air is filled with the wholesome carbon that is said to confer upon chimney-sweeps a complete immunity from all contagion, and which enjoys the credit of making London one of the healthiest cities in the world. Cincinnati, like London, also has its occasional river fog, when the white vapors of the Ohio invade the streets, arrest and mingle with the smoke, immerse all things in obscurity, and convert the creations of architects, great and small, into noble masses, free from all smallness or meanness of detail.

This smoke of Cincinnati is as invaluable to the eye of the disinterested artist who concerns himself with the physical aspect of the city as it is dispensable with to the Cincinnatian. Like all communities in the great valley of the West, its fuel is identical in effect with the same economical, heat-giving, and smoke-begetting coal that gives to the English town its grimy, inky hue, and to our own Pittsburgh that complexion which baffles all description. It imparts its distinctive color and a variety of quality to the Cincinnati landscape, which, considered together with the situation and topography of the town, make it one of the most picturesque of American cities.

Nothing can well be finer than the view from the bridge at the mouth of the Licking, or from the high bank further down the river, when the wind is blowing from

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THE BUSY RIVER.

the Kentucky side. In front the great Ohio rolls its broad yellow tide. Great bridges span it here and there, and busy boats ply from side to side. At every point great steamers are warped to the shore two and three deep—most unnavigable-looking craft, huge edifices of flimsy wood, all windows, doors, and railings, miniature piazzas, long verandas, awnings; and great chimneys, one on each side, interlaced together by all manner of cross-bars and stays, and each ending in a violent mitred decoration, reminding one of nothing so much as of the paper pantalets which adorn the broiled lamb chop. They are huge structures of wood, some propelled by side wheels, others with one great wheel across the stern, which makes them look like saw-mills gone astray, all fresh in the glory of white paint, and adorned with names instinct with legends of wild races on the moon-lit waters, of great games of poker, and of grand explosions. Nowadays, however, they have become very commonplace in their functions compared with what they were in the old days of the river, but they remain the agents of a great and thriving industry. Else why the crowd of vehicles of all kinds and of noisy men of all classes that fills that wide and steep slope of debatable land between the water and the houses, that dusty strip which the river, being low, does not contest just now, and which is known as the levee? It might be the commerce of a nation which is crowded upon it—every conceivable merchandise, in bale and barrel and box and crate and sack, destined everywhere, and carried and tugged and shouted at by negroes and whites alike. Behind all of this scene of nervous and active life rises the city, marked out in broad masses of light and shadow, compact upon the lower plateau, and steadily climbing and effacing the hills round about it. These glimpses are had of it when the propitious air lifts the dense curtain that rises from Cincinnati's countless industries, mingles it with the clouds, and hangs the sky with fantastic draperies of changing vapor.

The exterior of Cincinnati is as deep in color as that of London. Its trees are of the same ebony as those in the London parks, and its stone and brick work has the same disposition to solemn black. It has less of newness and of the ephemeral virtues of fresh paint than perhaps any other of our cities, and courts instead the air of a serious and well-rooted prosperity, founded in the antiquities and traditions of its less than a century of existence. About it, in the suburbs, at Clifton, and even within the city limits, artists do not fail to find abundant material. The canal, which is known as the "Rhine," and which is a sort of territorial line of de-

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markation for the German population, is particularly rich in picturesque material. It is not the same as that for which its namesake is celebrated, but it has artistic value, and it is not overlooked.

Charles Cist, in the preface to his interesting volume, *Cincinnati in* 1851, says that in taking addresses for a City Directory some time previously, he accidentally forgot to insert that of a somewhat extensive sausage and sour-krout concern kept by an honest German. A few days after the appearance of the book he met the worthy Teuton in the streets, and found him to be in a towering passion. "Vat for you leave my name von your Correctory out, eh?" he shouted. "How peebles knows vhere he his sour-krout finds, eh? Your Correctory not vort' one cent!" And if thirty years ago Mr. Cist was apprehensive that any one who found his sour-krout left out of *Cincinnati in* 1851 would consider the book not worth one cent, how much greater is the similar danger at present, when the Cincinnati of to-day has a population and a commerce, including facilities for sour-krout manufacture, which laugh those of a generation ago to scorn?



DANIEL GANO.

I suppose no fairy tale one ever read equals in miracle story the ower-true truth that this Cincinnati, this Queen City, this Paris of America, has only had such measure of existence as is to be spanned by the

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GEORGE GRAHAM.

space of one human life. William Moody, the first white child born at the settlement (March 17, 1790), died there in 1879, an eye-witness to one of the most amazing developments of trade and commerce ever seen by mortal man. Baby Moody opened his infant eyes upon a vast and unfrequented river—a "white settlement," harassed by Indians, and where no inhabitant was quite sure, on retiring to rest at night, that he would not be scalped before morning. Before he died this native-born pioneer walked the pathways of that same hamlet, now magically changed into the gay bustling streets of a splendid and ever-growing city. Many of the more aged citizens of Cincinnati remember the Indians. The father of ex-Mayor Henry Spencer was captured by Indians when his son (who was still living in 1881, a venerable and respected gentleman) was a boy eleven years old. But at present there is never a bird in the gay Zoo Gardens of a rarer breed than your Indian, of the sort whose ancestors formerly peopled these rich alluvial bottoms, and made life hideous for the hardy pioneers who bravely laid the ground-plan for the superb metropolitan structure which we now see. Sturdy, imposing figures these founders of Cincinnati's greatness present in the fast-gathering gloom that there is about the early history of the city. Great seriousness of purpose, a most absorbing sense of inde-

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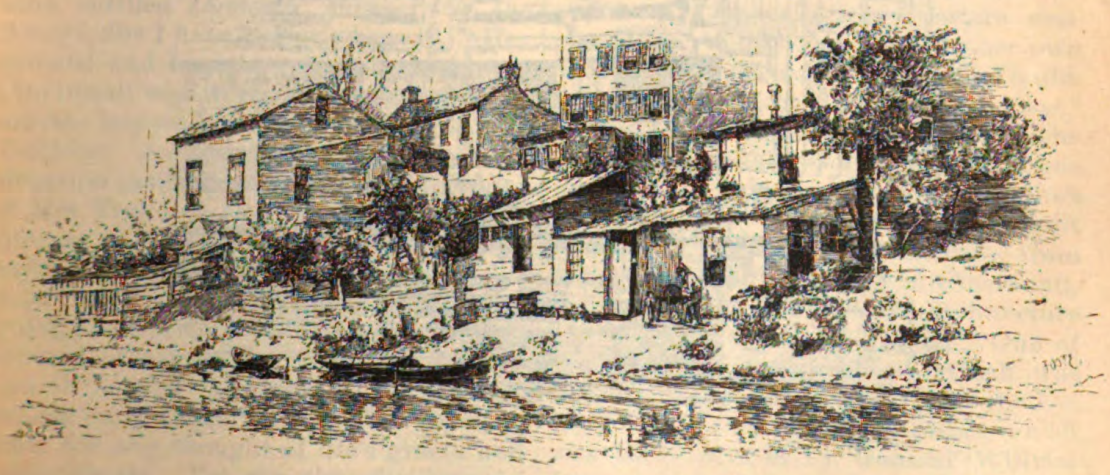
pendence, and a most American belief in the fullness of their destiny, and in the material resources of their country and of their river—these things most of all characterize them, and explain their vigorous individuality and the impress they have left upon the present.

Daniel Gano, famous for his hospitality, for his social character and influence, and for his generous public spirit, was one of them. So also was George Graham, an acute Pennsylvania youth, who settled in Cincinnati in 1822, in his twenty-fourth year, and took prompt hold of the steamboat trade, then almost at its birth. Few men did more than he to promote the prosperity and shape the commercial policy of Cincinnati, and in his later years he held numerous honorable preferments to which his fellow-citizens called him. He was president of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and of the State Natural History Society, and for forty years a trustee of the Cincinnati College. In the law there were the honored careers of Bellamy Storer and David K. Este—names that will always be held in reverential esteem.

The thing which, perhaps, of all others, the Cincinnatian of to-day knows least about, and desires no enlightenment upon, is—Indians. Yet the Indians were the true fathers of Cincinnati. They had a trading point at this spot, their trail from Detroit to the town of Lexington, Kentucky, crossing the Ohio River at exactly the place where the busiest part of Cincinnati now stands. For many years after Cincinnati had begun to flourish as a commercial centre under the guidance of white men, her southern neighbor, the elegant little Lexington, still looked down upon the social and literary aspirations of the town on the banks of the Ohio. The Rev. Timothy Flint, writing in 1826, says: "If its only rival, Lexington, be, as she contends, the Athens of the West, this place [Cincinnati] is struggling to become its Corinth." The struggles of Cincinnati as against Lexington in respect to leadership in trade, literature, art, and science are almost as remote in the city's annals as the pioneers' warfare with the red-skins.

The first name by which Cincinnati was called was L'Osanteville. This pedantic appellation was bestowed upon the little village by the mysterious process of using the L to mean Licking River, the O to signify opposite, and santeville to indicate a healthy town—altogether, a fine situation opposite the Licking.

In 1790, General St. Clair was sent as Governor of the Northwest Territory. He fixed his head-quarters for a time at L'Osanteville, and before he departed he had rebaptized the infant city. His choice of the word Cincinnati was a happy one. In good sooth each man of that day was a Cincinnatus, a patriot, who, having aided his country to achieve her crown of self-government on the battle-fields of the sea-board, now retired in peace to the fertile slopes of the interior, there to pursue the noble aims of husbandry. December 28, 1788, is considered to be the natal day of Cincinnati, though the town was not incorporated as a city until 1819. From that date onward its progress has been unchecked by any serious disaster. Neither flood, fire, finan-



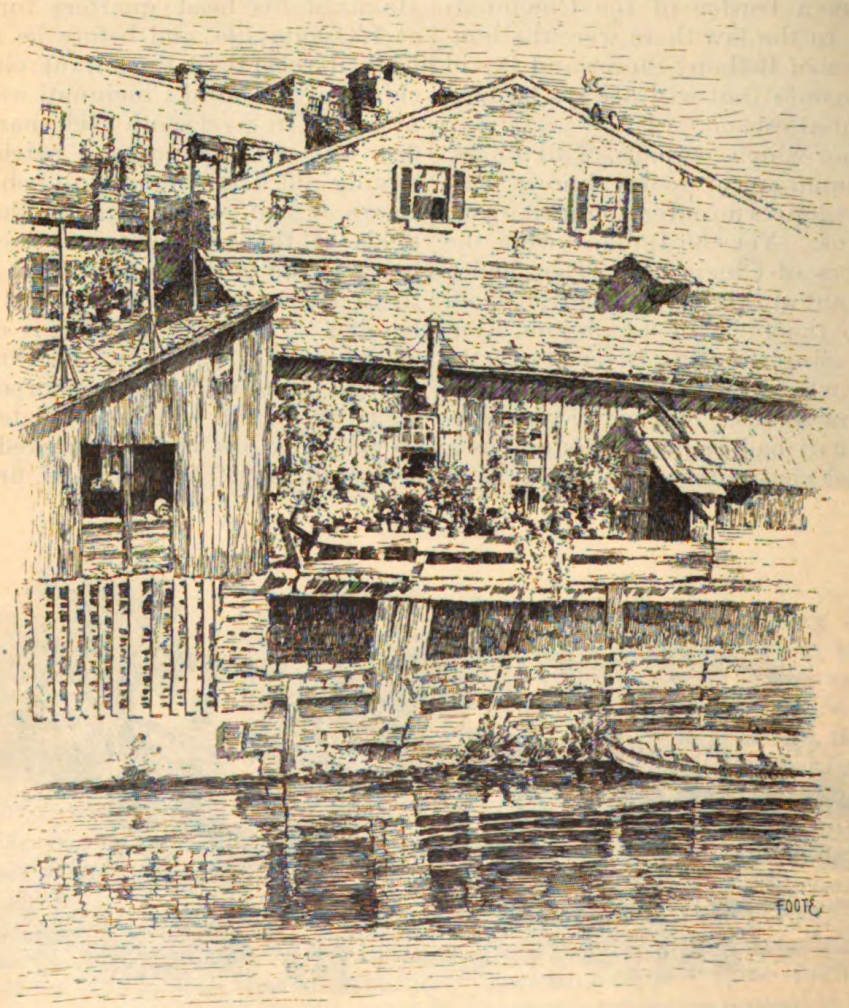
ON THE UPPER RHINE.

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cial crisis, nor devastating epidemic has ever paralyzed the city's prosperity.

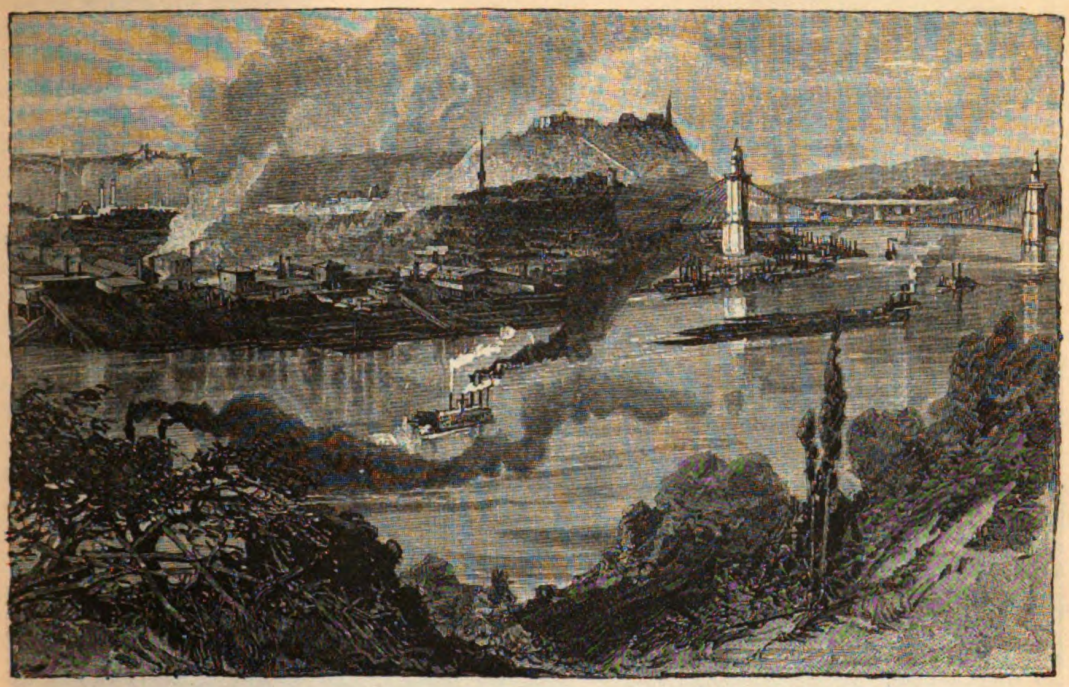
The first immigration to Cincinnati came from New England, about the years between 1825 and 1830; this was supplemented by an important and aristocratic element consisting of families of birth and social standing who removed thither from Virginia. That Cincinnati, being in a State so far west as Ohio, should ever receive any immigration from the remote shores of the Old World, was a possibility not dreamed of fifty years ago. Writing in 1841, Charles Cist enthusiastically prophesies: "I venture the prediction that within one hundred years from this time Cincinnati will be the greatest city in America, and by the year 2000, the greatest city in the world.... Most of the great cities of antiquity, some of which were of immense extent, were situated in the interior, and mostly in the valleys of large rivers meandering through rich alluvial territories; for example, Thebes, Memphis, and Ptolemais, the ancient and once populous capital of Egypt." At great length Mr. Cist explains how this result was achieved, and he hoped it might be again, without the aid of foreign immigration—a desideratum unlooked-for in those days. Yet ten years later there was at least one German in Cincinnati to reproach Mr. Cist for having failed to celebrate his sourkrout in the "Correctory," and at present there are—well, go "over the Rhine" in Cincinnati, some bright moonlight evening, and see for yourself how many Germans there are there.

About the year 1835 there broke out, one scarcely knows how, a sort of Cincinnati fever in England. In the British Museum I have looked at a number of



A RHINE SCHLOSS.

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CINCINNATI FROM THE KENTUCKY HILLS.

books, issued about that period, written by travellers who had returned from the far Western country, and had "mounts and marvels" (but true ones) to tell of the wonderful fertility of the Ohio soil, the splendid rivers, the astonishing enlightenment of the citizens, the desirability of Ohio as a residence State for English people, and so forth. Among those who were touched by the contagion was Mrs. Frances Trollope, whose querulous castigation of the people of the whole country in a book entitled *Domestic Manners of the Americans* I have recently re-read. Her avowed and laudable object in going to Cincinnati was to secure a future for her son, the late well-known novelist Anthony Trollope. A dispassionate reviewer of the situation easily sees the rights and wrongs of Mrs. Trollope's story. She was a clever literary woman, who was at home in the *salons* of what is now called "Upper Bohemia," both in Paris and in London, a linguist, and a person of refinement. In Cincinnati of course she was in exile; she found herself surrounded by persons whose daily battle for bread left them no time for any thought of life's graces and adornments. Yet she absurdly brought these pioneers into comparison with the people whom she had left, and ridiculed Cincinnati men because they went out with baskets on their arms and bought the family marketing, and was disgusted with Cincinnati women because they scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and performed all household duties of a like character.

Poor lady! she probably had a very unpleasant experience of the West. The people were wholly uncongenial to her; she had nothing in common with them, and she felt herself to be isolated and disappointed. She effected a certain measure of retribution, however, on her own account, by inflicting a very painful building on the town, her "Trollope's Bazaar," —a dismal, ill-contrived edifice, with hideous windows, half Gothic, half Moresque in style, the whole now happily extinct and done away with. The homes built by some of her neighbors who came from Virginia are still standing in Cincinnati, and it is doubtful if modern architecture can much improve upon them. One of the oldest of these edifices, which was standing until quite recently, was the Lytle house, No. 66 Lawrence Street, which was built in 1814 by General William Lytle, and has always been occupied by his family and descendants. From beneath the portal of this noble old house

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FLAT-IRON SQUARE.

General W. H. Lytle, the valiant grandson of the first owner, departed to the wars, and never thence returned. He fell at Chickamauga, crowned with bays both as poet and as soldier. In 1837 Andrew Jackson visited Cincinnati, and was entertained at the Lytle house. Rose Cottage, a small-windowed, two-storied log house, built during the pioneer period, when men's huts were their only forts, was still standing within a year or two. Judge Symmes and Nicholas Longworth both lived in this house, but both left it to enter upon the occupancy of very elegant and commodious residences indeed, and which still adorn the city's streets. They are situated in the aristocratic East End, a precinct which modern fashion has not abandoned because it desires to go west, but which it can not enter because there is no room. Broadway, Pike, Lawrence, and the east ends of Third and Fourth streets offer no building lots to new-comers, nor any space for those who desire extensive grounds attached to their houses. An interesting point in this part of the city is Flat-iron Square, so called from the resemblance between its outline and that of a familiar domestic utensil. The modern residences of the wealthy are to be seen on the hill-tops. The mansions of Mr. Probasco and Mr. Shoenberger, at Clifton, are castellated structures. The residence of Mr. Longworth, on Longworth Hill, is a beautiful house, whose quaint gables and old-fashioned elbows would have delighted Hawthorne; and Mr. Longworth's pictures also are worth a long journey to see. All these Cincinnati collectors are generous as the sunlight in respect of showing their treasures. And it is undoubtedly the kindness in this wise of the great patrons of art in Cincinnati which has kept ever warm that interest in art, that ambition for achievement in its many varied and beauteous paths, which so distinguishes the population of Cincinnati.

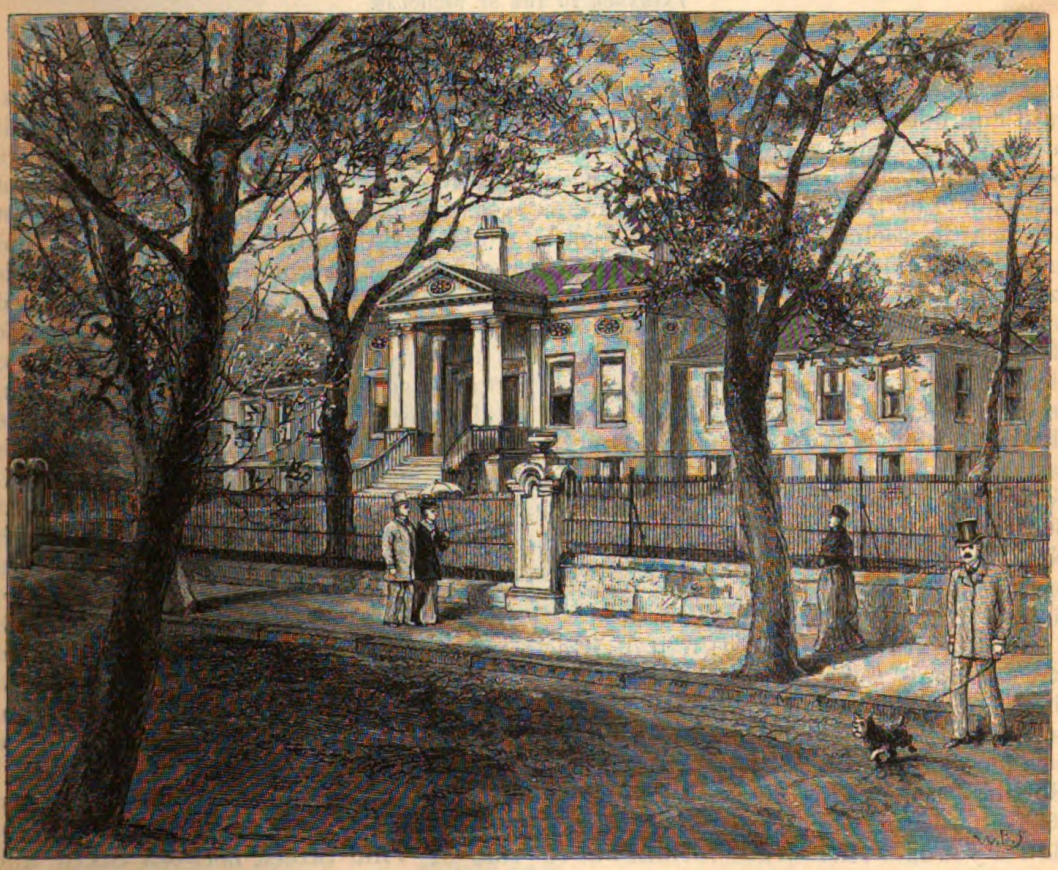
The main business thoroughfare in Cincinnati is Fourth Street, though some parts of Main Street, of Vine Street, of Fifth Street, and of Third Street are very active competitors in the race for commercial supremacy. On the corner of Third and Vine is situated the Burnet House,

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the first of that long succession of palatial hotels which the country has seen erected during the past thirty odd years. The Burnet was built in 1849 by a joint-stock company, and it was then considered the most splendid building ever erected for hotel purposes in any country. Even now, with all the surprises and grandeur of modern architecture, the Burnet is still an imposing edifice, with its great cupola, its wide flight of granite steps reaching from the street to the entrance hall, its double wings, its extensive lateral fronts, etc.

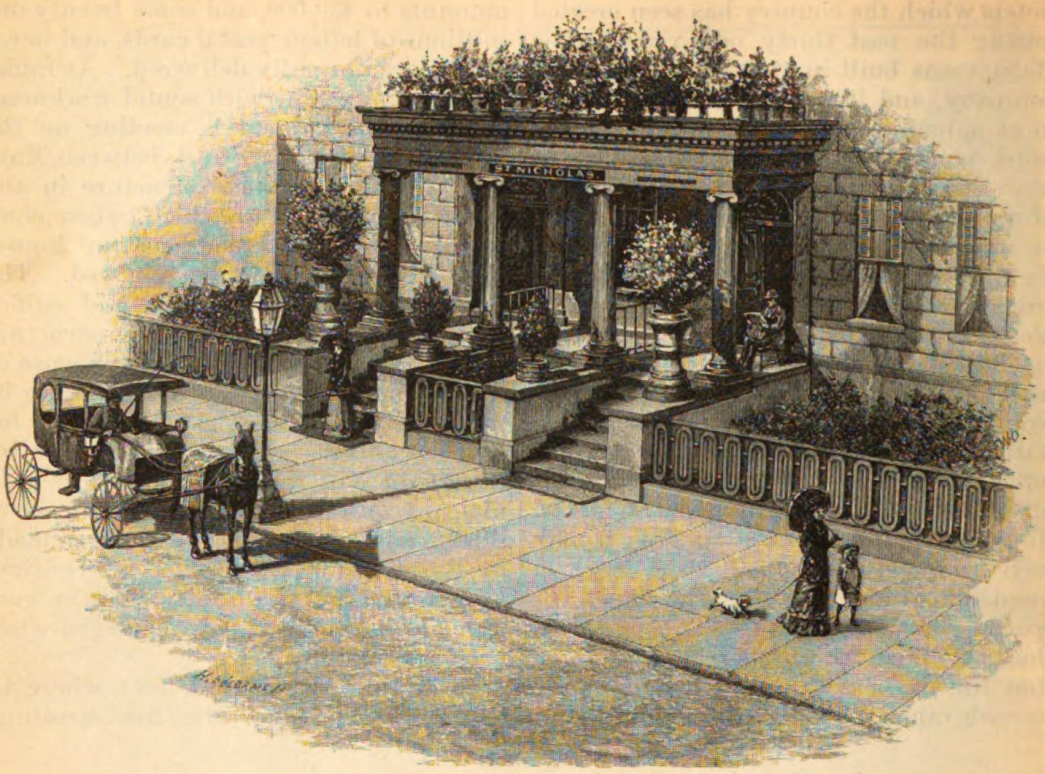
The small but well-proportioned Roman-Corinthian temple on the corner of Fourth and Vine is Uncle Sam's Cincinnati custom-house, Assistant-Treasurer's office, United States courts, and city post-office. With only a frontage of 80 feet on Fourth Street and 150 feet on Vine, it may well be imagined that all these government offices are very much cramped for space. Particularly is this the case with the post-office, for the carrying trade in that line is heavy. People must write to each other a good deal in Cincinnati, for the yearly local postage business amounts to $50,000, and some twenty-one millions of letters, postal cards, and newspapers are annually delivered. As rapidly as is consistent with sound workmanship the government is erecting on the north side of Fifth Street, between Main and Walnut, a massive structure in the Renaissance style, to which, when completed, the post-office, custom-house, court-house, etc., will be removed. The ground on which this splendid edifice stands cost $700,000, and the structure will not fall much short of an expense of five millions. Large as this building is, the annals of the past give reason for belief that another generation or so of Cincinnatians will find it too small for municipal requirements. In consequence of this surmise, wise provision has been made for the future by the purchase of contiguous ground, by means of which the government buildings can be enlarged when necessary.

Returning to Fourth Street, where all the world and his wife are strolling,



THE OLD LONGWORTH MANSION.

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ENTRANCE TO THE ST. NICHOLAS.

cast a glance at the St. Nicholas restaurant and hotel, a fine square edifice which used to be the town residence of the Groesbeck family, but which has long been abandoned by them for a locality of more aristocratic seclusion. The "St. Nick," as Cincinnatians are wont familiarly to call it, is one of those luxurious eating-houses of the Delmonico order, which flourish well in our free-handed communities, where money comes rather easily, at least to a certain favored class, and where there are plenty of people of cosmopolitan taste who enjoy careful and scientific cookery. Such modest works of art as decorate the family dining-rooms at the St. Nick are, as I, a frequent eye-witness, can testify, of the most irreproachable description.

On the corner of Fourth and Race streets stands the *Commercial* building, the home of a newspaper whose reputation is national. The Cincinnati *Commercial* was founded in 1843 by Messrs. Curtis and Hastings, and ten years later (March 9, 1853) there was engaged upon its editorial staff a young writer whose fortunes have never since ceased to be identical with those of this great Western daily newspaper. The name of Murat Halstead will be universally recognized as that of an accomplished man of letters; as that also of a keen and sparkling wit, a humorist whose satire daily stings hypocrisy and incompetency through the medium of his influential journal. Lately incorporated with the *Commercial* is the *Gazette*, one of the strongest of Western newspapers, established nearly seventy-five years ago, and long published in the handsome building on the corner of Vine and Sixth streets. Mr. Richard Smith, the proprietor, is one of the best known and most public spirited of the citizens of Cincinnati, and as a vigorous Ohio editor is known from one end of the country to the other. Last year he merged his interests with those of the *Commercial*, which now stands in the front rank of journalism, and reflects no little credit upon the cultivation and general progress of the community to which it belongs.

To go to the *Enquirer* office you must leave Fourth Street and walk to the west side of Vine Street, between Sixth and Seventh. In a tall, neat building of much

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more extensive proportions than the façade indicates, by reason of its running back on a rear lot, is published this gay, dashing, and enterprising newspaper. The forte of the *Enquirer* is its voluminous correspondence, both by wire and mail. On assuming editorial control of the journal in 1877, Mr. John R. McLean at once proceeded to put in practice a change which he was convinced was a wise one. Believing that the majority of American newspaper readers have no time to bestow in the morning upon the perusal of long editorials on the topics of the day, Mr. McLean entirely abolished the system, filling the columns of his paper with bright correspondence sent from all quarters of the globe. Two Bullock presses and a Hoe perfecting press print the *Enquirer*. A glance at its columns furnishes evidence of the lavish generosity of the proprietors in expending large sums on telegraphed correspondence. To read the *Enquirer* seems to be an indispensable part of the daily duty or pleasure of the Cincinnatian, whatever the tone of his politics.

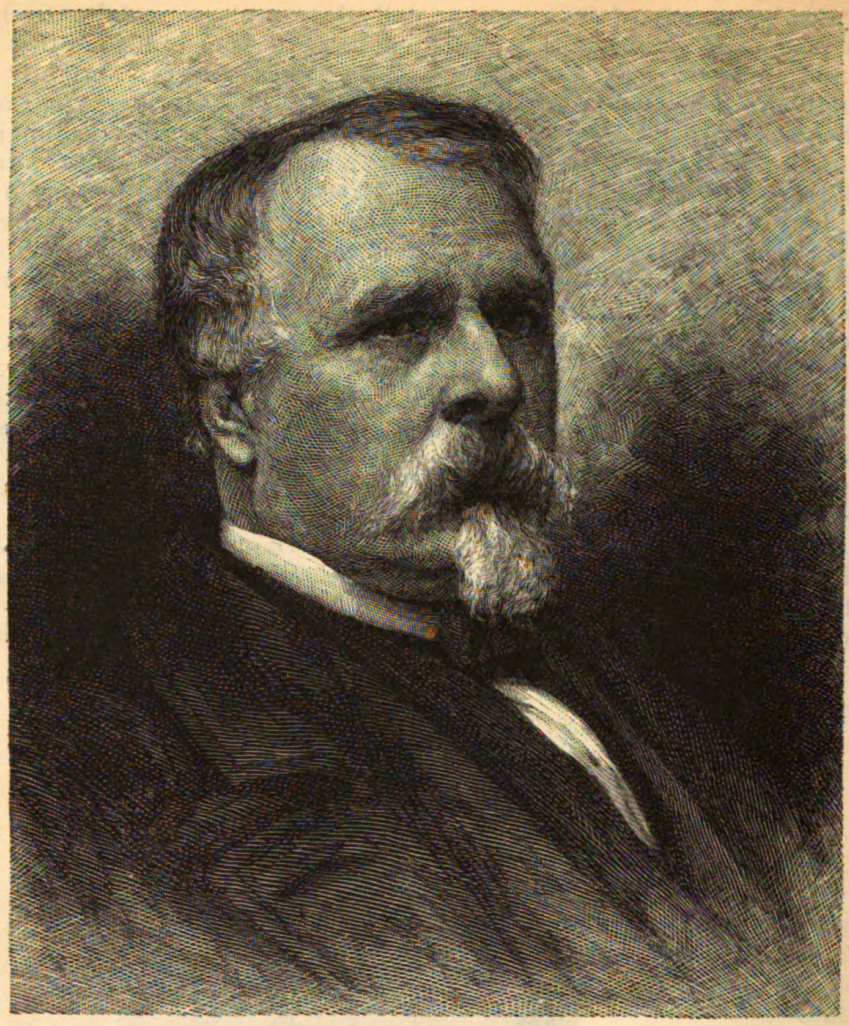
The *Times-Star* is a sprightly evening paper, and the *Saturday Night* a humorous weekly, through the medium of which Minor Griswold, "The Fat Contributor," sportively derides care for his fun-loving readers. Quite a score of religious papers are published every week in Cincinnati, the organs of various Churches. The German press in Cincinnati is very influential. The *Volksblatt* leads the van, under the able editorship of Mr. F. Hassaurek, while the *Volksfreund*, the *Freie Presse*, and the *Abend Post* have solid constituencies.

But here we are looking at the Fountain, the immortal Fountain, the wonderful Tyler Davidson Fountain in Probasco Square. The history of this magnificent work of art has been often told, yet it possesses elements of romance which can



RICHARD SMITH.

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MURAT HALSTEAD.

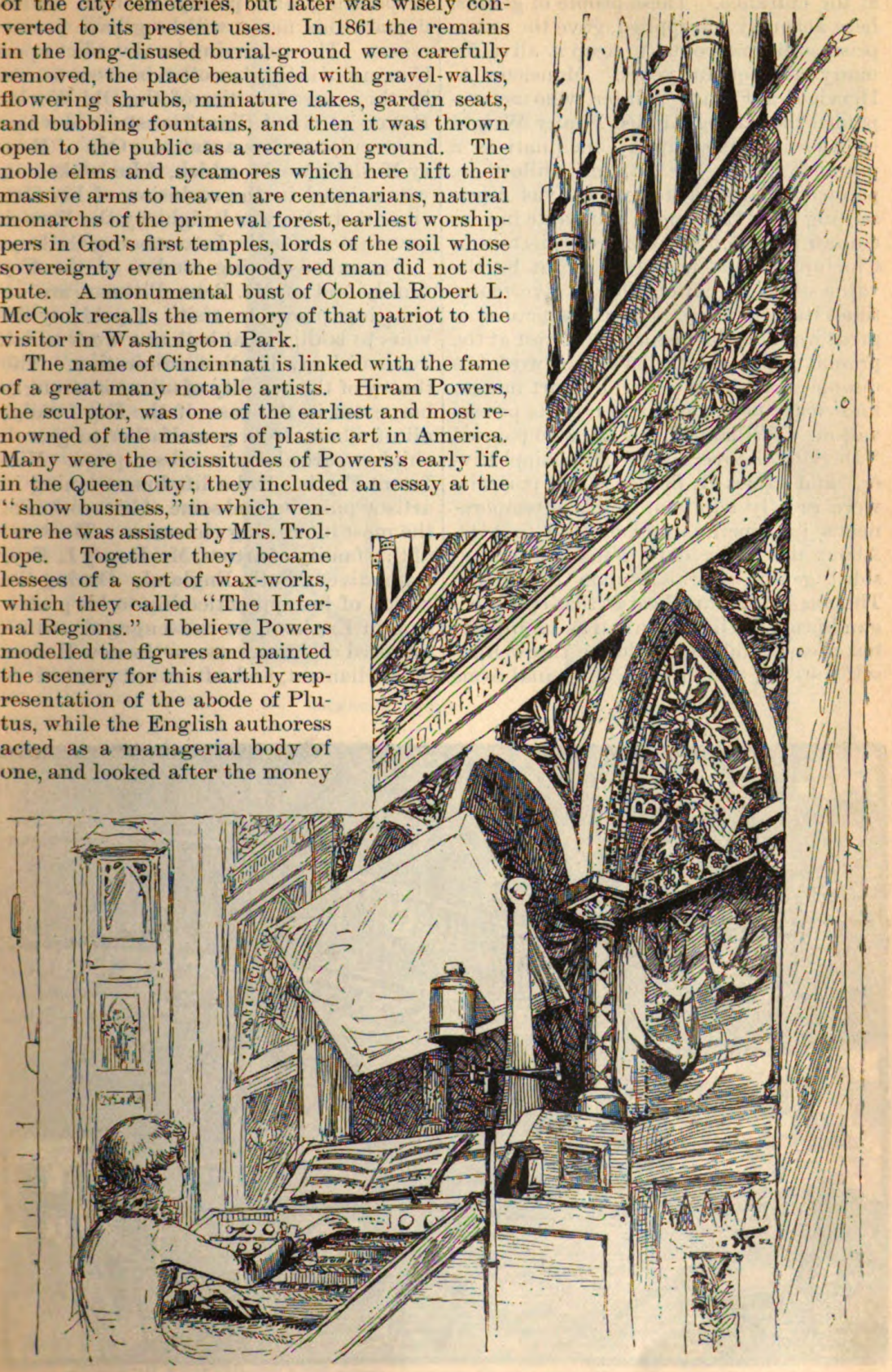
never become trite through frequent repetition. When the King of Bavaria heard that Henry Probasco was about to present the city of Cincinnati with a fountain costing one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, he asked what object the gentleman had to gain by an expenditure so great. His Majesty was informed that Mr. Probasco had no object except to confer pleasure on his fellow-men. "Before such a citizen," said the King, uncovering, "a king may doff his hat." Outside of his desire to gratify his fellow-citizens, Mr. Probasco had an object in setting up in Cincinnati this splendid fountain. It was the reverential desire to perpetuate with honor the memory of his brother-in-law, Mr. Tyler Davidson, his early employer in the hardware store, who had intended to make a donation to the city.

The name and fame of Cincinnati's great Music Hall have extended throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its erection is due to the generosity of another of Cincinnati's wealthy citizens, Mr. Reuben R. Springer, who gave $250,000 toward that end, the city contributing the remainder of the half-million dollars which the Music Hall cost. The building is one of the most imposing in America. In style it is a modernized Gothic, of deep red brick, relieved by black. The Elm Street front is 402 feet wide, and behind this massive screen there is a hall capable of seating ten thousand people. The outlook from the Elm Street windows of the Hall, and from the steps of the main entrance, is over the pretty five acres called Washington Park, which forty years ago was one

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of the city cemeteries, but later was wisely converted to its present uses. In 1861 the remains in the long-disused burial-ground were carefully removed, the place beautified with gravel-walks, flowering shrubs, miniature lakes, garden seats, and bubbling fountains, and then it was thrown open to the public as a recreation ground. The noble elms and sycamores which here lift their massive arms to heaven are centenarians, natural monarchs of the primeval forest, earliest worshippers in God's first temples, lords of the soil whose sovereignty even the bloody red man did not dispute. A monumental bust of Colonel Robert L. McCook recalls the memory of that patriot to the visitor in Washington Park.

The name of Cincinnati is linked with the fame of a great many notable artists. Hiram Powers, the sculptor, was one of the earliest and most renowned of the masters of plastic art in America. Many were the vicissitudes of Powers's early life in the Queen City; they included an essay at the "show business," in which venture he was assisted by Mrs. Trollope. Together they became lessees of a sort of wax-works, which they called "The Infernal Regions." I believe Powers modelled the figures and painted the scenery for this earthly representation of the abode of Plutus, while the English authoress acted as a managerial body of one, and looked after the money

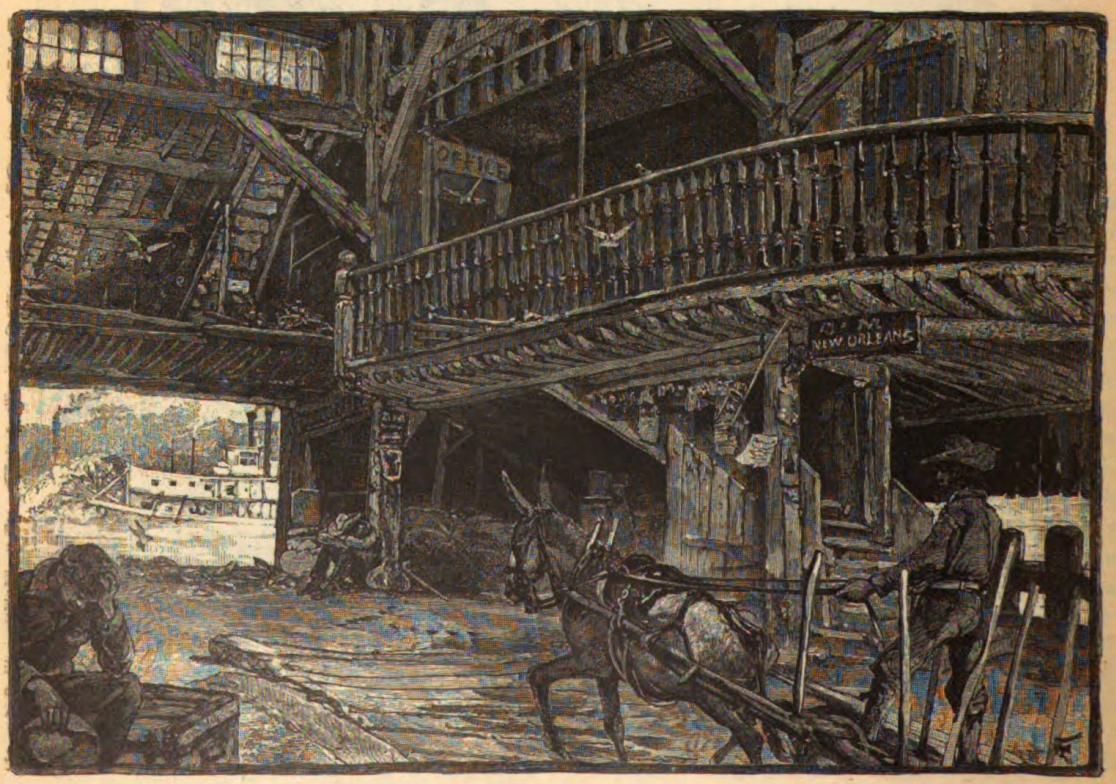


THE ORGAN IN MUSIC HALL.

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at the entrance. These people of genius, here absurdly misapplied, gave the enterprise sufficient vogue to keep it alive for many subsequent years. Monsieur A. Hervieu, a French painter, who accompanied the strong-minded Fanny Wright to America, fixed upon Cincinnati as a promising home for art, and while there painted a large historical canvas representing the "Landing of Lafayette in Cincinnati in 1825." There are collectors in Cincinnati who, whatever might be the value of its execution, would give many times its weight in gold for this picture, so great would be its historical interest at the present day; but Hervieu's great work has disappeared, and the world of art has no knowledge of its destruction or its preservation. William H. Powell, who painted "De Soto discovering the Mississippi River," and James H. Beard, whose portraits were greatly admired, were contemporaneous in Cincinnati from 1830 to 1840. About this latter date a man of many-sided genius appeared upon the scene. Thomas Buchanan Read at that epoch began his art life in Cincinnati as a sculptor; but abandoning this field, he threw himself into the to him more congenial arms of painting and poetry, in both which domains his name will long have prominence. The approving local verdict upon Cincinnati artists has often been confirmed by the severest critics of the Old World. Powers's "Greek Slave" is esteemed wherever sculpture has a status. One of Henry Mosler's works, which, if I mistake not, was painted in the seclusion of his Cincinnati studio, was bought by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery.

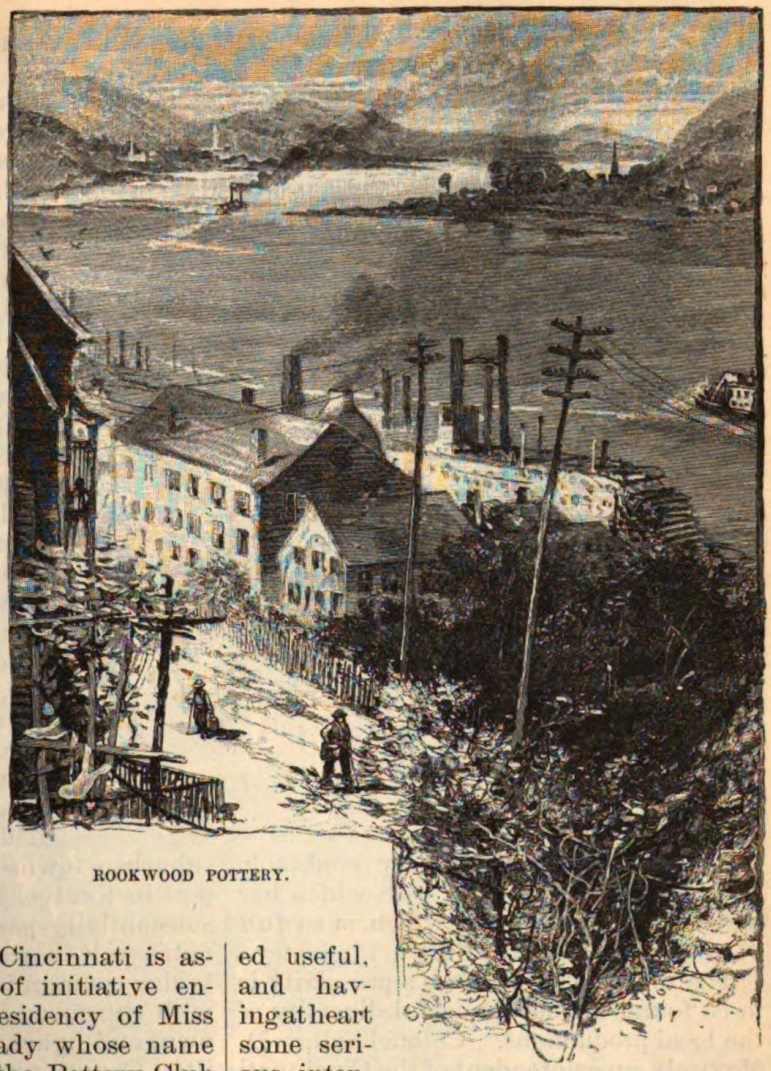
The wood-carving studios of the Fry family and of Mr. Benn Pittman are interesting places to visit. I paid my devoirs to both, and at both saw work which awakened my liveliest admiration. The theory of the heredity of talent is strongly borne out in the case of the Fry family, all of whom, from grandfather to grandchildren, are clever wood-sculptors. Miss Laura Fry has had a life-long training in artistic pursuits, and some of her work is of the most interesting character. The head of this family of artists, Mr. Henry L. Fry, is a native of Bath, England. During the period of his apprenticeship to his profession in England, he was engaged, with a hundred other carvers, on the new Houses of Parliament, and afterward worked in



A CINCINNATI WHARF-BOAT.

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ecclesiastical Gothic under Sir Gilbert Scott in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Fry came to Cincinnati in 1851, and during these thirty years he has never had an idle month. Few are the houses of opulence in or near the Queen City which do not bear some traces of the beautiful wood-carving of the Fry family. The front of the grand organ in the Music Hall is a most interesting example of the quality and character of Cincinnati wood-carving. It is a mass of superb detail of marvellous richness, intricacy, and delicacy of execution, and it well deserves the pride in which all Cincinnati holds it.



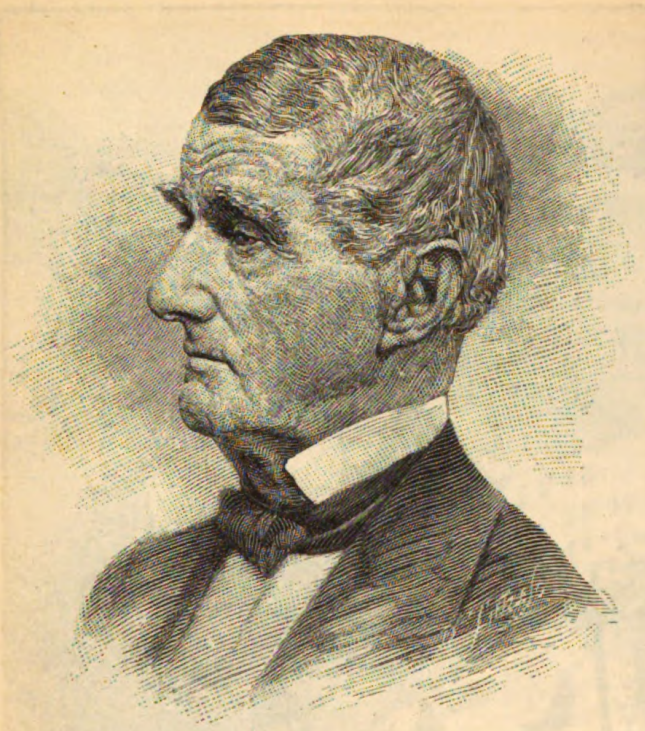
ROOKWOOD POTTERY.

Whatever position other cities may take in respect to the production of beautiful objects in porcelain, to Cincinnati is assuredly due the palm of initiative enterprise. Under the presidency of Miss Louise McLaughlin, a lady whose name has wide-spread honor, the Pottery Club keenly pursues the study of the underglaze painting of pottery made from the clays of the Ohio Valley. The beautiful modelling in clay done by Mrs. C. A. Plimpton has already found illustration in these pages.

In this Magazine, in May, 1881, there appeared a very interesting article on the general growth in Cincinnati of a taste for pottery decoration. It began in the Centennial period with the overglaze painting of tea-cups for Centennial tea parties, and proceeding through various stages of energy and enterprise, arrived at its present proportions, which are those of a large, interesting, and very promising industry. Mrs. Maria Longworth Nichols, a granddaughter of Nicholas Longworth, was a careful student of all the developments and discoveries of the decoration period, making practical experiment herself of everything that seemed useful, and having at heart some serious intentions in respect to pottery decoration, which she has since carried into execution. Mrs. Nichols worked, studied, and experimented daily in the Hamilton Road Potteries, availing herself of all their resources, and struggling with the most indomitable pertinacity against repeated failures in her search after the secrets of Limoges. The hard fires and unregulated kilns of the potteries were fatal to progress or success, but Mrs. Nichols at least learned the causes of her difficulties, the technical obstacles to be overcome, and in what direction to proceed to do it.

Mr. Joseph Longworth, Mrs. Nichols's father, in September, 1880, handed over to her the main building now occupied by the Rookwood Pottery, and the property on which the additional buildings have since been erected. In this way Mrs.

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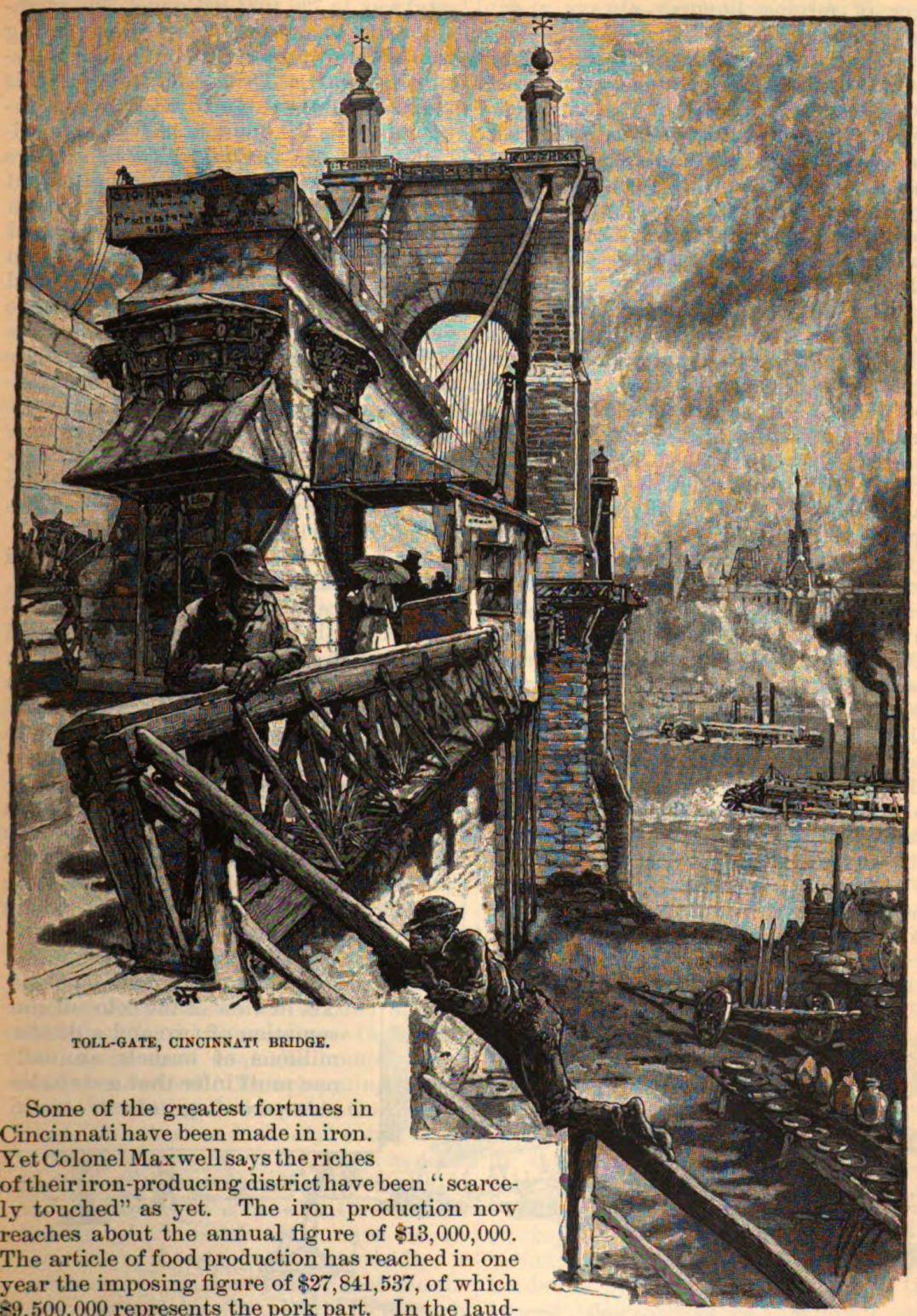
REUBEN R. SPRINGER.

Nichols established the very creditable and successful enterprise with which her name is connected, and which is so full of promise as a great future art industry.

The source of Cincinnati's prosperity is to be found in the wonderful diversity of the local productions. Colonel Sidney D. Maxwell, superintendent of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, in his lecture at Pike's Opera-house upon Cincinnati manufactures (delivered in 1878), said: "The number of different kinds of goods made here is beyond the estimate of many of the best informed. If anything of a surprising nature was revealed by our industrial displays, it was the scope of our production." The food production of Cincinnati, of which pork is the leading feature, is the heaviest article in the city's figures, but it is closely approached in amount by spirituous and malt liquors, while the iron interest is colossal; and this giant iron, too, big as he is, feels it is not best to be alone, for Colonel Maxwell, who knows the truth, as figures can not lie, refers to wood as "the queenly consort of our iron production." Yet who that has ever visited Cincinnati can forget the extent to which five-storied ready-made clothing establishments figure in the streets? Again, not to know Cincinnati's soap and candles is to argue one's self a know-nothing, or close thereto, at least in matters of housekeeping necessity. The leather industry occupies a prominent place in the yearly financial report, while in the publishing business, especially in the department of law-books, Cincinnati is exceeded by but one other city in the country. The tobacco business furnishes the summaker some wonderful rows of figures. In 1879–80 the production of chewing tobacco in Hamilton County (Cincinnati) was 2,590,860 pounds, the value of stamps on which, according to the report of the collector of internal revenue, was $414,537 60; while of smoking tobacco there were produced 1,601,363 pounds, with a stamp payment to the United States of $256,268 08. The two large suburban towns of Covington and Newport in Kentucky, which have been made substantially part and parcel of Cincinnati's self since the perfection of the bridge communication, are both provided with enormous tobacco factories of their own, and figure quite as largely as Hamilton County upon the tax list of the internal revenue collector.

In 1784, eight bags of cotton were seized at Liverpool by the port authorities on the assumption that they must have come from the West Indies, as the United States was incapable of producing so large a quantity. In 1879–80 the United States produced 5,761,252 bales of cotton. As an interior cotton market, what city possesses the advantages of Cincinnati! Her great Southern Railway courses to the heart of the cotton-growing land, and the yield of a thousand plantations waits for the gathering of the Cincinnati traders who buy the king fibre for productive reselling. Over three hundred thousand bales are annually received in Cincinnati. Of this great mass only a few thousand bales are detained there; the bulk is transported to the cotton mills of New England.

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TOLL-GATE, CINCINNATI BRIDGE.

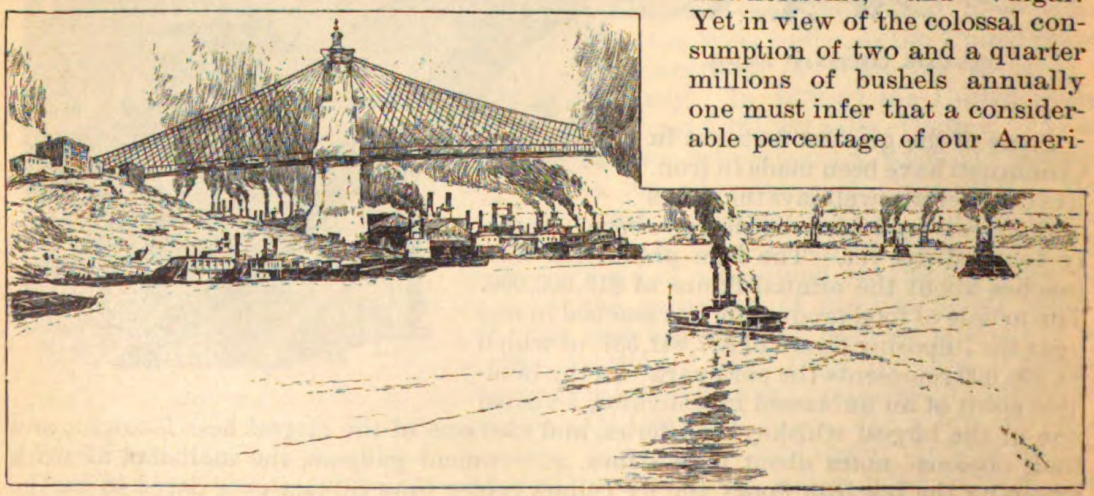
Some of the greatest fortunes in Cincinnati have been made in iron. Yet Colonel Maxwell says the riches of their iron-producing district have been "scarcely touched" as yet. The iron production now reaches about the annual figure of $13,000,000. The article of food production has reached in one year the imposing figure of $27,841,537, of which $9,500,000 represents the pork part. In the laudable spirit of an unbiassed investigator, I visited one of the largest whiskey distilleries, and also one of the largest beer factories, and took copious—notes about high wines, government gaugers, the maltsters at work sweeping the hot iron floors, the ice cellars colder than Siberia ever dared to be, the inventions for rolling beer kegs upstairs in a jiffy; but trying to decipher these

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hieroglyphics, I find I stand in some danger of mixing liquors—always a dangerous practice. I know quite well, of course, that Bourbon is not beer; and that "moonshiners" never attempt the costly and intricate process of making lager. Yet nothing that I saw either at the beer house or at the great distillery struck me as so wonderful as what I was told, namely, the yearly money value of these two oceans, whiskey and beer. Colonel Maxwell puts the matter most succinctly, thus:

"In the year 1876, according to the figures of the Board of Trade, the article of liquors followed hard upon food in aggregate value, the production having reached $23,615,588, embracing 122 establishments, employing 1772 hands, and capital and real estate valued at $13,341,080. Coupled with the value of the product is a government tax of ninety cents on each gallon of distilled spirits, which immensely swells the total value, but this is a part of the expense of manufacturing which can not be ignored. In the year ending July 31, 1877, there were manufactured, in Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport, of beer, 15,915,896 gallons, the equivalent of 205,000,000 glasses. It has been estimated that two-thirds of the beer made here is for home consumption, which would make the production for the use of Cincinnati and its surroundings 136,000,000 glasses. At the retail price, the aggregate value of the whole production would be $10,000,000. For the same period, the total production of distilled spirits in Cincinnati, Covington, Newport, and Petersburg, all of which is the product substantially of this city, was 10,726,103½ gallons. The quantity redistilled, or rectified, without taking into account the spirits continuously distilled, was 11,443,880 gallons. For this period the total value of all liquors manufactured in the four cities was, approximately, $29,685,331, on which taxes were paid the general government of about $10,300,000. The taxes paid on spirits in Cincinnati alone in the calendar year of 1877 were $7,716,587 64—the largest sum paid on spirits by any city in the United States. Our productions in this line are generally distributed throughout this country, where they are distinguished for their superior quality; while in malt liquors late experiments of shipments to the West Indies and South America have been made with satisfactory results. In this connection reference should be made to the production of malt other than that made by brewers, which aggregated $737,000."

Study of the subject of demand and supply reveals the most unexpected facts. For instance, turning to "the Thirty-second Annual Report of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce," we find that in the world of commerce there is such a thing as a "pea-nut year." Now almost the last thing one has ever suspected in connection with a pea-nut is its having a year. The pea-nut year begins in October, and, after the manner of years with other nuts and men, ends a twelvemonth later. In the pea-nut year of 1879–80, the pea-nut movement into Cincinnati was 2,220,000 bushels. One wonders where they all go to, since pea-nut-eating is universally denounced as untidy, unwholesome, and vulgar. Yet in view of the colossal consumption of two and a quarter millions of bushels annually one must infer that a considerable percentage of our Ameri-



THE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

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can population eats pea-nuts regularly. Virginia bears the largest crop of pea-nuts, Tennessee the next, North Carolina the next. These are the three leading pea-nut States. The Tennessee nut is the choicest, being white, delicate, and juicy; the Virginia and Carolina nuts are red, smaller, and rather dry.

Eighteen railways lead into Cincinnati, running daily one hundred and twenty-four regular passenger and seventy-seven freight trains, irrespective of "extras." A proud peculiarity, of which the founders of the place were blissfully unaware, is that Cincinnati is physically "the hub of the universe." The report of General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, computes the centre of population in the republic to be at or near the Ohio metropolis. To a spot so favored by nature it is impossible to find an ugly approach. Each rail and water way has its own attractions, and the charms of scenery by the various town-approaching iron roads are almost equally balanced. But the river view, of course, stands apart. Gliding gently to our moorings, either coming up from New Orleans or down-stream from Pittsburgh, the whole picture of the noble town, from the busy banks of its great river, spanned by the magnificent suspension-bridge, to the lofty and luxuriantly wooded bluffs, is presented in a sudden *coup d'œil*, as beautiful as it is unique. The approach to town by the Hamilton and Dayton road is also one favorable to the appreciation of Cincinnati's artificial and natural beauties. On the towering heights to the left is perched that wonderful hill suburb of which so much has been written, proud little Clifton, which refuses to be incorporated. Just beneath the wooded heights of Clifton lies the Spring Grove Cemetery, one of the most exquisite homes of the dead ever devised. This charming aspect, the noble castles, fine manses, Gothic-turreted churches, and dainty cottages of Clifton, embowered in luxurious vegetation, gives the traveller by the Hamilton and Dayton road a taste of Cincinnati's quality which is almost unique as an experience, since, speaking generally, it seems an inevitable necessity that the entrance to modern cities should be through neighborhoods of unspeakable vileness. It is true, there is enough and to spare of that sort of thing in winter in the ill-paved streets of Cincinnati, and even on the "C., H., and D." road one gets something of it in all seasons; for just before the train stops at the terminus in the city one obtains a view and an odor of the unæsthetic side of modern life in the sight and fragrance of the immense Union Stock Yards, which lie on the west side of Mill Creek, abutting upon the railway.

Cincinnati is rich in *sobriquets*. That of the "Queen City" is so widely known as to be a synonym by which reference to Cincinnati would be understood from Maine to California. This pretty pet name is constantly perpetuated by the dedication of various buildings. Longfellow has embalmed it in literature, and made it immortal in his stanzas in honor of Catawba wine, dedicated to Mr. Longworth.

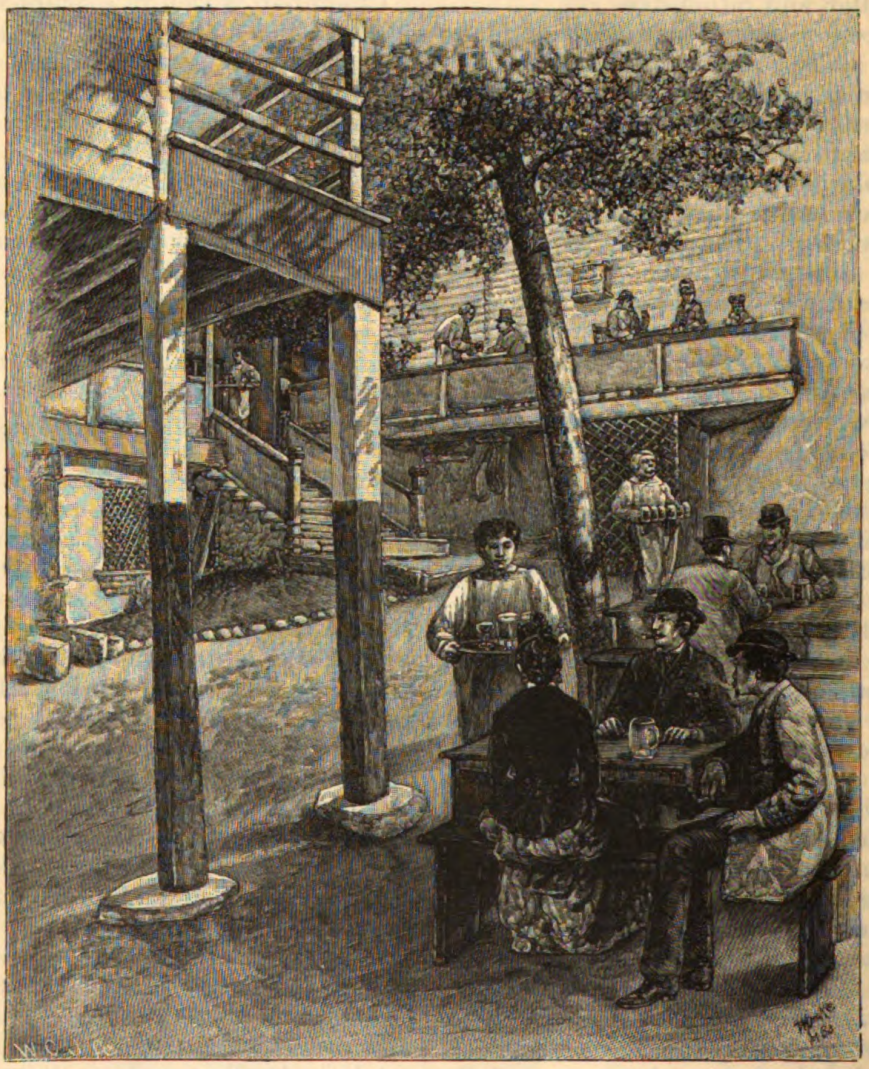
> "This song of the vine,
> This greeting of mine,
> The winds and the birds shall deliver
> To the Queen of the West,
> In her garlands dressed,
> On the banks of the Beautiful River."

The nickname of Porkopolis is of English origin, and was the brilliant inspiration of a sponsor who never saw Cincinnati. In the year 1825 there flourished in the Queen City a gentleman named Jones. He was the president of the United States Branch Bank, and was locally known as "Bank Jones." The pork trade had already taken such proportions as to rouse the financial enthusiasm of Bank Jones, and in a succession of letters he dilated upon the prosperity of the pork prospects of the Queen City. The letters were addressed to the Liverpool correspondent of the Cincinnati bank, and this gentleman's imagination at length became fired by Bank Jones's enthusiasm. In a moment of wild generosity he hied him to the studio of some Liverpudlian Thorwaldsen, and ordered the construction of what is set down in the annals as "a unique pair of model hogs." These noble effigies were made of papier-maché, and were sent out to Cincinnati as a present, accompanied by the inscription—destined in part at least to become famous—"To Mr. George W. Jones, as the worthy representative of *Porkopolis*." The hogs have still a local habitation and a name. They add to the burden of life in the office of one of the largest "slaughterers" of Cincinnati, having passed by inheritance from Bank Jones down, from hand to hand, among the pork monarchs of Porkopolis, for nigh upon half a century.

The *sobriquet* for Cincinnati now most

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in vogue is that of "the Paris of America." In an address upon the city's future prospects, delivered some dozen years ago by Judge George Hoadly, that eminent Cincinnatian referred to the Queen City as



A BEER GARDEN ON THE RHINE.

destined to become "the Edinburgh of a new Scotland, the Boston of a new New England, the Paris of a new France." Its adoption as a *sobriquet* for Cincinnati was confirmed by the *Commercial*, which made a head-line of it when describing the Sunday distractions which set Cincinnati quite apart among American cities.

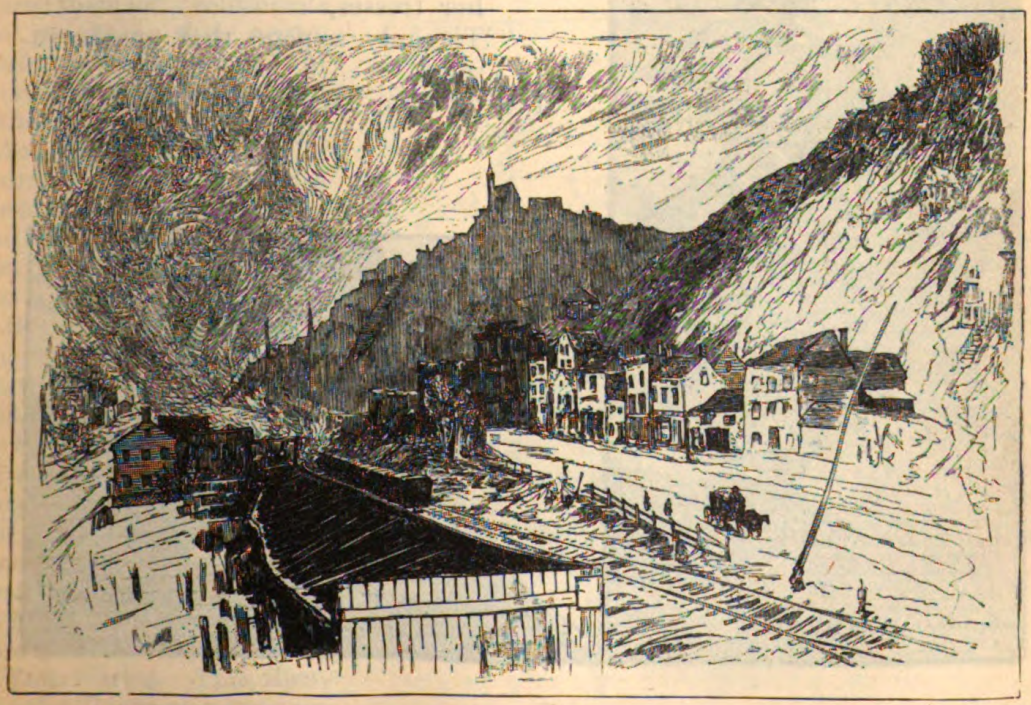
The amusements in question take place (to the great annoyance of many citizens, who make unceasing efforts for their suppression) principally among the Germans. It is in the "Over the Rhine" quarter that the theatres, music halls, billiard-rooms, shooting galleries and drinking gardens are in full operation on Sundays; and if the scene in its frivolity and uproarious gayety recalls the Sundays of Paris, the locality may be described as considerably more German than Germany itself. The beer gardens are nightly thronged with German families, who, when the spirit moves, join with lusty lungs in the strains of some stirring folk-song.

During the infancy of Cincinnati the hills which inclose the town on three sides were considered valueless on account of their inaccessibility. The adoption of the inclined railway system, first used at Ni-

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agara Falls, has changed these once unpeopled heights into resorts and suburban residence sites unique of their kind in all the world. No stranger experience in the matter of transportation awaits the traveller in any country than that of a ride up or down, to or from the Highland House or the Bellevue. It is at night that this effect is especially interesting. From the street below the hill looks as if capped by some fortification all ablaze with military industry. Tier upon tier of light rises upon its crest, and above them tower higher structures that are full of mystery with their glimmering windows and fantastic outlines fading off into the star-lit heavens. The platform receives the street car with its horses, the grating around it closes, and it slowly ascends the incline. The city seems to sink beneath it, then to expand into a great black chart illuminated with interminable lines of lamps radiating away in uneven lines into the distance, mounting hills, dipping across the slopes of the valleys, and disappearing into the outer darkness or the profound abyss of the river. As the car approaches the top of the incline the buildings assume a more familiar shape, and you leave the station to find yourself translated to one of the German strongholds of the city. At the Bellevue or the Highland House, of a summer evening, when the German *bourgeois* and his family, largely assisted by the English-speaking Cincinnatian, is enjoying the delicious breeze from the river valley, listening to music which must in great part have a national interest for him, drinking the excellent beer into which the German brewers transform annually so much of the water of the Ohio, and regaling himself generally, as is his habit, it becomes apparent to the thoughtful observer that he is an orderly, wholesome, and profitable citizen, and that Cincinnati is in no small part composed of him, and is very fortunate in the fact.

From this locality, either by day or by night, you see a great deal of Cincinnati, and get an excellent idea of how it is fashioned. You accordingly become inspired with a very deep respect for the length, breadth, and thickness of its national quality, for the excellent stuff of which it is composed; and as you survey its outlines, its obvious wealth and prosperity, its great highway of water, and its converging roadways of iron, you concede how well chosen is its plan and how complete its design, and how well, for its present and for its future, it deserves the title of the Queen City of America.



MONASTERY HILL.

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SONG.



GIVE her but a least excuse to love me!
When—where—
How—can this arm establish her above me,
If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
There already to eternally reprove me?
("Hist!" said Kate the queen;
But "Oh!" cried the maiden binding her tresses,
"'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
Crumbling your hounds their messes!")

Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honor,
My heart!
Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?
Merely an earth's to cleave, a sea's to part!
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!
("Nay, list," bade Kate the queen;
And still cried the maiden binding her tresses,
"'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
Fitting your hawks their jesses!")

ROBERT BROWNING.



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CHAPTER XVI.

HOW RUSSELL HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH A MERRY MONARCH.

THAT same evening Russell was astonished at receiving a fairly written note, which, when opened, contained the following in English:

"*The King will be graciously pleased to receive Lord Russell this evening at seven o'clock.*"

It was written on simple note-paper, and bore no date. The messenger who brought it handed it in and departed without saying a word.

On reading this note Russell was completely bewildered. Who, he thought, is the King? Who is Lord Russell? A prolonged meditation over this could throw no particular light upon it, and at length he was forced to conclude that he himself was taken for Lord John Russell, that famous English statesman whose name is known over the civilized world. It was a mistake, yet, as he complacently thought, not, after all, an unnatural one. By long familiarity with the British aristocracy (in the capacity of tailor) he had perhaps unconsciously acquired their lofty sentiments and caught up their aristocratic tone and bearing. In person he felt that he had rather the advantage of Lord John. His name had, of course, something to do with the mistake. All these things had combined to give his captors the impression that he was a British peer.

But who was "the King?" The Queen of Spain would be the ex-Queen; the last King of Spain was now the ex-King Amadeus; but "the King"—who was he? At length it flashed upon Russell that "the King" could mean no other than the celebrated personage who claimed for himself that title, and who was known to the world as Don Carlos. This, then, was the illustrious personage with whom he was shortly to have an interview. It must be confessed that, in spite of his long association with the British aristocracy, the bosom of the valiant Russell heaved with strange emotions and his heart quaked with unusual throes at the prospect of this interview. As his host claimed to be "King," he would naturally expect to be treated as such. But how would that be? Of the etiquette of courts Russell had no knowledge whatever. From French novels which he had read he had a vague idea that people said "Sire" when addressing Majesty, and got on their knees to kiss royal hands when first introduced. But farther than this our good Russell's knowledge did not lead him, nor was his imagination able to convey him. He could only conjecture in the vaguest possible way, and wait as patiently as possible for the hour of the momentous interview.

The appointed time arrived. He was waited on by six men: all were armed. Russell felt an involuntary trepidation at this sight, which reminded him of events, in his reading, where armed men came in this way to lead some wretched prisoner off to execution. However, he succeeded in plucking up his courage sufficiently to



"RUSSELL FELL UPON HIS KNEES."

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"THESE TWO HAD THAT BANQUET ALL TO THEMSELVES."

follow them. His own attire certainly did not a little toward inspiring him with fortitude, and the brilliant uniform of a general officer, with golden epaulets, gold stripes, gold buttons, gold lace, gold hat-band, gold collar, gorgeous hat, resplendent feathers, and rattling, clanking sword, all served to stimulate him and rouse him to the heroic mood.

He was led by the men to the grand hall in which he had been before. Here, around the sides, were gathered a large number of men, all armed, and though ill-dressed, still presenting a very impressive appearance. In the middle of the hall was a table on which a dinner was spread. All around a hundred torches flared and flamed, and from them vast clouds of pitchy smoke rolled aloft to the vaulted ceiling. At one end there was a raised seat, and on that raised seat there was a figure clothed in a military garb and infolded in a military cloak. Toward this figure Russell was led.

Now Russell was so overawed by the wild scene, by the armed men, and, above all, by the thought of the royal presence and the royal eye, that he dared not look up, but kept his eyes humbly on the floor, and in this way advanced. On reaching the aforesaid figure our Russell fell upon his knees, and seizing the hand of said figure, proceeded to kiss it with much vigor, when suddenly a familiar voice sounded in his ears, and looking up, he felt like Lalla Rookh at the discovery of Feramorz, for he found that this royal personage was none other than the Carlist chief.

"Rise, me lord," said the well-known voice. "We are glad to recayve ye in our r'y'l prisince. We cud give ye betther intertainmint in our r'y'l palace av the Escurial, only thim thayves av rebels won't let us. But we can maintain our state here in these sayquesthered mountains, an' begorra we have a throne in the hearts av a bowld pisintry."

By this time Russell had risen to his feet, and stood there bowing over and over again.

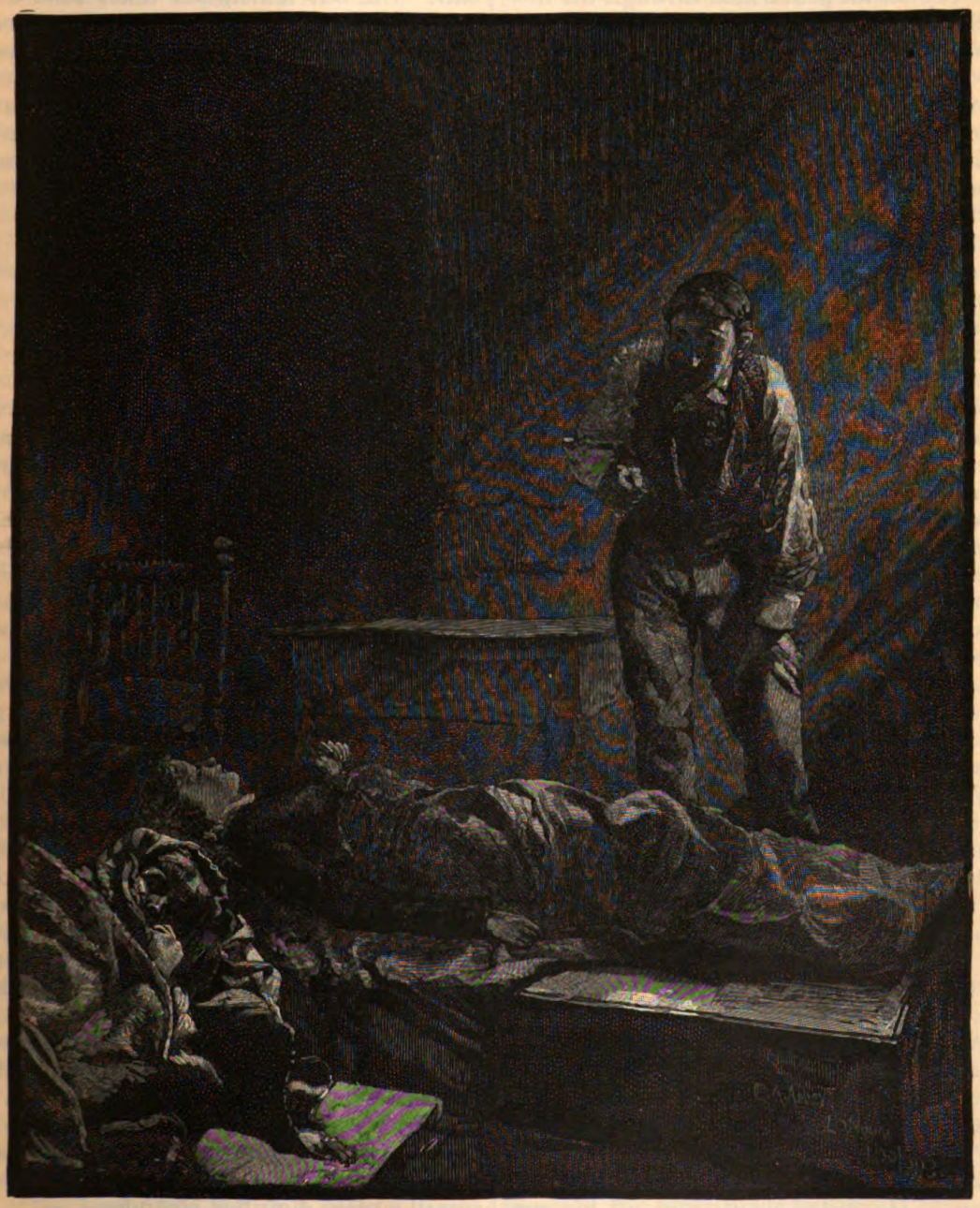
"His Majesty" rose.

"I'm not overfond," said he, "me lord, av state etiquette, though our ancistors were divils av fellers at it. What I loike is a good dinner, an' a glass av somethin' warrum, an' a pipe afther all. Ye've heard the owld song:

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"'Oh, a taste av salt an' a plate av praties,
An' a dhrop av whiskey to wash thim down,
An' a tasty dhuidheen to help digistion—
That's the fashion in Limerick town.'"

It had already caused some surprise to Russell that a Spanish chieftain should speak English with the Irish accent; but now to find one who claimed to be the King of Spain lightly trolling an Irish ditty to a rollicking tune was, to say the least, just a little unusual. It occurred to him, however, that "his Majesty" must have learned his English from an Irishman; and further thought showed him that such a fact was perfectly natural, since, being a Catholic, he had, of course, employed a Catholic tutor, who was almost certain to be an Irishman. Which conclusion led to another, namely, that the Catholic princes and nobles of Eu-



"IT WAS—YES, IT WAS KATIE!"—[SEE PAGE 278.]

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rope, including the Pope himself and the College of Cardinals, if they speak English at all, speak it with more or less of an Irish brogue.

"His Majesty" now led the way to the table, inviting Russell to follow. There Russell beheld a tempting repast, whose savory steam penetrated through his nostrils to that heart of hearts, that *cor cordium*, which lieth behind all sense, filling it with wild longings. He saw roast capons, obtained from Heaven knows where, rich odoriferous *olla podrida*, and various kinds of game. There was aromatic coffee; there were steaming meat pies, in which was perceptible the scent of truffles; while modestly, yet all-pervadingly, there was wafted to his senses the steam of fat upland mushrooms. These two had that banquet all to themselves—namely, "his Majesty" and "Lord" Russell.

"Me lord," said "his Majesty," "is annything wanting? Tell us. Yer wish shall be gratified. Does ye wish for music? A piper an' a fiddler too are both convaynient, an' begorra thim fellers can bate out an' out all the pipers an' fiddlers this side av the Bay av Biscay. They're both Irishmen, so they are, an' they're our sworn body-gyard, an' there ye have it. But, man, ye're not dhrinkin'. What 'll ye have? Here's port from Oporto—pure—none av yer vile Saxon compounds; likewise here's sherry from Xeres. Here's marsala an' maraschino. Here's champagne an' cognac. Here's also whiskey. What d'ye say, me lord? Is it whiskey? Divil a doubt! I knowed it—begorra I knowed it by the twinkle av yer eye. Thrust to me for findin' that out! sure it's meself that can tell a conjaynial spirit, so it is."

Hereupon "his Majesty" began to brew a tumbler of toddy. Russell, who was an experienced hand, gazed upon the royal proceedings with a critical eye, but found nothing wanting. The royal hand was as experienced as his own. The drink that resulted was equal, to say the least of it, to anything that had ever touched his palate. He tasted, and felt like a new man. He tasted again, and all his sorrows vanished. He tasted for a third time, and there came over him a feeling of peace, and content, and brotherly love to all mankind.

"His Majesty" had also been tasting, and with every taste the royal mind seemed to assume a new phase.

"In our coort," said "his Majesty," "as at prisint constichooted, we can not offer the injuicemints that are held forth at Vienna, Berlin, an' St. Paytersburg; but we can furnish some lads that can bate the worruld. I'd like to howld a coort an' have the ladies. We'd have a ball. Oh, but it's meself that's fond av dancin'. Do ye dance, me lord? Sure but there's nothin' in life like it! An' more's the pity that I can't get here the craim av our Spanish aristocracy. But we're too far away entirely. As for dancin'—begorra I've seen dancin' in my time that 'ud take yer head off!

"'Oh, it bates all the illigant dancin'
That iver was danced at a ball,
Whin Teddy came out to the crowd
And danced upon nothin' at all,
Wid a himpin cravat round his neck
That the hangman had fixed on his head,
An' so he kept kickin' an' prancin'
Long afther he ought to be dead.
Whoor-ooo-ooo!'"

As "his Majesty" trolled out this, Russell could not help feeling that it was decidedly out of accord with his royal character, and ventured even to hint as much. Upon this tears started into the royal eye. "His Majesty" took Russell's hand, telling him, with deep emotion, that he was a true friend, and that he would strive to profit by his friendship.

"An' oh, ye thafe of the worruld," continued "his Majesty," suddenly changing the conversation, "ye've played the mischief wid thim bonds. Where have ye hid thim, ye rogue? But niver mind. I'll be ayvin wid ye yit. How much are they? Thirty thousand pounds! Begorra I'll give ye that amount for thim. I'd like to take up thim bonds for the credit av our monarchy an' our kingdom. I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll give ye an ordher on our lord high treasurer for the whole amount in cash! That's what I'll do, so I will. Ye naydn't give yerself anny more throuble. I'll give ye the hard cash through the lord high treasurer—that's me way. I'll do it!"

"His Majesty" here mixed another glass of toddy. After a few draughts he assumed a more dignified attitude.

"Me lord," said he, "I should like to ask ye now, quite infarrumally, what there is to prevint a raycognition by your governmint av our claims an' our rights. We are winnin' our way back to the throne an' crown av our ancistors. A lawless mob howlds our capital, but they'll be

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kicked out afore a month av Sundays. I should like to make a frindly agrayment through you, me lord, wid your government. Whin I'm ricognized as King, I agray to cling to an alliance offinsive an' dayfinsive wid your governmint. There's one common inimy, the raypublic av America, an' it's ayqually hostile to both av us. We, as sole repraysintative av Conservatism an' the owld proimayval order, will ally ourselves wid you agin the common inimy for paice an' for war. What do ye say to that? Begorra it's a fine offer intoirely! Ye'll not find another livin' potentate that 'll make it. Bismarck won't. M'Mahon—Irishman though he is—won't. The Czar won't. Franz Joseph won't. So there's only us. If ye don't accipt our proposals we'll go over to the inimy. We'll buy Prisident Grant. We'll make a dayscint on Ireland. I know a man that 'ud be proud to take command av the invadin' armies. His name's O'Toole, that's now in the Carlist camp, an' a divil av a feller he is. He'd swape Ireland from one ind av it to the other. Give me O'Toole, says I, an' I'll bate the worruld in arrums, says I. Begorra I would. An' now fill yer glass, me boy."

"His Majesty" mixed another tumbler for Russell.

"Drink, me lord," said he, "to the fairest av the fair."

And with these words he swallowed another tumblerful, while Russell did the same.

"By 'the fairest av the fair,'" explained "his Majesty," as he proceeded to mix another drink, "I mane yer daughter—the pairless Lady Katie."

"My ward, 'your Majesty,'" said Russell, correcting him.

"All the same, me lord," said "his Majesty"; "it was a slip av the tongue. It was me heart that spoke. Listen to me now. I've somethin' to tell ye. It's a proposal."

"His Majesty" paused for a moment, then took a fresh drink, then laid down the glass, then sighed heavily, and then took another drink.

"Me lord," said he, in a solemn tone, "ye know, no doubt, that we are a bachelor. Ye don't know it? Well, we are. I say, we are a bachelor. We've been lookin' all around for ages afther a partner—a r'y'l consort. All the iligible faymales av all the coorts av Europe have been solicitin' our alliance. But none av thim wor shuitable. No. Without love, we won't marry—we won't adopt the infernal system av state marriages. Where our heart isn't concerned our r'y'l hand don't go—not a bit av it. Now we niver saw the woman yet that we'd be willin' to raise to the throne av Spain ontil we saw yer ward—the lovely, the charrumin', the baywitchin' Lady Katie. Nay, me lord, start not, an' don't suspict us av onjue praycipitation. We haven't addhressed the Lady Katie yet on that point. We've acted in accardence wid r'y'l usage, an' now make a farrumal offer av our alliance to the parents an' gyarjians av the lovely being. What do ye say, me lord? Will ye give yer consint to our proposal, an' allow yer ward to become the Quane av Spain?"

At this Russell was quite overwhelmed. He had listened with open mouth to this last address of "his Majesty," and at length, when it all culminated in this direct and unmistakable proposal, he was so astounded that he didn't know what to say. He therefore sat silent and staring with open mouth, until at length, not knowing anything better to do, he mechanically raised the tumbler of toddy and poured the whole of it into that open mouth.

"That's right!" exclaimed "his Majesty," heartily, and he at once began to replenish the empty glasses; "an' mind you, me boy, it's as much for your intherest, me lord, as it is for hers. It's a great thing for a young gyerrel to become the Quane av Spain; an' as for yerself, why, av coorse there's no ind to the honors an' dignities an' lucrative offices that ye'd be afther gettin' howld av. Ye'd be a kind av father-in-law to the Quane. Ye'd be made Ministher av War or annythin' else ye axed for. Ye'd be made a Juke av Gibraltar an' Prince av the Pyranaze. Ye'd belong to the Privy Council. Ye'd be the chief adviser av our r'y'l Majesty—that's me, ye know; an' av coorse it isn't every day that ye have such a chance as that."

"His Majesty" paused for a reply.

Russell stared fixedly before him into vacancy, but uttered not a word. Either the high honor that had been proposed, or the brilliant future that had been laid open, or else the whiskey toddy, or all three combined, had overcome him utterly; and so he sat there staring and silent.

"Sure, I know what ye're thinkin' about," said "his Majesty." "There's

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only one objection, an' that's religion. But that's nothin'," he continued, with airy and pagan indifference; "we can arrange all that aisy enough. Love's stronger than religion anny day. Ye know the owld song."

And "his Majesty" trolled out one of his peculiar melodies:

"There was a Ballyshannon spinster
That fell in love wid a Prodes'an' min'ster;
But the praste refused to publish the banns,
So they both ran away to the Mussulmans."

After this "his Majesty" went on in a rapturous way to expatiate upon the subject of Katie, and in this way the rémainder of the evening was taken up. Russell said but little: what he said was chiefly an incoherent jumble which expressed with tears of gratitude a full acceptance of "his Majesty's" offer. At the same time he was able to point out that in England it was the fashion to consult the lady herself, and to insist that "his Majesty" should see Katie herself, so as to get her consent.

And this "his Majesty" swore that he would do.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW HARRY FINDS HIMSELF VERY MUCH OVERESTIMATED, AND AFTERWARD LIGHTS UPON A GLOOMY MYSTERY.

On the day after the departure of Russell, Harry was invited to an interview with the chief. A guard of six Carlists escorted him to the hall. Here there was an imposing scene. All along the walls were lines of armed men in strange wild costumes; overhead rose the vaulted roof, crusted over with the mould of ages; while at one end there hung a canopy formed of the gorgeous banner of Castile. Under this stood a figure in the uniform of a general officer, and as Harry drew near he recognized in him the Carlist chief. At the same moment a shout rang through the hall, a hundred rifles fell with a crash upon the stony pavement, and then followed a loud, long cry, "Viva el Rey!"

Harry's familiarity with Spanish had already been made known to the chief, who now addressed him in that language. What, however, was the amazement of Harry at learning the astounding fact that the chief claimed to be no less a person than Don Carlos himself, and assumed the airs and claimed the honors of royalty! In addition to this, while the chief claimed such honors, his rude followers bestowed them with readiness and even enthusiasm. That this could be anything else than a pretense, that this rude chief could really be the courtly and gallant Bourbon, seemed to Harry an utter absurdity; and in addition to this, the descriptions which he had heard of the real Don Carlos did not at all accord with the appearance of this man. Yet, if the claim was a false one, its very audacity showed him the possible peril that surrounded his party; for if their captor was so unblushing and unscrupulous a villain, what hope could they have of escape?

Speaking, then, in this way as though he were Don Carlos, and assuming at the same time the manner and style of a king, the Carlist chief said much about his sorrow at being forced to detain them, and also expatiated upon the difficulties of his own position. Finally, he informed Harry that a tax had been imposed on all foreigners to help pay the expenses of the war.

To this Harry listened attentively, and was not surprised to find that the chief expected a money payment. Whether he called it a tax or any other name, it amounted to the same thing, and became a ransom for their lives. If he and his party were thus held as prisoners to ransom, the act amounted, of course, to nothing else than brigandage, and this Carlist chief was nothing better than a brigand. Against being seized and held as a prisoner on such terms Harry could have offered no end of arguments, of course, together with protests, objections, and threats; but he had far too clear a head to think of such a thing. He knew well the uselessness of mere arguments in a case like this, where he had nothing stronger behind, and therefore he sought to find out just what his position was. So, first of all, he asked what might be the amount of his own ransom.

The answer to this question almost took his breath away. To his amazement and horror, the ransom named for him was no less a sum than ten thousand pounds.

"Will 'your Majesty' pardon me," said Harry, with great obsequiousness, and giving to his captor the royal honors which he claimed—"will 'your Majesty' pardon me if I assure 'your Majesty' that the amount of my ransom is so enormous

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that it is utterly impossible for me to pay it?"

At this "his Majesty" smiled, and proceeded to tell Harry the ransoms fixed for the others; these were—for Russell and his party thirty thousand pounds, and for Ashby one thousand. The name "Lord Russell" which "his Majesty" applied to that worthy sounded strange to Harry, but this was a trifle compared with other things, and so, without making any reference to this, he replied:

"Thirty thousand pounds! I assure 'your Majesty' that Russell has not the fourth part of that in all the world."

"His Majesty" looked incredulous, and told Harry that "Lord Russell" had himself put his own wealth at two hundred thousand, and that of his ward at fifty thousand.

At this Harry's heart quaked within him for fear of Katie. Now he began to see more clearly the danger that there was. Russell, he thought, had been indulging in some foolish gasconade about himself, and had let out the secret of Katie's fortune. He wondered why Ashby had been let off on so small a sum; and thinking that he might not have heard correctly, he asked again about this. The reply confirmed what he had heard, and Harry could not help making a remark about the strange injustice of exacting ten thousand from him and only one thousand from Ashby. This at once was noticed by "his Majesty," who, however, proposed, not to lessen the ransom of Harry, but to raise that of Ashby. He eagerly asked Harry about the wealth of his friend.

"Oh, I don't know," said Harry, who saw that it would not help himself to have Ashby's ransom raised. "All I do know is this, which I assure 'your Majesty' is truth, that to me a ransom of ten thousand pounds is an impossible sum, and means simply death."

"His Majesty" smiled, assenting at the same time to the statement that non-payment was equivalent to death.

"In that case," said Harry, "may I ask one favor?"

"His Majesty" graciously assented.

"I should like," said Harry, "to have my valise. There's nothing in it that I care about except some cigars—"

"His Majesty" interrupted with a wave of the royal hand, and granted his request. After this Harry was informed that one week was allowed for time in which to procure the ransom, and that if it were not forth-coming at the end of that time, he and his friends would all be shot.

After this Harry was dismissed to his own apartment.

The dread sentence and its possible result interfered neither with the digestion nor the sleep of the light-hearted Harry. That night he went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. He had the bed and the room now all to himself, and would have slept till morning had he not been roused by a very singular circumstance.

As he lay sleeping, it seemed to him that there was a touch on his forehead of something like a hand, and a murmur in his ear of something like a voice, and, what is more, a woman's voice. In a moment he was wide-awake, and had started up and was staring around. The moonbeams streamed through the narrow windows into the room, and fell in broad strips of light upon the stony floor, diffusing a mild and mellow lustre in some parts, yet leaving the rest of the great room in obscurity. And here, across those strips of light and through those moonbeams, Harry plainly discerned a figure which was gliding swiftly along. It was a female figure, and it was light and fragile, while long dusky drapery floated around it. So completely overwhelmed was Harry with amazement and bewilderment at this sight that for full five minutes he sat without moving, and stared full before him. Then he put his feet out on the floor, and, sitting on the side of the bed, slowly ejaculated,

"Well, by Jove!"

Suddenly he started up and sprang toward the place where he had last seen the vision. But now there was nothing visible; the figure, whatever it was, had disappeared. Now Harry had a strong, robust, healthy nature, a good digestion, tough nerves, and he was not in the least superstitious; yet this event certainly made him feel as he had never felt before. It was the suddenness of it, as well as the incomprehensibility. He had to assure himself over and over again that he was really awake, and then he had to repeatedly recall the vague and indistinct impressions that had been made.

He drew a match and lighted his torch. The flame flared up brightly and flung a lurid glow all around. Holding this high above his head, Harry walked about, peer-

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ing into the darkness, and scanning every nook and corner of the large apartment. But he could see nothing. It was empty. The shuffling noise of his own footsteps as he moved along was the only sound, and



"HE STOOPED FORWARD AND PICKED IT UP."

no living thing met his eye. It was plain that he was alone, and that no other could be there with him.

But that figure? Where was it? Whither had it gone? Going back again to the bed, he marked the line of its motion, and perceived that it had been directed toward the great fire-place: at that spot it had faded away from his view.

He looked all over the floor, but found nothing. He examined the back and the sides of the fire-place, but nothing was visible save the stony surface, which everywhere had the same massive exterior. At length his attention was arrested by those stones already mentioned which projected one above the other from the side of the chimney. At first it seemed to him as though they might be movable, for he was on the lookout for movable stones or secret doors, which might slide away in the Udolpho fashion and disclose secret passages or hidden chambers. He therefore tried each of these in various ways, but found them all alike fixed and immovable.

But now, as he stood trying the topmost stone, with his torch held aloft, the glare of the light shone upon the sides of the chimney and disclosed that very opening which Russell had already discovered. At first he thought that it might be a side flue, or a ventilator, or a contrivance to help the draught; but immediately after, the thought flashed upon him that the mysterious figure might be concealed here.

In an instant he began to clamber up the stones, full of eager excitement. On reaching the top he found to his amazement that he was in a deep niche which ran into the wall several feet, and was high enough for him to stand in. Into this he peered eagerly, thinking that he might discover his mysterious visitant, but he saw nothing. But as he thus stood gazing into the niche with sharpest scrutiny, he saw something white lying on the floor only a few feet from him. He stooped forward and picked it up. It was a parcel, wrapped up in stiff paper, about twelve inches long, six wide, and one in thickness. It was evidently a collection of documents of some sort. Full of wonder at this strange discovery, Harry now forgot all about the mysterious apparition, and thought no more about the strangeness of the place where he was. He was only eager to learn the contents of the package, and to investigate them without being seen. Although he did not believe that any eye could behold him in that dark recess, yet he felt afraid, nevertheless, that some spy might be lurking near—some one like his late visitant—and therefore he descended once more to the room, where he felt safer. Here, after going all around, and peering out of every window, and looking also

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and listening at the door, he felt satisfied that he was unobserved. He now went into a corner of the room at the head of the bed and knelt down, facing the corner in such a way that he could conceal the package while examining it. Here with eager hands he tore it open, and the contents lay before him.

These contents consisted of a number of printed documents, all folded up so as to be of uniform size. One of these he took up and opened. It was in Spanish, with formidable flourishing signatures and immense seal. One glance was enough to show him what it was. It was a bond, in which the Spanish government agreed to pay one thousand pounds English sterling money, at the end of thirty years, to the bearer; and at the bottom was a great array of coupons for semi-annual interest on the above, the rate of interest being six per cent., and consequently each coupon being for thirty pounds.

A great light now flashed in upon Harry's mind. Hastily he counted the documents, and found them to be thirty in number. The amount represented was therefore thirty thousand pounds. He understood it all. This was Katie's money, of which he had heard. Russell had been carrying it about his person, as he had said, and had been afraid of losing it. He had refused to make Harry his confidant as to his intentions. He had found out that niche somehow, and had hidden there the precious package. It was all Katie's, and had now by a strange chance fallen into his own hands. It struck Harry as at once very strange and very pleasant that all Katie's fortune should thus be placed in his care, and that he had thus become its guardian. He remembered all that Ashby had said about Russell's designs to obtain Katie's money for himself; and although he had not altogether believed Ashby, still he thought that the money was all the safer from being out of Russell's possession. Russell was not altogether trustworthy, while he himself would be loyal in this trust, and guard it with his heart's-blood.

At length he once more folded up the papers, and then, as he held the package in his hands, there arose the great and important question—what was he to do with it? To carry it about on his person was of course not to be thought of. He had already been examined once, and had no security that he would not be examined again. This made it necessary to find some place where they might be concealed until it should be safe to reclaim them. As for concealment, it could not be found in the room. He could not thrust it into the straw of the bed, for it would be sure to be found. Since he had been here the bed had already been examined twice. There remained, then, only the chimney, and to this place he once more directed his steps in search of a place of concealment.

He climbed up and advanced a few paces to the end of the niche. On reaching this he found to his amazement that it was not a niche, but a passageway which ran on for so long a distance that, as he peered down into it, he could see no end. This passageway served also to lessen the mystery of his late visitant. He now thought that this visitant had been one of the Carlist band, who had come in, while he was asleep, on a reconnoitring expedition. Yet, however this may have been, it did not prevent him from searching for a place of concealment in this passageway. It might not be a good place, the hidden documents might still be liable to discovery, yet it was the only place, and so there was no choice in the matter.

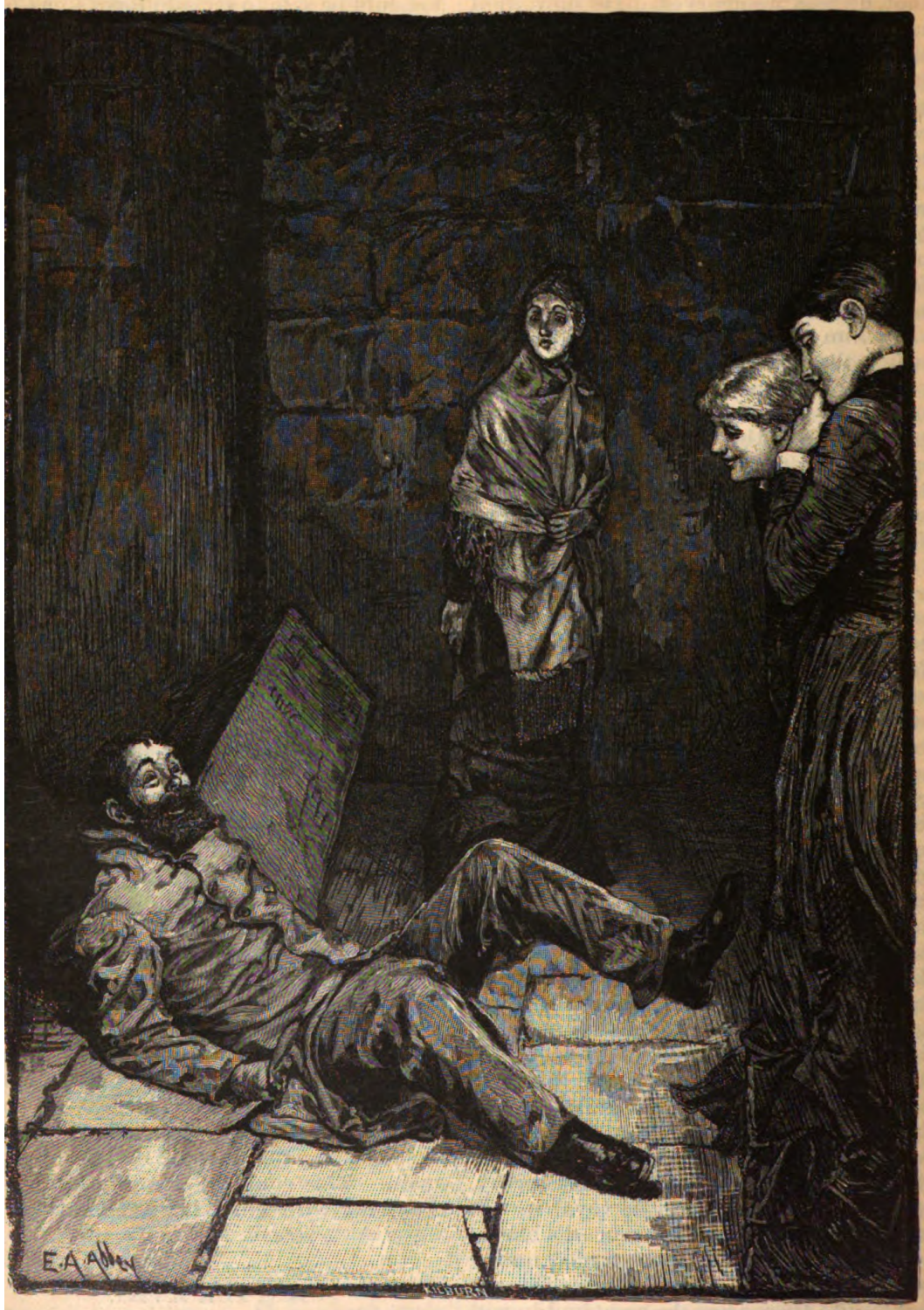
As Harry looked along this passageway he came to a huge projecting stone, which seemed as though it had been dislodged in some way. So large was this stone, and so peculiar was its dislocation, that Harry could only think of an earthquake as an adequate cause. It was about eight feet in length by four feet in height, and one end jutted forth, while the other end was sunken in, behind the surface of the wall, in a corresponding manner. At the end where the stone jutted out there was a crevice a few inches in width, which seemed well adapted for a place of concealment, and upon this he at once decided. But to prevent the possibility of discovery it was necessary to thrust the package far in, while at the same time it must be arranged in such a way that it could be drawn forth again. This could be done by means of the string with which it was bound up.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH HARRY YIELDS TO AN UNCONTROLLABLE IMPULSE, AND RISKS HIS LIFE IN A DARING ADVENTURE.

HARRY now felt perfectly secure about the package. It seemed to him to be safely hidden, beyond all possibility of discov-

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"THE BENCH TILTED UP, AND THE ROYAL PERSON WENT DOWN."—[SEE PAGE 283.]

ry; for who could ever venture into this assageway? and if any one should, how ould that package be seen? Still, as to any one venturing here, he had his doubts. There was that mysterious visit. What did that mean? It was a female figure—

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a woman; young, too, light, active. Who could it have been? It must have been some one familiar with the castle. He now felt convinced that this figure was no apparition, that it was some living person, that she had come down through this very passageway, and had entered his room, and touched him and whispered to him. So much was clear.

And now before him lay this passageway. He was resolved to explore it as far as possible, so as to unfold the mystery. But who was this visitor?—a woman! Was she friend or foe? If a foe, why had she come? What did she expect, or why had she spoken so gently and roused him so quietly? If a friend, why had she fled so hurriedly, without a sign or word? The more he thought it over, the more he felt convinced that his visitor had made a mistake; that she had come expecting to find some one else, and had been startled at the discovery of her mistake. Perhaps Mrs. Russell had bribed one of the Carlist women to carry a message to her husband. That seemed the most natural way of accounting for it.

It was evident to Harry that this passageway was known and was used, that he was at the mercy of his captor, and that Russell had made a great blunder in hiding his package in such a place. But why had his visitor failed to discover the package? Perhaps because she came in the dark. That would account for it. She could not have seen it; she passed by it thus both while coming and going.

Nevertheless, whether this passage was known and used by others or not, Harry could not help feeling that its discovery was a great thing for him. Perhaps it might lead out of the castle. That meant escape, liberty, life! It meant more. Once outside, he felt that he could obtain help from some quarter. He would then come back with a force which would be sufficient to capture the castle and free his friends; or, if he could not gather a large force, he might find at least a small band of men with whom he could steal in through this secret passage, and effect the rescue of his friends in that way. And by "his friends" he meant Katie. She at least could be rescued, and the best way would be to rescue her at the outset by carrying her off with him. Such were Harry's hopes and intentions.

In entering now upon this exploration Harry felt the great necessity that there was of caution; and yet, in spite of this, the torch would have to be retained, or else any farther progress would be impossible. To crawl along in the dark might be safer, but it would effect nothing, and he could only hope that his torch-light would not be observed. Dangerous or not, he must retain it; and, besides, he could not be in any greater peril than he had already been in. By this bold move he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. There was, however, one other precaution which he would have to take, and that was to make as little noise as possible. His heavy boots would never do, as the sound might pass through even such walls as these. Removing these, therefore, he carried them under one arm, and holding the torch in his unoccupied hand, he advanced along the passage.

The stones were cold to his feet as he started on his adventurous way. Slowly, cautiously, stealthily, he moved along. The passage was about six feet in height and two feet wide, with massive stone walls on either side. By its direction it seemed to pass through the wall at one end of the great hall, pass the place where the stairway ascended from below. Along this Harry moved noiselessly and watchfully, and at length came to a place where the passageway turned at right angles, just as it had done at the entrance. Up this he walked, and after a few paces perceived an abyss before him. In an instant he understood what this was. It was another chimney similar to the one in his room, from which the passageway had started; and here too, doubtless, there was a room like his own.

He now extinguished the torch, which, together with the boots, he put down on the floor, and then, lying flat down, he thrust his head over the opening and tried to see what was below. There was a faint light, the light of moonbeams, which streamed in here and fell upon the floor, just as in his own room. He reached down his hand, and could feel that here too there were stepping-stones. In fact, there were two rooms connected by this passageway, and in all probability they were exactly similar. But who were in this room? The men had been taken to one side of the great hall, the women to the other. Were the women here? Were they by themselves? And was Katie here? Would it be possible for him to go down so as to try to communicate with any of

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them? It was certainly hazardous. A discovery would ruin all. It would be better to wait, at any rate to watch here for a while, and listen.

As he watched he could see somewhat better, for his eyes grew more accustomed to the dim light. He could make out the stepping-stones, and the chimney floor, and the floor of the room for about one-third of the distance from the chimney. As he lay there and watched and listened, there came to his ears, through the deep stillness of night, the sound of regular breathing, as of sleepers, together with an occasional sigh, as of some one in a troubled dream. They were all asleep, then! Who? The Carlists, or the women attendants? or was it not rather his own friends—and —Katie? At this thought an uncontrollable desire seized him to venture down and see for himself. He might get near enough to see for himself. He could strike a match, take one look, and then, if mistaken, retreat. Dared he venture? He dared.

And for what?

For the chance, not of escape, but of communicating with Katie.

The fact is, as any one may see, Harry was getting in a very bad way about Katie. Else why should he make such a point about seeing her, and run such a risk, and make even the chance of his personal safety a secondary consideration? And what for? What did Katie care for him? What indeed?

These very questions had occurred to the mind of Harry himself, but they had one and all been promptly answered by that volatile young man in a way that was quite satisfactory to himself. For he said to himself that he was a poor lone man; an unfortunate captive in a dungeon; in the hands of a merciless foe; under sentence of death; with only a week to live; and that he wanted sympathy, yes, pined for it—craved, yearned, hungered, and thirsted for sweet sympathy. And it seemed to him as though no one could give him that sympathy for which he pined so well as Katie. And therefore he was going down to her on this desperate errand for the sole purpose of seeing her, and perhaps of communicating with her.

Slowly, cautiously, and stealthily Harry began to venture down, looking behind him at every movement, and at every movement waiting and listening. No sound arose, however, except the low breathing, which was as regular as before. At length he stood upon the stone floor of the fire-place.

Here he stood and looked into the room. By this time his eyes were so accustomed to the moonlight that he could see objects with wonderful distinctness. He could see three beds, upon which were reclining three figures, all apparently buried in sleep. Like himself, all these had been compelled to lie down in their clothes, with only such additional covering as might be afforded by their own shawls and wraps.

Harry stole forward, his heart beating painfully. Upon the rude couch nearest him lay a figure that seemed familiar. The moonbeams shone full upon her. A shawl with a large stripe was drawn over her. It was Katie's shawl.

Harry came nearer.

He could see her! It was—yes, it was Katie!

There was no mistake about it. It was Katie, and she was sound asleep. He looked at her as she slept—her head thrown back, and one arm upraised, so that the little hand seemed suspended in the air. For a few moments he stood, then he sank upon his knees, and gazed in silent rapture on that sweet and beautiful face. Her breathing was soft and low—scarce audible. He bent his head down to listen. Katie stirred. She drew a long breath.

"H-s-s-s-s-sh!" whispered Harry.

At this Katie stopped breathing for a moment, and then she whispered, very softly,

"Who are you?"

"Harry," said the other. "Don't speak a word."

Saying this, he reached out his hand and took hers. This was intended merely to soothe her and to re-assure her, for fear that she might be startled.

"I knew you would come to me," said Katie, in a rapid and joyous whisper; "and here you are—you dear, good boy!"

At this Harry's heart beat with a rapture that was positive pain.

"I had to come. I could not keep away," he whispered.

"I was just dreaming that you were with me," whispered Katie, "and it all seems so awfully natural. But won't the others see you?"

"H-s-s-s-s-sh!" said Harry. "They're all sound asleep."

Katie now raised herself up on her el-

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bow, while Harry remained kneeling on the floor.

"I think it's so lovely," she said. "It's so awfully nice, and jolly, and all that—in this mysterious old castle; and here, lo and behold! *you* come popping in upon one just like a romance."

"H-s-s-s-s-sh! you mustn't speak."

"But it's so awfully nice, you know, I must speak, and, besides, we're only whispering."

"Well, whisper lower, and closer."

Katie held her head closer to Harry, and thus these two, for purely precautionary purposes, carried on their conversation in that position. Their heads were so close that they touched; and their whispers were very soft and low. But all this was necessary; for if they had not taken these precautions they might have wakened up old Mrs. Russell, and then, as a matter of course, there would have been the mischief to pay.

"There's too much moonlight here," said Harry. "Come over inside the old fire-place, and we'll be in the dark."

"Oh, that will be *so* nice!" said Katie. And she at once got up and stole away to the deep, dark fire-place, where both of them were wrapped in impenetrable gloom. It was well that they did so, for at that moment something waked Mrs. Russell, who called out,

"Katie!"

"Well, auntie?" said Katie, from the depths of the fire-place.

"I thought I heard a noise."

"Oh no, auntie; you've been dreaming," said Katie, in a tone of sweet sympathy. "Go to sleep again, poor dear."

And auntie sank back into the land of dreams. After a little judicious waiting they were able to resume their interrupted conversation.

"How, in the name of wonder," said Katie, "did you ever, ever manage to get here?"

Harry bent down, and in a low, very low, faint whisper told her all about it, dwelling upon every little detail, and not forgetting to mention how he had longed to see her, and had risked everything for it. And Katie kept interrupting him incessantly with soft cooing whispers of sympathy, which were exceedingly sweet and precious.

And Katie proceeded to tell that she had been dreaming—and wasn't it funny?—about him; that she thought he had got into one of the windows, and was about to carry her off.

"And were you glad to see me?" asked Harry.

"Awfully!" said Katie; "just the same in my dream as I am now, only I can't see you one bit, it's so awfully dark."

"Are you afraid?" asked Harry, in a trembling voice.

"Afraid? Oh no. It's awfully nice, and all that, you know."

"But shouldn't you like to get away out of this?"

"Get away?"

"Yes, if I could get off, and get you off too."

"But how can we go?"

"Well, I don't know just yet. I only know the way from my room here, and back again; but I may find out something."

"But that won't do any good. Don't you really know any way out?"

"Not yet, but I hope to find one; I dare say I shall before long."

"Oh, how delicious!—how perfectly delicious that would be! I do wish that you only could. It would be quite too awfully nice, you know."

"I'll let you know. I promise you."

"But then," said Katie, "you'll be going off yourself and leaving poor me behind."

"Leave *you!*" said Harry, indignantly; "never!"

"Wouldn't you really?" asked Katie, in a tone of delight.

"Never," said Harry. "I wouldn't stir a step without you. I'd rather be a prisoner with you than a free man without you."

Katie drew a long breath.

"Well," said she, "I think you must be a true friend."

"I'd rather be here with you," persisted Harry, "than anywhere in the world without you."

"If only your passageway ran outside the building, wouldn't it be nice?" said Katie. "Why, we might pop out now, and away we would go, and no one a bit the wiser."

"And where would you like me to take you?"

"Where? Oh, anywhere!"

"But where in particular?"

"Oh, I don't care. I like Madrid very well; or London, but it's too rainy there, and foggy."

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"Should you like Barcelona?" inquired Harry, tenderly.

"I dare say, though I've never been there. But I don't half know what I'm talking about, and I think I've been mixing up my dreams with real life; and you come so into the middle of a dream that it seems like a continuation of it; and I'm not sure but that this *is* a dream. I'm pinching myself, too, all the time, and it hurts, so that I think I must be awake. But, all the same, you really mean what you say?"

"Mean it? Why, I can't say one thousandth part of what I really mean. Don't you believe it, when you see me here?"

"But I don't see you at all," said Katie.

Harry looked at her for a moment, and then said, abruptly,

"Keep your shawl around you, poor little girl; I'm afraid you'll get cold;" and with tender solicitude he proceeded to draw her shawl tighter around her slender figure. This was a work which required no little time and skill. Not a word was now spoken for some time. This was of course wiser on their part than whispering, for whispers are sometimes dangerous, and may lead to discovery. But Harry seemed troubled about Katie's health, and was never satisfied about that shawl.

"You are so very kind!" said Katie at last.

"It's because I'm so fond of—the shawl," said Harry. "I love to arrange it for you. I should like to take it back with me."

"Should you really?"

"Above all things—except one."

"What?"

"Why, of course, I should rather take back with me what's inside the shawl."

"Well, I'm sure 'what's inside the shawl' would like very much to get away out of this prison; and so, sir, when you find a way, you must let her know. But won't Mr. Russell wake and miss you?"

"Mr. Russell? Why, he isn't with me any longer."

"Isn't he?"

"No. I'm all alone. They took him away, and I suppose he's alone too."

"Oh dear! I hope I sha'n't be left alone."

I hope, if you are, you may be left here."

"Why?" asked Katie, who knew perfectly well, but liked to hear it stated in plain words.

"Why—because I could come to see you all the time then, instead of waiting till they're all asleep."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH DOLORES INDULGES IN SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

THE sleeper to whose sighs Harry had listened was Mrs. Russell, who awaked on the following morning burdened with the memories of unpleasant dreams. Dolores was bright and cheerful. Katie was as gay and as sunny as ever—perhaps a trifle more so.

"I don't understand how it is," said Mrs. Russell, "that you two can keep up your spirits so in this ogre's castle. I'm certain that something dreadful's going to happen."

"Oh, auntie, you shouldn't be always looking on the dark side of things."

"I should like to know what other side there is to look on except the dark one. For my part, I think it best always to prepare for the worst; for then when it comes one isn't so utterly overwhelmed."

"Yes," said Katie, "but suppose it doesn't come? Why, then, don't you see, auntie, you will have had all your worry for nothing."

"Oh, it's all very well for one like you. You are like a kitten, and turn everything to mirth and play."

"Well, here is our dear, darling Dolores," said Katie, who by this time had become great friends with the dark-eyed Spanish beauty. "Look at her! She doesn't mope."

"Oh no, I doesn't what you call—mopes," said Dolores, in her pretty broken English. "I see no causa to mopes."

"But you're a prisoner as much as I am."

"Oh, si—but thees is a land that I have a quaintance with: I know thees land—thees part."

"Have you ever been here before?"

"Si—yes. I lif here once when a child."

"Oh, you lived here!" said Katie. "Well, now, do you know, I call that awfully funny."

"My padre—he lif here in thees castello. I lif here one time—one anno—one year, in thees castello."

"What! here in this castle?"

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"Yes, here. The padre—he had grand flocks of the merino sheeps—to cultivate—to feed them in the pasturas—the sheep—one—ten—twenty thousand—the sheep. And he had thousand men—shepherds—and he lif here in thees castello to see over the flocks. But he was away among the flocks alla the times. And me and the madre and the domesticos, we all did lif here, and it seems to me like homes."

"But that must have been long ago?"

"Oh, long, long ago. I was vara leetl—a child; and it was long ago. Then the padre went to Cuba."

"Cuba! What! have you been there?"

"Oh, many, many years."

"Across the Atlantic—far away in Cuba?"

"Far, far away," said Dolores, her sweet voice rising to a plaintive note; "far away—in Cuba—oh, many, many years! And there the padre had a plantation, and was rich; but the insurrection it did break out, and he was killed."

Dolores stopped and wiped her eyes. Katie looked at her, and her own eyes overflowed with tears of tender sympathy.

"Oh, how sad!" she said. "I had no idea."

Dolores drew a long breath.

"Yes, he died, the good, tender padre; and madre and me be left all—all—all—alone—alone—in the cruele world. And the rebel came, and the soldiers, and oh, how they did fight! And the slaves they did all run away—all—all—all—away; and the trees and fruits all destroy; and the houses all burn up in one gran' conflagration; and it was one kind, good American that did help us to fly, or we never, never would be able to lif. So we did come back to our patria poor, and we had to lif poor in Valencia. I told you I was lifing in Valencia when I left that place to come on thees travel."

"I suppose," said Katie, "since you lived in this castle once, you must know all about it?"

"Oh yes, all—all about it."

"And you must have been all over it in every direction?"

"Oh yes, all over it—all—all over it—thousand—thousand times, and in every parts and spots."

"It's such a strange old castle," continued Katie, who was very anxious to find out how far the knowledge of Dolores went, and whether she knew anything about the secret passage—"it's such a strange old castle—it's like those that one reads of in the old romances."

"Yes, oh, vara, vara," said Dolores; "like the feudal Gothic castellos of the old, old charming romances; like the castello of the Cid; and you go up the towers and into the turrets, and you walk over the top, past the battlementa, and you spy, spy, spy deep down into the courts; and you dream, and dream, and dream. And when I was a vara leetl child, I did use to do nothing else but wander about, and dream, and dream, and get lost, and could not find my way back. Oh, I could tell you of a thousand things. I could talk all the day of that bright, bright time when my padre was like a noble; so rich he was, and living in his gran' castello."

"And did you really wander about so? and did you really get lost so?" asked Katie, who was still following up her idea—"such as where, now," she added, eagerly, "where would you get lost?"

"Oh, everywhere," said Dolores, "and all over. For there are halls that open into gallerias; and gallerias that open into rooms; and rooms into closets, and these into other halls; and grand apartments of states; and states beds-chambers; and there are the upper rooms for guests and domesticos; and down below them are rooms for the outer servitores; and far, far down, far down under-ground, there are dungeons—fearful, fearful places, with darkness and r-r-rats!—and that is all that you do find when you come to move about in this wonderful, this maravelloso castello."

"And have you been all through the vaults?" asked Katie, trying to lead Dolores on farther.

"Yes," said Dolores, "all—all—through all the vaults, every single one; and there was an ancient servitor who showed me all the mysteria—an ancient, ancient, venerable man he was—and he showed me all the secrets, till all the castello was as known to me as thees room; and so I did become lost no more, and we did use to wander together through dark and lonely ways, and up to the turrets, and down to the vaults, till all this beautiful, beautiful old castello was known to me like my own room."

While Dolores talked in this strain she grew more and more enthusiastic, and made use of a multiplicity of graceful gestures to help out her meaning. And her eyes glowed bright and her expressive features showed wonderful feeling, while

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her motions and her looks were full of eloquence. It was a bright and joyous past that opened to her memory, and the thought of it could not be entertained without emotion. By that emotion she was now all carried away; and as Katie watched her glowing face and her dark gleaming eyes and all her eloquent gestures, she thought that she had never seen any one half so beautiful. But Katie was dying with curiosity to find out how far the knowledge of Dolores extended, and so at last, taking her cue from Dolores's own words, she said:

"Dark and lonely ways! What dark and lonely ways, dear Dolores? That sounds as though there are secret passages through this old castle. Oh, I do so love a place with vaults and secret passages! And are there any here, dear? and have you been in them ever?"

Like lightning the glance of Dolores swept over Katie's face; it was a sudden, swift glance, and one full of subtle questioning and caution. Katie saw it all, and perceived too, at once, that whatever Dolores might know, she would not tell it in that fashion in answer to a point-blank question. As for Dolores, her swift glance passed, and she went on with hardly any change in her tone:

"Oh yes; the dark and lonely ways, far, far below—in the vaults and through the wide, wide walls. For they run everywhere, so that in the ancient times of wars the warriors could pass from tower to tower."

Katie saw that Dolores was on her guard and was evading her question, from which she concluded that the little Spanish maid knew all about the secret passageway to Harry's room. The visitor to him must have been Dolores, and no other. But why? This she could not answer. She determined, however, upon two things—first, to keep her own eyes open and watch; and secondly, to tell Harry all about it the next time she saw him.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH "HIS MAJESTY" EXHIBITS THE EMOTIONS OF A ROYAL BOSOM, AND MRS. RUSSELL IS DAZZLED BY A BRILLIANT PROSPECT.

On the following morning there was great excitement in Mrs. Russell's room. This was caused by one of the female attendants, who had come with the announcement that they were to be honored in a short time by a visit from "his Majesty the King."

"The King!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell, as soon as Dolores had translated this. "What King? Who is he?"

"The King!" said Dolores. "He can only be one—one single person—Don Carlos—King Charles."

"King!" cried Mrs. Russell, "and coming here! Oh dear! what shall I do? And my dresses! and my jewels! and my toilet articles! Oh, what ever, ever, ever will become of poor me!"

"Oh, auntie, it is useless to think of that," said Katie. "You are a prisoner, and no one knows that so well as the 'King,' as he calls himself."

Mrs. Russell, however, felt differently, and continued her lamentations until "his Majesty" himself appeared. Great was their surprise at finding this exalted personage to be no other than their Carlist chief; but they felt still greater surprise when "his Majesty" began to address them in English, with an accent which, though foreign, was still familiar.

"We have called, ladies," said he, with a magnificent bow, "to wish yez all a good-marrunin', an' to ax afther yer healths."

The ladies murmured some reply which was not very intelligible, in which, however, the words "your Majesty" occurred quite frequently.

"His Majesty" now seated himself upon the only seat in the room, namely, an oaken bench, and then, with a wave of his royal hand, said:

"Be sated, ladies, be sated. Let's waive all farrums an' cirimonies, an' howld conversation like frinds. *Be* sated, we beg; it's our r'y'l will, so it is."

The ladies looked at one another in meek embarrassment. There was nothing for them to sit on except the rough couches where they had slept; and finally, as there was nothing else to be done, they sat there, Mrs. Russell being nearest to "his Majesty," while Katie and Dolores sat farther away, side by side, holding one another's hands, and looking very meek and demure indeed.

"On sich occasions as these," said "his Majesty," "we love to dhrop all coort cirimonial, an' lave behind all our body-gyards, an' nobles, an' barr'ns, an' chamberlains, an' thim fellers, an' come in to have a chat like a private gintleman."

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"Oh, 'your Majesty'!" said Mrs. Russell, in a languishing tone, "how very, very nice it must be!"

"It is that, bedad; that's thrue for ye," said "his Majesty." "An' sure it's meself that's the proud man this day at findin' that yez can put a thrue interpretation on our r'y'l Majesty."

"Ah, sire," sighed Mrs. Russell, whose eyes fell in shy embarrassment before the dazzling gaze of "his Majesty."

"Acts," resumed "his Majesty," "that seemed like thrayson to our r'y'l person have unfortunately compilled us to detain yez; but we hope it 'll be all right, an' that ye'll be all well thraited. We thrust we'll be able to come to terrums av a satisfactory character."

A murmur followed from Mrs. Russell.

"Affairs av state," continued "his Majesty," "doesn't allow us to give full an' free play to that jaynial timpiramint that's our chafe an' layding fayture. It's war toime now, so it is, an' our r'y'l moind's got to be harsh, oystayre, an' onbinding. War wid our raybellious subjicts compils to rayjuice thim to obejience by farrce av arrums.

"An' now, madame an' ladies," continued "his Majesty," after a brief pause, "I hope yez won't feel alarrumed at what I'm going to say nixt. Ye see, our Prime Ministher has conveyed to our r'y'l ear charges against your worthy husband av a thraysonable nature."

"My husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell. "What! my John? Oh!"

"Yis," said "his Majesty." "I'm towld that he's been passing himself off as Lord John Russell, the Prime Ministher av England, an' as the spicial ambassador exthraardinary from our r'y'l cousin the Quane av England, to invistigate the state av affairs in Spain, wid an' oi to raycognition av our r'y'l claims. As such we've honored him wid an' aujence, an' communicated to him siviral state saycrits av a highly important nature. At that toime he wint an' he tuk onjew advantage av our confidince to desayve our r'y'l moind. Upon the discovery av this offinse I felt the kaynist sorrow—not for him, ladies, but for you; an' it's for your sakes that I now come here to assure yez av my tinder sympathy, an' to ax about the facts. Is he Lord John Russell?"

Mrs. Russell had at first felt ready to faint at this woful disclosure, but she felt the eye of majesty resting on her, and she saw something there that re-assured her. She afterward told Katie, in confidence, that she could understand exactly how Queen Esther had felt when Ahasuerus held out his sceptre.

"Ah, sire!" she replied. "Oh, your Most Gracious Majesty! He isn't quite a lord, sire, it's true, but he's a gentleman."

"Sure to glory that's thrue," said "his Majesty." "Don't I know it?—meself does. He's a gintleman, so he is, ivery inch av him; an' yit may I ax, madame, what made him praytind to be a British nobleman?"

"Oh, your Royal Majesty!" said Mrs. Russell, in deep distress.

"Spake on, fair an' beaucheous one," said "his Majesty," with great gallantry. "Spake on. Our r'y'l bosom's full, so it is, av tindirist sintimints. Power forth yer story into our r'y'l ear. Come—or—whisht! Come over here an' sit by our r'y'l side."

Saying this "his Majesty" moved over to one end of the bench and sat there. Unfortunately, as he placed himself on the extreme end, the bench tilted up, and his royal person went down. Katie, who was always very volatile, tittered audibly, and Dolores did the same. But "his Majesty" took no offense. The fact is, he laughed himself, and bore it all magnanimously—in fact, royally. He picked himself up as nimbly as a common person could have done.

"Be the powers!" said he, "whin the King loses his gravity, it's toime for iverybody else to lose his. But come along, jool, come an' sit by our r'y'l side, an' tell us the story."

Mrs. Russell had turned quite pale at the royal fall, and paler yet at the sound of Katie's laugh, but these words re-assured her. They seemed to show that she, unworthy and humble, was singled out in a special manner to be the mark of royal favor. And why? Was it on her own account, or for some other reason? She chose to consider that it was on her own account. At the renewed request of "his Majesty," which was so kind, so tender, and at the same time so flattering, she could no longer resist, but with fluttering heart, shy timidity, and girlish embarrassment she went over to "his Majesty," and seated herself on the bench by his side.

The manner of Mrs. Russell, which had all the airs and graces of a village coquette, together with the bashfulness of a

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school miss, seemed to Katie and Dolores, but especially Katie, a very rich and wondrous thing. She always knew that Mrs. Russell was a gushing, sentimental creature, but had never before seen her so deeply affected. But on this occasion the good lady felt as though she was receiving the homage of the King, and might be excused if she had all the sensations of a court beauty.

Mrs. Russell now, at "his Majesty's" renewed request, began to explain the position of her husband. He was a tailor, it is true, but not by any means a common tailor. In fact, he associated exclusively with the aristocracy. He was very eminent in his profession. He had an army of cutters and stitchers under him. He was not a tailor, but a Merchant Tailor, and, moreover, he was a member of the Merchant Tailors' Association, and a man of enormous wealth.

"Sure to glory," ejaculated "his Majesty," as Mrs. Russell paused for breath, "I knowed it was just that. It makes all the differ in the worruld whether a man's only a tailor wid a small 't,' or a Merchant Tailor wid capital letters."

"We keep our own carriage," continued Mrs. Russell, bridling and tossing her head, "and we have our own coat of arms and crest—the Russell arms, you know, the same as the Duke of Bedford."

"'Dade!" said "his Majesty," "so ye have the Russell arrums! I'm acquainted with his Grace the Juke av Bedford. I seen him in Paris. He's a conniction av me own in a distant way, an' so you too must be a conniction in a distant way, being a mimber av the house av Russell."

"Oh, sire! Oh yes—may it please your Gracious Majesty—yes, I dare say I am. Oh yes." Mrs. Russell was quite overcome at the royal condescension.

"Sure," continued "his Majesty," "we r'y'l personages always acknowledge our cousins. You're a cousin av mine, a distant one, it's thrue, but degrays don't count wid us. Wanst a cousin, always a cousin."

"Ah, sire."

"I niver knowed that ye were a cousin befoor," said "his Majesty," "or else I'd saluted ye in our r'y'l fashion, just as our cousin Quane Victoria did when she acknowledged the Imperor Napoleon. It's our way to acknowledge relationship wid the r'y'l kiss. We call it the Kiss av State. Allow me, cousin."

And before the astounded Mrs. Russell understood his intention, "his Majesty" put his arm round her waist and gave her a sounding smack, which seemed to Katie like the report of a pistol.

This was altogether too much for poor Katie. She had almost lost control of herself several times already, but now it was impossible to maintain it any longer, and she went off into a wild burst of laughter. It proved contagious. Dolores caught it, and clung to Katie, burying her face against her, and half hiding it behind her.

"His Majesty" dropped his "cousin" as though he had been shot, and turning round, regarded the two young ladies for some minutes in silence, while Mrs. Russell sat rigid with horror at this shocking irreverence. But in the royal eye, as it rested on Katie, there was a merry twinkle, until at length the contagion seized upon "his Majesty" himself, and he too burst forth into peals of laughter. After this even Mrs. Russell joined in, and so it happened that "his Majesty" and the three ladies enjoyed quite a pleasant season.

"His Majesty" at length recovered from his laughing fit, and drew himself up as though preparing for business.

"Ye see," said he, "Misther Russell has committed an offinse against our r'y'l prayrogatives, an' ayven his being our cousin doesn't help him, so it doesn't, for ye see it's a toime av danger—the habeas corpus is suspinded, thrial by jury's done up; there's only martial law, an', be jabers, there's a coort-martial in session at this blissed moment in the room overhead."

"Oh, sire," exclaimed Mrs. Russell, clasping her hands, "they're not sitting on my poor John!"

"Sure an' it's just him, an' divil a wan else, so it is; an' it 'ud be meself that 'ud be proud to git him off if I cud, but I can't, for law is law, and there ye have it; and though we are King, yet ayven we haven't anny power over the law. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* I've got no more conthrol over the law than over the weather. But we've got something, an' that is a heart that milts at the soight av beauty in disthress."

"Oh, sire," said Mrs. Russell, "spare him!"

"His Majesty" took her hand, pressed it, and held it in his.

"Dearest cousin," said he, "ye ax impossibilities. Law is an' must be shu-

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prame. Even now the coort is deciding. But in anny evint, even the worst, ye have a frind in us—constant, tinder, an' thrue; in anny evint, no matther what, moind ye, I won't forgit. Niver! niver! I'll be thrue to me word. Permit us to laymint that we had not met ye befoor the late—that is, befoor John Russell obtained this hand. Nay, dhrop not that beaucheous head, fair one. Let the r'y'l eye gaze on those charrums. Our r'y'l joy is to bask an' sun ourselves in the light av loveliness an' beauty."

The strain in which "his Majesty" spoke was certainly high-flown and perhaps extravagant, yet his intention was to express tenderness and sympathy, and to Mrs. Russell it seemed like a declaration made to her, and expressive of much more. She felt shocked, it is true, at the word "late" applied to her unfortunate husband by "his Majesty," yet the words which followed were not without a certain consolation.

"Oh, that it were possible," continued "his Majesty," "for some of us in this room to be more to one another! Oh, that some one here would allow us to hope! Let her think av all that we could do for her. She should be the sharer av our heart an' throne. Her lovely brow should be graced by the crown av Spain an' the Injies. She should be surrounded by the homage av the chivalry av Spain. She should fill the most dazzlin' position in all the worruld. She should be the cynosure av r'y'l majistic beauty. She should have wealth, an' honors, an' titles, an' dignities, an' jools, an' gims, all powered pell-mell into her lap; an' all the power, glory, moight, majisty, an' dominion av the impayrial Spanish monarchy should be widin the grasp av her little hand. What say ye, me fair one?"

All this florid harangue was uttered for the benefit of Katie, and as he spoke "his Majesty" kept his eyes fixed on her, hoping that she would respond by some glance or sign. Yet all the time that he was speaking he was unfortunately holding the hand of Mrs. Russell, who very naturally took all this proposal to herself. "His Majesty's" language had already seemed to convey the information that her husband had passed away from earth, and was now the "late" John Russell; and much as she might mourn over the fate of one so dear, still it could not be but that the devotion of one like "his Majesty" should touch her sensitive heart. So when these last words came, and brought what seemed to her like a direct appeal, she was deeply moved.

"What say ye, me fair one?" repeated "his Majesty," with greater earnestness, trying to catch Katie's eye.

Mrs. Russell's eyes were modestly bent downward on the floor. She clung to the royal hand.

"Oh, sire!" she murmured. "Oh, your Royal Majesty! I am thine—yours forever—I can not refuse!"

And flinging her arms about him, her head sank upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH BROOKE AND TALBOT BEGIN TO GROW VERY WELL ACQUAINTED.

BROOKE'S heart sank within him as, followed by Talbot, he once more entered the old mill. He knew perfectly well that his position was one of peril, and doubly so from the part which he had been playing. The jeering laugh of these merciless soldiers kept ringing in his ears; the sneers of Lopez and his bitter taunts could not be forgotten. His disguise was no longer of any value either to himself or to Talbot; his true character, when declared, seemed even worse in the eyes of these men than his assumed one had been. To them a Carlist was far from being so bad as a newspaper correspondent; for while the one was an open enemy, the other was a secret foe, a traitor, and a spy. Moreover, in addition to this, there was the fact that he was an American, which, instead of disarming their rage, had only intensified it. These men called themselves Republicans, but they were Spaniards also; and Spaniards hate Americans. They can not forgive the great republic for its overshadowing power, which menaces them in the New World, and for the mighty attraction which it exercises upon disaffected Cubans.

Great though his own danger might be, it was not, however, for himself that Brooke feared. It was for Talbot. Trusting herself implicitly to his care and guidance, she had assumed this attire. Among the Carlists it would have been the best of protections and the safest of disguises. Among Republicans it was the worst of garbs. For many of the Spanish Repub-

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licans were full of French communistic sentiments, and were ready to wage war with all priests and ecclesiasts of all forms of religion. What could save Talbot from their murderous hands? It was too late now for her to go back. She must remain a priest, since to reveal herself in her true character would be to rush on to certain destruction. As a priest, however, she was exposed to inevitable danger; she must brave all perils; and to Brooke there seemed not one ray of hope for her safety.

They went back to the loft, and here they remained in silence for some time. At length Brooke spoke.

"Talbot!"

"Well, Brooke."

"Give me your hand."

The slender hand of Talbot stole into his. It was as cold as ice.

"Talbot!" said Brooke, in a tremulous voice, holding her hand in a firm grasp.

"Well, Brooke."

"Do you understand the danger we are in?"

"Yes, Brooke."

"Do you forgive me for my share in bringing you into it?"

"Brooke," said Talbot, reproachfully, "such a question is ungenerous. I am the only cause of your present danger. If you had been alone, without such a fatal incubus as me, you might easily have escaped; or rather you would never have fallen into danger. Oh, I know—I know only too well, that you have thrown away your life—or, rather, risked it—to save me."

As Talbot ended, her voice died away in scarce audible tones, which were full of indescribable pathos.

Brooke gave a short laugh, as usual.

"Pooh!" said he. "Tut, tut! stuff and nonsense! Talbot, the fact is, I've been a blockhead. I've got you into a fix, and you're the sufferer. Now I'm quite ready to die, as I deserve, for getting you into danger; but the mischief of it is, what's going to become of you? I swear to you, Talbot, this is now my only fear."

"Brooke," said Talbot, in mournful tones, "every word of yours is a reproach to me. You force me to remember how base I have been in allowing you to sacrifice yourself for me. Oh, if I could only recall the past few hours! if we were only back again in the tower, I would never let you go with me; I would make my journey alone, and—"

"I think," interrupted Brooke, "that I shall have to shut up. Come, now, let's make a bargain. I'll say no more about it if you don't. Is it a bargain?"

"I suppose so."

There was silence now for a short time, after which Brooke said,

"Talbot, lad, you don't object, do you, to my holding your hand?"

"Object, Brooke? Certainly not."

"It seems to have the effect," said Brooke, "of soothing me, and of making my self-reproach less keen."

"When you hold my hand, Brooke," said Talbot, in a low voice, whose tremor showed unusual feeling, "I feel stronger, and all my weakness leaves me. And I like best of all what you said to me about my not being a girl. I love to have you call me 'Talbot,' for it sounds as though you have confidence in poor me; but best of all I love to hear you say 'Talbot, lad,' for it seems as though you look on me as your equal. Your tone is that of a brave man addressing his comrade, and the very sound of your voice seems to drive all my fear away."

"Good boy!" said Brooke, in a harsh, husky voice. After which he cleared his throat violently, but said nothing further for a while.

"You see, Talbot, lad," said he at last, "it is this: I have a feeling that I can't get rid of, and I've had it ever since we left the tower. The feeling is this—that you are my younger brother. You don't understand. I'll tell you about him."

"Your younger brother!" said Talbot, in a low voice, soft and unutterably sweet. Then a little sigh followed, and she added: "And that I will try to be to you, Brooke, until this danger is over. But you must bear with me, and not be angry if I turn out sometimes to be a coward."

"A coward?" said Brooke. "Come, I like that. Why, Talbot, boy though you are, there is enough stuff in you to fit out half a dozen men. You're a Talbot, to begin with; and in addition to that you are that sort of a person that you would let yourself be torn in pieces for the sake of a comrade."

"I'm glad you think that of me," said Talbot, gently.

"I was going to tell you about my younger brother," said Brooke. "We were in Cuba together, where the fighting was—just such a country as this—and I was trying to work my way along between

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the two forces so as to get to Matanzas. The danger was frightful. Neither side gave any quarter. It was a war of savages, and my chief anxiety was for poor Otto. But you never saw any one pluckier than he was—as cool, as calm, as fearless as though he was in a parlor. So we went for weeks."

"And what became of him?" asked Talbot, as Brooke paused.

"We escaped," said he, "and reached Matanzas, but there—the poor boy—died. So you see, Talbot, since you have joined me my memory goes back to those Cuban days; and whenever I say to you, 'Talbot, lad,' it seems as though I am speaking to my dear lost Otto. And here let me say, Talbot, that if I ever seem familiar, you must not think it want of respect; think rather that I am mistaking you for Otto, and forgive it."

"Do not say that," said Talbot. "I should prefer to have you think of me as 'Otto,' and even call me 'Otto.'"

"No, Talbot, boy; you have your own name, and by that I will call you."

"In our family," said Talbot, "there is a cimeter which is an heirloom. It was brought from the East during the Crusades by an ancestor. While there he was wounded and taken prisoner by a Saracen emir named Hayreddin. This Saracen treated him with chivalrous generosity, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. They exchanged arms, the Saracen taking Talbot's sword, while Talbot took Hayreddin's cimeter. Hayreddin set Talbot free. Afterward he himself was taken prisoner, and Talbot was fortunate enough to procure his freedom. The cimeter is the very one which my ancestor brought back from the Holy Land."

"You and I," said Brooke, in a cheery tone, "will be Talbot and Hayreddin. You are the Christian knight, and I am the heathen. It's a pity we can't exchange arms."

"Yes, we can't very well do that."

"We can exchange something, at any rate, comrade," said Brooke. "You have my priest's dress; let me have something of yours by way of exchange."

"But what can I give?" said Talbot.

"Anything, from a needle to a needle-gun. It would be better if portable—an old ribbon, a portable pincushion, a boot-lace."

"I have something," said Talbot, suddenly, "if you will take it, Brooke; but perhaps you will think it only a bother."

"No, Talbot, lad, brother—brother in arms, and comrade of mine!—nothing that you can give shall be regarded as other than a comrade's pledge."

Talbot withdrew her hand, which Brooke had been holding all this time.

"Here is something," said she. "It will do better than anything else."

"What is it?" asked Brooke, who could not see in the gloom what it was that she offered.

"A ring," said Talbot, in a voice that had sunk to a whisper.

"A ring," repeated Brooke. "Is it your ring, Talbot? Then put it on my finger with your own hands, comrade, and I swear to you by a soldier's word that it shall never leave me, either in life or death."

Talbot made no reply, but put the ring, which she had detached from her own finger, upon the little finger of Brooke's left hand.

Not a word was said by either, and there was now a long silence, which was finally broken by Brooke.

"Talbot," said he, "don't you think you can sleep a little?"

"I'll try."

"Do. If you could only sleep a little, I should feel very glad indeed."

"I'll try," said Talbot again, "and you must not suppose that I am awake."

Talbot now drew off for a little distance, while Brooke remained as before, and was left to his own meditations. All was still within, and outside the sounds gradually lessened, until at length they were heard no more. Slowly the time passed, and to Brooke it had never in his life seemed so long. Not a sound escaped from Talbot. Was she asleep?

"Talbot, lad!" said Brooke, in a low voice.

"Well, Brooke," was the gentle reply.

"Have you been asleep?"

"Oh—well—a little."

"No, Talbot," said Brooke, "you have not been asleep. And you say that you were merely to make it pleasant for me. You are full of anguish, Talbot, but you keep up a cheerful tone so as not to add to my burdens. You see I know it all, Talbot, and understand you thoroughly, so there need not be any further dissimulation."

"Brooke," said Talbot, "you are feverish from anxiety, and fanciful. Be yourself. Sing one of your droll songs. Talk

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nonsense. If you go on in this mournful strain, you will make me break down utterly."

At this Brooke drew a long breath. "Forgive me, Talbot," he said. "I really don't know what has come over me. If I were alone I could sleep as sound as a top, but anxiety about another is a different thing. Still, you are right, and I mean to turn the conversation to some other subject. A song, did you say? Very well. By-the-bye, did you ever hear this?

"'Oh, Jenny Jones was a lovely gal,
And her mother worked a mangle;
She fell in love with a fine young lad
Who played on the triangle.'"

Brooke hummed this, and then stopped.

"I never heard it before," said Talbot. "Sing the rest. Now you are yourself again. Whatever you feel, Brooke, don't speak of it, but laugh and jest, and sing scraps of old songs."

"I won't," said Brooke. "I'll sing nothing more, and I'll say nothing more."

Talbot made no reply.

Brooke was true to his resolution, and said not another word. Talbot was as silent as he. Each had thoughts which were all-engrossing. Neither spoke, but each knew perfectly well that the other was wide-awake, and full of care.

Thus the night passed away, with its long, long hours. It seemed interminable; but at length it came to an end, as all nights must, however long. The dawn came, and the two could see each other. Each sat propped up against the wall. Neither one spoke for a long time, until it was broad day, when Brooke, who had been watching Talbot's face until it grew fully revealed, broke the silence with a slight cough. Talbot turned and smiled.

"Good-morning," said Brooke. "We seem to be having quite a spell of weather. Quite a fine view from these windows. You haven't been out yet, I suppose?"

"Not yet," said Talbot.

"Well," said Brooke, "we must take a walk after breakfast.

"'Oh, if I was the owner of London town,
I'd buy my love a scarlet gown—
A gown of scarlet bombazine,
And away we'd travel to Gretna Green.'"

"Have you ever been there?" asked Talbot, trying to assume Brooke's own careless tone.

"Yes, Talbot; of course I have. Every American makes a pilgrimage there when he visits England. As the poet says:

'I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below.'

Talbot!"

Brooke's voice changed.

"Well, Brooke."

"Can you be sure of yourself this day? Can you stand it?"

"Yes, Brooke."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Brooke."

"For my sake, don't let me see you falter, Talbot, or I shall break down. Alone I could let myself be tortured to death by Comanches, and I'd sing my death-song as bravely as Mullins Bryan; but mark this, Talbot: if you break down, if you even falter, I'm a lost, ruined, and dishonored man. Will you remember that, Talbot?"

As he spoke these words Brooke's voice had a thrill in it that Talbot had never heard before.

"Brooke," said she, "I will be firm. Rather than show any weakness I will die."

"That's very good," said Brooke. "Your hand on it, Talbot."

She held out her hand. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp.

"You will not forget?" he asked, eagerly.

"I can not forget," she answered, simply.

"Good lad!" said Brooke. He dropped her hand, and at once resumed his careless manner. "And now," said he, "we can continue our music:

'For there the historic blacksmith stands'—

Gretna Green, you know—

'And hammers away at the marriage bands.'

Only he don't do so now, you know, for he's dead and gone, and they've got new marriage laws."

Not long after this a man came up with a flask of wine and some rolls. Brooke took them from him and brought them over.

"Talbot," said he, "you don't want to eat; in fact, at this moment you hate food. But while I am with you I'm your master, and I now command you to eat. Moreover, let me add that it is necessary to eat, or else you may grow faint; and then, when there comes a chance of escape, you won't be able to walk, and I shall have

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to carry you—don't you see? And now won't you eat, just for the sake of saving me from unnecessary fatigue?"

"I will eat if you will," said Talbot.

"Eat!" exclaimed Brooke. "What! I eat? Oh, well, I don't mind. For that matter, I'd just as soon eat a pair of boots as not."

He broke off a fragment of bread and ate it. Talbot did the same, and thus both forced themselves to eat, and each did this for the sake of the other.

They said nothing while thus forcing themselves to eat. The thought that was present to each was enough to occupy the mind, and it was one which could not be put in words. Brooke saw death awaiting himself, and, worse than that, he saw Talbot, alone, friendless, despairing, in the hands of remorseless fiends. Talbot, on the other hand, saw death awaiting Brooke, and never could shake off the torturing thought that his death was owing to her, and that he was virtually dying for her. Had it not been for her he might still have been safe. And it seemed to her to be a very hard and bitter thing that such a man as this should have to die in such a way, and that she should be the cause. Ah! it became very hard for her to keep her promise to maintain her coolness, and to force back those tears and those cries that were ready to burst forth beyond control. Yet such was this girl's high nature that she could crush down her weak woman's heart, and turn toward Brooke a face in which there was not a trace of emotion, and speak in a voice without a tremor.

Soon a man appeared once more, thrusting his head up into the loft, and in a stern voice he ordered them to come down.

Brooke rose. He did not look at Talbot. He walked toward the ladder, droning out, in a nasal whine, to a most extraordinary tune, the following words:

"Come on, you tarnal Mingo;
I'll make you walk your chalks.
D'ye think I care, by jingo!
For all yer tomahawks?
I'm more of salamander,
And less of mortal man:
You can not shake my dander—
I'm a rale American."

At the opening he paused, and looked back at Talbot's pale face.

"Did you ever hear the death-song of Mullins Bryan?" he asked.

"No," said Talbot.

"H'm! I suppose not," said Brooke.

He then went down, and Talbot followed.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW TALBOT HAS LIFE AND FREEDOM OFFERED, AND HOW SHE DECLINES THE OFFER.

OUTSIDE, Lopez was seated upon a stone which stood close by the foundation wall of the mill, and near him were about a dozen of his followers. The rest of the band were at a distance, and were all variously occupied. Some were lolling on the grass, smoking; others were lying down as though trying to sleep; others were squatting on their haunches in groups, talking and gesticulating; others were wandering away in different directions.

All this was taken in at a glance by Brooke, as he came out, followed by Talbot, after which he turned and faced Lopez. The latter regarded him with sharp scrutiny for some time, after which he looked in the same way at Talbot. The gaze was returned by Talbot calmly, quietly, and unshrinkingly, without boldness, and yet without shyness. It was as though she wished to read the true character of this man, so as to see what hope there might be.

"Your name!" said Lopez to Brooke, in a tone of command.

"Raleigh Brooke," said he.

"Señor Brooke," said Lopez, "you must be aware that the accounts which you gave of yourself last night were very contradictory. Even at the best you are, according to your own statement, a newspaper correspondent, which in our eyes is the same as a spy. But, more than this, you confess yourself to be an American, which makes it still worse. And so, señor, you see that you are in an awkward position. But this is not all. There is something more that I must ask. You speak of having come on in trains—that were stopped. Were you not on that train which was stopped by the Carlists?"

"No," said Brooke, firmly, and without a moment's hesitation.

That was false, of course; but Brooke had already identified himself with Talbot for her sake, and had told a story to which he was now forced to adhere. It would have been far better if he had told the truth at the outset, but it was too late now. So he answered "No."

"One of our men came on by the train in which you say you came," continued Lopez, "and has no recollection of you."

"Very possible," said Brooke, coolly;

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"and I don't suppose I have any recollection of him. People can't remember all who come and go in railway trains, even in America, where all the carriages are in one; but here, where each car is divided into coaches, how can one know anything about his fellow-passengers?"

"I came in the train that was stopped by the Carlists," said Lopez.

"Did you see me there?" asked Brooke.

"No," said Lopez; "but there was a priest."

"Was that the priest?" asked Brooke, pointing to Talbot.

"No," said Lopez—"not at all. This priest that I refer to had a beard, and wore spectacles: he was a totally different man from your friend."

Lopez now paused and reflected for a few moments.

"Come," said he at length, "I'll give you a chance. I'm not cruel; I hate bloodshed; and I don't care about shooting prisoners even when they're spies. We all look on you as a spy, but I'll give you a chance to save yourself. I'll tell you all frankly. It is this:

"I myself came on in that train that was stopped by the Carlists. In that same train there was a party of English ladies and gentlemen. All of the passengers, myself included, were robbed; but, mark you, while the natives were permitted to go away in safety, these English—ladies, mind you, as well as gentlemen—were detained by the Carlists. Now, of course, these so-called Carlists are merely brigands, or else they would not have captured and robbed a party of inoffensive travellers, and still less would they have detained them as prisoners. They are brigands, then, and of course they intend to exact a ransom from their prisoners, and of course if the ransom is not paid they will shoot every one of them.

"Well, after I had escaped from their clutches I communicated at once with the military authorities, and reported the capture of these travellers. They immediately ordered me to take a detachment of men and set off in pursuit. This is our present errand. You now know all; and if you are a true man you will at once not only sympathize with our present undertaking, but you will lend us all the aid in your power; you will tell us all you know; you will be as frank with me as I have been with you, and help us to save these unfortunate ladies from a fate worse than death."

"Señor Captain," said Brooke, without hesitating for one instant, "I thank you for your frankness, but it is of no possible value to me. I have come from a different direction, and can not be of the slightest assistance in this matter."

"Oh, very well," said Lopez, coldly. "As I said before, I am merciful, and hate shooting prisoners in cold blood. But mark this: if it is necessary I will not hesitate. I will allow you this day to think over what I have said. And now, what about this priest?"

"He is an English priest," said Brooke, calmly, "and can not understand Spanish."

"Very well, you shall act as interpreter. In the first place, his name and residence?"

"Sydney Talbot," said Brooke, "of London."

"What are you doing in this country?" asked Lopez directly of Talbot.

"I came on a visit to Barcelona," said Talbot in reply, as Brooke translated the question.

"For what purpose?"

"On a visit to friends."

"What friends?"

"English people."

"Name?"

"Rivers," said Talbot, calmly, and without a moment's hesitation. All this was news to Brooke, who had never learned her private history or the secret of her journey to Spain.

"You do not know the language? You can not have been long in Spain?"

"No—only a week."

"A very short visit," said Lopez. "Did you come so far only to remain a week?"

"No," said Talbot, "I expected to stay much longer."

"Why did you not stay?"

"Because I found on my arrival that the family had left Barcelona."

"Where did they go?"

"I have no idea."

"Were they not expecting you?"

"I supposed that they were expecting me, and I am quite unable to account for their departure, and their failure to meet me."

"And so you set out on your return home?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Lopez, "your story is a

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little absurd, yet not at all improbable. I dare say there was a mistake somewhere."

"There must have been—yet I don't know."

"Young sir," said Lopez, after a pause, "you carry your character in your face. You at least are not a spy. Upon that I would stake my life. I wish I could say as much for your companion. All Spaniards—at least all Republicans—would not let a priest off so easily; but you are different, and I could no more suspect you than I could suspect the apostle St. John. Señor, you are free; you may go on your way at once."

"Señor, you are free, and may go on your way at once," repeated Brooke, as a flush of joy passed over his face. "Go, Talbot, go," he added, earnestly; "go at once!"

But Talbot did not move.

"I am deeply grateful, captain," said she, "but I prefer to remain with my friend."

"Talbot!" cried Brooke.

"Tell him what I say," was Talbot's calm reply.

"You are mad!" groaned Brooke.

"What is all this?" cried Lopez, angrily. "What does the priest say?"

"The priest says that he will not go," replied Brooke—"that he will stay by me."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Lopez. "Well, that's all the better for you. You'll need him, especially if you persist in your obstinacy."

Brooke translated this, and Talbot listened without a word.

Brooke was now ordered back into the mill, and he went, Talbot following. On reaching the loft, they both were silent for a long time. Brooke spoke first.

"Oh, Talbot! Talbot!" he cried, in a reproachful voice, "why didn't you go? You had the chance."

"Go!" exclaimed Talbot. "What! go and leave you?"

"Of course," said Brooke.

"What! when you have risked your life, and are in such danger of death, for me? Oh, Brooke! Brooke! Is this, then, your opinion of me? Can you think me capable of such utter baseness?"

"Talbot," said Brooke, "it was to save your life that I left the tower, and now you will not save yourself."

"Save myself! save my worthless life! I should scorn it if I must leave you to die. Never! never! Now, may God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me—that is, till we escape, and are out of danger. We must escape together. You shall never lay down your life for me."

Talbot spoke with the air of one whose resolution was immovable. Brooke's agitation was intense.

"Talbot," he cried, "you are mad. You don't know these men. They are remorseless fiends. They will wreak their vengeance on you as well as on me."

"Let them," said Talbot, firmly.

"I tell you," cried Brooke, in vehement tones, "that I have a duty to perform and a battle to fight. I have to be constant until death to my duty; but if you stay by me—if you remain—if you are still in peril—oh, Talbot, I shall be false to my duty—for your sake."

"No, Brooke," said Talbot, "you will never be false to your duty for my sake. You will be true, and I will stand by you. You shall never see me deserting you. If you have any friendship for me, you will be glad to see your friend by your side in the hour of your trial."

"It's not that! it's not that!" cried Brooke. "Good heavens! you will not understand. Do you not see that if you remain you will soon be alone in the world, and then—who will defend you?"

"I understand well what you mean," said Talbot, firmly. "You expect to die, and do not wish to leave me here alone among these ruffians. Never fear for me. Heaven will protect me. But you must know this well, and I say it once for all, I will not leave you. I can not be false or dishonorable. I can die. Yes, Brooke, I can die, for I remember how you told me that I am an English lad. We Talbots have given up our lives in every generation for what we believe to be the good cause; and the last of the Talbots can die gladly rather than desert a friend."

Brooke turned away. A sob burst from him. In vain he tried to restrain it. Then there followed an exceedingly bitter cry.

"Talbot! Talbot! By heaven, you'll break my heart!"

"Oh, Brooke," cried Talbot, "be calm—oh, be calm! I say to you, as you said to me, be calm *for my sake;* for if you lose your self-control I shall break down utterly."

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THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

SCARCELY any subject has occupied a larger place in the attention of the public during the last twenty years than the education of women, and yet there is nothing like a definite general agreement concerning any point involved in the discussion. We have clamorous cries for the identical education of women and men, for co-education, and for the higher education of women, whatever that may mean; we have discussions of the comparative intellectual capacities of men and women, and of the physical fitness or unfitness of girls for university work; now and then we have graphic pen-pictures of the domestic misery produced by the education of girls out of the intellectual plane occupied by their fathers and mothers, and tirades, innumerable as vague, against the frivolity of the education given to girls in fashionable schools. But with all this discussion the public is still divided in opinion upon that question of supreme importance, What training and what teaching ought we to give to the girls who are to be the wives of our boys, and who are to bring up the next generation of Americans?

Perhaps the absurd notion that there is, somehow, antagonism between the interests of the sexes or the dignity of the sexes in this matter has had much to do with our failure to come to an agreement; but a more serious obstacle has been the common neglect of the debaters to inquire particularly into the fundamental relations of education to life. The definite statement of a few elementary principles may help us here, although the principles are so commonplace and obvious that their formal statement seems almost absurdly unnecessary.

The purpose of education, whether we hold what are called utilitarian views or not, is to fit its recipient for life. Education which does not fit its recipient for life, or which does so imperfectly, is to that extent defective, misdirected, useless.

In the education of every human being, therefore, distinct reference should be had to the conditions and requirements, general and particular, of the life which that being is likely to lead, and the education should include due provision for such contingencies as are probable or easily possible, though not certain.

All discussion of educational problems, to be profitable, must be founded upon a proper recognition of these fundamental principles.

"I utterly loathe and detest the kind of education you have received," wrote the late Horace Greeley to a young Oxford graduate who had applied to him for employment, "because it has unfitted you for life, and has given you no means of taking care of yourself, or of making yourself useful in your generation." I quote from memory a letter which was brought to me to read eight or ten years ago, and except in the first clause of it I can pretend to give only the substance, not the exact words; but the substance is the soundest philosophy, and in this country we recognize the principle on which it rests, to a certain extent at least, though we are apt to misapply it in the direction of material utilitarianism and in a contempt for scholastic acquirements, as Mr. Greeley did in the latter part of the letter, where he wrote, "I thank God that I was graduated from a New England very common school!"

The principle is that which has been enunciated above, and it is fundamental, as we have said, to all profitable discussion of education. The purpose of the present paper is to inquire whither its application to the question of women's education leads. By this test, what teaching, what knowledge, what skill, and what intellectual and physical discipline do our daughters need? This is a question of the highest moment.

Upon the answer which this generation gives to it will depend the happiness and the welfare of generations to come. No man or woman who has daughters to bring to womanhood or sons to be mated with the young women of the future can afford to treat the theme lightly or in a spirit of perversity.

Before we can decide what education our daughters need we must know what their lives are likely to be, and what demands life is likely to make upon them. Luckily we know in the main, and the contingencies are such that we may provide against them. So large a proportion of our girls will become wives and mothers that our only safety lies in giving all of them proper preparation for the life of wives and mothers.

For such a life they will need, first of

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all, good physical health. So certain and so imperative is this need, and so surely must neglect of it result in wretchedness, that inattention to this matter may fairly be called criminal. Yet in no other particular, perhaps, is the education of girls more generally neglected or more frequently misdirected. There is not only too little systematic effort made to educate girls' bodies into supple robustness, and to give stamina and buoyancy to their constitutions, but there is, too commonly, positive education in ill health given to them. Very much that is most carefully done for girls is directly productive of ill health, weakness, and want of stamina. The care given to the complexion, for example, by which too many mothers mean only the whiteness of the skin, commonly consists of restraints which break down the nervous system, impair vitality, and invite invalidism. This is not a lecture on hygiene, and it is no part of our purpose to suggest the proper hygienic governance of girls' lives. We seek only to emphasize the importance of proper physical training as a necessary part of the education of girls.

As wives and mothers our girls are to be, in Addison's phrase, "the cement of society." Without their purity and grace, and intelligence and good temper, society would crumble to pieces. It will be their task to keep the world sweet and wholesome; to create, regulate, and maintain social intercourse of a graceful, profitable kind; to make life worth living. It will be theirs to make homes with the material means which men furnish; to turn mere dwelling-houses into centres of attractive domestic life. Upon them chiefly will fall the duty of ornamenting life, cultivating the world's taste, keeping its moral nature alive, and inspiring the men of their generation with high and worthy conceptions of purity and duty. It will be theirs to entertain the world, too, and to amuse it in profitable ways; to minister in all womanliness to its moral, physical, and intellectual health and comfort. Women only can create that sweet and wholesome atmosphere in which domestic life springs into existence and grows. Above all and beyond all in importance, these girls whom we are educating must bear and rear the next generation of men and women, and upon their fitness to discharge this task well the character of the future men and women of America depends.

Our civilization is founded absolutely and wholly upon the family, and the wife and mother determines the character and life of the family. Is it not worth our while, therefore—nay, is it not our highest and most imperative duty—to take care that our girls, upon whose shoulders such tasks as these are presently to fall, shall be fitted by every means in our power for the due and happy discharge of functions so important? Is it not criminal folly for us to treat their education as nothing more than a preparation for the frivolous life of the ball-room? And is it any whit wiser for us to push them into wearing competition with men in university work, to the neglect of aught that belongs by right of life's need to their own proper education?

As a preparation for such duties as we have outlined above, girls need both moral and intellectual culture of a kind which neither any fashionable girls' school nor any university in the land provides or can provide. They need, above all, the training of home life and home influences —this far more than scholastic discipline, far more than what we term accomplishments.

We do not complain that either the fashionable schools or the universities teach girls more than is good for them in either of these directions, but that they neglect to teach much that is of greater necessity as a preparation for life than anything that they do teach.

The woman who is to be happy and useful as the maker and mistress of a home must know the art of home making and home ruling. Yet how very small a place is given to the teaching of these arts in our schemes of education for girls! We should call that man a fool who hoped to see his son successful as a merchant or banker but neglected to have him instructed in the principles of arithmetic and bookkeeping. But thousands of girls are married every year who do not know how to make a loaf of bread, or to set a table, or to iron a napkin, or to make a bed becomingly. Is it expected that servants shall do these things? So the young man who is to be made into a merchant or banker will have his book-keepers to write out his accounts and make his arithmetical calculations for him, but he must understand these processes for himself, or he will be at the mercy of his servants. Moreover, in the woman's case, there may not always be servants or the means with which

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to command their services, and their incompetence at best needs the supervision of a mistress skilled in all their arts. This seems a homely matter, doubtless, to those persons who see the complete salvation of women in university education, but it is a matter which touches the happiness of women themselves, and closely concerns the well-being of a world whose whole life centres in and is founded upon the home. It is not too much to say that no girl ought ever to come to maturity without having acquired both skill and taste in every art of the household, or that no woman deficient in this particular can marry without serious risk to her own happiness and to that of the persons about her. It does nobody any harm for the mistress of a household to know how to calculate an eclipse, but it is disastrous for her to be herself eclipsed by her Bridget.

For the proper ordering of a household every woman needs a cultivated taste, and her education should include very careful attention to this point. It is one of the duties of women to beautify, to ornament the world, and especially their own homes and their own persons; and the woman whose taste does not enable her to dress herself becomingly, to arrange the furniture and ornaments of her rooms tastefully, and generally to give a touch of seemliness to that part of the world with which she has to do, misses and fails in a part of her work, to her own loss and that of all other persons with whom she comes in contact. It is not necessary that our girls shall become artists, but it is important that they shall have a trained appreciation of beauty and fair skill in producing it.

The study of music, and especially the acquirement of practical skill in the making of music, is sufficiently well recognized as a necessary part of a girl's education; but some question has been raised on this subject by the very persons who have most loudly complained of the defectiveness of women's education in scholastic studies. It is frequently said that only those girls who have marked ability in music, and who therefore are likely to excel in it, should be required to give time to its study. We do not argue in that way respecting the education of boys. We make all our boys study arithmetic, those who have not as well as those who have a natural aptitude for mathematics. When we reflect upon the value of musical skill to a woman as a resource for her own entertainment, as a means of adding to the attractiveness of her home, and, more than all, as a refining, softening influence upon children, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a knowledge of music is as necessary to a girl as acquaintance with arithmetic is to a boy; and as no boy not an idiot is incapable of acquiring a knowledge of arithmetic, so no girl with hands and ordinary mental capacity is incapable of acquiring fair skill in music.

Most important of all a woman's accomplishments, however, is the ability to maintain an intelligent, vivacious conversation with family friends and guests. A woman who is a good talker, and who can talk equally well whatever the character of her guests may be, is a blessing, a boon to the world. By nature all women are fitted to acquire this accomplishment. All women talk much; that all of them do not talk well is mainly the fault of those who have educated them.

They have not been provided with subjects of conversation, and their minds have not been trained to that alertness and that catholicity of intellectual sympathy which are necessary conditions of conversational success in varied company. This need can and should be provided for in the education of girls. In order to talk well a woman must be well informed upon a great variety of subjects. She must know what is going on in the world, and must be interested in it—the great world of life, not the wretched, narrow little world of gossip which is called society. She must be interested in the world's great interests and its minor concerns. She must know something of the drama, of art, of music, of the news of the day, and of current literature, and she must be interested in these things. So equipped, she need never make a remark about the weather, or fall to discussing the depravity of servants—a depravity which is lacking in the variety necessary to make it an interesting theme of conversation. Training may so equip her by awakening her interest in these things, and by giving her the necessary general acquaintance with them. Another need of women's lives, a sore one, the neglect of which is a fruitful source of misery, is the means of self-entertainment. Every woman must necessarily pass many hours alone in her own home, and the torture of loneliness is inevitable, unless the woman is capable of being sufficient com-

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pany for herself. It is incapacity in this direction which makes gadabouts of some women, and melancholy-maniacs of others. That a condition so certain to exist is not provided for in education is a grievous wrong and cruelty. In the training already suggested as a means of giving women skill in conversation, we have the chief conditions of escape from ennui. The woman who reads her newspaper every day, and the magazines every month, and who maintains her acquaintance with books and her love for them, is not apt to find time dragging heavily on her hands. If to this she adds an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world, in education, charity, and those great political questions which involve the welfare of the race, or of classes and nations, she will always have occupation enough for her mind and heart, and will always be the best of company for herself, or for any other intelligent human being.

In our scheme of education for girls, therefore, we would make everything subordinate to the one purpose of fitting them to lead the lives of women contentedly in happiness and usefulness and all grace; we would seek first of all to make women of them, women capable of doing the duties of a woman's life becomingly and well, and of enjoying that life. To that end we would make it a first care to give them good health and strong constitutions; secondly, to train them thoroughly in all domestic arts; thirdly, to cultivate the æsthetic side of their natures, in order that they may know how to minister to beauty; fourthly, to train them to right ethical principles and impulses, and cultivate in them a genuine love of home and its duties; finally, we would cultivate in every girl such sympathies and tastes as are necessary to the healthful occupation of her mind and the development of her conversational powers; that is to say, we would lead her to a love of letters, of music and art, and to a reasonable interest in the affairs of mankind.

Such, we think, is, in outline and substance, the education which common-sense must prompt us to give to our girls by way of preparation for that matronly life which each of them will most probably lead. If to this preparation for life any girl chooses and is able to add scholastic attainments, there can be no objection; but these are the educational necessaries of life, while scholastic attainments are life's refinements. To neglect necessary preparation for happy and useful life in order to acquire unnecessary scholastic training is simply folly of a suicidal sort. As a matter of fact the great majority of women, for lack of time, or means, or inclination, can not become scholars in the university sense, in any case, and to set up such a standard as a common one for girls to strive to attain, seems little less than a waste of the world's most precious commodity — good womanly women. The woman is of greater worth to the world than the scholar.

In addition to this preparation for the life which each woman is most likely to lead, there should be in every case some preparation made for a contingency which may become a fact in any woman's life — the contingency, namely, of impoverished self-dependence. No one will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support; and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls, no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that the ill may never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise — I was about to say an idiotic — thing to do.

Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or, if she is a skillful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance.

Is it not beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fond-

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est indulgence, should neglect to take the simplest precaution in their behalf? We are a dull, blind, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made up our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge with which bread and shelter may be certainly won in case of need. If the necessity for putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case, because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees its possessor from apprehension, and adds to that confident sense of security without which contentment is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not one whit less necessary. It seems to me at least that every girl is grievously wronged who is suffered to grow up to womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable skill.

AUNT MARIA AND THE AUTOPHONE.

SOME time since I had occasion to see a friend off on a train which crawled from the shabby little station on the hill west of the town. By some mistake we arrived there a half-hour too early, and found the waiting-room occupied by a single person—an elderly farmer evidently—who was dozing on a box drawn close to the whitewashed stove.

My friend—albeit only a commercial traveller for the Chicago firm of Butcher, Packer, and Co., dealers in pressed meats, hams, etc.—prided himself greatly on his love for music and poetry; but as his models were Wagner and Browning, our discussions were always stormy and fruitless. He had finally given up all efforts to make me sympathize with him in regard to the latter, but still hoped to convert me to his own views in respect to the former. So as we too drew near the stove—for it was a raw December day—my friend was just concluding an enthusiastic reference to "the music of the future." His eloquence had once or twice the effect of making the other occupant of the room move uneasily on his box, but he did not open his eyes until my friend declared, in a most impressive manner: "The Americans, sir, are naturally a musical people, but the kind of music which shall kindle their hearts to a divine rapture has not yet been discovered. When it is, they will rise responsive to it like one man."

"You're right there, stranger," said the elderly party, stretching himself. "That's just what I used to say to the old woman. I said, 'Ma, don't worry about Aunt Maria'—Aunt Maria's the old woman's sister, you see; she lives with us, and takes care of the children, 'specially John Henry—'don't worry about Maria. It ain't that there isn't any music in her soul, but you ha'n't found the right instrument yet.' Ma smiled kind of melancholy like, and allowed that she didn't believe there was any music on arth that 'd please her sister. 'Then just wait,' says I, 'for some other place;' but ma mumbled out something about she'd like to see the effect of a harp upon Maria. I wanted to cheer her up a little (the old woman looks a leetle too much on the dark side); so says I, 'Well, ma, if the harp don't work, perhaps they'll try her with a sackbut, or a timbrel, or some of them 'ere Old Testament instruments, and like as not they'll fetch her with one of them.'

"You see, stranger, we're the musicalest family in the whole county. When I married ma, she says, 'Abner' (that's me)—'Abner,' says she, 'I kin do without a rag carpet in the kitchin, but I can't live without a melodjun in the parlor.'

"So we had a melodjun in the parlor, and the children came naturally by their love for music. Why, bless your soul! I may say they took to it with their first breaths, and kept it up always after. The girls had the melodjun, and the boys had everything from a willow whistle to a fiddle, and when Marthy and Stella was draggin' a duet out of the melodjun in the parlor, and Jehiel and Jonathan scrapin' out the 'Arkansaw Traveller' in the kitchin on a fiddle and banjo, it was a musical abode.

"Everything went along all right until Aunt Maria came. Lordy! how that woman did hate music! Nobody had any peace in the house, and what's the worst, a sort of bad luck came over the harmless instruments themselves. Jonathan's fiddle strings was always getting broke before he'd half tuned up, and the pesky melo-

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djun took to leaking so that both gals together, one on the pedals and the other on the keys, could hardly pump 'Old Hundred' out of her Sundays. Some did suspect Maria, but," said the old man, looking cautiously around, "I don't think she was altogether to blame; howsomever," with a significant wink, "she got the credit of it.

"When John Henry—he's the youngest—came, Maria's heart seemed to kind of soften. His first drum lasted a week, and I noticed she never had anything to say agin *his* vocal accomplishments. Well, when John Henry was four years old, the old woman began to look around and see what instrument he'd be likely to take to. Aunt Maria said it was a burning shame to make that innocent child a stumblin'-block in the way of Christians, but I said I guessed John Henry could stand it—if we could.

"The next day ma went down to the village to sell her butter and eggs, and when she came home at night she had a small bundle, which she put away in the parlor until after supper. I know'd what it was—leastways, not exactly, but I guessed by the way the old woman slung the dishes on the table that night that we should hear some news soon. When the dishes was washed up, 'Ma,' says I, 'didn't I see you bring in a bundle jest now?' 'You did, Abner,' says she, and she smiled from one ear to the other. 'Abner,' says she, 'I've found an instrument at last for John Henry.' Aunt Maria fetched a kind of cross between a sigh and a groan, but nobody paid any attention to her. 'Well, ma,' says I, 'let's have it.' So out she brought the bundle, and there was a sort of an accordjun on two legs, and a lot of bits of white paper as full of holes as the old woman's colander. We all got around the table while ma showed us how it worked. 'You see,' says she, 'you jest poke in the paper—here, John Henry, this is your'n, and you shall have the first try; there—you shove the paper in there, and work your hand so, and it plays all the music on the paper.' 'Ma,' says I, 'do you mean to say, as a member in good and regular standin', that that 'ere instrument plays them holes?' But John Henry had grabbed the instrument, and jest as sure as I set here, stranger, that four-year-old child squeezed out 'Old Hundred' jest as solemn and a derned sight faster than ma's melodjun. But you oughter see Aunt Maria; she straightened up and glared at that innocent child as if she wished he had lived in Palestine about the year one, and bolted out of the room without a word.

"Well, stranger, it was a sight to see John Henry on the kitchin floor with that 'ere thing between his little knees, and playing the 'Sweet By-and-By' in a way to make tears come to everybody's eyes, exceptin' always Aunt Maria's. For a month our house was the most popularest house at the Corners, and John Henry gave a free concert every night for an hour before he went to bed. The strangest thing," said the old man, in a mysterious tone, "was that that 'ere instrument kept in playin' order all the time, whether it was because John Henry took it to bed with him every night, or whether it was from the superior build of the consarn, I can't say. Perhaps"—with a wink—"Aunt Maria didn't understand its innerd construction as well as she did a fiddle or a melodjun.

"Well, as I say, the instrument kept in playin' order all winter; the music, 'specially the pop'lar tunes, was a little the worse for wear, but that's all. 'I want to be an angel' and one or two others got tored in two about the middle of March, and John Henry asked Aunt Maria to mend them one day, and, bless you! she loved that darlin' child too much to refuse him anything, so she pasted the tunes together as well as she could, and next day John Henry took his instrument to Sunday-school. You see, he'd taken it a number of times, and the teacher thought it kind of 'livened up the exercises. But this day, jest as John Henry was slowly and surely grindin' out 'I want to be an angel,' and had got to the middle of the tune (where it was tored, you see), when all at onst out he came with 'Whoa, Emma!' and the innocent child was too much surprised to stop until the teacher suspended the musical exercises for that day. John Henry didn't git no prize that year, but I hold that Aunt Maria was morally responsible. You see, she had so little music in her—leastwise we thought so then—that she couldn't even be trusted to paste two tunes together.

"Howsomever, as spring came on, we thought we kind of noticed a change in Maria. It wasn't that she was gittin' musical—that was, perhaps, too much to expect on this arth, as I said to ma—but

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she was growin' mellow somehow. I think it was all owin' to John Henry's tender influence. You ask how I knew she was gittin' mellow, stranger? Well, you see, John Henry's instrument still kept in workin' order. She and John Henry would disappear by the hour, and what they did no one knew. Ma said one day she thought she had heard John Henry playin' on his instrument in Maria's room, leastwise she had heard a noise there, but it didn't sound like any instrument in that house. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'it was Maria singin'.' But the more I thought it over, the more mysterious the thing seemed, and I made up my mind I'd git to the bottom of it. So one day, when ma and the girls had gone to town, and the boys was hoein' potatoes, I jest slipped into the house and listened awhile. By-and-by I thought I heard a sound in the direction of Maria's room, and so I took off my boots and crawled softly up the stairs; but, lordy! I might jest as well have kept them on, for when I got up near the door I heard the most dreadful noises you ever dreamed of. If I had had any hair, it would have stood up and run off my head. I first thought that Maria was torturin' that innocent child, and was goin' to bust in the door, but I thought I'd first take a peep through the key-hole. What do you think I saw, stranger? John Henry was in his favorite attitude in the middle of the floor, workin' the instrument with one hand and feedin' the music in with the other, and Aunt Maria sat in her rockin'-chair, rockin' slowly to and fro, and keepin' time with her hands. Her glasses was pushed up on her forrard, and tears of joy was runnin' down her cheeks, and John Henry kept playin' faster and faster; but what music! No tune that I had ever hearn —and we had all sorts in that house at one time or anuther—came from that instrument. I thought something was wrong, and in I rushed. Aunt Maria cried, 'Oh!' and fell back in her chair, lookin' dreadful sheepish; but John Henry! Stranger, what do you think that lamb did? Why, he jest winked at his pa, and when I asked him what that infernal row meant, he said, kind of under his breath, 'Why, you see, pa, one day I got one of them tunes in hindside foremost, and Aunt Maria was so pleased that I've gone on that way ever since, hindside foremost or upside down.'

"I said to ma that night when she got home: 'You see, ma, you was wrong about Maria; she's got as much music in her as the rest of the family, but she's obliged to take hers in a peculiar way. She can't take it straight, but jest give it to her hindside foremost or upside down, and she enjoys it as much as any one.'"

Just then a whistle blew, and my friend's train came along. He got into the car with a dazed expression on his face, as if an idea was trying to crystallize into words. As the train was moving away he came rushing out on the rear platform, and putting up his hands in the form of a speaking-trumpet, he shouted, "Try your Browning hindside foremost," and as the train swept around a curve I heard faintly on the clear cold air, "or upside down."

POLITICAL HONORS IN CHINA.

THE laws which govern the promotion of candidates for political honors to positions of distinction and national trust are in China based upon sound common-sense, bearing evidence, by the manner in which her laws are administered, of being the very acme of human endeavor in this respect.

The condition of affairs generally throughout this mighty empire speaks volumes in praise of her wonderfully wise lawgiver Kung Foo Tsze, from whose philosophic mind were evolved the leading ideas embodied in the governmental laws of the empire.

Discretionary power is to an astonishingly great degree vested in the nation's honored sons, from the highest official dignitary to the petty magistrate who administers impartially the laws pertaining to the little community among whom he abides, appearing more like some venerable parent dwelling amid his children, whom he loves too well to allow of their falling into the ways of error unrebuked.

Very seldom, be it to their honor said, are these powers abused, owing principally, no doubt, to the prevalence of good strong common-sense among the masses, added to their confidence in being able to secure immediate redress from those higher in power, which tends to make them in a measure independent of their immediate superiors, and insures an outspoken manifestation of their opinions relative to the proper or improper adjudication of any point of law coming to their notice.

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We will illustrate this point that it may be more fully understood. The law prohibits stealing, *i. e.*, "the appropriating to one's own use the property of another without the owner's knowledge or consent, however small the quantity," the punishment therefor being from fifty to one hundred strokes of the paddle upon the back of the culprit, to be laid on with all the power possessed by the officer, who is termed "the executioner," because he executes the commands of the law. Now suppose a Chinaman to have stolen a loaf of bread by reason of being forced so to do by the pangs of hunger; imagine him detected in the very act by the watchful guardian of the public peace; think you that, although tried and convicted by law of the crime of stealing, additional wrong would be heaped upon him by the carrying out of the sentence? I venture to say that should any magistrate dare to order the punishment inflicted, the lookers-on in that court-room would rise *en masse* and very likely mob the unwise magistrate for so cruelly administering the prerogatives of his official station.

Compare this state of affairs with the case of a certain peddler who was recently arrested for peddling without a license in the streets of this Christian city. "Too proud to beg, too honest to steal," he was arrested, tried, convicted, and *punished for the crime of trying to gain an honest livelihood!*

The carrying out of such a manifestly unjust sentence would in China have caused immediate action toward avenging this cruel travesty upon justice, and the offending magistrate's colleagues would have at once tendered their resignations if not assured of the offender's speedy dismissal.

The Chinese believe in making laws to enable the needy to help themselves; to assist the deserving poor to earn their living by any and every means not conflicting with the unquestioned rights of their neighbor. Their laws are framed to let men live, and not to enrich and render profitable the office of ruler. Whatever controversies arise between the people, such differences must be adjudicated by the authorities free of cost to all the parties concerned.

I would here offer for solution a problem which will, I think, tax even the progressive brain of America's most learned statesmen. In what other way can an empire of three hundred and sixty-five millions be governed with the ease of a well-regulated school, with so few cases of injustice done its people, all matters pertaining to law granted free of cost, the lightest tax imposed of any nation or empire in existence, and yet without a cent of national debt, save by the method which now obtains in the Chinese Empire? By the results here indicated she demonstrates mathematically her scientific attainments in political economy and governmental wisdom.

Another and a very important element conducive to good government is that long and diligent training from childhood in Confucian schools and institutions of learning of those destined to become rulers of the people is required, where they are instructed in moral science, political economy, law and its most approved methods of application, philosophy, etc., etc., which so moulds the plastic mind that by the time they have acquired knowledge sufficient to entitle them to official honors they have also become men of years and understanding, so that to govern wisely and well is but a natural consequence, besides which there are powerful incentives toward such a course.

If a magistrate administer his office with uprightness, impartially, to the people under his charge, so that by reason of such wise procedure they are contented and prosperous, he is frequently memorized by his constituency to the Emperor, in which case he is often graciously allowed to govern the same city for three or more successive terms, with increase of salary and higher promotion.

By too frequently or too highly recommending their favorite the people often defeat their own ends, which are his retention as ruler of their locality, for they are at times promoted to positions of too high a rank to admit of continuance as simple magistrates among the circle of their admirers, since the Emperor is desirous of placing as near his august throne as possible those who by their wise administration have gained the love and esteem of their fellow-men.

In order to secure even the first-fruits of political emolument, a mode of procedure diametrically opposite to that which obtains in most nations, and especially in the United States, is required. Instead of money or its equivalent in "backers" and "heelers," *brain* is there required, and an

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exceedingly well-balanced and disciplined brain at that. In no other nation upon the earth are political honors based upon scientific attainments in all branches of study as they are in China, wherein are illustrated the true principles by which talent and wisdom are honored and rewarded, literature, science, morals, and philosophy encouraged, and a nation's happiness and prosperity secured.

The avenues to station and power are open alike to all. There are no distinctions save those of education: none relative to nationality, color, or previous condition of servitude. All are alike free to seek, and, if competent, to obtain, positions of honor, from that of petty magistrate of a village to Grand Imperial Secretary—an office second only to that of Emperor.

Few there are, it is true, who possess the fortitude to undergo the necessary educational training consequent to, and upon which depends, his sole hope of success. Of his studies there is no end. To diligence he must add patience, and to patience continuity, else will he fail to secure the coveted prize.

We have heard of young men in this country who have graduated in three or four years at most, and who were regarded as having finished their education, who in fact considered themselves educated to a degree of proficiency beyond which further study were superfluous. In China there is no fixed time for graduating, no limit to one's collegiate course, except he live beyond the age allotted the human race. If a student graduate from any college of a certain grade in *ten* years he is considered a prodigy. We have frequently seen in China men of fifty years of age, the fathers of families, still attending college, diligently seeking to obtain their *first* degree. But the gaining of the first degree does not complete a Chinaman's education; far from it; he has gained but the first step on the ladder of fame. His name is simply entered on the list of distinguished scholars, and immediately he enters a college of a higher grade, in which he must study hard for at least three years more before he is allowed to enter into competitive examination for the second degree, called Tszin S. S. Should he succeed in obtaining this degree, he can then aspire to higher honors in a still higher school; but if he fails he is obliged to go back and study for three years longer, or until the next competitive examination occurs, when he may again strive for the coveted degree, and if he be of great mental endowments, and have applied himself with diligence during previous years of study, he may prove successful.

Having obtained through excellence the degree of Tszin S. S., the successful candidate now enters the field of honor and preferment; his future is assured; honor, riches, place, and power are his reward. Still he does not consider his education complete, but immediately enters upon a higher course of study, by which he may attain unto the next highest degree, that of Han Lin. If he obtain this degree, which may be conferred only upon him who excels all others of his class, and which may occur only once in ten years, he becomes a "Chung Yuen." He is then presented to the Emperor in state, when the Empress will in person crown him with a precious diadem, and clasp around his neck a costly chain, from which hangs suspended a magnificent gold locket bearing this inscription: "The Empire's Talent, and her Favorite Guest."

He is *now* deemed worthy of being considered as having completed his education, and stands before his illustrious peers as a finished scholar, worthy of political honors. He is held in the greatest esteem by all; financially his credit is unlimited; even the Emperor will honor his checks for any amount not exceeding a million ounces of silver, and consider it an honor thus to do.

In most cases the entire province in which the fortunate "Chung Yuen" was born devotes three whole days to festivities and merry-making in honor of her favorite son, and proclamations are forwarded to every city in the empire, announcing the name of the successful candidate. From the hundreds of unsuccessful candidates for the highest degree, who rank as "Chung Yuen" of the second, third, fourth, and fifth grades, are chosen those deemed most worthy, by reason of their scholarly excellence, for important and responsible positions continually becoming vacated throughout the empire through promotion or otherwise. These are selected and assigned to such positions as they seem best fitted to adorn by the Emperor. Chin Lan Pin, the late Chinese Minister to the United States, was of the lesser grades of "Chung Yuen"; he was a Han Lin.

The excitement consequent upon the conferring of this much-sought-for recog-

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nition of merit among the thousands of competitors and their well-wishers is tremendous! The city is at such times filled to overflowing. After having finished their allotted essays, in the great temporary inclosure, upon topics requiring the severest mental effort, and having attached thereto their full name, age, and residence, many at once set out for their respective homes, which may be in some remote corner of the realm; for, having perhaps spent all they possess in defraying the necessarily heavy expenses incident to student life in the capital, they are often obliged to return home before the honors are awarded, or the name of the fortunate candidate is made public. This they do not hesitate to do from fear of being overlooked in the great throng of aspirants for literary honors, or of having their reward taken from them by another. As illustrating these facts I will relate an incident which occurred not many years since. Some years ago a very poor student from a remote part of the empire, after spending his last penny to attend the grand competitive examination held in Peking, being unable to remain but long enough to send in his essays, thinking them the least worthy of any, penniless, friendless, and weary, he trudged patiently back toward his distant home, too tired and sick to give scarce a thought to what seemed to him to have been a waste of time and effort. So despondent had he become that while yet upon his journey he had almost decided upon ending his own unfortunate existence; he would perhaps have done so, but when about to act in pursuance of his inclinations he was timely prevented from so doing by a waiter in the little inn where he had stopped for a few moments' rest. He thereupon unburdened his heart, and gradually made known to the innkeeper his pitiable state, who kindly offered him the position of assistant clerk in his restaurant until he should have earned sufficient to enable him to proceed upon his homeward way. While he was thus occupied the special imperial herald had been dispatched in all haste to his home in Quong Si, a distance of twelve hundred miles from the capital, expecting to find him there, and bear to him the joyful tidings that he had been pronounced the successful candidate, to whom was awarded the first degree of "Chung Yuen"! It was by chance that one day the clerk heard some of the frequenters of the restaurant talking about a certain young man as having taken the first honors at the national competition; "but," said one, "he could not be found at his home in Quong Si, and great anxiety is felt by the Emperor regarding his safety." "But what name, sir?" asked the now much excited restaurant clerk, in tones which attracted the attention of nearly the entire company, some of whom gave expression to certain uncomplimentary remarks relative to the question and manner of the "young intruder," as they were pleased to term him; but one more civil than his fellows roughly made reply: "Ti Yin is the name of our new Imperial Councillor. Why do you ask?—do you claim the honor of his acquaintance?" the latter remark causing a roar of laughter from those near by who were listening to the conversation.

It is needless to say that Ti Yin was almost overcome by the sudden change in his prospects. Amazed, and hardly crediting his senses, not daring as yet to betray his feelings of joy, he quietly withdrew from the room, and after making his excuses to "mine host" he ascended to his little room in the rear of the restaurant, and with feverish eagerness, his hands trembling with excitement, made hasty preparations to report to the Department of Ceremonies. Arriving at the gates of the palace, the guard refused him admittance, whereupon he informed them that he had important business to attend to, and must have immediate audience with his Majesty the Emperor. Upon hearing this the guard reviewed him from head to foot, and seeing the poor raiment and general poverty-stricken appearance of the man, drove him from the gate.

He soon returned, however, to renew his former request. This time he was put under arrest, and incarcerated in the common prison, on suspicion of being a dangerous character. Over a month had now elapsed since the honors had been awarded. Every recipient had acknowledged the receipt of his degree save he upon whom had fallen the greatest honor of all, and the Emperor as well as the general public was at the highest pitch of anxiety and bewilderment over such an unheard-of procedure. That a man of such ability should remain so long unheralded was a marvellous thing, and passing

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strange. The public were much chagrined, for they much desired the aid of an imperial councillor, and did not relish waiting ten long years for that which was their just due.

Meanwhile poor Ti Yin in his prison-house knew nothing of the sensation his non-appearance was creating throughout the empire; but his day was near at hand. Among the prison guards was a young man of a sympathetic heart, who besought his general with tears to liberate the inoffensive stranger, and allow him to go his way in peace; "for," said he, "my heart goes out unto this man, who I feel sure is more sinned against than sinning. I will pledge my life that he is not one to do evil." The general, who was a kind-hearted man, listened attentively, and interesting himself in his behalf, Ti Yin was soon thereafter ordered to be set at liberty; but first he must needs receive the corporal punishment due his conviction for vagrancy and disturbing the peace.

When Ti Yin was informed of this the lion within him was aroused. "Have I not borne humiliation enough?" cried he; and then, in a tone of command, and with great dignity of manner, he directed that the general in command be immediately informed that he desired his presence. "Tell him," cried he, in piercing tones, "that I, Ti Yin, am here basely confined, and that I command him to appear before me and in person loose these fetters from my limbs." When the officer heard that name he greatly rejoiced, and yet as greatly feared. He knelt before the distinguished prisoner, who, although clad in coarse raiment, seemed, as he stood there "in silent grandeur, like a king dethroned," the very incarnation of the noblest of earth's sons. At that moment the doors of the prison were thrown open, and the President of the Board of Ceremonies entered with his suite from a still unsuccessful search for the missing Ti Yin. Seeing a crowd of soldiers, and the officer upon his knees before a prisoner upon whose wrists gleamed the debasing fetters, he burst out laughing at so ridiculous a sight, and ordered his guards to ascertain the meaning of this "strange and unusual proceeding." They quickly returned and reported that the commander of the Imperial Guard had by some unhappy mistake incarcerated the long-sought Ti Yin, the late-created "Chung Yuen"! Upon receipt of this astonishing news he at once lowered his chair of state, and descending, he hastily made his way forward and knelt at the feet of the distinguished scholar, saying, "Mayest thou, O master, live a thousand years!"

Imagine the picture: the still manacled prisoner; the kneeling officers; the crowd of awe-struck on-lookers; the death-like silence in that gloomy prison-room! Could there be imagined a greater tribute to knowledge and education than was there expressed? The physical power of a mighty nation doing homage to the intellectual power of an individual! Although trite, still is true the proverb that "knowledge is power."

At length, when the humiliating sense of having through stupidity done offense to one whom they so loved and respected had partially subsided, one more thoughtful than the others begged to "remove the disgraceful fetters from limbs they profaned." But he proudly and firmly declined, saying that "he who put them on, and he alone, has the right to remove them." At this the general in command of the prison was exceedingly troubled, hardly daring to acknowledge himself the offender; but there was no escape, and however great his desire to avoid acknowleged complicity in the egregious blunder, he was perforce obliged to do even as Ti Yin had commanded. Upon his knees, then, fell the doughty general, and unlocking the manacles, besought his forgiveness for bringing such disgrace upon so illustrious and noble a man.

"Rise," said Ti Yin; and sternly added: "Never again act hastily in matters pertaining to the duties of your office, or render less willing aid to those appearing poor and helpless than to those whom you know to be both rich and powerful. It is the greatest wrong of all. The tears of the helpless and oppressed shall be garnered in heaven, and poured out in fiery vengeance upon the oppressor's head, and her ears will refuse to listen to impious prayer. Go in peace."

The officers of state immediately conducted the now fully recognized Imperial Councillor to his palace, where he might prepare himself for presentation to royalty, whither, amid great rejoicing, he was upon the day following conducted, being crowned and decorated and proclaimed the highest dignitary in the land, save the Emperor. Thus it will be seen that, so well regulated are the affairs of the empire,

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without the facilities we possess, in that there are but few railways and fewer telegraph lines, it is almost impossible, from the very nature of things, for one man out of such a vast number to remain for any considerable period of time concealed from the vigilant eyes of those whose business it is to know all things occurring throughout the empire; also with what a sense of security the scholar can rest his hopes, knowing that, if living, his honors will search him out, and that, if dying, none other can rob him of his reward, for the law expressly declares that in cases of this kind "the honors shall not be declared forfeited until a period of three years shall have elapsed after the declaration of the name of the successful competitor."

It was the aim of the framers of the laws of China to so guard the accession to administrative power that none might attain thereunto save such as had by many years of severe discipline, in all that was highest and best, proved themselves worthy, and in so doing they but followed the teachings of Kung Foo Tsze, whose writings abound with wise directions for the future guidance and government of the people he so well loved.

The sooner Western nations, and especially the United States, adopt the system of political preferment through moral and intellectual excellence, the sooner will the millennial day dawn upon our beclouded vision. By this system, a system which has stood the test for more than two thousand years, and by this system only, can we ever hope for a pure and upright administration.

The laws of this, the land of our adoption, are, so far as we have studied them, most excellent; but the manner in which those laws are administered is, in many instances, farcical in the broadest sense of the term. We have but ourselves to blame for thus becoming the laughing-stock of other nations, a butt for the ridicule of those we pretend to despise, but who, by their attainment to heights we can not as yet reach, deserve our respect.

All Confucian philosophy is pervaded by these principles: first, "that example is omnipotent"; second, "that to secure the safety of a nation you must secure the happiness of the people"; third, "that by solitary, persistent thought and study one may obtain knowledge of the very essence of things"; and fourth, "that the object of all government is to make the people virtuous and contented."

"*A wise ruler*," says Confucius, "*regards the root; he fixes the root, and all else grows out of it. The root is piety, the fruit brotherly love.*"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE long and interesting series of Revolutionary centenaries will close this year in October with the commemoration, at Newburgh upon the Hudson, of the disbanding of the army. Next year probably the completion of the monument upon the field of Burgoyne's surrender will be celebrated at Schuylersville, and this monument, with that at Washington's head-quarters, will perpetually recall the great fact that the war was, strategically, a contest for the control of the Hudson. Could the British have secured that control, New England would have been separated from the rest of the country by a barricade of the enemy from the ocean to Canada.

The three chief Revolutionary events associated with the river are the surrender of Burgoyne, the treason of Arnold, and the disbanding of the army. There were many other historic and heroic incidents belonging to the Hudson—the fight at Stony Point, the breaking of the boom in the Highlands, and the adoption of the Constitution of the State at Kingston. All along the shores there are the scenes of romantic local legends, and through all the French and English contests for supremacy upon the continent the valley of the Hudson was the pathway of military adventure and enterprise. The river has also another distinctive charm, for literary genius has made it the most poetic and legendary stream in America. Irving lived upon its banks, and the tranquil, dreamy, gentle aspect of the summer Hudson was a true symbol of his genius, which the river stimulated into a creative play, which in turn has covered the hills and shores with a glamour of delightful association.

Whatever, therefore, permanently commemorates upon the banks of the Hudson the men whose fame is linked with its great events should be a work of peculiar care and thought and taste. Every monument and statue should be well considered, and nothing should be tolerated that is not worthy of the scene and its story. In this view the mere fact that a suggestion was gravely made that there should be placed on the famous head-quarters grounds at

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Newburgh a statue of Washington brandishing a drawn sword, and standing upon a granite column seven feet high, reminds us of the perils with which we are threatened. It can not be too constantly remembered that historic memorials of this kind are matters of art, not of stone-laying or other masonry, and this comical but honest proposition raises the question how the project of memorial statues should be treated.

There is to be an equestrian statue of General Burnside in Providence, and one of Paul Revere in Boston; a statue of Schuyler is proposed for the monument at Schuylersville, and a memorial of Washington at Newburgh. How shall they be procured? What course shall the committees pursue? For the Washington memorial at Newburgh we believe that the whole of the national appropriation of $25,000, and $10,000 of the State appropriation, is available, and that the character of the work is to be determined by the Secretary of War. It is rumored, further, that the Secretary inclines to the erection of a huge obelisk or shaft with inscriptions, and to place the work in charge of a government engineer. We know not what wag has so maligned the Secretary. He is an intelligent man, and if he were charged to procure a translation of a Greek play, he would apply to the most accomplished Greek scholar of whom he could hear; or if he were instructed to choose the painter to whom to sit for his own portrait to hang in the Department, he would not call upon a sign-painter, but he would employ the artist of highest standing in portraiture.

This is plainly the principle which should govern the action of the committees or of the Secretary, or of any person or persons to whom such a responsibility is intrusted. If an ode should be sought for the celebration at Newburgh, the committee would ask Lowell, or Holmes, or Whittier, or Stedman, or Stoddard, to write it. The committee would apply to the recognized and familiar masters in the art. The principle is equally sound in regard to a statue or a monument. There are sculptors of the highest reputation and ability, and to one of them the request should be addressed. There is no harm in inviting a competition, provided that there be no obligation to accept one of the competing works. But it is not found that the most eminent artists care to compete, except in the normal way of their general reputation. In a certain sense, indeed, like great lawyers and other professional masters, they are always competing. When St. Gaudens sets up his "Farragut" in Madison Square he competes with every sculptor who has anywhere erected a memorial figure of the late war. He winds a challenging note upon his bugle-horn which French and Brown and Thompson and Ward and all the generous fraternity hear, and to which the next work of each of them is the reply.

It is to such a competition, or to the judgment of those who are familiar with it, that a Secretary or a committee charged to procure a statue should resort. The two memorials, that at Schuylersville and that at Newburgh, are exceedingly important. There can be no doubt that at Newburgh the monument should take the form of a statue of Washington, as it is decided that there shall be a statue of Schuyler at Schuylersville. The only embarrassment should be the final choice among the artists who are competent for the work. But it would be pitiful if the memorial of a cardinal historical event, erected under the auspices of the government upon one of the most conspicuous and famous sites in the country, should turn out to be a colossal and imperishable and intolerable monument of ignorance, tastelessness, and vulgarity. There is no need of anticipating so ludicrous a result. But the proposition of a Washington upon a granite post brandishing a naked sword, or anything as inappropriate, even if not so grotesquely unsuitable, would be a national mortification, and may well give us pause.

Two books of the summer show how fleetly time passes, and how swiftly events which were the universal newspaper topics of yesterday have passed into historical records to-day. It is constantly said that no contemporary observers can judge great events and the actors in them fairly, because of the ignorance of facts, which time and research but slowly disclose, and because also of the inevitable prejudices of those who live in stirring times, and take sides in their dissensions. The contemporary is thought to be too near. There can be no perspective in his view. What Cavalier or Roundhead could tell truly the story of the Great Rebellion? What émigré or sans culottes could fairly depict the terror of '93? What Revolutionary Tory or Son of Liberty could show us the days of '76 as they really were? What Irish landlord or Land Leaguer of to-day could depict Ireland as it is?

"I bought a large blank-book," said Mr. Seward to the Easy Chair, "and I put a padlock upon it, and I resolved to keep a diary of events during the war. But I never wrote a word in it, for I felt that the record would be regarded as a special plea, a host of facts marshalled and colored by my own predilections, if not to serve my own purposes." Yet what more valuable memoir for our political history have we than John Quincy Adams's diary and his father's journals and letters? It is by the collation of such writings, in the light of the writers' characters, that history is written; and history is written with precisely the same views and prejudices as those of the contemporary diarists. Hume writes a Tory history; Macaulay writes a Whig history; Lingard writes a Roman Catholic history; Froude writes a Protestant history. It is because the old contests are waged under new names. The

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battle, like that of the Huns, ends upon the field, but it is fought on in the air.

The two books to which we allude are the lives of James Buchanan by George Ticknor Curtis, and of John A. Dix by his son the Rev. Morgan Dix. They renew the story of the war which ended only eighteen years ago. The men were two of the prominent actors in the events which led to it. One of them vanished from public view as the actual contest began, and the other was one of the most efficient and interesting figures of the contest while it lasted. In both books there is much new and valuable material, but our present text is the career of General Dix.

He lived to be more than eighty years old, and during all his life he was essentially a public man. Yet in the midst of angry and furious party contentions he was untouched by evil suspicion, and he performed every duty throughout his long career with such fidelity, ability, and efficiency that, like John Quincy Adams, he was a type of the most honorable and public-spirited citizen. His service as Secretary of the Treasury during the last eight weeks of the Buchanan administration was in its influence and effect even more signally moral than financial. It has been curiously overlooked in the history of the time, but there is no question that the public confidence in General Dix's uncompromising patriotism, perfect probity, and ability did more than any single thing to prevent a panic whose possible consequences are incalculable. The root of this confidence was the strong public conviction that, partisan as he had always been, he was still more a patriot, and that in the dire extremity of affairs he would instinctively fling party to the winds, and abide by all honest patriotic men, whatever they were called.

So while he was Postmaster of New York he resisted and refused the demands of the party assessors with a vigor and conclusiveness which Mr. Jay A. Hubbell might have profitably pondered. Yet General Dix was one of the noted Albany Regency—one of the most absolute knots of party politicians in the history of the State. So strong a partisan was he that his biographer demonstrates at length his view of his father's party consistency. But, could it be established, it is a minor virtue. General Dix was always, in our political phrases, a hard-money man, a revenue-tariff man, and a slavery-compromise man, and down to the war he was a Democrat. But he never resumed relations with that party, and he was elected Governor of New York by its powerful and resolute opponent.

The memoir is written with filial tenderness of care to show that the General's political course before the war was wise. To the Easy Chair, however, which looks at that long and dark period with other eyes, it was the course taken by Democrats like General Dix, with perfect honesty, doubtless, and with purely patriotic intent, which inevitably brought on the war. No argument can conceal the want of political prescience—in other words, of accurate knowledge of human nature—which supposed that the contention as it existed from 1850 to 1860 could be permanently compromised, least of all by such a monstrous surrender as that of the Pine Street meeting. To us it seems blindness and even fatuity not to have perceived that when we were in that situation to give an inch was to invite the enemy to take an ell. Such conduct, although honest and well meant, taught the foe to despise us. Not to understand that Luther's position was the only one to take, and to hold it against devils multitudinous as the tiles upon the roof, was, unconsciously indeed, and with the best purpose, but none the less surely, to betray the cause that it was intended to serve.

That so noble and true a patriot as General Dix could take this position is only to recall Falkland. This is not the place to do more than to mention it, and to add that, however disappointed and deceived in his expectations of the results of the course taken by him and his friends, General Dix never faltered or wavered a moment when the debate passed from argument to war. There was no more electrical saying during the whole contest than his official words written before it had fairly begun. So also in the Senate he is reported to have used a phrase which we do not find in the memoir, which is equally epigrammatic, and which contained the whole constitutional policy of the party that he subsequently opposed.

So much in recording our sense of the signal purity and ability and prolonged and efficient public service of General Dix it is but just to say. His active life covered the most interesting period of our history, and during all that time, mistaken as his estimate of the situation before the war often seems to us, there is no more striking figure of the loyal Christian citizen or of the accomplished, urbane, and honorable American gentleman.

THERE is a familiar figure in novels, which is sometimes amusing and sometimes very pathetic. It is the person unhandsomely described as a decayed gentlewoman, the lady who "has seen better days," and whose sole remaining pride and comfort seem to be in recalling that fact. Her present occupation is generally depicted as letting lodgings, and she casts a glamour of state and elegance over her dingy and forlorn apartments by recounting to the applicant the splendor of her ancestral home and the luxurious delights to which she was accustomed in other years. But while often the story-teller can hardly refrain from giving a ridiculous turn to this figure, gently satirizing its weaknesses and caricaturing its aspect, the original is exceedingly sad and touching, and deserves a kindly sympathy and regard.

Many of the fine and smiling queens and

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leaders and "ornaments" of gay society are potentially the figures to which we allude. Especially in great cities a man who receives an ample salary, or a revenue from his business or profession, who is young and well and sanguine, with all the world before him where to choose, spends his income, lives profusely and luxuriously, believing that the evil day is afar off, and that he has ample time to provide for the future. Such men are very apt not to confide the actual pecuniary situation to their wives, who ask no questions, and unconsciously trust their husbands' good sense. Easy and pleasant living becomes a habit. The wife's occupation is the care of her family and household, and the usual routine of visits and amusements. One bright and busy and satisfactory day follows another, until suddenly the darkest of days arrives, and ends in a night of bereavement, sorrow, and destitution. The husband dies. His income dies with him. The woman who was living yesterday without a thought of the means of living, is to-morrow alone in the world with a family to support, without an income, without the least knowledge or experience how to obtain it, without a trade, or a profession, or an accomplishment which she can turn to account. Her habits, her tastes, her requirements, all imply leisure and ample resources. She is at more terrible disadvantage than the poor women whom it has been part of her daily routine to relieve.

It is, in fact, one of the most tragical of situations, and it awaits at this moment many a woman whose unsuspecting eyes are glancing at these words. When it suddenly opens upon her she will think of teaching a little school, of taking in sewing, of writing for the magazines, of copying, or of letting lodgings. But in all these efforts she will encounter the most relentless competition. All the places are taken before she arrives. There are teachers and seamstresses and writers and copyists and lodging-house keepers enough and to spare. Is a woman caught in this cruel snare, fronting the grimmest poverty—for that is the situation—essentially a figure of comedy? Is there a sadder figure in familiar experience? Doubtless there is the original Mrs. Lirripper, shallow and voluble, and there are the easy women whose pleasure in recalling better days is greater than the pinch of days which are worse. But there is a multitude of sensitive, refined, educated, accomplished women, of whom the awkward and cumbrous phrase decayed gentlewomen is truly descriptive, and whom every one who understands the situation would gladly help. There are a few retreats provided for them. Hampton Court, in England, is such an asylum for ladies of "good family." Mr. Corcoran's "Louisa Home," in Washington, is another. But these houses can not be regarded with complacency by many of the women of whom we speak, and they are of course inaccessible to those who have families to support, and who prefer to keep themselves, which is the instinctive preference of the American woman and mother whom poverty suddenly overtakes.

It is not surprising that the impulse of charity, which was never so wisely directed as it is now, should have included this class of women. If the feeling of a common humanity always underlies all movements for charitable relief, the principle of such relief has never been so intelligently comprehended as it is now. What is called scientific charity is one of the signal distinctions of the time. It proceeds upon a principle which has never before been so clearly perceived, that true charity consists in helping the needy to help themselves. Some, indeed, the aged and the infirm, can not help themselves. They must be wholly relieved. But the relief must be so given as not to increase the evil it would remedy.

The forms in which this wise and kindly spirit manifests itself are many. But none is pleasanter than that which offers to the decayed gentlewoman the opportunity of trying to help herself. It is this office which the Society of Decorative Art has undertaken. Of course even this work must be attended with many and sore disappointments. The Easy Chair lately spoke of a correspondent who had striven to aid herself by decorative painting, and who had found the task almost hopeless. This is painful, but no individual success can be guaranteed, nor can the wisest charitable endeavors escape mistakes and wrongs. But the general purpose of the society is to serve as an agency for the display and sale of such delicate decorative work as refined and accomplished women may be able with a little care to do, such as painting dinner cards and cards for every purpose; painting china, fans, screens; ornamental needle-work of every kind; inlaying; and the myriad forms of minor decoration to which cultivated taste and intelligence and faculty will naturally turn. Schools of instruction, also, are contemplated. The humane and thoughtful and efficient ladies who have the enterprise in charge have regarded it as a form of charity, and it is not yet self-supporting, as in time it may be. In speaking recently of worthy objects to which rich and generous men might well give money, the Easy Chair did not include this society simply because it could not mention everything. But to state the case is to plead for it.

There is, indeed, a broader and higher improvement of the situation to which this admirable society owes its impulse. It is that its existence and operation bring more clearly to the consciousness of the sanguine young Darby the possible situation of his widowed Joan, and warn him more impressively than ever of the folly of running for luck, and they suggest that the "true sphere of woman" is not elegant imbecility and velveted uselessness. The saddest moral of the novelist's decayed gentlewoman is that she is a natural product

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of a social spirit which holds, in effect, that "a lady" is a being designed

> "To eat strawberries, sugar, and cream,
> To sit on a cushion and sew up a seam."

Men and women are mutually helpmates. But the condition of helping others is ability to help one's self.

THE intellectual movement in New England forty or fifty years ago which was known as Transcendentalism has left memorable traces in our thought and literature, and consequently in our national life. It produced singular persons, some very grotesque, others most noble, spiritual, and significant. It was full of fun and amusement as well as of moral enlightenment and literary enthusiasm, and the Easy Chair has more than once recalled some of its striking aspects and notable men. The humorous aspects were, of course, the least pronounced and characteristic, for it was distinctively a moral awakening.

There was one little book which appeared at that time, under the auspices of Mr. Emerson, whose approval and sympathy commended it to a circle of readers who at once felt the charm which had attracted him. It was a slight, modest volume containing three essays, one on epic poetry, one on Shakespeare, and one on Hamlet, followed by a series of sonnets in the Shakespearean form. The name of the author was Jones Very. He was evidently known personally to very few, and his book was very little noted by the critics. Yet it was very carefully read and pondered and remembered by the few who awaited some further word from the poet. But it never came. The Transcendental illumination died away into the light of common day. Mr. Very could have challenged Hawthorne's claim of being the most obscure author in America. His name seemed never to have been heard beyond a constantly lessening circle, and many of that circle supposed him to have been long dead.

But the little book had not dropped out of our literature. Rufus W. Griswold had mentioned it in his *Poets and Poetry of America*, and the Duyckincks in their valuable *Cyclopædia* spoke of him with appreciating kindness. "The subtle essay on Shakespeare," said the *Cyclopædia*, "illustrates the universality of his genius by a condition of the higher Christian life"; and the sonnets, it said, "in a certain metaphysical vein and simplicity, their love of nature and sincerity of utterance, remind us of the meditations of the philosophical and pious writers in the old English poetry of the seventeenth century." Still the author, if yet living, made no further sign, until three years ago, many of those who had delighted in the singularly pure and lofty and simple melody of Jones Very's poetry saw that he had died, at the age of sixty-seven, in Salem, Massachusetts, where he had always lived.

A younger friend and fellow-townsman, Mr. William P. Andrews, has now written a brief memoir, and prefixed it to a new issue of the poems, with some additions, which Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. have published in a fittingly simple and neat volume. The memoir tells all of Mr. Very that is to be known, and tells it with a sympathetic delicacy and insight which certify the peculiar fitness of the writer for his task, which is evinced also in a prefatory sonnet:

> "We thought: the morning birds have ceased to sing;
> We hear but songs from out a gilded cage;
> When to our August noon a breath of spring
> Brought us a strain from out another age."

Mr. Very's life was without incident. The son of a sea-captain, he made, when a boy, one voyage with his father. But his tastes were wholly literary, and upon his father's death, devoting himself to teaching to support the family, he fitted himself for Harvard, and graduated with high honors. At once appointed tutor in Greek, he studied for the ministry in the Divinity School, but falling into a condition of religious exaltation, he was removed for treatment, and upon his recovery, withdrawing to his old home at Salem, he passed a sedate, studious life, occasionally preaching, and living always in a peculiarly rapt and religious state. He was persuaded that to renounce self absolutely was to be absorbed in Christ, and to become the voice of the Holy Ghost. His friendship with Mr. Emerson was very warm, and Mr. Emerson was deeply interested in the pure and gentle poet and scholar.

It must not be supposed that Very's poetry, although that of a mystic, is in the ordinary sense obscure. It is, on the contrary, extremely simple, and flows with a natural melody which suggests the familiar scenes of nature in which he delighted. There is no finer contemplative strain in our literature, and it is curious to compare it with that of Bryant, who had the same love of the plain landscape, without the peculiar feeling of spiritual affinity which is characteristic of Very. Mr. Bryant responded to his friend R. H. Dana's high admiration of Very's sonnets, delighting in their "extraordinary grace and originality," and regarding them "as among the finest in the language." Dr. Channing said that to hear Very talk was to look into truth itself. Hawthorne includes the sonnets in his *Virtuoso's Collection* as the songs of a poet whose voice is scarcely heard because of its depth, and Emerson does not stay to temper his praise of a poet whose voice recalled the breathings of the Hebrew Muse.

The timely republication will appeal to a different but a more generally trained literary taste than the first issue of 1839. It is impossible that that taste should not recognize the deep beauty and natural music of this verse, the fresh purity as of a dew-drop, the ecstasy of delight in nature, and a joyous confidence

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of religious faith, which in this day is like the revelation of a new life.

It is not easy to illustrate in one sonnet the spiritual delicacy and simple grace of the poet. But we quote one which is most familiar to the lovers of Very's verse, and whose rippling flow has the inward music which charms them, and vindicates a permanent place in our literature for the modest man whose life was hidden in the divine presence which was his soul's delight. The sonnet is called "Nature":

"The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them both great and small;
The flowers that on the lovely hill-side grow
Expect me there when spring their bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress which then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good."

As it is agreed that the present situation of the world is not the millennium, but that there is still much improvement possible which can be compassed only by brave thought and free speech and cheerful persistence of endeavor through disappointment and delay and defeat, it is curious to see what a rough welcome the pioneer receives. If a man says sonorously and decisively that honesty is the best policy, or that a lie well stuck to is, after all, not as good as the truth, he is saluted as a hypocrite and impostor and pretender, and every liar and swindler and charlatan turns upon him with a sneer, asking him why he sets himself up for a saint, and why what is good enough for others is not good enough for him.

It is plain that if a crowd is to advance, somebody must go first. But in the great human crowd known as the world, or the race, or mankind, or society, the one, or the two, or the few who move naturally forward are denounced as visionaries or incendiaries, as fools or knaves. If it is in a religious denomination that the forward step is taken, the foremost man is bowled over as a heretic or schismatic. If it be in a political party, he is a fanatic and an idealist. If in science, he is a quack or a lunatic. There are Socrates, Luther, Galileo—the list is illustrious and familiar. But we rise from kneeling to the hero of yesterday only to fling a stone at the hero of to-day. A fresh and generous enthusiasm hastens to show that there is probably a western route to the Indies—perhaps in politics, perhaps in philosophy. But he suddenly feels the Old Man of the Sea upon his shoulders, and he hears the familiar words: "It is always wise, my young friends, to let well enough alone; and many men have prospered exceedingly by minding their own business. Moreover, those who run before they are sent, and who suppose that wisdom waited to appear until they were born, will probably find that experience is a sure guide, and that to hold by the ancient ways is to hold by the way of safety."

This wisdom was as wise four hundred years ago as it is to-day. Luther heard it; Columbus heard it; every man impatient of the social, mental, and moral tread-mill has heard it, and happily they have despised it, or this Magazine would not be written, and printed, and read everywhere, and America itself, in a distinctive national sense, would not have been. The American orator who salutes every ardent proposition of change with a sneer, and who resists the general spirit of progress by echoing once more the ancient "gag," "I have always observed that to let well enough alone is never a dangerous policy," is as solemnly droll a figure as a sage of the forecastle at sea who should declare that to raise a sail would be idle or perilous while the ship rode upon an even keel.

If there is to be progress in any direction, no existing situation can be well enough, in the sense that it can not be improved. The same assertion, could it have been the rule of conduct, would have made the present situation impossible, because it would have retained that from which it grew. It is the argument of stagnation and paralysis, of mental asphyxia and of moral death. This is the year in which especially to recall this truth, for it is the four-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth. "He hit the Pope on the crown, and the monks in the belly," said the witty Erasmus. They were well enough, according to the general feeling and the exhortation of the orators, but Luther did not think it wise to let well enough alone. How many of those who think that they revere Luther above all men, hunt him to-day, in some one of his modern forms, as zealously as he was hunted then, and they hunt him with the same cry that wise and good men will let well enough alone.

In no better way could this memorial Lutheran year have opened than with the wise and noble and witty discourse of Dr. Hedge upon the Reformer, the maker of the modern epoch, which was delivered on a pleasant May evening in Mr. Chadwick's Brooklyn church. It is not often that we can hear a scholar who has made Luther the subject of long and masterly study; still less often a scholar whose incisive and apt and choice literary style enables him to convey adequately to others his clear, comprehensive, and accurate view. Doubtless every hearer in that large audience carried with him from the church, and will carry always, a complete and distinct conception of Luther such as he never had before. It was not an idol that was set up for us to worship; it was a great and heroic man, "not too bright and good," with great limitations, but overflowing with human nature, and in-

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spired with an indomitable faith and a blithe courage which enabled the cheerful Atlas to bear our whole modern world upon his shoulders.

As the picture was unrolled it was impossible for one at least who sat delighted not to recall another man whose bluff heartiness and sweet simplicity were of the Lutheran type, and to hear the gay voice of Thackeray trilling his favorite stave, which celebrates the human sympathy of Luther. Many voices during the year will celebrate his memory, but none more appreciative, sympathetic, and satisfactory than that of Dr. Hedge.

Editor's Literary Record.

OF the patriots and statesmen who were prominent and active in the first fifty years of our national existence, perhaps the one with whom Americans of this generation are least familiar is James Monroe. His public services were great and various and prolonged. He figured with credit, if not with distinction, successively as a soldier of the Revolution, who won the rare honor of the special commendation of Washington; as a member of the Continental Congress, and member of Congress and of the Senate under the Constitution; as thrice Governor of Virginia; as minister successively to France, Spain, and England, and as one of the commissioners to negotiate a treaty with England; as a prominent agent in the purchase of Florida and Louisiana, under the administration of Jefferson; as a member of President Madison's cabinet, holding the portfolios both of Secretary of State and Secretary of War; and as twice President of the United States, and in that capacity being the author of the famous principle of American international policy known as "the Monroe Doctrine." And yet, notwithstanding his extended and honorable services, no adequate memoir of his life has hitherto been written, and the data of his career are only to be found buried in scattered fragments under a bewildering profusion of pamphlets, addresses, messages, contemporaneous publications, and public documents, not easily accessible to the general reader, or hidden under the still more inaccessible unassorted files of unpublished correspondence. These considerations have moved President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, to prepare a memoir[1] of Monroe which will serve to introduce him more intimately to his countrymen of our generation, and will enable them more intelligently to estimate his character and services.

President Gilman announces at the outset, with frank modesty, that he has not attempted to give in detail the personal and domestic history of Monroe; but, leaving the preparation of a more elaborate portrait to some future biographer, has aimed rather to prepare a brief but faithful sketch of the man, showing how he discharged the duties of exalted stations as an honest and patriotic citizen—what he was in public life, how he bore himself in the legislative, diplomatic, and administrative positions which he was called to fill, and what kind and measure of influence he exerted upon the progress and welfare of the country. Necessarily, in order to the completeness of even so limited a sketch, President Gilman has been obliged to make some inquiry into the early training and associations which gave an impulse to Monroe's life, to recall some particulars of his personal history, and to examine his conduct and review the opinions that were passed upon him by friends and opponents among his contemporaries and their successors. The study, therefore, is far from being devoid of details of a personal character, but its chief value consists in its intelligent and comprehensive outline and summary of the public acts of Monroe's diversified life, and of the principles and policies with which he was identified, and in the clear views it gives of the origin and nature of the political questions and divisions that agitated the country in its early days, some of which were temporary and fugitive, while others have been permanently grafted upon our political system, and have become a part of the traditional national sentiment. Of special and timely interest is the condensed historical sketch in one of its chapters of the genesis of the policy of the United States government in respect to foreign interference in the affairs of this continent, as first announced by Monroe in the celebrated declaration known as "the Monroe Doctrine," and which has come to be regarded as an epitome of the principles of the United States with respect to the development of American states. The first distinct announcement of this policy was made by Monroe while President in his annual Message of December 2, 1823; but the principles therein embodied, though then first put into precise and definite form by the Executive, simply reflected a tradition of earlier days which had gradually expanded until it assumed the dimensions of Monroe's declaration, and had become the prevalent opinion throughout the country. Dr. Gilman has subjected the writings and correspondence of the earlier statesmen of the republic to a careful examination, with a view to the illustration of the growth of the Monroe Doctrine "as an idea dimly entertained at first, but steadily developed by the course of public events and the reflections

[1] "American Statesmen." *James Monroe in his Relations to the Public Service during Half a Century. 1776–1826.* By DANIEL C. GILMAN. 16mo, pp. 287. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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of those in public life," with the result of a singularly interesting series of citations exhibiting the germination and gradual full development of the idea, in the publications, addresses, messages, and letters of some of the deepest thinkers among the patriots and statesmen of the country from 1780 to 1823. It is to be observed, however, that in most of these citations the idea was but faintly adumbrated, and for the most part was purely speculative and suggestive; and that it was reserved for Monroe to be the first of our statesmen to give it practical and authoritative form. In connection with these interesting citations President Gilman gives in an appendix a valuable bibliographical account of all the publications—outside of state papers, the published correspondence of Washington, Madison, and others, and the standard histories—bearing directly upon the Monroe Doctrine from its inception till the present day, prepared for the work by Mr. J. F. Jameson, of the Johns Hopkins University, and accompanied by references to the libraries where they may be consulted. He also gives in the appendix an admirable synopsis of Monroe's Presidential messages, prepared by the same competent scholar. The volume is impressive alike by its dignity, candor, and discriminating judgment, and is an invaluable assistant in the study of the political events of the period covered by the half-century of Monroe's public life.

THE memoir of *Fielding*,[2] by Mr. Austin Dobson, in the "English Men of Letters" series, will pleasantly introduce one of the foremost and most interesting characters in our literature to a large circle of English readers who have known but little of his personality, and have only a vague knowledge of him as the author of *Tom Jones* and other novels of that class, which nearly everybody reads, though most often furtively. That Fielding was a man of genius is practically evinced by the strong hold which his novels have maintained upon public favor for nearly a century and a half, in spite of their occasional coarseness and indecency. Of his contemporaries his works remain the freshest. Even his style, like that of Addison and Steele, requires little emendation save in its orthography to adapt it to the literary taste of to-day, and his wit and humor and subtle irony, his perception and delineation of character and motive, and his descriptions of life and manners have an indestructible charm. Whether, notwithstanding all this, his novels are fit for general reading is a question that does not admit of debate. His warmest admirer will concede that they should be kept sedulously out of the hands of secretive and sensuously imaginative youths of both sexes, that no pure and delicate-minded woman can read them without a blush and a sense of shame, and that it would be impossible to read them aloud in the family or mixed social circle without wholesale expurgation. This would confine their reading within very narrow limits, and if we should define those limits more closely, we should say that they should be read, and can only be read without leaving some stain, solely by mature adults who are able to regard their coarsenesses and indecencies as so many lamentable blots upon a rare masterpiece, and passing them by with a feeling of regret for their presence, can fix their attention upon the perfection of art exhibited in the great body of the canvas. Mr. Dobson's sketch of Fielding's life is thoroughly loving and sympathetic as well as thoroughly honest, and not without reason, for, despite the irregularities of his early youth, Fielding was emphatically a lovable man—generous, hospitable, sincere, and compassionate; stanch in his friendships, placable in his animosities, tender and affectionate in his family; wise, capable, and clean-handed as a magistrate; and endowed with a personal magnetism that was irresistible even by his enemies. Mr. Dobson outlines Fielding's erratic and diversified career, which was as erratic and diversified as that of any of his heroes, with a free hand, and gives the most graphic portrait of the man and the best bibliographical and critical account of his writings that have yet appeared on a scale so reduced.

THE volume on *Jefferson*[3] which has been contributed to the "American Statesmen" series by Mr. John T. Morse, Jun., is open to the criticism that its author is not in sympathy with the man he memorializes. Indeed, not only is he not moved by any generous enthusiasm for Jefferson as a man or as a statesman, but he is distinctly antipathetic to him in both relations. It is apparent in the opening chapters of the memoir that Mr. Morse must have entered upon its preparation with a strong prepossession in favor of Jefferson's great political rival and opposite, Alexander Hamilton, and of the political school of which he was the brilliant founder and leader, and with a correspondingly strong bias adverse to Jefferson and the political school of which he was the acknowledged Coryphæus. And the influence of this bias remains perceptible throughout the volume, manifested in trivial colorings which make an impression on the mind of the reader—unconsciously perhaps, but none the less positively—unfavorable to Jefferson. It is and probably ever will be a moot question how far this antipathetic attitude of a writer toward his subject disables him for the functions of a biographer, but it is certain that when it is highly pronounced it is not pleasing to the dispassionate reader, and impairs

[2] *Fielding*. By AUSTIN DOBSON. "English Men of Letters." 16mo, pp. 184. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] "American Statesmen." *Thomas Jefferson*. By JOHN T. MORSE, Jun. 16mo, pp. 350. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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his confidence in the author, even when it stops short of positive unfairness. Of deliberate unfairness or injustice to Jefferson Mr. Morse is never guilty; but, on the contrary, all the more that he seems conscious of a latent feeling of antagonism does he strive to render an impartial verdict. And it is doubtful whether the most labored eulogy of Jefferson's most ardent admirers bears witness as effectively to his sterling qualities—the fertility and breadth of his intellectual resources, his political sagacity, his wise and far-reaching statesmanship, his patriotism, and his simple and sturdy virtues—as the reluctant praise which is extorted from Mr. Morse by his candor and sense of justice. Of course great particularity of personal detail is not to be looked for in a memoir executed on the restricted plan of the volumes in this series; but Mr. Morse has a happy faculty for choice and selection, as well as for compression, which enables him to reproduce in small compass every salient incident of Jefferson's life, and to present on a reduced scale, but with vivid fidelity, his most characteristic traits and features, so that, although his memoir supplies nothing new as the result of original research, nothing is omitted that illustrates the life, character, and public services of the great Virginian. The same happy faculty is observable in the clear and connected outline of Jefferson's political career, ante-Revolutionary, Revolutionary, and post-Revolutionary, and in the excellent summaries and epitomes of his political acts, theories, and writings, to which the volume is principally devoted, and from the reading of which, the proper deduction being made for the adverse colorings and versions above adverted to, a just conception may be formed of his rank as a political thinker and philosopher, of his character as a man and as a practical statesman, and of the value and extent of his services to his native State and the nation at large.

It would be superfluous and presumptuous to appraise the quality of Thucydides as a historian, and scarcely less so to canvass the ability of Professor Jowett as his translator. By the universal consent of scholars Thucydides divides with Herodotus among the ancients the supremacy as a historian, and surpasses him in at least one cardinal essential; for, as Professor Jowett has justly remarked, "Thucydides stands absolutely alone among the historians, not only of Hellas, but of the world, in his impartiality and love of truth." Nor was his superiority over his contemporaries confined to these important particulars. He was also without a rival in the art of historical narrative—in the faculty of so selecting, disposing, and grouping characters and events as to affect the imagination as if we were in the very thick of the realities he describes. Although Thucydides has been rendered several times into English by scholars who in their day were held in high repute as Grecians, it is not invidious to say that, aside from the antiquated style of most of them, none will compare for ease and vigor of style, combined with extensive philological knowledge and historical precision and accuracy, with the translation by Professor Jowett,[4] which has been recently republished in this country in a form that will place it within reach of that large class who are able to read this great author in English only. The English edition of the work is in two volumes, the first containing the translation of the history proper, and the second being confined exclusively to a body of valuable critical notes intended for Greek scholars only, and intelligible to them only with the Greek text in hand. The American edition is a reprint of the first volume alone, as being better adapted to the wants of the intelligent general reader.

Hitherto, in order to acquire a tolerable degree of familiarity with the entire financial history of the United States, the student of that branch of political science has been forced to prosecute a diligent search over a mountain of public documents, or if he has felt unequal to a labor so herculean, he has been obliged to glean versions and fragments of the information he sought from an interminable tangle of pamphlets, treatises, and essays, or from widely dispersed passages in the general histories of Bancroft, Hildreth, and others. In either case the task has been an arduous and unsatisfactory one, and the difficulty of securing a continuous and correct view has been almost insurmountable to one who could not give the subject exclusive and protracted attention. Few have time to select from the overwhelming mass of material which must be examined that which bears most directly and instructively upon the subject, and fewer still have the experience or the ability that is necessary to enable them to decide what may be safely relied upon, or to condense within reasonable limits all that bears most luminously and impressively upon it. Moreover, it happens that the documents, essays, and histories that may be consulted, no less than the student who consults them, are seldom free from the prepossessions or prejudices of particular schools or parties, and hence most inquiries are apt to run in narrow grooves, and to result in distorted or imperfect knowledge. It is probable that no history of this intricate subject will ever be written which shall be absolutely free from all coloring, nor, indeed, is it necessary that it should be. For if it be written by one who brings long-continued and exclusive attention to bear upon it, who has the needful familiarity with financial problems and trans-

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[4] *Thucydides.* Translated into English, with Introduction, Marginal Analysis, and Index. By B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, etc. Edited, with a Preface to the American Edition, by A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 699. Boston: D. Lathrop and Co.

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actions that practical business experience insures, and who imparts all the facts and statistics frankly and without reserve, his versions and interpretations will be confronted by his facts, and an intelligent student will have little difficulty in discovering how far the one is sustained or invalidated by the other. The great merit of Professor Bolles's treatment of the *Financial History of the United States*[5] is not that it is utterly colorless, but that while distinctly though unobtrusively revealing his own leanings, he never permits it to sacrifice candor, or to degenerate into special pleading. Having distinct convictions of his own, he yet relates the financial history of the country with judicial fairness, and continuously from the organization of the Treasury Department by Hamilton in 1789 until the eve of the civil war in 1860, giving all the facts and statistics without concealment, and affording a complete view of the general scope and of the details of all the legislative and administrative measures that directly or incidentally affected the national finances. Mr. Bolles has arranged this first volume of his extensive work in three parts, each of which is appropriated to the consideration of a distinct and rounded financial era, its origin, development, and transitional stages, as new departures were forced upon the country by stress of circumstances and political exigencies, or by the emergencies of party leaders. In the first part he gives a concise yet full account of our financial history from the organization of the government under the Constitution in 1789 to the war of 1812, comprising what may be termed the Hamiltonian era, and embodying careful sketches of the first formation of the Treasury Department; of the original methods of keeping the accounts and deposits, and of funding and paying the national debt; of the system of internal revenue and of taxation of foreign imports that was adopted; of the functions, operation, and influence of the first United States Bank; of the principles that entered into the coinage, and governed the preparation of appropriation bills; and of the administration of the appropriations and expenditures severally from 1789 to 1800, and from 1800 to 1812. In the second book he describes the effects of the war of 1812 upon the finances from its opening in that year until its close in 1815, as illustrated by the war loans and taxation that it necessitated, by the attitude it compelled the government to take toward the circulating medium, and by the policy that was inaugurated in consequence of the depression of manufactures. This book closes with an exceedingly able *résumé* of the administration of the Treasury Department from Gallatin to Crawford. The third book closely reviews the financial history for the period from the close of the war of 1812 to 1860, and it embraces the history of the second United States Bank until its overthrow by General Jackson, and an examination of the principles upon which the tariff legislation was based at distinctive periods, severally from 1816 to 1824, from 1824 to 1832, from 1832 to 1842, from 1842 to 1846, and from 1846 to 1860, under the influence of the ideas of protection and revenue production that prevailed in each. In connection with this, elaborate accounts are given respectively of the nature and effects of the tonnage revenues, of the systems of warehousing, drawbacks, and collection of duties that were introduced, and as they were subsequently modified, of the methods of improved accounting that were devised from time to time, and of the nature and character of the objects sought to be attained by the appropriations and expenditures of the public moneys. In a prefatory note Mr. Bolles states that another and final volume of the work is in preparation, which will cover the period from the opening of the civil war in 1860 to the refunding of the national bonds in 1881. Meanwhile, legislators, bankers, and students of finance will find the volume now completed an invaluable book of reference for the large body of precise information it contains, and which it presents fairly and dispassionately, and condenses within the briefest possible compass compatible with the importance and complexity of the subjects treated upon in it.

[5] *The Financial History of the United States, from* 1789 *to* 1860. By ALBERT S. BOLLES. 8vo, pp. 621. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

MR. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, who is not to be confounded with his father, Mr. Justin McCarthy, has prepared a compact *Outline of Irish History*,[6] which the reader may consider either as a purely literary piece of work, having only that general political application which is natural and appropriate to any independent historical study, or as a political pamphlet, specifically designed to educate the people of Great Britain and America—more especially those of the latter who have Celtic affinities—in the principles of the school of Irish politicians of which Mr. Parnell is the chief, and to create an active public sentiment in both countries in favor of equal political rights for Irishmen by a temperate exposition of the wrongs of Ireland and Irishmen under the centuries of English misgovernment. This last is the more probable, though not the sole object of this judicious compendium. For, as we surmise, it is also intended to advertise the world, and in particular the English government and people, that Mr. Parnell and his associates, drawing a line beween secret conspiracy and open political effort, disavow the cowardly methods and arguments of the dynamite and assassination school, and indicate their purpose to continue to strive for the investiture of Irishmen with the rights and lib-

[6] *An Outline of Irish History, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 29. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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erties that Englishmen have secured for themselves by the employment of the same agency that had been so successfully employed in their own case—that of persistent, energetic, and determined constitutional agitation. But be the motive of the pamphlet what it may, Mr. McCarthy has produced a clear and very readable outline summary of Irish history from the earliest times to the present, in which he passes rapidly over the earlier periods, and dwells more emphatically and at greater length on those incidents and events of the last three centuries, and in particular of the present century, which have a political and historical significance at this day.

REAR-ADMIRAL PREBLE, of the United States navy, has contributed a highly interesting chapter to the history of naval progress and development, in a volume which he has in part compiled and in part prepared from original materials, and in which he undertakes to give *A Chronological History of the Origin and Development of Steam Navigation.*[7] Premising his monograph with the rather startling statement that, even as he writes, the evidence has been afforded, by the trial in England of a vessel propelled by electricity with results whose success is far in advance of that which attended any of the early experimental trials of steam vessels, that the days of steam as the almost universal naval motor are numbered, and that it is doomed to be supplanted at no distant day by the more compact and economical power of electricity, Admiral Preble first summarizes from history and ancient remains the earlier attempts of man to propel his boat by mechanical appliances, and then, by a natural transition, enters upon quite an elaborate account of the early experimenters with steam as a motive power for vessels, extending from the apocryphal stories of Blasco de Garray's alleged invention in 1543, to the more authentic traditions of the tentative discoveries of Salomon de Carrs and the Marquis of Worcester in 1641 and 1699, and down to and including the practical solution of the problem by Fulton and Fitch, and their predecessors and contemporaries, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. His accounts of the successful results that signalized this later period, and of the experiments that paved the way for them, are very minute, and are recorded in chronological order, so that a comparison of the claims to priority of the various discoverers and inventors may be easily instituted. Up to this time the record relates only to navigation in smooth water, and it covers the period from 1778 to 1819, at which latter date inland steam navigation had been generally introduced in Great Britain and the United States. Then followed the era of ocean steam navigation, the history of which, in this country and in Europe, from its inauguration in April and May, 1819, by the voyage of the *Savannah* from New York to Savannah, and from thence to Liverpool, till the close of 1882, is minutely and exhaustively recorded. As a reference-book the work is invaluable for the accuracy of its dates, the particularity of its details, and the dispassionateness of its statements of all matters of fact respecting the construction, arrangement, machinery, speed, and models of the more notable among the war and merchant steam-ships of the world that have been built during the interval between the voyage of the *Savannah* in 1819 and the close of the last year. The concluding chapter is a comprehensive outline of the history of the great ocean steam-ship lines and companies; and in an appendix the author has condensed a large amount of valuable information relative to the bibliography of steam navigation, the statistics of the tonnage and capacity of the steam vessels of the world in every branch, the progress of improvements in ocean steam navigation, and the disasters to transatlantic vessels from 1838 to 1882 inclusive.

[7] *A Chronological History of the Origin and Development of Steam Navigation.* By GEO. HENRY PREBLE, Rear-Admiral U.S.N. 1543–1882. 8vo, pp. 483. Philadelphia: L. R. Hammersly and Co.

THE remarkable activity that has been exhibited of late years in the publication of books on subjects reflecting the diversity of the religious thought of the times shows no signs of abatement. Every form of controversy, and every shade of belief and theory, have their exponents in a large proportion of the multitude of volumes that fall from the press; and nearly every branch of literature, including even fiction, is more or less tinged by the prevailing tendency, and, joining in the attack or the defense, ranges itself either on the side of skepticism, materialism, and the automatic rule of the blind law of chance, or on that of revealed religion, and an intelligent Author of all law and Creator of all things. Early in the controversy and discussion which have become so general the partisans of unbelief in its various forms, drawing their arguments from the revelations of modern science as they interpreted them, were distinctly on the aggressive, and at a later stage became zealous propagandists of their destructive theories, while the believers in a supernatural God as revealed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, disconcerted by the novelty of the attack, and not yet having discovered or reduced to form the methods of parrying or refuting it, were no less distinctly feebly on the defensive. There is, however, a law in the material world which is constantly at work to adjust the resisting power of defensive armor to the propelling force and penetrating power of weapons of attack; and in obedience to this law, which is no less influential in the moral and intellectual than in the physical world, the friends and advocates of supernatural religion have not only strengthened their defenses and enlarged their fortifications, but

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have converted them into a "coign of vantage" from whence to deliver a formidable attack upon the weak spots they have discovered in the batteries of their assailants, and as a result are now as distinctly in the aggressive as they formerly were on the defensive. This remarkable change in the relative positions of the contestants has just been illustrated in the department of natural theology by the publication of a profoundly able work on *Final Causes*,[8] by Professor Janet, of Paris, in which such a revision and re-adjustment of the argument of the evidences of design have been made as were rendered necessary by the new aspects that have been assumed by philosophy in recent years, successfully encountering, on the one hand, those deductions from the developments of the sciences of nature which more and more tend to subject the phenomena of the universe to a mechanical concatenation, and, on the other, those destructive theories which have attended the development of the critical and idealist philosophy which had its rise in Germany. Although, as has been justly remarked by Professor Flint, of Edinburgh University, in an introduction to the English translation of this great work, it is not an exhaustive treatise on final causes, seeing that it does not attempt to trace their presence in the regions of intellect and emotion, morality and history, it is yet the most comprehensive of any that has been written, and is truly philosophical in its conception, spirit, and execution. Equally remarkable for its candor and ability, truth alone is the thing sought by its author, reason alone is appealed to for its discovery, and difficulties are neither evaded nor represented as less formidable than they really are. On the contrary, every serious objection, either to the existence of final causes in nature, or to the interpretation which the author would assign to them, is stated in its full force, nor is there any disposition on his part to exaggerate the weight or the worth of his answers to them. Professor Janet's inquiry divides itself into the examination of two problems: 1st. Are there ends in nature? Or, in other words, is Finality a law of nature? And 2d. What is the first or ultimate cause or explanation of that law? And after a careful review of the hypotheses of the evolutionists, and a masterly refutation of the assumptions of modern positivist and materialistic criticism, the conclusion is reached of the necessity of an ultra-mechanical principle—a principle of finality and thought, and the arguments for it are summed up in the following three fundamental propositions: 1st. That there is no *a priori* principle of final causes, but that the final cause is an induction, a hypothesis, whose probability depends on the number and characters of observed phenomena. 2d. That the final cause is proved by the existence in fact of certain combinations, such that the accord of these combinations with a final phenomenon independent of them would be a void, a gap, an abyss—in a word, a mere chance—and that nature must be explained by an accident. 3d. That, in fine, the relation of finality being once admitted as a law of the universe, the only hypothesis appropriate to our understanding that can account for this law is that it is derived from an intelligent cause.

Another valuable critical and historical work in this province of religious thought and investigation is *A Critique of Design-Arguments*,[9] by Professor Hicks, of Dennison University, Ohio. The work is a historical review and free examination of the methods of reasoning that have been employed in natural theology, and includes a lucid and to some extent original classification of design-arguments. In this classification the author distinguishes between and marks the precise boundaries, first, of the *teleological* argument, which always has reference to the accomplishment of an *end* or *purpose*, and which undertakes to show that every natural event was an end foreseen, chosen, and brought to pass by suitable means; second, of the *eutaxiological* argument, or the argument of design from order, whose fundamental proposition is that *order* and *harmony* are marks of intelligence, whose key-note is *plan* as that of teleology is *purpose;* and, third, of the *causal* argument, or the argument whose ground notion is *cause* and *effect*. After a review of all the methods, it is the judgment of the author that while the field of teleology has been restricted by the advance of science, the range of the eutaxiological or order argument for the existence of God has been correspondingly enlarged, and consequently that the entire province of design-arguments has not suffered any restriction, but has been so enlarged as to fully occupy the new fields which the advances of science have created for it. The treatise, so far as it is original and polemic, is an able attempt to set forth the order-argument more clearly, and to point out the inverted order and defective nomenclature that have impaired the force of the teleological argument. Under this head the work of Janet which has just occupied our attention is subjected to a keen and respectful but at times somewhat hypercritical analysis, and some of his methods of reasoning are traversed with considerable force. Independent of its interest as a strong exposition of the order-argument and as a frank and very suggestive criticism of the defects of some of the methods that have been used in the argument from ends, the work is of genuine value for its historical sketch of natural theology, and its intelligent outline of the work done and the progress made in this line of

[8] *Final Causes*. By PAUL JANET, Professor at the Faculté des Lettres, of Paris, etc. Translated by WILLIAM AFFLICK, B.D., with Preface by ROBERT FLINT, D.D., Professor of Divinity at the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. 520. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[9] *A Critique of Design-Arguments*. By L. E. HICKS, Professor of Geology in Dennison University, Ohio. 12mo, pp. 417. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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thought among the ancients, in the Middle Ages, and in the last three centuries.

One of the most philosophical and scientific and also vigorously aggressive investigations of certain principles and hypotheses that have been so buoyantly advanced of late years as destructive of the basis on which the Christian religion and Theism generally rest is contained in an examination of the *Theories of Darwin, and their Relation to Philosophy, Religion, and Morality*,[10] by Dr. Rudolf Schmid, President of the Theological Seminary at Schönthal, Würtemberg. After a synoptical account of the philosophical predecessors of Darwin, a history of the rise, progress, and present state of the Darwinian theories, and an impartial analytical sketch of the theories themselves, including a statement, accompanied by vigorous rebuttals, of their philosophic completions and consequences as relates to the origin of self-consciousness, of free moral determination, of sensation, consciousness, life, and the elements of the world, and as bearing upon the elimination of the idea of design from the world, Dr. Schmid enters upon an elaborate historical, critical, and philosophical consideration of the position of the Darwinian theories with reference to religion and morality. In the course of his broad but close survey he exhibits with clearness and precision their mutual antagonisms, concordances, and grounds of neutrality, and at its close he reaches the conclusion that a neutral, not to say friendly, relationship is taking place between revealed religion and the theories of development, and that this will continue so long as the latter keep within their proper realm, the perception of nature; that a hostile relation takes place and anti-religious attacks are to be guarded against only when a disbelieving system of metaphysics, which has grown on other ground, in an uncalled-for way tries to connect itself closely with the theory of descent; that he who builds a system of monistic naturalism upon his Darwinism, if he is logical and not better than his system, comes into inevitable collision with concrete moral life, while he who limits his Darwinism to the realm of natural science remains, in concrete life, in peace with morality; that the Christian religion and Christian morality rest on foundations which can no longer be shaken by any result of exact investigation, and not only remain at peace with all imaginable possibilities of scientific theories, but can also, in the realm of the philosophy of the doctrines of nature, be passive spectators of all investigations and attempts, and even of all possible excursions into the realm of fancy, without being disturbed; and finally, that the actual proof is established of the harmony between faith and knowledge, between the religious and the scientific views of the world, so far as the latter rests on real knowledge, and not upon unsolved problems, ingenious guesses, and subtle hypotheses.

The extent to which the group of notices upon works of this class has grown disables us from inviting attention as closely as they merit to three eminently cogent and instructive pamphlets, in a philosophical series projected by President McCosh, designed for the exposition and defense of fundamental truths, and which have for their themes, severally, *Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth as Opposed to Agnosticism; Energy, Efficient and Final Cause;* and *Development, What It Can Do, and What It Can Not Do.*[11] These distinct but correlated subjects are treated with equal simplicity and power, and cover in brief much of the ground occupied by the larger publications just noticed, together with much on independent lines of thought that lie outside their plan.

A SEDUCTIVE volume to while away a tedious hour, or to occupy intervals when one is indisposed to hard or continuous reading, has been prepared from the accumulated recollections of a prolonged and active life, by the veteran author and editor S. C. Hall.[12] The retrospect extends from 1815 to 1883, and his record of it is an inexhaustible repertory of anecdote and incident, both grave and gay, told with a pleasant tincture of garrulity and egotism, and with absolute freedom from asperity or malevolence, reviving memories of the men and women the author had met and the notable or forgotten things with which he had come in contact in the course of his long and diversified day, and reviving numerous engaging reminiscences of vanished celebrities, fashions, manners, customs, and institutions.

MR. PARKE GODWIN has edited the poetical works of Mr. Bryant[13] in such a manner as to disarm hostile criticism. Not only is his edition of the poet the most complete that has been published, comprising many pieces which had been privately printed, but not published, together with some that had been printed in periodicals, but never included in any volume, and others that had never before been published in any form, but a distinct biographical and bibliographical value has been imparted to it by Mr. Godwin's admirable arrangement and classification of the poems; by his reproduction of the prefaces of the successive original

[10] *The Theories of Darwin, and their Relation to Philosophy, Religion, and Morality.* By RUDOLF SCHMID, President of the Theological Seminary at Schönthal. Translated by G. A. ZIMMERMAN, Ph.D. With an Introduction by the Duke of Argyll. 12mo, pp. 410. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

[11] "Philosophic Series." I.—*Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth as Opposed to Agnosticism.* Being a Treatise on Applied Logic. 12mo, pp. 60. II.—*Energy, Efficient and Final Cause.* 12mo, pp. 55. III.—*Development, What It Can Do, and What It Can Not Do.* 12mo, pp. 50. By JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D., etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[12] *Retrospect of a Long Life.* From 1815 to 1883. By S. C. HALL. 8vo, pp. 612. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[13] *The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant.* Edited by PARKE GODWIN. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 358 and 372. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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editions of the poems so far as they had then been written; by his notes appended to the text or collected in the appendix, giving the various readings of the text adopted by the author, and explaining the incidents and circumstances under which some of the poems were written; and by the dates he places at the close of each poem—those at the left hand showing the time and place of composition of each, and those at the right hand the time and place of their first publication. The poems are published in two superbly printed octavo volumes, uniform in size and style with the *Life and Letters of Bryant*, noticed in the last number of the Magazine.

THE sparkling sketches of travel in Spain by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop which, under the title of *Spanish Vistas*,[14] formed so attractive a feature of this Magazine during several months of the past year, have been collected by the Messrs. Harper in an elegant volume, finely illustrated by Reinhart, suitable for permanent separate preservation. Mr. Lathrop's vivacious and vividly realistic sketches and descriptions have the rare merit of carrying the reader away from his surroundings, and of causing him to travel in imagination with the traveller amid the real scenes and incidents he describes. His book will be found a most engaging companion for the chimney-corner, and no less so for some sylvan, mountain, or seaside outlook. Mr. Lathrop has added a practical value to his spirited descriptions by a supplementary chapter of useful hints and directions for travellers and tourists in Spain that will greatly facilitate their movements and contribute to their comfort, and at the same time put them in the way of seeing whatever is memorable or picturesque in that historic land.—Our space will only permit us to invite attention in the briefest manner to several other unusually attractive volumes of notes, observations, and etchings of travel, now just published: *From Ponkapog to Pesth*,[15] by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; *The Golden Chersonese* (Malay Peninsula) *and the Way Thither*,[16] by Isabella L. Bird; *In the Shadow of the Pyrenees, from Basque-Land to Carcasson*,[17] by Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.; and *On the Desert: with a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt*,[18] by Henry M. Field, D.D.

[14] *Spanish Vistas.* By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Illustrated by CHARLES S. REINHART. 4to, pp. 210. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *From Ponkapog to Pesth.* By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 16mo, pp. 267. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[16] *The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither.* By ISABELLA L. BIRD (Mrs. Bishop). With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 483. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[17] *In the Shadow of the Pyrenees, from Basque-Land to Carcasson.* By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 276. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[18] *On the Desert: with a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt.* By HENRY M. FIELD, D.D. 12mo, pp. 330. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE substantial "Riverside Edition" of *The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*[19] rapidly approaches completion. Eight of the twelve volumes of which it will consist have now been published, the last two comprising the *Passages from English Note-Books* originally published posthumously from Hawthorne's manuscript, and *Our Old Home*. Like their predecessors, both volumes are edited by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, who accompanies each of them with introductory notes recalling the circumstances and surroundings under which they were written, and tracing the originals of some of the incidents and persons that appear in them.

THE unique "Parchment Edition" of *Shakspeare's Works*,[20] which is in course of publication by the Messrs. Appleton, has reached the fifth volume, containing the tragedy of *Richard II.*, and the first and second parts of *King Henry IV.* It may interest some of our readers to know that this convenient miniature edition will be completed in twelve volumes, and that the text used is mainly that of the well-known German Shakspearean critic and scholar Delius, the chief deviation from it being in a more sparing use of punctuation, and on rare occasions the adoption of a variant reading by some other recognized authority.—The latest volume of the same publishers' "Parchment Library," the beautiful companion series to the "Parchment Shakspeare," is a reproduction of *Gay's Fables*,[21] prefaced with a brief but tasteful and discriminating memoir by Mr. Austin Dobson.

MISS WOOLSON'S new story, *For the Major*,[22] will be an agreeable surprise to her admirers because of its revelation of the increased range of her powers. In *Anne* she had exhibited the culmination of the phenomenal realistic power of which there had been large promise in her previous efforts; but in it, as in them, there was a lack of that rich imaginativeness and nice sense of artistic proportion (or perhaps we should say a disregard for them) which are essential elements of the higher forms of romantic fiction. Not so in *For the Major*. For while it is to the full as realistic as *Anne*, it manifests a quality of the imagination that is not visible in that fine tale—a certain psychological clairvoyance which enables the author to place herself so completely *en rapport* with her imaginary creations as to merge her iden-

[19] *The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* With Introductory Notes by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Vols. VII. and VIII. *Our Old Home* and *English Note-Books*. Pp. 588 and 619. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] "The Parchment Shakspeare." *Shakspeare's Works.* Vol. V. The Tragedy of *King Richard II.* The First Part of *King Henry IV.* The Second Part of *King Henry IV.* 18mo, pp. 296. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[21] "The Parchment Library." *Fables of Mr. John Gay.* With a Memoir by AUSTIN DOBSON. 18mo, pp. 238. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[22] *For the Major.* A Novelette. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Illustrated. 18mo, pp. 208. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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tity in theirs, and to reflect their individuality in what seems their most contradictory and at first glance inexplicable motives and actions. In other respects, also, although it may not be pronounced as "of imagination all compact," the imaginative power predominates. Moreover, its accessories are disposed with a more perfect regard to art than in *Anne*, and its actors are placed in situations which are less strained, and are productive of more poetic and more impressive effects. The portrait of Madame Carroll, whose character and motives are left sufficiently enigmatical at the outset to pique the curiosity and baffle the penetration of the reader, but which develop with the progress of the story into a subtle and very beautiful illustration of the strength that exists in weakness, is one of the most original and most perfect conceptions in modern literature, though not sufficiently exaggerated, perhaps, to win the popular recognition and favor that have been accorded to such skillful exaggerations as Mrs. Nickleby, Sarah Gamp, the Marchioness, and Becky Sharp. If Miss Woolson would rival the popularity of the great artists in that field of character-painting, she must learn like them to heighten nature by that shrewd touch of exaggeration which they so well know how to apply. Doubtless she will prefer, as we think most wisely, to continue to depict character without recourse to the easy device of exaggerating its peculiarities, and will be satisfied to develop her powers in the line of her own native genius.

ALTHOUGH Mr. W. Clark Russell's sea stories follow each other in quick succession, and are all largely spiced with mutiny and shipwreck, their attractiveness suffers no diminution. In no sense an inventor, Mr. Russell is yet a master of the art of combination, or of putting old things into new forms and subjecting them to new relations and associations; and while the principal incidents of his tales are mostly of that obviously leading kind which tends to a foregone conclusion, they are so ingeniously dovetailed, so full of stir and movement, and are described with such spirited and minute circumstantiality, as completely to disarm the critic, and convert him into an absorbed and amused reader. His latest tale, *A Sea Queen*,[23] embodies all his best characteristics as a story-teller, with some others that are new and engaging. Of course, like his other sea stories, it is seasoned with mutiny and shipwreck, the former manifesting itself at an unusually early stage, its seeds having been sown and taking root before the ship had even left port, and the incidents attending both are cleverly devised to bring into play the resources of the heroine, the wife of the disabled captain, who is made to navigate a ship successfully, with only an inexperienced boy for her crew, and like a true nautical Robinson Crusoe of the other sex, by her ingenious and ready devices converts the most unpromising and unexpected materials into practical aids for its management. The story is sufficiently strong in exciting and perilous incident to gratify the taste of the most exacting lover of adventure, and it abounds in fine strokes of description and coloring; but its greatest charm is to be found in its exquisite pictures of the circumstances attending the birth of the future heroine, and of the surroundings of her life—as little maid, budding girl, and beautiful woman in the full bloom of early loveliness—in her home on the Tyne, amid the varieties of sailor life, with which she is there identified. Not even Mr. Blackmore greatly surpasses the descriptions of life and manners and the delineations of character with which Mr. Russell has graced the earlier portion of his well-told tale.

[23] *A Sea Queen.* A Novel. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, author of The Wreck of the "Grosvenor," etc. 18mo, pp. 451. New York: Harper and Brothers. The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 81. New York: Harper and Brothers.

OF the other new novels of the past month we have only space to say that the strongest and most noteworthy are *No New Thing*,[24] by W. E. Norris; *The Ladies Lindores*,[25] by Mrs. Oliphant; *Not for Him*,[26] by Emily Holt; *The Led-Horse Claim*,[27] by Mary Hallock Foote; and *Stray Pearls*,[28] by Charlotte M. Yonge; and that the most readable of the remainder are *King Capital*,[29] by William Sime; *Whom Kathie Married*,[30] by Amanda M. Douglas; *The Story of Melicent*,[31] by Fayr Madoc; *An Ugly Heroine*,[32] by Christine Faber; and *Like Ships upon the Sea*,[33] by Frances Eleanor Trollope. We may add, as an item of literary interest to many readers, that the Messrs. Harper have republished in popular form, in their "Franklin Square Library," Mrs. Gaskell's powerful novel, *Mary Barton*.[34]

[24] *No New Thing.* A Novel. By W. E. NORRIS. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 98. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *The Ladies Lindores.* A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 102. New York: Harper and Brothers. The Same. 16mo, cloth, pp. 518. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *Not for Him.* The Story of a Forgotten Hero. By EMILY S. HOLT. 12mo, pp. 224. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[27] *The Led-Horse Claim.* A Romance of a Mining Camp. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. 12mo, pp. 279. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[28] *Stray Pearls.* Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont, Viscountess of Bellaise. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *King Capital.* By WILLIAM SIME. 12mo, paper, pp. 412. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[30] *Whom Kathie Married.* By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. 12mo, pp. 352. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[31] *The Story of Melicent.* By FAYR MADOC. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 30. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[32] *An Ugly Heroine.* A Novel of Domestic Life. By CHRISTINE FABER. 12mo, pp. 336. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[33] *Like Ships upon the Sea.* A Novel. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[34] *Mary Barton.* A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. GASKELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of May.—The New York Legislature adjourned May 4. The Civil Service Bill having passed both Houses, a commission of three was nominated and confirmed as follows: Andrew D. White, Augustus Schoonmaker, and H. A. Richmond.

The Kentucky Democratic Convention met at Louisville May 17, and nominated J. Proctor Knott for Governor.

Henry D. McDaniell was elected Governor of Georgia April 24, without opposition.

The British House of Commons, May 3, by a vote of 292 to 289, refused a second reading to the Affirmation Bill.

The French Chamber of Deputies, May 15, adopted a vote of credit for the Tonquin expedition.

A treaty of peace between Chili and Peru has been signed by General Novoa and General Iglesias, and is said to have been confirmed. Peru cedes Tacna and Arica for ten years. At the end of that term a plebiscite is to be taken to determine to which country those provinces shall belong. The country acquiring them will pay indemnity.

The Pope, in a circular letter to the Irish bishops, referring to collections for the Irish cause, says: "Whatever Mr. Parnell's object may be, his followers have often adopted a course openly against the rules of the Pope's letter to Cardinal McCabe and the instructions sent to the bishops, which were accepted at their recent meeting in Dublin. While it is lawful for the Irish to seek redress for their grievances and to strive for their rights, they should at the same time seek God's justice, and remember the wickedness of illegal means in furthering even a just cause. It is the duty of the clergy to curb the excited feelings of the people, and to urge justice and moderation. The clergy are not permitted to depart from these rules and join and promote movements inconsistent with them. Collections to relieve distress are permitted, but subscriptions to inflame popular passions are condemned. The clergy must hold aloof when it is plain that by such movements hatred and dissension are aroused or distinguished persons insulted, and when crimes and murders go uncensured, and when patriotism is measured by the amount subscribed, for the people are thereby intimidated. Therefore the Parnell fund is disapproved, and no clergyman should recommend subscriptions thereto or promote it."

The Brazilian ministry resigned May 17.

A riot broke out at Port Said, April 29, between Arabs and Greeks on account of religious ceremonies. Several persons were killed and many wounded.

Eighteen prominent Nihilists were tried and convicted at St. Petersburg, April 19, and sentenced—six to death, two to life-long servitude, and ten to imprisonment of from fifteen to twenty years.

DISASTERS.

April 20.—Collision off Bilbao between the English steamer *Thames* and the Spanish steamer *Magdalena Vicenta*. The latter was sunk, and seven persons were drowned.

April 22.—Seven persons killed by dynamite explosion in Laperucca, Spain.—Tornadoes in the Western and Southern States, destroying nearly three hundred lives and much property.

April 25.—Twenty men drowned by sinking of ship *British Commerce* off Owner's Lightship.—Mine explosion, Besseges, France. Over one hundred lives lost.

April 26.—Sixteen workmen burned to death in a cabinet-maker's shop in Warsaw.

April 29.—Seven lives lost by the upsetting of a boat in the harbor of Toulon.

May 3.—Seventy lives lost by the burning of the steamer *Grappler*, plying between Puget Sound and Alaska.—Six men killed by the breaking of a rope in the Vale Mine, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

May 10.—Oil tanks at Communipaw, New Jersey, struck by lightning. Six lives lost, and half a million dollars worth of property destroyed by fire.

May 13.—Cyclone in Missouri, killing many persons and destroying much property. The town of Oronogo was entirely demolished.

May 15.—Seven passengers killed by a collision on the Caledonian Railway between a train from Glasgow and one from Carlisle.

May 18.—Steamer *Granite State*, of the Hartford Line, burned at Goodspeed's Landing. Three lives lost.—Much damage to life and property by tornadoes in Texas, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

OBITUARY.

April 21.—In Constantinople, Suleiman Pasha, aged forty-five years.

April 23.—In Berlin, William Charles Hartwig Peters, naturalist and traveller, aged sixty-eight years.—In Sing-Sing, New York, Dr. Pierre C. Van Wyck, Superintendent of the United States Assay Office, in his fifty-ninth year.

May 11.—In Jersey City, Mrs. Jesse R. Grant, mother of ex-President Grant, in her eighty-fourth year.

May 12.—In Philadelphia, Israel Washburn, Jun., ex-Governor of Maine, in his seventieth year.

May 13.—In Boston, Judge George W. Warren, aged seventy years.

May 17.—At Syracuse, Bishop Jesse T. Peck, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged seventy-two years.

May 20.—In London, William Chambers, LL.D., publisher, aged eighty-three years.

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Editor's Drawer.

JULY is a popular month, with a suggestion of revolution in it. The French gave it a bourgeois cast, choosing it as the month in which to set up the rule of Louis Philippe, which lasted for eighteen years under the name of the Government of July. It had a hot reputation before that as the month in which the Bastile was pulled down, and replaced, for us, by the Column of July. But this was only a reflection of our own performance, which has stamped July forever as the month of independence, liberty, gunpowder, noise, and extra hazardous on insurance books. In our climate only the hot season of the year is favorable to rebellions and popular uprisings, when it is pleasant to make war out-of-doors, and live in tents, and bivouac under the sky. The thermometer has no doubt a good deal to do with all revolutions. It was certainly fortunate for the popularity of our birthday festival that it fell in July. There would be small sport in sitting up all night blowing horns and exploding rusty cannon on the 3d of February, or ringing in the day with the thermometer at zero; and, besides, fire-crackers and rockets are not as likely to ignite roofs that are covered with snow. On the Fourth of July everything is apt to be dry and favorable to conflagrations.

THERE is a curious superstition connected with the Fourth in the minds of youths, and that is that it is the only morning in the year when it is worth while to see the sun rise; and this creates a false impression that sunrise is a sort of theatrical spectacle, accompanied by the throbbing of drums, the smoke of bonfires, the sullen boom of cannon, and the ringing of bells. The very sky has a red and sulphurous aspect, and the performance is opened by Mars instead of Phœbus. The glowing east is supposed to resemble the gaudy and beloved banner of the Union. Liberty herself stands tiptoe on the mountain-top, and the Eagle is expected to appear sailing on even wings, bearing in one claw the Declaration and in the other a bunch of sky-rockets. And the boy realizes how sweet it is to sit up all night for his country. The elderly citizen would be perhaps more patriotic in the morning if he had been permitted a night's rest on the 3d, but the Drawer counsels him to make allowance for the enthusiasm of youth, and to reflect upon the miserable condition of the nations that have no Fourth of July.

THE Fourth naturally evokes the shade of the sage of Monticello.

My recollection of Mr. Jefferson, says an old gentleman of Virginia, is vivid, as I knew him well, and often visited at Monticello. He was the handsomest man I ever saw, as straight as an arrow, very dignified and courteous in his manners to all. A superb rider, he exercised himself on horseback till the last year of his life. The University of Virginia was his pet scheme, and he was very proud of it as being his own achievement. At its first session I entered as a student, and Mr. Jefferson was always pleased to have us students at his table. Upon these occasions we were generally seated around the table, when Mr. Jefferson would enter and walk straight to an adjoining side table specially prepared for him, and upon which were placed two lighted candles and a small vial by his plate. He would then say: "My daughter, I perceive there are several young gentlemen at the table, but I do not see well enough to distinguish who they are, so you must tell me their names." Whereupon his daughter would lead him up to each young gentleman, who would in turn rise, when Mr. Jefferson would shake hands and pass a pleasant word with him. At the close of the repast, as his own hand was too trembling, his daughter would pour from the little vial into a tumbler a few drops of medicine to produce slumber in case he should be wakeful, and then he would take up the tumbler and a candle, make a stately bow to the assemblage, and retire to his bedroom. He always had company at his house, and observed the French hours for meals.

A relative of Mr. Jefferson's, though very desirous of visiting him, was yet disinclined to thrust his rusticity and illiterateness on his great kinsman. Upon one occasion, however, he was prevailed upon to attend a social gathering at Monticello, when, upon being ushered into the salon, he was duly presented by Mr. Jefferson to the company. During this ceremony the awkward countryman slipped up several times on the well-waxed floor, and then, seating himself, thoroughly ill at ease, was perfectly silent. After chatting with some of his guests, Mr. Jefferson took a seat beside his relative and made an unusual effort to be agreeable, talking on all manner of topics, but without even receiving answers to his queries or making the slightest impression upon the visitor, who remained as dumb as an oyster. In despair of drawing him out, Mr. Jefferson happened to ask him if he liked "black-jack" fishing. The countryman's eyes snapped, and his mouth poured forth a garrulous budget in regard to his favorite sport, to all which Mr. Jefferson, amused, as were the others present, listened attentively When at last the countryman made an end, Mr. Jefferson opened up eloquently on the same subject, displaying an intimate knowledge of "black-jack," so far surpassing that of his relative that the latter was held spell-bound. When the great Signer stopped talking the countryman rushed for

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his hat and bolted from the mansion, nor could vociferous calls persuade him to return.

There was greater fear of, but less faith in, Jefferson than his relative exhibited, among the Northern Federalists, who firmly believed that he was little better than Antichrist. A story illustrative of the state of feeling with regard to the French Party is related of a pious old Federalist lady who lived in a town in Connecticut. It was believed in her neighborhood that if the Federalists were overthrown, and the Jefferson Democrats came into power, the Christian religion would be put down and atheism proclaimed, and among the first persecutions would be the destruction of all the Bibles. The lady referred to was terribly wrought up at this prospect, and cast about in her mind how she should preserve the Scriptures in the general destruction. At length it occurred to her to go to Squire S——, the only Democrat of her acquaintance, and throw herself upon his mercy. She accordingly took her family Bible to him, and telling him that she had heard of the intention of the Jeffersonians, asked him to keep it for her. The Squire attempted to persuade her that her fears were groundless, but she was too panic-stricken to be convinced. At last he said,

"My good woman, if all the Bibles are to be destroyed, what is the use of your bringing yours to me. That will not save it when it is found."

"Oh yes," she pleaded, with a charming burst of trust. "You take it: it will be perfectly safe. They'll never think of looking in the house of a Democrat for a Bible."

THE Drawer can not afford to lose a good anecdote, but it is willing to transfer one, in accordance with the suggestion of an esteemed Virginian correspondent:

With regard to the anecdote of General Washington and Mr. Jefferson quoted in the April number of your Magazine, I would submit that Mr. Jefferson was in France from 1783, when our only general government was vested in Congress, to 1788, *after* the adoption of the Constitution. That he took great interest in the discussions preceding its adoption is showed in his correspondence, and having received a copy of it, he writes Mr. Madison and Francis Hopkinson his *qualified* approval of it as a whole, but accords a hearty approval of the *two* legislative bodies.

We find him while in the south of France writing to Lafayette in Paris on the adoption of a constitution for the French. "I would have more hope of your success had you two instead of several legislative bodies." And again, in another letter, he says, "Two legislative bodies are necessary to good government."

After his return to the United States he writes the Baron Rochefoucauld deploring France having adopted a constitution limiting her legislation to one body. "Our own experience has so decidedly proved the necessity of two Houses, to avoid the tyranny of one, that we fear that this single error will shipwreck your new constitution."

We can not suppose, then, that Jefferson could have acted the part assigned him in Laboulaye's anecdote as quoted by Dr. Lieber. The illustration used in it (attributed to Washington) is so consonant with Jefferson's habit in conversation that it suggests the possibility that the incident may have occurred between Jefferson and one of the French "patriots" with whom he was in constant familiar intercourse.

Allow me to call your attention to the injustice done in supposing that Mr. Jefferson brought his Democracy from France. He was looked to while in France to guide the liberal party to follow in the path we had just trod; was invited by the committee which formed the constitution "to assist in its deliberations," and though his position as minister forbade this, he was in constant advisatory intercourse with "the patriots" while in Paris. And in his correspondence, after returning to America, we find the same interest displayed. That he appreciated the danger of their going too far in their first steps is everywhere evinced. In a letter from Paris, November 19, 1788, addressed to Mr. Jay, after enumerating the concessions claimed—1st, their periodical meeting; 2d, exclusive right of taxation; 3d, the right of registering laws and passing amendments to them—he says: "If the states will stop here for the present moment, all will probably end well; and they may in future sessions obtain a suppression of *lettres de cachet*," etc.

So much has been said to the credit of Judge Gresham, the new Postmaster-General, and so little against him, that we trust the following, which comes to us from Indiana, where his acceptance of a cabinet position has been much discussed, is not true:

A Cass County justice of the peace, commenting on his leaving a life position for a short term in the cabinet, remarked that he could not understand Judge Gresham's motive, unless that it was that he was tired of leading a *judicious* life.

APROPOS of the recent fast-day in Massachusetts under the patronage of Governor Butler, I am reminded, says a correspondent, of a very neat retort of the late genial Colonel John A. Bolles, Solicitor of the Navy Department during the civil war, made to my father on a Massachusetts fast-day some thirty years ago. We were neighbors of the colonel, and in the afternoon my father took us boys out to walk, and we passed the colonel's house. Seeing him out in his grounds engaged in giving his lawn a top-dressing of guano, which he was sowing broadcast with his hand (prob-

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ably well gloved), father hailed him with, "Well, is this the way you observe the Governor's proclamation?" I well remember the bland smile with which the colonel drew himself up to his full height, and replied, with his peculiarly dignified manner:

"My dear sir, I am observing the proclamation to the letter. The Governor calls us to 'fasting, humiliation, and prayer.' This morning I attended divine service, which meets the last of these requirements; I have as yet not eaten dinner, and I have the inward witness that I am fasting; and as to the third requirement, if *this* is not *humiliation* for a man in my position, *what* would be?"

It is the duty of the Drawer to check the tendency of people to say and do absurd things by recording them as warnings. A recent traveller in the South notes among the evidences of progress the adoption of the Northern fashion of covering the natural scenery with gigantic signs. Painted on a big rock beside a railway leading to Raleigh is this cheerful advice to the wayfaring man:

Try Smith's Coffins and Caskets.

Although the electric bell has invaded the hotels in the interior, its use is not yet allowed to disturb the leisurely habits of the waiters, if we may judge by the following directions pasted over one of the bells in a Southern house of entertainment: "Push in the knob. If you do not get an answer in fifteen or twenty minutes, push it again."

Some people's ideas about hospitality are peculiar. A servant in Brooklyn recently answered the door bell, and, returning, informed her mistress that a man at the door wanted to know if he could come in to the front hall and have a fit!

It is said that Dr. Weir Mitchell, returning late from a party in a neighboring city once, wakened his sister to tell her what he thought was too good to keep till morning. A lady had been introduced to him, and considering him a scientific man, wished to direct her conversation accordingly. "Doctor," said she, "don't you think the cause of so much sickness is the want of *sozodont* in the air?"

The Drawer is not certain whether this anecdote, which is forwarded from Pennsylvania, about Bishop Wiley and Jacob Gruber, is not as much intended to illustrate the manners of the time and the effect of pie upon the temper as to show the peculiarities of Father Gruber:

Bishop Wiley when a young man was teaching a country school in Monroe County, Pennsylvania. This was in the palmy days of the late Jacob Gruber, so well known in Methodist circles. One of the leading families of the connection was expecting Father Gruber, as he was familiarly called, to dine with them, and kindly invited young Wiley to form his acquaintance at their house. Meeting at the table, the young teacher took pride in serving Mr. Gruber with whatever he thought would be grateful to his palate. This was rather an annoyance than a pleasure to the old man of coarser habits, and he sternly rebuked his young and aspiring friend with, "Set that town. I's no papee. I can help myself."

The meal nearly finished, the lady of the house came with pie for dessert, and set it down near the young man, but on the opposite side from Gruber. In due time he helped himself, and seemed to ignore his fellow-guest; whereupon the old man, in a gruff voice and commanding style, said, "Hand over that pie." "Oh," said Wiley, "you're no baby. You can help yourself." The old man's bird was now of another color, and he saw no way out of the dilemma but to leave his seat and provide for himself. The meal finished, he says, "Young man, I'd like to see you in de oder room." Expecting a reprimand for being saucy, he replied, "Very well." Upon entering he was greeted with, "I hears you is studying for te ministry?" "Yes, sir." Then patting him on the shoulder, the veteran and venerable Gruber, with his blandest smile, said, "You go ahead; you'll make a gude one. *You can take care of yourself.*"

Katie, a person well known to many of our readers, recently said to her mistress: "I know a girl who has been keeping company three years with a young man, and was married two weeks ago, and last night he was run over by the cars and killed. *Ain't that discouraging?*"

This reminds one of the discouragement of the man who, when asked about the health of his wife, replied: "She may get well, and she may not; there is danger both ways."

The danger to morals of illegible writing is illustrated by the lady who recently wrote to her husband, whose attention to religious literature has been slight, to get her Coulburn's *Personal Religion;* but in her hand the name of the author appeared to be Swinburne. He replied that he could get his *Poems*, but not his *Personal Religion*—which is quite likely.

It is doubtless a Fourth-of-July veteran who recalls this joke of Henry Clay on John Quincy Adams:

When John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were at Ghent in 1814, in association with Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell, appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, they were on very intimate terms of friendship, and occupied the same apartments. Mr. Clay was always a very gallant man, and in many respects the very opposite of Mr. Adams, who, though studious-

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ly polite to every lady, avoided even the appearance of familiarity. The young girl who had charge of the rooms of the Peace Commissioners was very pretty and modest, and was treated with great respect by all of them. But Mr. Clay would now and then indulge in compliments to her beauty, and on one occasion playfully solicited from her a kiss. Of course he was refused the favor; but in relating the incident to his associates he could not forego a joke on Mr. Adams, who had what are known as watery or tear-suffused eyes. As Mr. Clay repeated it, the conversation following the refusal of the kiss ran as follows:

"I presume you would not deny Mr. Adams such a favor?"

"Indeed I would," she replied. "I have just done so, and left him with tears in his eyes."

THIS instance of overpowering curiosity comes to us from Virginia:

The Valley of Virginia during the late war was the theatre of many scenes of bravery that would add lustre to the annals of any land. Here Ashby the brave, Mosby the daring, and Jackson the soldier made for themselves names that can never be forgotten. Here, too, the "Boys in Blue" many times showed their devotion to the country they loved so well, and the Union of their fathers. In the midst of this lovely valley, on a branch of the Shenandoah River, one evening in midsummer, occurred the following: A half-dozen "rebs" were lounging on the south bank of the river, when there approached the opposite bank a company of "blue-coats," ten to one of their own number. Of course it would have been madness to stand battle, so the order was given to retire. But one of the "rebs," a reckless dare-devil, brought his musket to his shoulder, fired, and "brought down his man." Then jumping into the river, he began swimming across to the opposite bank, which by this time was lined with "the enemy," and was only prevented from doing so by the positive command of his officer. On being asked why he attempted to cross in the face of certain death he replied, "I wanted to see where I hit him."

A MOUNT HOLYOKE girl who was studying to be a missionary wrote the following on the fly-leaf of her text-book on *Moral Science*, the name of the author of which is suppressed on account of the respectability of his family:

> If there should be another flood,
> For refuge hither fly:
> Though all the world should be submerged,
> This book would still be dry.

REMINISCENCES of Washington Irving are called out by the recent "centennial." The following is from one of his neighbors:

In Tarrytown, which despite railroads and country-seats still retains much of its old-time quaintness and the pristine simplicity of the *overboeker*, there lives Seth Bird, an old-time friend of Washington Irving, a successful and retired business man, a true and honored type of the integrity, adaptability, sturdy independence, and shrewdness that have given strength and character to our people—a shoemaker, a lawyer, contractor, and a builder. He early formed the acquaintance of Irving, who used to delight in introducing him to his friends as a "general undertaker." Irving introduced him to Moses H. Grinnell as a man that could "mend his boots, conduct his case in a law court, and build his house," and recommended him highly to Grinnell as a proper man to "undertake" the contract for his new residence near Sunnyside. Bird of course obtained the contract, and while carrying on his work for Grinnell he employed a well-read Scotchman, a master-builder named Macbeth. Macbeth had lived near Abbotsford, and was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. He had expressed a wish to see Irving, for whose writings he had great admiration, and asked Bird to point him out to him some time. Soon after this, as Bird was passing among his workmen, he observed Irving and Macbeth in earnest conversation. Macbeth was dressing a stone, and Irving was sitting near on another. Irving in strolling around had evidently stumbled on Macbeth, and was chatting with him in that unconstrained and genial way which was so characteristic of Irving, and had discovered in Mac his originality and intelligence. This occurred again and again. On the third interview Bird saw the two men in a very animated conversation. Macbeth, in his broad Scotch dialect, was maintaining his position in a free and forcible manner. Irving's eyes twinkled with humor; he evidently enjoyed his *incog.* as well as the controversy. He gave Bird a look that plainly said, "Keep your own counsel; don't disturb us." And Macbeth, in blessed ignorance that his favorite author was before him, continued to enforce his points, occasionally pausing from his work to give a flourish with his hammer by way of emphasis, or to take a look at the face of his adversary. The discussion finally turned on Sir Walter Scott, Irving remarking that Scott was supreme in his field, that his hold on the public was so strong that no author could easily expect to attain to it.

"I doubt that indeed, mon—I doubt that much," said Macbeth, rising up, still grasping his tools. "There is your own Irving, that is read more in Scotland than is Scott."

"How do you account for that?" asked Irving.

"You see," replied Macbeth, "that Irving comes home to the people. He writes of scenes that they fully understand; there is a simplicity and beauty about them that the people love. The unlettered man can read Irving and be the better for it. The young everywhere especially like Irving, and they will always be his friends."

He went on insisting, in his blunt Scotch

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way, that Irving was read more than Scott by this class, and his influence greater, both in the old country and in America. Irving blushed and looked away at such downright honest praise. Bird now thought it time for him to interfere.

"Macbeth," said he, "you requested me some days ago to point out to you Mr. Washington Irving when it was convenient. I now have that pleasure. This gentleman with whom you have been talking is Mr. Irving himself."

The tools fell from the artisan's hands as if a thunder-bolt had fallen on him, but recovering himself quickly, he advanced, and with native politeness he raised his hat, and said,

"Excuse me, sir, for being so free; pardon me."

"Not so," said Irving, and grasping Macbeth by the hand. "I am the one that should be pardoned, if there is any pardon in the matter. I am the intruder."

On the following day he presented to Macbeth a set of his works, receiving some books in return. Altogether it was a characteristic and pleasant scene. The genial, lovable, homely, refined nature of Irving was never more strikingly exhibited, illustrating Macbeth's statement that Irving belonged to the people, and sought them.

SEWARD'S LITTLE BELL.

"A MESSAGE from the State Department! Mr. Seward wishes to see the editor-in-charge immediately! He has sent his carriage for you! Please don't delay!"

These were the words that came hurriedly through the speaking-tube leading from the publication office to the editorial room in which we sat one morning engaged in writing. It was an imperative summons from the Secretary of State, and not to be disregarded, and in a few moments we were on our way to the State Department to see with our own eyes Seward's little bell, about which we had read and heard so much, but which we had never beheld, though connected with one of the leading papers in Washington, and on the day referred to the editor-in-charge.

Arrived at our destination, we were soon ushered into the presence of the distinguished Secretary, who politely requested us to take a seat. We had often met Mr. Seward himself, but had never been in his private office before, and we gazed around us with a somewhat curious eye.

Just above the desk of Mr. Seward, and within reach of his hand, we observed a faded green cord, with an equally faded green tassel attached, which extended to a little bell. We did not for a moment imagine that this was the bell with which the country was ringing—that, according to report, was daily banishing good people to Fort Lafayette and other so-called Bastiles—that, in fact, was the very bell which, when rung by the Secretary of State, struck terror to the heart of every traitor in the land. But all doubt on the subject was speedily dispelled. As soon as Mr. Seward appended his name to a document he had been reading, he jerked the green cord we have described, and lo! it broke, and the greater part of it fell on the desk before him. We shall never forget the expression which came over the Secretary's countenance at this *contre-temps*. It indicated a struggle whether to smile or look grave over it. Finally, as a sort of compromise of the matter, he turned to us, and said, sedately, "If the enemies of the government knew of this mishap, they would never tire of asserting that Seward had used up his little bell in ringing loyal citizens into prison." He then rose from his chair and repaired to an adjoining apartment, the door of which was open, and entered into conversation with a young man sitting there.

In the interim we were left to conjecture for what particular object we had been summoned. All the way from the editorial room the subject had been uppermost in our mind. Had anything of a treasonable nature appeared in the paper to which we were attached? In the absence of the responsible editor were we to be taken to task? We remembered how every paragraph relating to the war was scrutinized; how every movement was watched; how sensitive the government had become to public opinion. The editor-in-chief had admonished his subordinates to exercise the utmost circumspection. Loyal as he was himself, he had occasionally offended some of the officials in Washington by his sharp criticisms of certain affairs, and if he had not escaped censure, was it not reasonable to suppose that some one acting for him had incurred the displeasure of those in authority?

These and other thoughts presented themselves to us, until we had worked ourself up to quite a pitch of excitement. But fortunately our suspense was not of long duration. In a few minutes Mr. Seward returned to his desk, accompanied by the young man with whom he had been conversing. The latter handed us a sealed document, and Mr. Seward, pointing to it, said, "Publish that to-morrow, to the exclusion, if necessary, of every other matter. It will prove of more value to the country than a dozen editorials. Good-day."

And this was all. We had been on the "anxious seat" for nothing. Of course we breathed more freely, but we left the State Department wondering if it was always necessary to go through so much formality to accomplish so simple an object.

The document Mr. Seward confided to us was really an important one, and it was published, as he requested, the next day. Still, it might have been sent to the office without the parade that was made over it. At any rate, some other medium of transmitting it would have saved us much valuable time, and great

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uneasiness on the part of our co-laborers on the paper, who, having heard of the summons from the State Department, were naturally curious to learn what it was about. They were partially compensated for their anxiety by our recital of the incident that occurred in the Secretary's office, which they never afterward visited without glancing at "Seward's little bell." C. K. B.

EITHER the language of courtship has deplorably fallen off since the days of our grandfathers, or our novelists have lost the art of reporting it. There is an instructive scene in *The Wild Irish Girl*, a romance by Miss Owenson (afterward Lady Morgan), which our grandmothers, before their marriage, read with the emotions proper in society at the beginning of this century—a scene that can profitably be studied:

"It is a sweet hour," said Glorvina, softly sighing.

"It is a *boudoirizing* hour," said I.

"It is a golden one for a poetic heart," she added.

"Or an enamored one," I returned. "It is the hour in which the soul best knows herself; when every low-thoughted care is excluded, and the pensive pleasures take possession of the dissolving heart.

'Ces douces lumières,
Ces sombres clartés,
Sont les *jours* de la volupté.'

And what was the *voluptas* of Epicurus but those refined and eloquent enjoyments which must derive their spirit from virtue and from health, from a vivid fancy, susceptible feelings, and a cultivated mind, and which are never so fully tasted as in this sweet season of the day? Then the influence of the sentiment is buoyant over passion; the soul, alive to the sublimest impression, expands in the region of pure and elevated meditation; the passions, slumbering in the soft repose of nature, leave the heart free to the reception of the purest, warmest, tenderest sentiments, when all is delicious melancholy or pensive softness, when every vulgar wish is hushed, and a rapture, an indefinable rapture, swells with sweet vibration on every nerve."

At this point what would the modern girl have said? She would have said, "Oh, Henry, hire a hall!" Not so the charming Glorvina:

"It is thus *I* have felt," said the all-impassioned Glorvina, clasping her hands, and fixing her humid eyes on mine; "thus in the dearth of all *kindred* feeling have *I* felt. But never—oh, till *now, never*—" And she abruptly paused, and drooped her head on the back of my chair, over which my hand rested, and felt the soft pressure on her glowing cheek, while her balmy sigh breathed its odor on my lip.

That is something like!

REVISED ANECDOTES.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES the Athenian having by his cynical remarks induced the citizens to believe that their rulers were no better than they should be, and that he had a corner on virtue and intelligence, met one day at noon the Committee of One Hundred, and upon inquiring of them their mission, was informed that they were looking for an honest man to run for Chief Magistrate of the city on a non-partisan ticket.

"In that case, fellow-citizens," replied Diogenes, "you need go no further. I am the man you are looking for. Your candidate I will be." And after accepting the nomination he added, in confidence, to the friends in whose hands he had placed himself, that he did not believe in a man hiding his lantern under a tub.

ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS.

Philip of Macedon was the possessor of a horse, Bucephalus by name, which all his grooms had in vain endeavored to train so that it would show a three-minute record.

His youthful son Alexander, however, undertook the job, and was not long in subduing the animal.

The news of this exploit having been brought to the king, he was not slow in sending for his son, to whom he addressed the following words: "You must seek out for yourself some other kingdom than mine, my son, because people who go into the horse business are rarely good for anything else."

It was upon hearing these words that Alexander wept to think that he would have to conquer other kingdoms instead of coming into one at the old man's death.

CÆSAR AND THE PILOT.

C. Julius Cæsar having occasion to make a sea-voyage, a storm sprang up, and the vessel was placed in imminent peril.

At this moment Cæsar's freedman, Cn. Pompilius Mucilaginus, whispered to his master, "Would it not be well for you, O Cæsar, to encourage the pilot by reminding him that he carries Cæsar and his fortunes?"

"By no means," replied the conqueror. "It would only rattle him; and besides, if he saved us he would expect a liberal tip."

MOHAMMED AND THE SPIDER.

The Prophet Mohammed, while fleeing from his enemies, was compelled to take refuge in a cave, across the mouth of which a spider spun her web, so that the pursuers on coming up were convinced that no one had entered there.

Upon rejoining his family in safety the Prophet did not fail to give an account of his wonderful deliverance, and ever afterward his young wife Ayesha, it was observed, would rate severely or even chastise the slaves when she noticed that they had neglected to sweep down the cobwebs from the roof of the harem, observing that people could not be too careful about such things.

Mohammed, in recognition of her affection and thoughtfulness, thereupon adopted Ayesha's black petticoat as the standard of the Arabian nation, quelling the murmurs of the haughty chiefs, who were reluctant to follow so feminine an emblem to the field, by the remark that if he, the Prophet of Allah, was so much afraid of that petticoat, much more would the infidels be terrified.

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"A TOWN GARDEN."—From a Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

See Poem by Margaret Veley.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXCIX.—AUGUST, 1883.—Vol. LXVII.

THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

TWO hundred miles west from Philadelphia (it is 236 by rail) lies Altoona, in the lap of the Alleghany Mountains. Sooty child of the forge and railroad, it is cradled in one of the most beautiful among our mountain regions; for the county of Blair embraces, with Cambria and Clearfield, the finest section of the Pennsylvanian range, the true Appalachian summit.

Thirty years ago the ground where the town stands was a farm; the huge station hotel occupies the site of what was then a duck pond, and would probably strike any of the wild fowl that might now return as a surprising development from their unambitious eggs. Mr. Wright, a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, thinking that the extension of its line would pass through this spot, sent an agent up to secure for him the land owned by a Mr. Robeson, and wrote the agent a letter instructing him to offer $6000, but on a pinch to go as high as $10,000. Agent went up, called on the farmer, and prepared to get around to his subject in an accidental manner. But meanwhile, without knowing it, he had dropped the letter, and Mrs. Robeson, picking it up, had with exemplary energy read it. Taking her husband aside, she told him to ask the higher price. He made the sale on those terms, thus getting the first of that golden harvest which has since been reaped from his acres; and now Altoona is a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with several fine churches, commodious schools, two daily papers, a theatre, a heavy municipal debt, and other adjuncts of civilization. It still grows at the rate of 500 houses a year. The location there of the chief work-shops of the railroad forms the mainspring of local activity. These shops employ 5000 men—a number which, before these words get into print, will have risen to 6500.

In those shops the locomotive is seen at every stage of its existence, from the germs up to the completed marvel when put together in the erecting department. An English travelling crane lifts the whole locomotive, in chains, and carries it along to the doorway. It is said to be the only crane of the sort used in this country, and moves on ledges in the brick walls of the building—a principle which the English builders thought impracticable until its feasibility was shown. There are few finer sights than that offered by the interior of these industrial caves—the silent moulding-rooms where delicate, thoughtful manipulation of sand that is to shape the fluid metal goes on; the huge steam-hammers pounding like an earthquake on stilts; the wheel foundry, in which 200 car wheels are cast every day, to be swung still glowing into the dry-wells of a circular annealer, like so many Thanksgiving pies designed for some festivity of ostriches. In a small building at the back two or three quiet men are constantly testing, by the nicest means of science, the materials to be employed in the works. The locomotive shops turn out 100 locomotives and 73,000 wheels a year, and embrace twenty-six acres. The car shops cover some thirty acres more, and produce annually about 100 passenger cars and over 9000 for freight: that is twenty-five freight cars in a single day. To the car shops is attached a yard containing 11,000,000 feet of lumber; and enough dressed lumber besides is always kept on hand to supply 500 cars, in readiness for hurried orders. Many graduates from the technological schools of Boston, Albany, and other places come to work in these establishments, which are democratic in their influence, and give encouragement to the best ability. From them some of the best

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CHIMNEY ROCKS.

officers of the road have come. The general foreman of the car shops, Mr. John P. Levan, now a man of means, and directing 1635 workmen, began as a poor boy, and was the first apprentice of the company, at a time when the car-building force comprised only thirty-six men. In the lathe-room I saw an elderly spectacled man in shirt sleeves, oily, begrimed, attentively superintending his machine; he had recently been the Mayor of Altoona. Having served the allotted time in the mayoralty, he quietly resumes his place at the mechanic's bench.

To the west of the city is massed the main Alleghany range; to the south and east, Short and Brush mountains hem it in; and the valley running northeastward holds the infant current of the Juniata, blue in song, but in fact muddy. Hollidaysburg, the county seat, close by, was formerly the eastern terminus of the Portage Railroad, which received travellers by the canal route, since abandoned, and conveyed them over the mountain by inclines and stationary engines. The little town has become even more stationary than those engines now; but it retains a rolling-mill or two—enough to blacken the soil of the streets—and the county court-house is one of the few artistic public buildings to be met with in our rural towns. In the neighborhood are some peculiar formations, the Chimney Rocks. People are fond of getting up on top of these irregular stacks, where, in their black clothes, they might pass for the smoke of the supposed chimneys.

A drive of six miles from Altoona, over the Devil's Elbow, and through a winding, thunder-splintered glen, goes up to Wapsononic, more familiarly styled by the natives "Wapsy." This is a projection of the mountain-wall, revealing from its lofty plateau a superb view. To the southward the uniform peaks of the Alleghanies jut out in regular succession. But perhaps the most striking relic of natural wildness will be found in the gorges higher up the valley, invaded within a few years by the Bell's Gap Railroad. This is a narrow-gauge line which has wandered up into the rude highlands to search for lumber and the unexplored reserves of the famous Clearfield coal seams. But in its jaunty disregard of acclivities it becomes a rare exemplification of engineering skill. Within a distance of eight or nine miles it mounts to a point 2500 feet above the sea by a grade running as high as 207 feet per mile. At the same

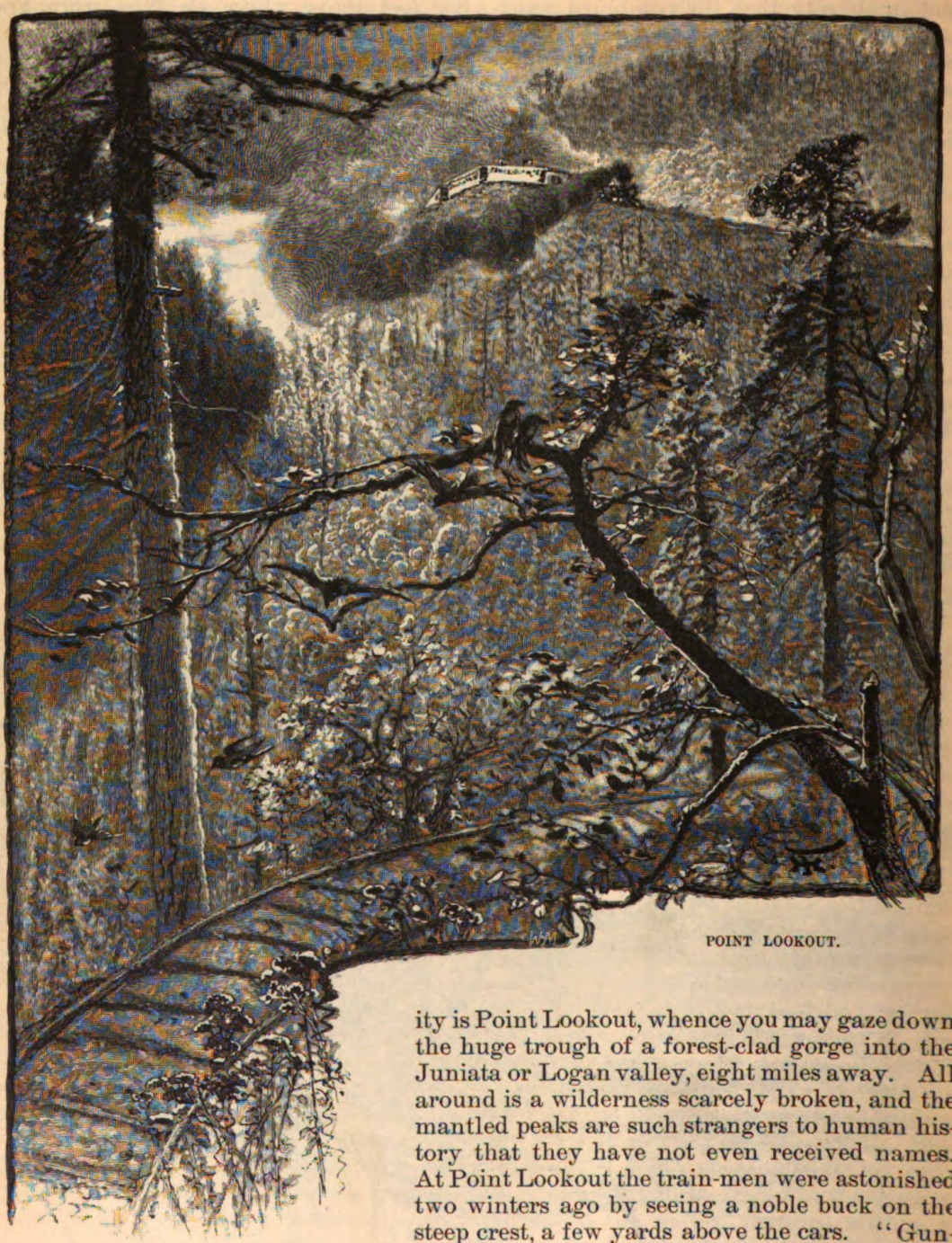
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time that it ascends it curves without stint, and so sharply that the combined resistance of bend and grade amounts in portions to the equivalent of 220 feet straight ascent. This exceeds even the steepness of the Denver and Rio Grande road, which sometimes goes up a direct incline of 208 feet. At one point on the Bell's Gap line we found ourselves skirting the edge of a deep chasm which might measure 600 or 800 feet across; on the opposite bank, 300 feet above where we then were, another stretch of the road-bed was seen, chipped out of the hill-side almost at the sky-line; but although it was less than a quarter-mile away in a straight line, we had to wind through two miles and a half of sinuosities before we reached it. The bend is called Lightning Curve; more playfully, "Colt-shoe Curve." The upper extrem-



ON THE JUNIATA.

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POINT LOOKOUT.

ity is Point Lookout, whence you may gaze down the huge trough of a forest-clad gorge into the Juniata or Logan valley, eight miles away. All around is a wilderness scarcely broken, and the mantled peaks are such strangers to human history that they have not even received names. At Point Lookout the train-men were astonished two winters ago by seeing a noble buck on the steep crest, a few yards above the cars. "Gunning" is still a pastime that means something in these regions.

With the superintendent and two other gentlemen I came down the narrow-gauge in an observation car, at first attached to the rear of a moderately long freight train. The rapid slope of the track left us always higher than the linked coil in front of us, and at one moment the train lay before us distorted by the twist of three distinct curves, while the locomotive was just vanishing around a fourth. Then our car was uncoupled, and braked until the freight got two miles in advance, after which—brakes up!—we resumed the descent alone. With the speed of a swooping hawk we rushed down the inclines, around sharp curves, over web-like trestles, the mountains shooting up on one side; on the other, the deep valley rustling with leafage and yawning below

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us. Coasting, tobogganing, and the ice-boat must take secondary rank when compared with this exhilarating ride; for here you have their speed and the excitement with less of danger, and, in addition, the accompaniments of summer weather, embowering leaves, beautiful gliding views, a cool breeze redolent of aromatic forest growths and sweet wild flowers. The Bell's Gap Mountains are peculiarly rich in woods; layers on layers of green boughs hide the piled earth as if they had been heaped there for a holiday. But the remorseless teeth of multiplying saw-mills are at work, and in a few years comparative desolation will have replaced the ancient glory of the hills.

A link that joined Altoona to our national history at a vital crisis was the connection of the Rev. Robert W. Oliver, formerly rector of St. Luke's Church, and an intimate of Abraham Lincoln, with the abolition movement. Through Christian and humanitarian impulses he became the quiet agent of a line very different from but hardly less important than the Pennsylvania Railroad, and helped a number of fugitive slaves to freedom by the "under-ground" route. In the room over his study—still to be seen in the parsonage of Rev. Mr. Woodle—he concealed John Brown for weeks during one of the liberator's clandestine journeys. There is another link with the past in Sinking Valley, whence our Revolutionary forces obtained lead for their musket-balls during the early part of the struggle with England. The "sinking" refers to Arch Spring, which emerges from vaulted rocks, furnishing a mill stream that drops into the earth, reappears and vanishes several times, and finally is lost in a mountain cave, which carries it through to the Juniata on the other side of the mountain. How characteristic the names of this vicinity are! There are Roaring Spring, Warrior's Mark, Lower Number Ten, Fallen Timber, Shade Gap, Sabbath Rest—grateful sound this last to tired iron-workers and colliers. Sundry forges and furnaces have been dubbed after the wives and daughters of owners, so that we have Elizabeth Furnace, Olivia, Sarah, Rebecca furnaces, and the like, surviving in these smoky edifices and in the regular designation of post-offices.

In Cambria County there is a spot known as "Hart's Sleeping." In early days Kittanning Path was the route from the centre of the State to the Alleghany River; and the beginning of the famous Horse-shoe Curve indicates where the rails crossed this old path, by retaining the name Kittanning Point. John Hart, a German fur-trader, was the first white man who travelled the Kittanning trail, and he was accustomed during his journeys to stop at a given spot, where he and his horse could rest overnight. That is the origin of "Hart's Sleeping."

Altoona itself is a summering place on account of its excellent hotel, its high situation, its nearness to fine scenery, and the cool air that draws through the valley. But Cresson Springs, 1100 feet above, on the top of the Alleghanies, exists especially as a resort for the hot months. Bedford Springs, farther south and lower, is as renowned for its mineral waters in Pennsylvania as Saratoga is in New York, but remains still in a primitive state as regards accommodation.

Imagine yourself transported 117 miles west from Altoona to Pittsburgh, on the western side of the great Appalachian spine, and you have the other end of a line along which are grouped resources of natural scenery, of wealth in coal and iron, and of metallurgic enterprise, which give to the whole district an exceptional combination of interests. Considered absolutely, Altoona is sooty, but its atmosphere becomes crystalline by contrast with the funereal smoke clouds of Pittsburgh, which produce in one's lungs a pneumonia-like irritation. The phrase "I have taken cold" may there be modified to "I have coaled up." Miles and miles of furnaces, iron mills, steel-works; acres of coal-laden barges, flotillas of hoarse-piping steamboats; a clank and din like stage thunder; dusky streets full of bustle where no one lives, and quiet outlying streets where everybody lives: such on a general view are the constituents of "Pitchburgh," as, with unconscious sarcasm, a darky car-porter called it. You see it well, or rather see how well hidden it is, from the bluff of Mount Washington, to the top of which you are hoisted by a steep incline about 300 feet high, and so nearly vertical that if you were borne up with your feet in the air, the sensation could hardly be more unpleasant. A man in a small glass cage at the summit works a couple of levers, which start the machinery and move one car up while the other goes down. He stands there like a mature spider, and

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cranks his prey up at the rate of 2000 people a day.

One of the most curious Pittsburgh industries is glass-making. Going to the door of a factory, I was about to walk in, when I saw a huge mass of something in a state of red heat come slowly down through an opening in the ceiling, swing gravely across, and then go up out of sight again. It went on doing this, and I thought it advisable not to go into a room where ornaments of that sort were in the habit of oscillating without regard to casual human heads. It turned out to be a big ball of window-glass, which a man in the room above was operating upon. He receives it from the melting furnace as a small knob of viscid fire, attached to the end of a long tube the size of a broom-handle. He rolls it about a little, trifles with it, and then applies his lips to the other end as if he intended to suck up the molten substance; but he is really sending air into it, and presently it begins to swell. Larger and larger it dilates, until it has become a big inflamed cylinder five feet long and two feet through. He goes to an opening in the floor and swings it to and fro to cool it. Then he sticks it into a fire to heat it up, then swings it again, all the time keeping the breath of life in it with his lips. Finally it is cooled, the ends are cut off, and the hollow, transparent, crystal cylinder is set up on end. The blowing and the heat must tell severely on the operative's strength. This particular one was tall and meagre: he had blown both himself and the glass very thin. Afterward the cylinders, having been cut all the way down on one side, and gummed, are taken to another apartment, where they are heated, flattened, polished, and sliced up into panes. This "cutting-room" is very dark and perfectly silent. In the centre is a circular oven with openings through which the several processes are conducted. When the polisher has finished one plate and is ready for another, he calls out in a sepulchral voice, "Turn!" precisely like the ghost of Hamlet's father with his "Swe-ear!" And straightway the revolving platform in the oven swings around thirty degrees or so.

In the factory of Messrs. Atterbury and Co. spun glass is put into a loom and woven into a fabric of satin lustre and divers colors, with which mats, caps, and even an entire opera cloak have been made. There is something fabulous and yet nicely philosophical about the presence of this fragile, dainty work in the midst of the shock and gloom and rumble with which the bulkier, more uncouth offspring of forge and furnace are brought forth. Who says mythology is a far-off shadow? Was not Vulcan enslaved to Venus—rude force mated to soft loveliness? And do we not see the two extremes united again in dingy modern Pittsburgh?

Mild meadows and low hills characterize Westmoreland, into which one escapes on coming eastward out of that populous crater at the head of the Ohio. But the farms in their turn are underlaid for twenty miles by the mines of the Penn and Westmoreland Gas Coal companies, the largest gas coal sources in the country. A little higher, at Johnstown, in the valley of the Conemaugh, we encounter the works of the Cambria Iron Company, which roar and flame proudly, as if aware that they constitute probably the biggest single iron and steel works in the world. The company employs 8000 operatives; keeps nine furnaces going at this place and four elsewhere; has perhaps eighty acres under roof at Johnstown; mines 700,000 tons of coal a year for its own use, and does annually a business of $18,000,000 or $20,000,000. It produced in 1881 45,000 tons of iron rails, and 120,000 tons of steel, saying nothing of steel springs in quantity, boiler iron, or the machinery manufactured for its own use. It is worth recording that eminent foreign mechanicians have admitted that at Johnstown three times the amount of work is done which would be accomplished with the same plant in Europe. In and out of the shops and all through the yards wind forty miles of track, on which trains loaded with ore, coal, slag, or hot ingots of steel are running every moment or two, eighteen locomotives being kept in use for this purpose, and several stackless ones for running into the adjacent mines. The steel ingots, by-the-way, are the largest steel castings made anywhere, excepting Krupp cannon, and weigh 5500 pounds each, measuring eighteen inches and a half square, and yielding eight rails apiece. The works were founded at this spot with the idea of utilizing the iron ore of the vicinity; but steel has now become its supreme object, and ores are brought from Spain, Ireland, Elba, and Michigan, to mix with the local brown hematites. The direct

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STEEL-WORKS AT JOHNSTOWN.

coal flame is not used in fusing the ore, but only the gases generated from coal. This intensified heat is stored in Whitworth stoves—immense iron-bound cylinders like chimneys, inside of which the temperature is 1700° Fahrenheit. Thence it is distributed through pipes wherever it is wanted; but first the burning gases are passed through a receptacle charged with water, which actually *washes the fire*, so as to remove various constituents that might coat and injure the tubes through which it is conveyed. The calorific agent thus prepared not only supplies the furnaces, but runs the hydraulic and other engines, and is in part carried back to the stoves to begin over again. "So that," said Mr. Webb, the general superintendent, "we come as near to lifting ourselves by our own boot-straps as is possible."

At Johnstown may be seen a 1000-horse-power engine making ninety revolutions a minute—something hardly attempted elsewhere; the sawing of rails, hot and cold; the puddling process; the Bessemer system; and the Pernot open-hearth method of oxidation. The most in-

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OLD PORTAGE ROAD, NEAR CRESSON.

teresting and impressive is the Bessemer, which decarbonizes melted iron in huge converters by forcing an air stream through it. First the silicon rushes out of the converter in a thick volume of orange flame; then the carbon, like white fire. When that is over, a rill of snapping, scintillating spiegel-iron is let in, to mingle with the pure iron that lies candescent amid its own radiations of peach-blossom-colored light; and afterward the perfected steel is poured into quarter-ton ingots as easily as if only cream-candy drops were being made. But when the converter is turned for pouring there is a rush of sparks clear across the foundry, arched like the rainbow and fiery as a comet. The effect is as beautiful as the whole work is fierce and prodigious. For the Pernot process the Siemens furnace is used, producing the most intense of all terrestrial heats. You look into a peep-hole of the open-hearth caldrons through a plate of blue glass—without that your eyesight would be extinguished—and see the iron there melted into a dead white wrinkled semi-liquid, which has precisely the appearance of a snow-drift. Finally the product is tested: how thoroughly may be judged when it is mentioned that steel for the Brooklyn Bridge was required to bend double in inch-square rods without breaking.

The Cambria Company's monster has literally eaten up one side of a hill; the ground on which it stands is all undermined, and the pith of another hill across the Conemaugh is gradually being drawn out by the miner's pick. A fine library in a charmingly designed building is placed at the service of the mechanics by their employers; but Johnstown itself is a

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dispiriting borough, shabby and dirty. Darkness and desolation are apt to spread where manufacture gets a foot-hold; but the factories themselves are grandly elemental enough to compensate. It is more in the streets and houses of the working people that the need of beauty is felt, to overcome the discord which the works bring into the picturesque highlands.

The single-file fires of the coke-burners here and there continue the long chain of labor stretching from Pittsburgh to Altoona through the heights of Cambria, which is termed the "mountain county" of Pennsylvania, and in fact bestrides the crown of the ridge. Cambria has always been a thoroughfare. It contained the head of canoe navigation, and the old Indian trails converged there. Civilization has followed almost exactly the print of the moccasin in the State highway, and the Portage Railroad, and later in the Pennsylvania Railroad. In summer and autumn the east-going track of this line is covered with a low green growth, while the west-going track shows only the cracked stone of the "ballast." The rea-



COKE OVENS.

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HOUSE AND CHAPEL OF PRINCE GALITZIN.

son of this is that trains from the West drop stray grains of wheat all along, which spring up among the stones. Birds from the neighboring woods make this granary a feeding ground, and even wild turkeys have been seen there snatching a hasty meal between two trains. Could there be a prettier piece of unconscious poetry than this in the midst of prosaic trafficking? Some of the poorer dwellers along the route emulate the birds by collecting coal that drops from the freight cars like the grain, and many get their whole fuel supply from these crumbs of the rich man's table. Sitting on the cool verandas of the Mountain House at Cresson, of a July dusk, the tourist or the resting man of business sees a line of a hundred cars, with the tawny flare of locomotive fires at either end, carrying toward the sea the food of nations; or hears, perhaps, like the sound of a population on the march, the low, heavy rumble of wheels that are bearing immigrants to their still uncreated homes. He listens, in fine, to one of the pulse-beats of the world.

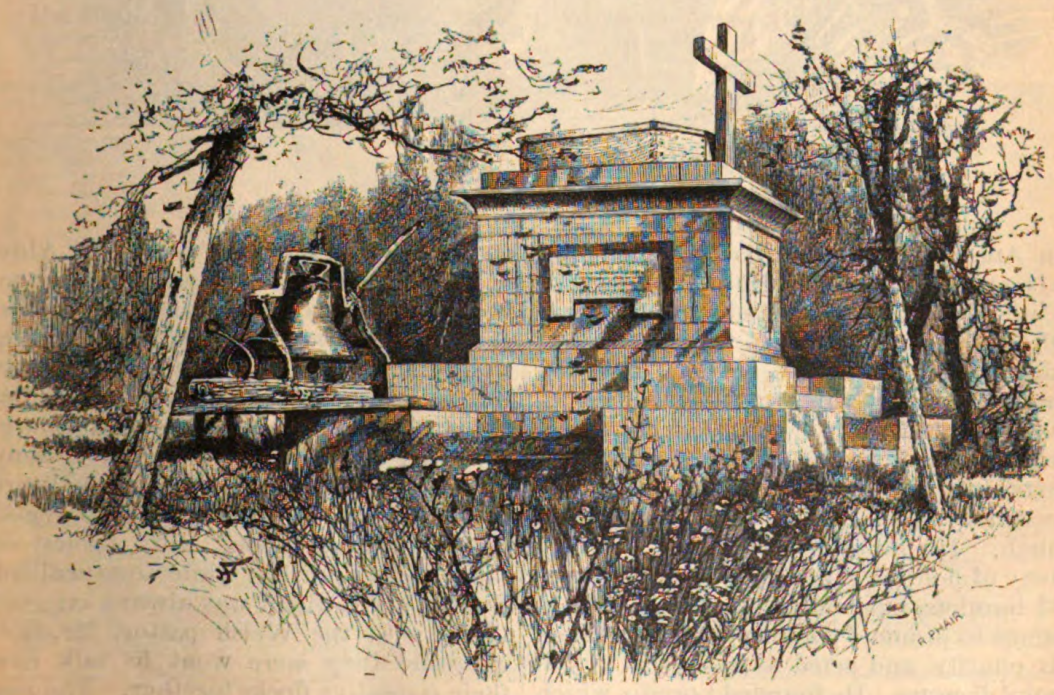
Characteristically American, a hotel has reared itself at the very summit of the mountain chain, on a scale commensurate with the country and with the industries we have glanced at. But it is not an ordinary hotel, and its origin deserves notice. An eccentric man of genius, Dr. R. M. S. Jackson, who practiced in Cambria County, conceived the idea of making a sanitarium at this spot. Many years ago he published a singular book, now rare, entitled *The Mountain*, crammed with all manner of learning—medical, mythological, antiquarian, meteorological—even describing the fauna and flora of the district which had so enraptured him. Originality and insight burst through his involved style like the fragrant gum from a pine-tree. His dominant idea was that mankind should touch the earth, like Antæus, to renew its strength, and that the place of all others to do this at was Cresson, which is twenty-three hundred feet above the sea, cool in summer, even as to climate, and has less rain-fall than the slope Atlanticward, presenting in this way a temperate balminess without too much humidity. He also laid great stress on the soothing effect of natural beauty. But Antæus was the son of Poseidon, who per-

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sonifies the regenerative power of water, and at Cresson this power was supplied in the form of springs. So the doctor started his hotel. "Not for wine-bibbers, sensual and profane persons," he declares, "not for the gross and godless, not for seekers and lovers of pleasure *alone*, was it to be provided, but for the sick and suffering, the mournful wanderers in the pain-world." It was likewise to be a home for the broken-hearted, the wise, the gentle, the cultivated. The choice of locality was justified by the success of the hostelry; though that dream cherished by the "Æsculapian regenerator," as he humorously styled himself, of establishing with it a library, museum, and observatory, has never been carried out. Charles Dickens is said to have halted at the inn during his first American tour; and Sumner, when disabled by Preston Brooks, had recourse to its healing air and the skill of Dr. Jackson, who, besides being a brilliant converser, was a man of solid professional attainments. The hotel has been transferred to a better site, and within a year or two the railroad company, by expending upon it a quarter of a million dollars and a good deal of judgment, has made it one of the finest of its order. Fortunately its architecture and ornamentation belong to the new revival of good taste, the creed of redwood shingle and olive green, so that it harmonizes with the landscape.

The geology of the mountains imparts a variety to the Cresson springs. Some, flowing from sand and shale, are filtered into absolute purity, and store up four or five hundred thousand gallons of a delicious beverage for the summer visitors. Others, issuing from calcareous layers or the carbon series, are strongly mineral, notably the iron and alum springs. Dr. Jackson gave them fanciful names, which have not been kept—Rhododendron, Calxation, Discord, Brandy Spring—this last being "from the generous flow of that beverage which occurred at the time of its discovery." Another, Ignatius Spring, commemorates "old Ig. Adams," a hunter who lived near it and grew to be a centenarian, presumably by the aid of its waters.

A few miles from the Mountain House and its cottages the village of Loretto stands, in a small tract of farms surrounded by the ever-waiting forest, as a humble monument to Prince Dmitri Galitzin, who came thither as a priest in 1799. His name, which also survives in the neighboring town of Gallitzin, is well known; but outside of his Church the story of his self-sacrificing life is not well enough remembered. Travelling as a young man



PRINCE GALITZIN'S TOMB.

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ALLEGRIPPUS RAVINE.

in America for the purpose of enlarging his experience, he became a convert to Catholicism, and entered its ministry. Prospects of preferment at home were resigned, and for a time he even forfeited his revenues by this step. But he entered on his mission work in the then savage wilderness of the Alleghany slopes with extraordinary zeal, and a humility that resented any allusion to his aristocratic birth. He not only performed the severe duty of holding services in widely sundered hamlets, but bought and sold lands as agent to promote colonization, gave much in charity, and acted as arbiter in neighbors' disputes. He founded Loretto, which is a Catholic town, and now contains a convent of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Aloysius, who conduct a flourishing school there. There is also a boys' school carried on by priests. The only representative of commerce in Loretto is an emporium announced as "The Omnifarious Store, Established 1837." Ebensburg, near by, was settled by Welsh Dissenters. Thirty years ago Cymric was heard commonly on the street, and the Welsh women walked about with babies on their backs, knitting while they walked. But Father Galitzin was always on good terms with the Welsh pastor, Mr. Roberts, and they were wont to talk over their respective flocks together. The mission priest was a stanch Federalist in

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politics, though his people were Republicans, and he maintained a correspondence with Clay, who was his friend. He seems to have exercised unusual privileges, and to have been, though quiet and kindly, a trifle autocratic. Hostile to display in dress, he made his parishioners conform to a simple standard. Once, when a woman came to church in a low-necked gown, the father, singing *asperges* and sprinkling the congregation with holy water, dashed a liberal supply of the liquid over her unprotected bosom, and passed grimly on. He remained in charge of the parish nearly half a century, refusing various bishoprics, and dying as a simple mission priest in 1840. There remain the lonely tomb, a big brick church, the two schools, and the old weather-stained barn which served him for a church, together with a straggling village in the midst of a silent, austere mountain-land. The material results of that life are not overpowering, but somehow the spirit of the prince-priest can not be got out of the air of the place.

East of Cresson a profound ravine breaks its way wildly from the heart of the mountain to the lower valleys. It has acquired the name of Allegrippus, from an engine which fell over a fifty-foot embankment there thirty years since. The driver was Thomas Ridley, who still commands one of the Pennsylvania's locomotives. During the riots of 1877 an attempt was made to capture his engine, but he particularly insisted on running it without the aid of the mob, and it happened soon afterward that the company presented him with a gold watch and chain. Thus the man of simple fidelity in a mechanical trust continues to guide across the mountain thousands of passengers who never hear of him, close by the village where a man faithful to his spiritual trust lived, suffered, served, and passed away.

The mountain range has its share in affecting winds, and ought likewise to have some influence on character. Amid the conflicting currents of change it remains steadfast, full of recuperative virtue and delightful harborage for repose. All the mighty human energies that have burrowed into and under it here and there do not essentially affect its primeval solitude and freshness. One may ramble along the ridges, from either side of which rills flow away to reach the Susquehanna or the Ohio, on the very dividing line of two vast, populous tracts of States, and close to the busy rails, yet may remain surrounded by forests of hemlock, oak, chestnut, tulip-trees, cucumber-trees, wild cherry, and forked pine. Nature in her grandest, most austere, yet most beneficent mood, man in his most indomitable one, meet at this crossing. What they teach ought to impress the flying atoms of the nation that daily are driven as by a wind-blast through the heart of the Alleghanies.



THE OMNIFARIOUS STORE.

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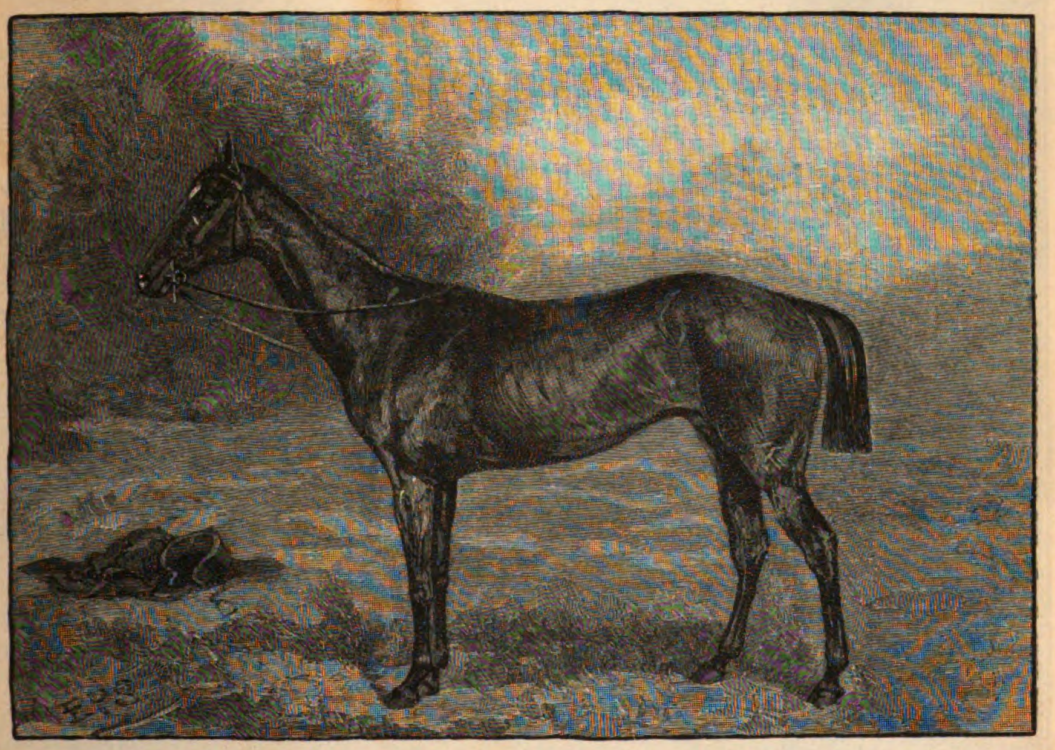
MAUD S.

AMERICAN HORSES.

THRICE has the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, the great prize at the British Isthmian games, been carried off by steeds of foreign birth. The French Gladiateur, the Hungarian Kisber, the American Iroquois, have beaten the best English horses on the most famous English course. The Greek designation of the Epsom meeting is due to the classic tastes of Lord Palmerston, the heraldic title of the race to the Oriental fancy of Lord Beaconsfield. Old Pam used to christen his horses out of the Æneid, to the dire confusion of honest book-makers, who never could agree as to the pronunciation of the name of Priam's splendid daughter Ilione, the winner of the Cesarewitch. It was therefore quite in keeping with the character of the English Premier to move "that the House do adjourn over Wednesday, to allow honorable members to be present at our Isthmian games." When Lord George Bentinck quitted the turf for the House of Commons he sold his stud. On the 22d of May, 1848, his protectionist resolutions were negatived in the House; on the 24th, Surplice, one of the horses he had parted with, won the Derby. "All my life," he groaned out, "I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it?" The sympathizing Disraeli in vain strove to console his friend. "You do not know what the Derby is?" replied Lord George. "Yes, I do. It is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf," was the answer. Perhaps we may say that there would have been neither Isthmian games nor blue ribbons of the turf if General Gates had not been victorious at Saratoga. Without that defeat General Burgoyne would not have sold his hunting-box at Epsom to Lord Derby, and without the possession of that hunting-box by that nobleman there would have been no Derby race. Epsom first became famous for its Epsom salts, and the fashion and beauty of London used to flock to the little Surrey village to drink the waters. Our gossiping friend Pepys was there, and "did drink four pints." He found there Nell Gwynne, Sir Charles Sedley, and other reprobates of both sexes, who did not drink the nauseous fluid, but amused themselves with cards and dances in the evening, horse-racing and hunting in the morning, and severe flirting at all hours. Gradually the races

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formed an important feature of the season, just as they do at Saratoga, and when finally Epsom salts lost, not their savor, but their popularity, the course on the downs was the only attraction left. From the foundation of the Derby in 1780, when Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed came in first of nine starters, the Epsom meeting has constantly increased in interest. In the long list of winning owners all classes are represented, from royal dukes to sporting publicans, while for the names of the winning horses time and space seem to have been ransacked. Between the Homeric Diomed and the American Iroquois we have aristocratic Sir Harry, Prince Leopold, and Lord Lyon mingled with plebeian Sam, Moses, and Daniel O'Rourke. It is a common English practice to name colts with some reference to their parents. Thus Macaroni was by Sweetmeat, Orlando by Touchstone, and Hermit by Newminster out of Seclusion. In other cases the mother has given the hint for the name. Favonius was the son of Zephyr, Gladiateur of Miss Gladiator, while Beadsman and Bluegown owe their beggarly appellations to Sir Joseph Hawley's mare Mendicant. Till 1865 no foreigner had triumphed on the turf at Epsom. The spell was broken in that year by Comte de Lagrange's magnificent Gladiateur, which won in a common canter, and is the only horse which can boast of the fourfold palms of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Grand Prix of Paris, and the St. Leger. He was sixteen hands high, a bay with black legs; he had a large plain head, well-arched neck, powerful sloping shoulders, muscular arms and thighs, and was deep in the girth. So developed was his form that ungracious doubts as to his age were expressed, till a veterinary examination proved that they were unfounded. Gladiateur's best race was as a four-year-old for the Ascot Cup, when he defeated Regalia and Breadalbane. Eleven years elapsed before another foreigner scored a triumph. On this occasion the victor, Kisber, came from Hungary. He was by Buccaneer out of Mineral, and was bred at the great imperial-royal stud farm at Kisber, which was then managed by Count Zoest. This grand establishment comprises 15,648 acres, and all the work on it is done by soldiers. Kisber was fifteen hands three inches high; in color he was a hard bay with a ruddy tinge, black points,



PAROLE.

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IROQUOIS.

plain head, very muscular neck, and splendid shoulders and loins. As a two-year-old he had only run four times, and only won one race.

The first of Americans to challenge the British sportsmen on their own ground was Mr. Ten Broeck. His horses, Prioress, Starke, Optimist, and Umpire, all won valuable stakes, the first-named being in 1857 the heroine of a dead-heat for the Cesarewitch with Queen Bess and El Hakim, and winning the deciding heat. Umpire started in the Derby of 1860 on even terms in the betting with Mr. Merry's Thormanly. We need not refer to the performances of Parole, but come at once to the most brilliant achievements of American horses in 1881. It was no unknown horse that carried Mr. Lorillard's striped sleeves to victory. Iroquois was born in America, trained by an American, and had won fame on the American turf before he landed in England. He unfortunately missed the Two Thousand Guineas, but won the Derby by half a length, and the St. Leger, over a longer course, by a length. The throngs of horse-taming Yorkshire men who crowd the Town Moor at Doncaster are better judges of genuine sport than the Londoners who make an annual holiday at Epsom, and the welcome they gave to Iroquois was warmer than the ovation accorded to him at Epsom. Iroquois is a brown horse with one white fore-foot, and shows splendid action and staying powers. In both races he enjoyed the benefit of Archer's riding, Lord Falmouth resigning his claim to that jockey's services in the St. Leger. Between these two great events he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, giving nine pounds. The success of Mr. Lorillard's horse is to be attributed in no small degree to his American trainer, Pincas, who, as a well-informed correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times* writes, "took a lame horse from the hands of his predecessor and won the great event of the year." How great a

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horse Iroquois is, is proved by the fact that since the establishment of the two races only nine double victories have been gained.

But there are other races than the Derby and the St. Leger, and victories to be gained elsewhere than in England. Mr. Keene made the Tricolor as well as the Union-jack bow to the Stars and Stripes. Foxhall, by King Alfonso, was born in Kentucky, and was purchased by his fortunate owner for the small sum of $650. He is a dark bay, with black points, and the near hind pastern white. He has a clean head, light neck, a back a trifle too lengthy, but a good barrel, and shoulders of admirable power. He was the first American colt that ever ran in France. The finish for the Grand Prix was magnificent. Archer was riding the French colt Tristan, and as they came along the home-stretch rode his very best, and lifted his horse almost even to Foxhall. A shout of "Tristan! Tristan!" was rending the air from thousands of excited Frenchmen, the horses were almost past the Jockey Club stand, when Fordham for the first time raised his whip. A cut on the shoulder of Foxhall is answered by a grand leap forward, and the Grand Prix of Paris, with its 160,000 francs, is won by Mr. Keene.

After his French victory Foxhall performed but poorly at Ascot, and English critics felt inclined to think his triumph at Longchamps a mere accident. They were undeceived by his splendid performances in the great autumn locals. In the Cesarewitch he carried 110 pounds, and won in a common canter; in the Select Stakes, with 127 pounds, he again defeated with the utmost ease his old French rival Tristan; in the Cambridgeshire, with 126 pounds on his back, he defeated Lucy Glitters, carrying 91 pounds, by a head, while Tristan came in third, with 107 pounds. Among the horses not placed by the judge in this last race was the Derby victor of 1880, Bend Or, carrying 134 pounds. In the Champion Stakes, ten days before the Cambridgeshire, Bend Or, with 130 pounds, had defeated Iroquois with only 116 on his back. But we must not rashly infer anything as to the relative merits of the two American horses from these performances, as Iroquois was quite fourteen pounds below his Derby form. Foxhall's double victory in the two great Newmarket handicaps has had



FOXHALL WINNING THE GRAND PRIX.

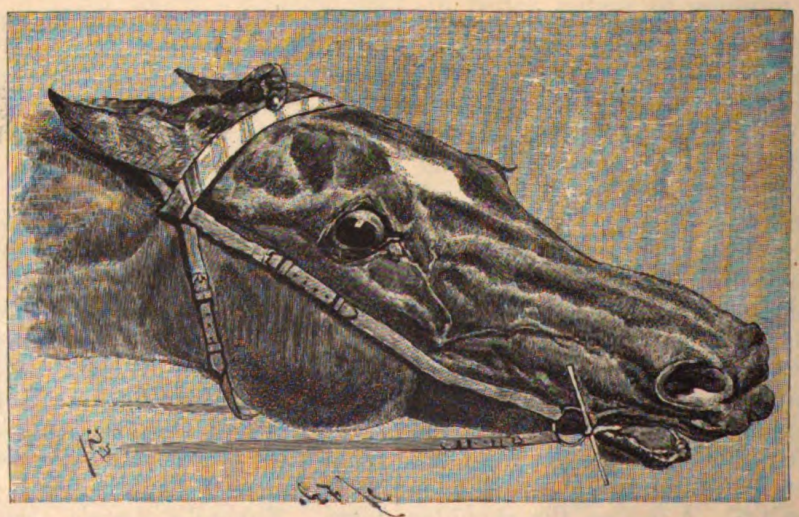
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HINDOO.

only one parallel, the victory of Rosebery in 1876. Mr. Keene may well say that his "colt is the greatest horse in the world." The Cesarewitch course is two miles and a quarter in length, and Foxhall came in ten lengths in front of Chippendale—an exploit of which the greatest horses in the annals of the turf might have been proud. In the Cambridgeshire the finish was closer, but the great stamina of the American enabled him to struggle successfully with his less heavily weighted competitors.

On our own soil we have as good horses



GLENMORE.

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probably as those that have won glory in England and in France. We have Hindoo, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and Clark Stakes at Louisville, and of the Blue Ribbon Stakes at Lexington. We have Thora, a grand filly, who in 1881 hattan handicap, with 120 pounds, deserved the enthusiasm it aroused. We have the steeple-chaser Trouble, who on the fifth day of the October meeting at Jerome Park won the handicap steeple-chase, carrying 157 pounds. We have Glen-



STEEPLE-CHASER TROUBLE.

defeated both Hindoo and Crickmore, but succumbed last year at Jerome Park to Sly Dance, having to concede a year and six pounds. We have back from his English campaign our old favorite Parole, whose brilliant performance in the Manmore, the gallant chestnut that achieved the unparalleled performance of running the four miles in the last two heats for the Bowie Stakes in the time of 7.30¼ and 7.31 respectively. With his easy action and great staying powers he is a wonderful

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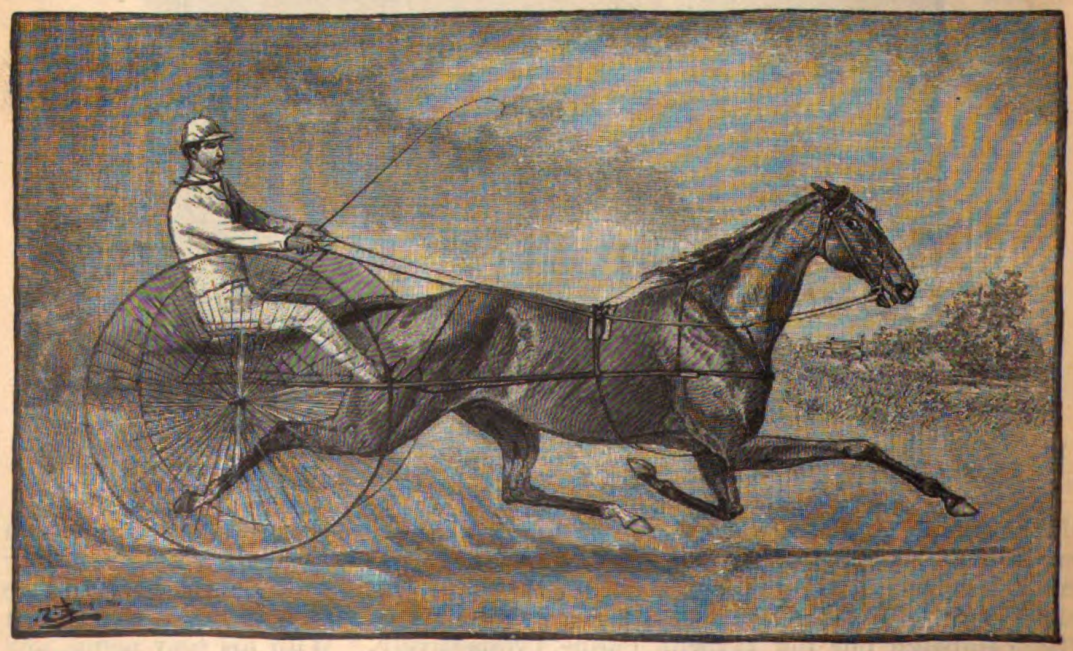
horse; and in spite of the long races in which he has been engaged, he is as sound and as fresh as ever. In the Coney Island Cup race he defeated Luke Blackburn, Monitor, Parole, and Uncas, winning in 3.58¾.

We have every reason to expect that in the near future other foreign victories will be obtained by our sportsmen. We possess some of the best blood in the world. We have rich pastures; we have a better climate, at all events, than the British Islands; and we have trainers second to none in their art, and owners second to none in their enterprise. The performances of Iroquois and Foxhall leave no longer any room for cavil on these points.

The best trotters that flourished about 1830 could not do a mile under 2.50, but in 1856 Flora Temple reduced the time to 2.24½. In 1866, Woodruff's pride, Dexter, under the saddle, did the mile at Buffalo in 2.18, and in the following year in 2.17¼. Since that time Mr. Bonner's famous Rarus, Goldsmith Maid, Lulu, and others, have trotted their mile in 2.15 or less. But horses like these just mentioned are nothing to the wonderful trotters of to-day. Maud S., the queen of the turf, reduced the time, at Rochester in 1880, to 2.10¾; and in 1881, over the same course, she trotted a mile in the unparalleled time of 2.10¼. The first half of the Rochester track is by no means good; had it all been equal to the last half, she would have made the distance in 2.10. As a sustained performance, however, her achievement at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, in July, surpassed all previous record. She trotted three consecutive heats in 2.12, 2.13¼, 2.12½. Her slowest heat beat Rarus's best at Hartford in 1878, when the record was 2.13¾, 2.13½, and 2.15. Maud S. has now the glory of having achieved the fastest heat, the fastest two consecutive heats, and the fastest three consecutive heats that have ever been seen.

If Maud S. is the queen, St. Julien is the king, of the trotting turf. He stands second to her alone with his last year's record of 2.11¼. His trainer, Hickok, has in Santa Claus another horse not unworthy of being matched with the queen of the turf. As a five-year-old he got a record which is still unbeaten, making the mile in 2.18.

The speed of our trotting horses can not be approached by the animals of any other country. It has been attained, to quote from Hiram Woodruff's book, "by our method of breeding, training, and driving trotting horses, aided by the enterprise and ingenuity which provide vehicles, harness, and all the paraphernalia of that combination of lightness with strength which is modelled upon the plan of the best trotting horse himself."



RARUS.

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A VILLAGE STREET IN VAL D' ARNO.

VALLOMBROSA.

"He sang of Eden's paradise, and smiled,
Remembering Vallombrosa. Therefore is
The place divine to English man and child."
—E. B. Browning.

PROBABLY the first suggestion of desire to visit Vallombrosa comes to all English-speaking travellers from old association with Milton's comparison, so well known as hardly to need repeating here:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd embower."

And it is not a slight tribute to the genius of the poet that this is so. But for this illumining ray, Vallombrosa

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would have been to us only as any other of the lovely nooks with which *il bel paese* abounds, of which it is impossible for the ordinary traveller to see the hundredth part. What Dante had done for many other places in Italy, Milton did for Vallombrosa. His comparison of multitudes to leaves was not new nor specially praiseworthy, though it could boast of an ancient and honorable pedigree, through Virgil, Dante, and Tasso. But the unexpected introduction of such a peaceful image into the description of the "inflamed sea" gives us a relief like that of an exquisite sudden modulation in the midst of a stormy symphony. The very names of Vallombrosa and Etruria, too, are musical; the tongue and ear dwell with pleasure upon them; and the imagination supplies all the charm of Italian skies and scenery. But the chief interest of the comparison lies in the fact that when Milton wished to use it, instead of all the English forest haunts which he knew so well, there came spontaneously to his mind the vision of this far-off, upland valley; thus showing how deeply its beauty had engraven itself upon his recollection. He saw again the floods of sunshine on the yellowing chestnut leaves, and breathed the fragrant air, and was hushed by the silence and sacredness of the place. Perhaps, too, out of the tumult and disappointment of mature age, his thoughts turned back to rest for a moment on those untroubled days, when he tasted, with the zest of a poet and a scholar, the beauties of nature and of art in Italy. We may fancy that it was with an effort that he brought himself back to the present, and to his great theme. And then, as if rousing himself to shake off this softer mood, the simile which follows returns to the minor key again, as he likens the infernal regions to

> "the scattered sedge
> Afloat when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
> Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast."

Of Milton's Italian journey we have, unfortunately, few particulars. We know that it was undertaken with the best advantages of money, credentials, and counsel. Of the latter, perhaps, Sir Henry Wotton's letter, repeating to his young friend the advice which had been given to himself in Italy, to keep his thoughts close and his looks open (*pensieri stretti e viso sciolto*) was the most useful. Milton arrived in Florence early in September, 1638, and remained there two months. His fame as a poet—for he had already written "Comus" and "Lycidas," "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro"— had preceded him, and he was warmly welcomed in the highest circles of society, and exchanged literary flatteries with the notabilities of the period. "No time will ever abolish," says he, in the *Defensio Secunda*, "the agreeable recollections which I cherish of Jacob Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Frescobaldo Cultillero, Bonomathei, Clementillo Francesco, and others." And in the *Areopagitica* he makes this further allusion to Italy: "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

He was back again at Florence in the spring of 1639, after a winter spent in the south, principally at Naples, where he was so outspoken against popery that he was warned not to go to Rome, as his life would be in danger. He disregarded this caution, however, and did not abate his freedom of speech. "By the favor of God," he records, "I got back to Florence, where I was received with as much affection as if I had returned to my native country."

The visit to Vallombrosa was without doubt made during Milton's first stay in Florence, as he says explicitly that during the second he made no excursions except to Lucca. He passed over the mountains to Geneva, and reached home after an absence of about fifteen months.

It was a bright day early in October, 1877, when I first visited Vallombrosa. The mountain on which it is situated is plainly visible from Florence, and my eyes had often been drawn thither with an irresistible attraction. The excursion is peculiarly one for the early autumn; for the route along the valley of the Arno and on the western slope of the hills is too much exposed to the sun to be agreeable during the summer heats; and as in America so in Italy, October is the one perfect month of the year for out-of-door pleasures.

Vallombrosa is eighteen miles from Florence. To go thither it is usual to take the Roman train as far as Pontassieve (about three-quarters of an hour); but it is far preferable to drive, as the distance can easily be accomplished in two hours, and the difference in enjoyment more

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PELAGO.

than compensates the difference in time. We leave Florence by the Porta alla Croce, and pass along the Via Aretina, the great thoroughfare to Florence from the east, which is full at this morning hour of market wagons, heavily laden donkeys and their shrill-voiced drivers, fruit venders with their hand-carts piled with luscious grapes, and *calessini* with groups of ruddy, laughing peasant women driving merrily into town to sell their straw plaits, or bargain for winter gear under the arches of the Mercato Nuovo. We are glad to come to the end of this closely built suburb at last, and though still upon the high-road, to have the freshness of the morning fields about us, and the glittering river at our side. This is the Val d' Arno, and we follow the course of the stream, which, shrunken from summer drought, now winds in a narrow channel through its broad pebbly bed. The hills rise closely to right and left, thickly set with the villas of the Florentines, amid their olive groves and vineyards, with here and there a little village

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nestling close to the river. It was as obligatory in the olden time for every Italian family of any pretensions to eminence to own at least two or three country places as for a Nantucketer to have an interest in whale ships. They might be sadly neglected, and the houses bare and comfortless, but they were no less a pledge of good and regular standing in society; and though hard times and a new *régime* have changed matters somewhat for the worse with many of the proprietors, they still cling to their landed possessions with great tenacity.



"A GRIM-LOOKING BUILDING, HALF CASTLE, HALF FARM-HOUSE."

One may remain in the city all summer with social impunity; neither the baths nor the mountains are imperatively prescribed; but it is not "the thing" to be seen there in September and October. Nay, in some of the smaller cities, where the old customs linger longest, the matter is carried so far that those who have no villas, and can not by any means procure an invitation to other people's, deliberately shut themselves up at home with the front shutters closed, and are charitably supposed to be *in villeggiatura* for the period required by fashion. The time of vintage is indeed a charming one in the country; it was just over as we passed through the Val d' Arno, and both masters and peasants looked happy, for it had been a fruitful season, and wine and oil and bread were plentiful.

Pontassieve is a busy little town at the mouth of the Sieve, a small tributary of the Arno. We clattered through the paved main street, between rows of staring *contadini*, and accompanied by a dozen *gamins*, who held out their grimy hands for *centesimi;* and passing over the picturesque bridge, high above the Sieve (and doubtless none too high when the spring floods swell in one night the diminutive streamlet to a raging torrent), we came out again into the open country. The road begins to ascend, though still keeping the course of the river. Grim-looking buildings, half castle, half farm-house, some of them evidently remnants of older and more pretentious edifices, crown the heights about us. After some miles we left the highway to Arezzo, which we had been following, and turned to the left, zigzagging up the face of the hill. The pretty village of Pelago lies in a hollow to the left; but on our way the houses became rarer and the views finer as we went up and up, sometimes among chestnut groves, and sometimes on the bare hill-side. The chestnuts were noble trees, the finest I had seen in Tuscany. The fruit had filled out well that year, our driver told us, with a satisfaction which we, who knew how largely the Italian peasantry depend upon the chestnut for winter food, could well appreciate. We climbed a bad bit of road, and turned the shoulder of a hill, and there in front of us was the hamlet of Tosi, at the foot of the Pratomagno Mountain. It was seemingly near, but separated from us by

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a deep ravine, around which the road must make a circuit of a mile before we crossed the bridge over the stream at its bottom, and were set down close to the mill of Tosi, the stopping-place for all wheeled vehicles. It is a lovely spot, and we were not sorry to wait, and enjoy the view for a half-hour, while the driver went up to the village on its rocky height a hundred feet above us, to procure conveyance for the remainder of the way. The air was fine, with just enough of the morning's frost in it to give it vigor; the sun was only just peeping into this dell, though it was not far from noon; the village clamor did not reach us here, and all was quiet except an occasional rush of water from the mill-race and the tinkle of the sheep bells on the hills. The heights whither we were bound were still half veiled in mist, as they had been all the morning, but as it opened from time to time we could see the patches of snow left by the last week's storm on the bare mountain-top above Vallombrosa.

After the usual delay the guides appeared with donkeys, rather sorry-looking animals, it must be confessed, but better than the *treggia*, to which, unless you were a pedestrian, you were then obliged to intrust yourself. This *treggia* is a sort of sledge, with a stout wicker basket fastened upon it, and half filled with straw, upon which (or upon chairs, if you choose, but you will not after a short trial!) you dispose yourself and your belongings as best you may, holding on for dear life to the side of the basket. The *treggia* is drawn by oxen, and is incomparable for safety and discomfort.

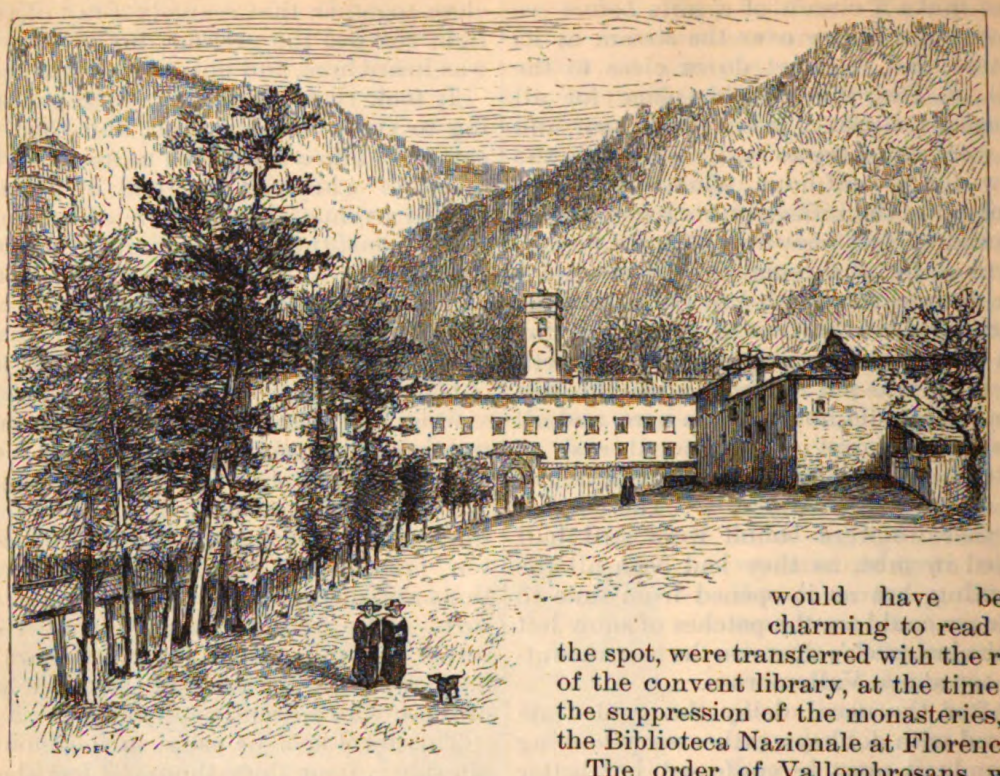
Nothing could be more delightful, however, than the forest path upon which we entered immediately after quitting the mill of Tosi. The noonday sun turned the chestnut leaves to gold, the birds sang in the tree-tops, and fluttered about us without fear, fresh ferns and delicate heather bordered the path, and mosses clung to every rock. Through the forest openings we caught glimpses of the world below and the brilliant sky above: it was a picture full of glowing color, and yet of repose. Suddenly we saw rising before us a wall of shadow, and in another moment, out of this atmosphere of light and warmth, we had passed, as through a cathedral door, into the gloom and chill and silence of the pine forest. The pine needles under our feet hushed every sound of footsteps; the trees shot up a hundred feet or more, so close together that scarcely a ray of sunlight reached the ground; no bird's voice was heard here, and not a flower was seen.

It took twenty minutes of steep climbing to cross this pine belt, and then we came out into a soft green meadow, in the midst of which, at the end of a long, shaded avenue, rose the pile of buildings which constitute the Convent of Vallombrosa. We were the only guests at the primitive hotel which had been improvised out of the ancient *forestieria*, or strangers' quarter, a long, low building just outside the convent walls. The summer visitors had been driven away by the cold weather of the preceding week; from June to September there were always as many as could be accommodated (not more than thirty), and Vallombrosa during "the season" presented on a small scale the attractions and distractions of other summer resorts. We were not sorry to find it deserted, and thus to put ourselves more in harmony with the spirit of the place and of those who anciently inhabited it.

This level spot or pause in the mountain-side is some three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It comprises but a few acres, and close behind it the Pratomagno rises to the height of another thousand feet. The pine belt reaches half-way up this peak, which is called the Secchietta, and from whose top a magnificent prospect is beheld. Eastward lies the fertile Casentino Valley, bounded by the main chain of the Apennines, among which is prominent the lofty Monte Falterona, the birthplace of the Arno and the Tiber. Westward the eye wanders over the loveliest part of Tuscany. Florence and its Duomo are distinctly seen; the Arno and its tributaries are like silver threads; the hills and valleys are dotted with white villages; and in the far distance, beyond the southernmost peaks of the Carrara mountains, stretches the glittering line of the Mediterranean.

Those who have not the strength for the hour's hard work which it requires to ascend the Secchietta may enjoy the best part of the westward view at the Paradisino, a little building ten minutes' walk above the convent, and so situated as to command, through a gap in the hills, a prospect of the Val d'Arno, which is shut out from the convent itself. For the latter, probably shelter from the winter winds was more considered in locating it

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CONVENT OF VALLOMBROSA.

than the beauty of the view; indeed, in general the dwellers in convents are entirely indifferent to nature. "We do not come here to look at the mountains," was the reply of a monk to a traveller who congratulated him on the fine situation of his Alpine monastery.

The afternoon of our October day fulfilled in beauty the promise of the morning. We wandered through the pine groves, inhaling their delicious fragrance; we sat on the soft turf of the convent meadow, and listened to the torrent which rushes down beside it, and looked out over the fair landscape, identifying here and there a point familiar to us; we planned excursions on some future day to the convents of Camaldoli and Alvernia, still deeper in the mountain recesses. We saw the sunset from the heights above the valley, and when the frosty night air drove us in-doors we gathered around such a huge wood fire as I had not seen before in Italy, and passed a long evening happily in hearing and telling all that could be remembered by one and another of our party in regard to the history of Vallombrosa. The ancient chronicles, which it would have been charming to read on the spot, were transferred with the rest of the convent library, at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, to the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence.

The order of Vallombrosans was founded in the early part of the eleventh century, by St. Giovanni Gualberto, of Florence. The abbots of Vallombrosa sat in the Florentine Senate, with the title of Counts of Montevelde and Gualdo; they wielded temporal as well as spiritual authority in their domains, and were renowned for their learning and courtesy. Ariosto mentions this convent as "ricca e bella non men che religiosa, e cortese a chiunque venia."

At the time of Milton's visit the Vallombrosan order was at its high tide of prosperity. Its revenues were enormous. The convent of San Salvi and the church of the Santa Trinità in Florence belonged to it; in the latter was preserved the marvellous crucifix which had wrought such a change in the life of St. Gualberto; and the refectory of the former was illuminated by Andrea del Sarto's fresco of the Last Supper, to behold the still beautiful remains of which every visitor to Florence makes pilgrimage. For the Vallombrosans Cimabue had painted his celebrated Madonna; and over the high altar of the Vallombrosa church was an Assumption by Perugino. Raphael himself had visited the sacred valley, and left traces of his genius there in the portraits of two of the brotherhood.

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Vallombrosa was one of the noted places to which the attention of a scholarly stranger would be sure to be directed. We may be certain that Milton spent the three days allotted to conventual hospitality in continual enjoyment, not only of nature, but of those treasures of art and learning which must have seemed doubly precious in that lonely spot, and in reasonings

"high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

The dress of the Vallombrosan monks was gray, or ash-color, but in later years they adopted a black hat and cloak. They were unwearied in manual labor: from 1750 to 1753, 40,300 beech-trees were planted by them, and the magnificent pine forests which surround the convent are also in great part the work of their hands. Their prosperity was undiminished down to the time of the French Revolution, but from this devastating storm they suffered severely. It is said to have been debated in council, when Napoleon himself was present, whether in the general suppression of the monasteries an exception should not be made in favor of Vallombrosa, on account of the usefulness of the monks in keeping this solitude free from wild beasts and open to travel by their constant habitation. The debate was prolonged, and at last one of the council, losing patience, cried out, "Signori! o monaci, o lupi?" (Gentlemen, shall we have monks or wolves?) "Lupi!" was the general response, and the monastery shared the common fate.

After these troublous times were over, the Vallombrosans again sought their desolated abode, and inhabited it until the disestablishment of the monasteries by Victor Emanuel in 1860. Since 1869 it has been used as an agricultural school, for which its surroundings are certainly favorable. There is a corps of nine resident professors, and lectures are also given by some of the most eminent scientists of Florence. Besides the strictly agricultural branches, the course of study (which is of three years' duration) includes the modern languages and drawing. The winters are so severe in those high regions that from November 15 to March 1 there is vacation, such of the pupils as wish to continue their studies without interruption being transferred to Paterno, the monastery farm at Tosi.

At the time of our visit only one monk and a young *abate* remained at Vallombrosa. They attended to the religious services of the school and neighborhood, and were also employed by government to manage a small but very complete meteorological observatory, as Vallombrosa is one of the "weather stations" of Italy. Observations are taken twice in the twenty-four hours. It was well enough, the young *abate* said, in summer, but in winter it was no joke to wade through the deep snows to the observatory and handle the instruments.

Such was Vallombrosa when I first visited it. Five years later, in 1882, I was there again, and found many changes in the quiet valley. A broad, smooth carriage-road from Tosi to the very door of the convent had taken the place of the steep and stony mule-path, and the miserable hamlets on the mountain-side were fast growing into thriving villages, thanks to this new means of communication with the world below. The traveller, leaning back at ease in his carriage, was at leisure to enjoy the charming views which every turn of the zigzag road revealed. It was the beginning of May, and the fruit trees, which in the lower Arno Valley had already shed their blossoms, were here in full bloom. The banks were purple with crocuses, and the fields of sprouting grain gave an intense green to the fields, which in Italy is seen only at this season, for Italian grass is never vivid in its color, and is soon parched by the summer sun. When we emerged from the forest, it seemed strange to see painted boldly across the humble forestieria building of other days the sign, "Albergo della Croce di Savoia." This building had grown outward and upward, and its interior was even more changed than the outside. We were introduced into rooms comfortably furnished with carpets, sofas, easy-chairs, and spring beds; and the most welcome change was from filthiness to perfect cleanliness and order. We sat down to a repast which would have done credit to a city hotel.

Thus, if something of the primitive charm of Vallombrosa is gone forever, it is in return made accessible to hundreds who could not reach it by the rough conveyances formerly necessary. And nothing can render less the charm of those deep forests, or that wonderful panorama of mountain and valley, or the sparkling freshness of the pine-scented air.

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NO dull town, perhaps, in all Europe is surrounded with a choicer garland of parks than Potsdam. Let your eyes wander wherever you please—down the famous terraces of Sans Souci, erewhile a royal hermit's retreat, or over the woodlands of Babelsberg, which the present Emperor planted when a younger son, or in the cool glades of Glienicke, his brother Karl's most tasteful domain, or across the waters skirting the Marmor Palais, where a young mother was but lately seen showing her baby to his hoary great-grandfather, or (to leave several other pretty spots unmentioned) from the Pfingotberge over the goodly expanse of water formed by the river Havel: everywhere gardens are joined to gardens and parks to parks. All breathes peace and rest from toil, and great are the numbers of Berlin families that resort thither on Sundays, freely admitted to the enjoyment of pure air, and to the elevating effect of centennial trees and fine works of art.

Two palaces also belong to royalty at Potsdam. One inside the town, the other at the extreme end of the Sans Souci Gardens. This latter, called the Neue Palais, is now the residence during the summer months of the heir-apparent, who has devoted much time and trouble to the embellishment of its surroundings. Inside, its chilling showy apartments have resisted in vain the warm and tender influences of a family life so blessed, so complete and happy in all its bearings, as to suffuse with gentle sweetness the pomp and circumstance of regal surroundings.

The Neue Palais was the work of Frederic the Great soon after the close of the Seven Years' War. Did he say it, or was the dictum astutely fathered on him? but the story goes that he declared he would show the world that he had yet some money over. It is a grand rococo structure, surmounted by a royal crown, and supported gracefully by three slightly draped female figures high up in the air. Of course those bronze figures represent the three Graces bearing the crown of one who loved the Muses, and whose writing-table the Adorante of Lysippus never left. However, no act of that sarcastic sovereign has been known to escape a companion legend of some kind or other. Thus it was loudly asserted at the time, and is believed at the present day by many, that the three ladies who have to brave the inclemencies of a capricious climate in order to support Frederic's crown were none other than Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, Catherine, Empress of Russia, and the Marquise de Pompadour, the very three who had labored most persistently to thwart his purposes. In strict truth Frederic's resentment had taken, as our readers know, a very different direction at the time he built the Neue Palais, to express in stone his belief in lasting peace—the same year (be it said in parenthesis) which saw George Washington calmly planning a drainage of the Dismal Swamp, in full assurance (soon to be destroyed) that nothing would occur to tear him from the pure domestic joys of Mount Vernon.

In this his present summer residence was Prince Frederic William of Prussia born October 18, 1831. His grandfather, third of that name, was then reigning. His uncle ascended the throne nine years later, under the name of Frederic William IV. To him no children were born, so that the crown eventually devolved upon William I., King of Prussia since 1860, and Emperor of Germany since 1871, our Frederic William's father. Born under expectations of kingship, his boyhood was allowed, nevertheless, to expand in the genuine unfettered country life of Babelsberg, with every tree and shrub of which he has, so to say, grown up in intimacy. The house, which thousands of Americans have visited, is of small dimensions, but erected with that exquisite adaptation to locality which only "Gothic" architecture seems capable of effecting. If there be a special turn of the river, or a sweep of trees which the eye would love to behold, the architect has it in his power so to shape and turn his rooms and oriel-windows as exactly to place that particular view within reach. Who has not deplored the square palazzo cumbering like an incubus the loveliest of the Borromean Islands? Let the Renaissance build her palaces in streets and squares, but leave us the "Gothic" homestead for tasteful landscape use.

To the house of Babelsberg the boy prince was fervently attached. On his first visit to England in 1851, to which attention will be drawn hereafter, a countryman only a few years older than him-

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FREDERIC WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.
From photograph by H. Graf, Berlin.

self was appointed to act as his companion whilst viewing the sights of London. An interruption of a few days had taken place, during which, at Queen Victoria's invitation, he had visited Windsor Castle. The delight produced upon his mind was exquisite, transcendent; he roamed about with ever-increasing zest among the vestiges of centuries left on that most fascinating spot; its grandeur and stateliness told upon him mightily. However, in the midst of his unrestrained expressions of admiration he suddenly turned to his companion, and asked him whether he had ever seen Babelsberg. "No? Then you should see it as soon as possible; for it is so much finer than Windsor." Those words will never be forgotten by him to whom they were addressed; for surely a youth can not go far wrong who prefers his abode

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ENTRANCE OF THE CROWN PRINCE INTO JERUSALEM.—[SEE PAGE 372.]
From the painting by W. Gentz, photographed by the Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.

and his own little snuggery to all the finest splendors wherever found; nor is it possible that the home in which such a sentiment has grown to maturity should not be pure, and filled with noble and high purposes.

Such, indeed, was the case. Everybody knows the father's career, which to-day already stamps him with a legendary type like his predecessor Charlemagne. The mother is far less known out of her country. Yet she deserves to be; for, indeed, more labor, conscientiously and right heroically undertaken, has rarely been concentrated into one life. In Augusta of Saxe-Weimar, the pupil of Goethe and the friend of Alexander von Humboldt, beauty and talents, tastes and longings, rank and position, have all and ever been counted as dust in the balance when compared to the regal duty of filling the post to which Providence had called her. No second of each waking hour is allowed to pass without a straining of every nerve in the fulfillment of such tasks as her ever-active brain suggests, all tending to the one object of her life, viz., to increase the patrimony of respect and loyalty which has been accumulating in favor of the family into which her destiny has thrown her. Great was the care she bestowed upon choosing governesses and masters for her son's earliest years. In obedience to a family tradition the boy was also early set to do handiwork. He chose carpentering and book-binding, and went through a regular course of each under professional teachers.

His schooling was finally intrusted to Ernst Curtius, a native of that famous ancient republic of Lübeck, and well known to our readers as the historian of Greece. The mother's attention had been first drawn toward him by a public lecture he gave treating of the Acropolis of Athens. There was something about him that fixed her attention. In him the Athenian mind seemed, as it were, to be reproduced. Imbued with an exquisite sense of the beautiful, he treats of the fine arts, of history, and mythology, even of grammar or topography, with a bewitching elegance. His influence, paramount at the present day in the Berlin University, is visible in many traits of character of his high-born pupil, which made the latter, at the age of twenty, what a shy old gentleman at Bonn once called in private conversation, "the delight of mankind."

From Curtius's hands the Prince, in obedience to another tradition of his family, entered the First Regiment of Foot-Guards, stationed at Potsdam. His indefatigable instructor, Major Von der Groeben, exempted him from no duty that any other

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lieutenant had to perform; his recruits must needs be as completely drilled and as diligently crammed as any other; a strict control was carried out by the commander-in-chief of the guards, who was responsible for the work done.



WILLIAM AND HENRY, SONS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.
From photograph by Hanfstaengl, Berlin.

The choice of Bonn for his life at college was an excellent one. A future sovereign ought, it is believed, to become intimate with every portion of the country. One of the most interesting provinces of Prussia, Rhineland, if not disaffected, was yet far from feeling at that time in hearty unison with the state to which, on the break-down of Bonaparte's power, its particles, disjointed from time immemorial, had been firmly welded. As his parents chose Coblenz for their own residence, making that town for the time a sort of second capital of the kingdom, so was he brought up in the Rhenish university. There he lived, a merry youth with the

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VICTORIA, CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.
From photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

young, and a genial, instruction-seeking student with the old. If his arrival had been looked upon with some mistrust or dislike by the common people, to whom the name of Prussian was still a rebuke, he quickly vanquished that estrangement without any artifice of kingcraft beyond that of having an honest, civil word for everybody and—remembering everybody. The present writer recollects his addressing an urchin who suddenly emerged from a side lane with, "How now, boy? Surely you had not your arm in a sling when I saw you last?" The lad stared and, then grinned, blubbered something about having had a fall on the ice and mother insisting upon his arm being tied up, as if that was any use, and ran away,

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glancing back from time to time at the young gentleman who had actually recognized him—the little Christopher whom nobody cared about.

The visit to England to take part in the opening of the first International Exhibition of 1851, to which reference has been made once before, was not the only journey undertaken during the student life of 1850–2. Yet it remained the most important. He had occasion there to hear his own stern father expatiate, and merrily too, upon the evident possibility of assembling hundreds and thousands of people without any military precautions, with scarcely a policeman visible, and yet without disorder of any kind, the sole condition being that they should feel thoroughly contented. If my memory serves me right, the morning after that "Peace Festival" (as Queen Victoria aptly calls it) was the first known in London when no single case occupied the police courts. No accident had occurred among 700,000 persons assembled outside the exhibition building. The young Prince was struck with the loyalty of a free people. He observed with growing admiration the restless and unselfish industry of the Prince Consort. He felt attracted by the air of perfect domestic happiness pervading the heart and core and focus of the greatest empire the world has yet seen. It was then too that, standing before a picture of Titian, he observed to his companion: "Is there not a strong likeness between that saint to the left and the Princess Royal?" Perhaps this question was intended to convey the impression that he too, like so many others, had given a first and willing thought to the fitness of an alliance with the daughter of such a house. More probably it meant no more than the words implied; nor did, for several years to come, any utterances from either country break the silence. The very first word—and not even a word but a suggestion only—upon that wish of many hearts was shaped, and in a manner which reminds one of last century *esprit*, by the Prussian envoy, my father, in 1852, during a visit to London of the Prince's mother, now Empress of Germany. This journey had been undertaken to see her aged aunt, Adelaide, Dowager Queen of England. On the last morning of her stay the table in her anteroom, in which the minister was awaiting her leisure, had been filled to overflowing with splendid engravings sent by various London print-sellers. Just before the Princess of Prussia appeared he had been looking at the famous picture of Waterloo with the farm-house of La Belle Alliance in the middle, from which farm-house, as is well known, the Prussians have affectionately named the historic battle. He observed various portraits of the Princess Royal and of Prince Frederic William lying about the room. Placing then with some precipitation one of each over the large engraving of the battle, he quitted the table to bow to the august personage on her entrance. His movement had, however, been observed. The Princess, advancing to the table, perceived the two bonny youthful countenances smiling at her from out of the engravings, and underneath nothing but just these momentous words, *La Belle Alliance*. A rapid glance was exchanged, but nothing said. This little scene remains, I think, typical to the present day. For the purpose which these two true-hearted and experienced persons had striven perseveringly for, viz., a solid understanding among cognate races—peace and good-will between England and Germany, and that good-will sealed and cemented by every token of brotherhood capable of enhancing sentiment and of preparing a better future—that purpose must continue to hold a high place in the feelings and, I would venture to say, the duties, of statesmen of either nation as long as they exist.

The seeds then sown were allowed to ripen during a prolonged military service in Potsdam and in Breslau. "Never had I thought it possible to be so happy in my life as I am now," he said. He commanded battalions and regiments, and was initiated into the higher principles of tactics and strategy, and the history of war, to which a remarkable letter of Humboldt's dated August 30, 1853, had drawn the mother's special attention. His aide-de-camp at one time was a young captain who has since risen to eminence as a diplomatist, and is well known in America—Baron Schweinitz.

It was said in those days—with what justice I know not—that the Emperor Nicholas of Russia thought himself somewhat slighted by the heir-apparent of Prussia having made his first public appearance in London. "I fancied somehow that St. Petersburg was the place where scions of that house showed themselves first on entering the world." However that may be,

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the Prince's father took him to some sham fights produced near Warsaw under the Russian Emperor's direction in 1851, and the next year saw young Frederic William paying a formal visit at St. Petersburg. It was his first independent outing, and great was the dismay of some high-and-mightinesses there when they discovered that the representative of a country which Russian conceit was half inclined to think a mere appendage of their own held his ground against the court with an inflexibility far above his years.

Later, in 1856, a diplomatic mission was given him to visit Napoleon III. at Paris. This happened at a time, long since forgotten, when the Prussian court still actually hankered after the small principality of Neufchâtel, which in 1848 had thrown off the protectorate of the Prussian King (not of Prussia), and had joined its fortunes unreservedly with those of the rest of Switzerland. This purely dynastic interest—for, as I said already, Neufchâtel had never formed part of Germany or of Prussia—was so potent at Berlin in those days that the royal letter conveyed to France a request of armed intervention, under specified circumstances, in Neufchâtel. Napoleon showed tact in never once mentioning the disgraceful overture to his youthful guest, thus saving him from a most painful dilemma.

At last the year 1858 came, and with it (January 25) the marriage of those two young people so different in temperament, and yet so eminently fitted for each other. His frequent visits to the royal family of England had strengthened first impressions. The Prince must have been blind indeed had he not observed that the Queen and her husband were attached to their eldest child, not with blind, doting fondness, but as to a person of very rare gifts and of unbounded promise. "I hold her," said the trusted friend of that family, Baron Stockmar—"I hold her to be exceptionally gifted in many things, even to the point of genius." Is there another example in history of a well-planned systematic education in politics having been commenced so early in life as Princess Victoria's at the hands of her eminent father? He made it a rule, when walking with her in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, or of Windsor, or at Balmoral, to tell her the contents of letters from his political correspondents in various parts of Europe, and how each would be replied to by him. Next day he would let her read the letters and the answers thereto. And this was a girl of from thirteen to fifteen years old! A girl, too, occupied with the ordinary lessons of her age, and having to master, when the daily tasks were done, some strange new science, such as national economy, of which she had for her instructor during several years one of the most thorough-going economists and educationists of his or any other age, the late Mr. William Ellice.* "Vicky is also very busy," writes her father in 1855. "She now comes to me every evening from six to seven, when I put her through a kind of general catechizing, and in order to give precision to her ideas I make her work out certain subjects by herself, and bring me the results to be revised. Thus she is now engaged in writing a short compendium of Roman history."

Queen Victoria's journals, epitomized into that most delightful book, Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, have told the world all about the wooing and the winning of the Prince, her eldest son-in-law. The reader fancies it is his own life-story that is told. How he asks his father's and mother's consent before proceeding on his journey; how he speaks to her parents one day after breakfast, and is accepted, yet with the proviso that the other party, on account of her youth, must not be told; how this proviso is dropped after a while in condescension to his impatience; how he offers himself to her on a walk across the flowering heather of a Scotch hill-side; how everybody rejoices—but the wedding must, alas! be put off till after her seventeenth birthday. "The young people are ardently in love with one another," writes Prince Albert to

* Mr. William Ellice is probably not known in America, nor sufficiently remembered in England. Led by an overscrupulous sense of duty, he burned all his correspondence not long before his death. Prince Albert's letter asking him to instruct the royal children in national economy would in itself have been a lasting monument to that most exemplary man. His writings show tenderness of feeling combined with a severely disciplined judgment. They deserve, in my humble opinion, to be drawn from their comparative obscurity. Mr. Ellice was manager of a fire-insurance. The fixed salary pertaining to that place formed the limit of his domestic expenditure, although the directors regularly added double that amount at the close of each year in consideration of his services. This money enabled him, besides leaving a handsome fortune, to bestow permanent endowments upon a number of schools of which he had been not only the founder, but a regular teacher.

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Baron Stockmar after the departure of the bridegroom-elect in 1855, "and the purity, innocence, and unselfishness of the young man have been.... touching." "His chiefly prominent qualities are great straightforwardness, frankness, and honesty. He appears to be free from prejudices, and pre-eminently well-intentioned."

Upward of two years had the young people been engaged when they were married, in St. James's Chapel, London. They spent a few days at Windsor Castle, and then the terrible moment of separation came. "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear papa," said the Princess to her mother. And the stalwart husband escorted her on a journey of several days' duration, amid blessings that sped the parting and blessings that welcomed the coming favorite.

From time immemorial no foreign element had found its way into the Prussian court. It is not surprising, therefore, that she was not welcomed by what one calls "society" in Berlin with the same unbounded joy as by the middle and lower strata of the population. If she was proud of her British habits and descent, so were they of the power that Prussia had obtained in the world, owing not a little to their prowess and fidelity. Her references, however casually made, to English manners and customs were construed as criticisms of those in her new father-land. This habit of fault-finding among the upper classes it has taken a quarter of a century to smooth over, whilst the lower orders have found her throughout exactly what they had expected her to be when first she came, viz., a person of truly high-bred simplicity, of warm sympathies for all the sorrows and joys of her fellow-creatures, of gently winning ways, a friend of the ignorant and helpless, a believer in man's immortal soul. Her house at the end of the Linden they instinctively know to be not a "house divided against itself," but the home of such complete harmony as is rarely found among married couples whatever their station in life.

And now let us see how they fared in politics, to which one may feel justified in saying an heir-apparent is in a "manner born"—as much, perhaps, as a citizen of the American republic. Enough has become known for us to surmise that the first impressions on his youthful mind, as received from his parents, and afterward from Prince Albert, were of an honestly constitutional nature. His father, as we know from the infallible testimony of Queen Victoria in her journal of April 29, 1851, was firm in his constitutional views, and "highly indignant at what has taken place and is taking place at Berlin." And Humboldt writes of him to Bunsen in 1849: "His demeanor is dignified and mild, and opposed to the threatening reaction." His mother, likewise, with the instinct of her Weimar race, was convinced that whither she saw the cultivated minds of the nation gravitating, viz., Parliamentary control and a rule of reason, there must lie security for the crown which she prayed on her knees to see strengthened and preserved for her darling son. And the Prince Consort counselled the young man who was to become his son-in-law, in a memorable letter of November 6, 1855, that in his place he would "record a solemn protest against such proceedings, not by way of opposition to the government, but in defense of the rights of those whose rights are inseparable from my own—those of my country and my people—and in order to absolve my conscience from any suspicion of participation in the unholy work" (of reaction), warning him at the same time to see that such a step be "divested of every semblance of being inspired by a spirit of opposition or desire for popularity."* His son-in-law may have had occasion for acting upon this advice later in life. At present this will suffice for explaining how it came that Frederic William and his young wife applauded with enthusiasm the new turn public affairs took on their father's accession to power as Regent, in the place of his hopelessly incapacitated brother, in 1858. The old ministers were dismissed, all but two, and the "new era" inaugurated by men who had gained esteem and confidence through their stanchness in defending constitutional rights. This is not a place for unfolding the various causes which led to the utter failure of those very same men about a year after the Regent had become King William. But what interests us to know is that the princely couple saw with bitter mortification this first hope of their young lives dashed to the ground. Faithfully did they adhere to the principles of moderate Parliamentary rule, which had seemed

* Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort.* London edition. Vol. iii., p. 386.

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like a bright vision descending upon this power-ridden realm. And when a conflict arose between the Parliament and the crown in 1862, a fear came stealing upon them that the precious hopes of the son, by whose birth they had been blessed in 1859, might be marred. Instead of strengthening the foundations of the Prussian throne, instead of preparing the way for a united Germany, which had been a well-defined day-dream of the Crown Prince's earlier years, the policy of King William from 1862 to 1866 seemed to them to endanger the future of the dynasty. They passed through a hard school of disappointment. They had to begin thus early to know the bitterness of a position in which the right of even the lowest citizen —that of expressing one's opinion on public matters—is denied to him who has to bear the consequences of mistakes more pointedly than any other individual in the country. What they did to stem the tide of reaction has not become known. As a matter of fact the Crown Prince, though steadfast in his liberal views, has abstained all these years from every public disapproval of ministerial acts. That Italian adage which Sir Henry Wotton impressed upon John Milton in 1637 on his young friend's departure for Italy, "Pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto" (An open countenance and thoughts well encaged), has been his rule of demeanor throughout.

It happened whilst the subject of our memoir was in the gloomy mood just described that the campaign in Schleswig-Holstein commenced (1864), undertaken by Austrian and Prussian troops in order to protect the ancient rights of self-government pertaining to that German territory, and in peril, at that time, of obscuration and extinction at the hands of Denmark. It came as a godsend to the young Prince, inclined by nature to diffidence. For, without obtaining a command where few laurels could be picked, he was sent to head-quarters soon after the beginning of hostilities, and at a time when angry disputes between some of the Prussian generals began to produce a kind of deadlock. The powers confided to him were ample. Placed in this supreme position, he found a field for displaying qualities of the first order, which spread a wholesome confidence among the officers of the Prussian army that he too, like his martial cousin Prince Frederic Charles, was of the stuff from which generals are carved. Every proposition had to come to him, at whatever hour of day or night. He gave the final command deliberately, unflinchingly, yet in terms of moderation, when dealing with his troublesome though well-meaning generals. By tact and good temper he soon had removed all frictions, and a fair amount of honorable self-esteem re-entered a noble soul that had nearly succumbed to despondency.

A very different task was intrusted to him when those who had been allies in the campaign of 1864 came to blows two years later. If Austria and the middle states of Germany had prevailed in this strife, the monarchy of Frederic the Great would have been dismembered. A Prussian victory meant the removal of Austria from the German Confederation, with the affairs of which, having enough to do at home, she occupied herself just enough to thwart even the most necessary reform. Everybody knows that the latter result was consummated, and that this removal of Austria has been the commencement not only of German unity, but also of a cordial understanding between Vienna and Berlin. The events also of that "seven days' campaign," as it is falsely called—for it required all Bismarck's prudence and sagacity to bring it to a good close after six weeks' duration —are as household words among the educated in our generation. I will confine myself, therefore, to one or two remarks on the part taken by the Crown Prince in these events.

First, in a military point of view, it is not enough to sing praises to his humility, which cheerfully submitted its judgment on the general direction of the campaign to his trusty friend Moltke, and on that of his own army to General Blumenthal—as an officer inferior to Moltke only, if to anybody. Nor would he do the Prince justice who merely commended his courtesy to the common soldier, the merry ring of his voice when cheering his legions onward, the earnestness of sympathy with which he approached the patient sufferers of the two contending armies. This lovable disposition helped, no doubt, to make him the idol of his troops, but it would not have sufficed to concentrate upon his person that unbounded confidence which stood him in good stead four years later in the terrible conflict with France. When all memories of that mo-

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mentous year committed to paper will see the light, a historian will know what exact share of praise to apportion to the various leaders in the campaign. Meanwhile let it be asserted, on the strength of tolerably good information, that the merit of Sadowa (or Königgrätz, as the Germans call that victory) is mainly the Prince's own, albeit he has never expressed such an opinion himself.

The reader will remember that, following Moltke's general rule of "marching separately and doing battle conjointly," half the Prussian army, under the Crown Prince, on the 26th June, 1866, entered Bohemia from the east, and the other half, under his cousin Prince Frederic Charles, *viâ* Dresden, from the north. Each of these powerful columns had encountered hostile corps, and rapidly overthrown them, the Crown Prince's share being Nachod, Skalitz, Schweinschädel, Trautenau—four sanguinary and very considerable combats. His cousin, on his side, had in a similar way reached Gitschin, and was there joined on July 2 by the King as commander-in-chief. On that same 2d July, at the Crown Prince's head-quarters of Königin-Hof, no information could be obtained—not even a guess existed—as to the exact position of the Austrian main army. In the afternoon a ride was undertaken by the Prince with a small party of his immediate staff, nine persons in all, on to a high table-land overhanging the river Elbe, and almost to the gates of Josephstadt, without seeing so much as an Austrian patrol, or indeed an Austrian soldier, except the sentries on the walls of that fortress. Nothing remained but to order a reconnoissance for the next day, to be undertaken by an entire corps (the Sixth). The Prince appointed his staff to ride with him at 10 A.M. It could hardly be called a glimmer of light that fell upon the momentous question by the arrival of a London newspaper, from which so much became evident, that its correspondent had joined the Austrian commander-in-chief, General Benedek, at that same Josephstadt, three or four days before. Late that night a messenger arrived, after a furious ride, from Prince Frederic Charles's head-quarters at Gitschin, with a request to send the Guards (about 30,000 men) next day to assist in a reconnoissance in force, which must be undertaken without delay in order to obtain a certainty about ominous movements of the enemy near Sadowa. Awaiting further communications, the Prince laid himself to bed, and was waked toward morning by General Blumenthal bringing him the King's command not to reconnoitre on the 3d, but, crossing the Elbe, to join his Majesty with his whole army, there being certain indications of a large assemblage about Horsitz. All commands were given, and about 8 A.M. the troops were on the move, marching under difficulties over a clayey soil, the surface of which had become nearly impassable by a pouring rain.

The Crown Prince did not believe at first in the probability of the Austrian commander's courting a general action with his back to the Elbe. The fitful sounds of distant artillery fire brought no conviction either, since they could originate in a pursuit of scattered foes. But on emerging from some woods which had previously masked the sound, the rattle of musketry fire became audible, and it was plain to the group which surrounded the Prince that a general action was in full play, although from the position in which they then were little could be seen of its details. On and on they moved until about 10 A.M., when, leaving the village of Chotieborz to the left, the Prince halted on a spur of the plateau somewhat in advance of that village, and the whole party dismounted. The view was obscured by a thick pall of fog, by the smoke of burning villages, and of the furious cannonade which was now raging between Benatek and Maslowed, and was further shut out by a bend in the valley of a stream called the Bistritz, which hid all but the mere flank of the contending forces. Thus even then little or nothing could be seen of the progress of the battle. General Blumenthal, however, turning to the Prince, softly said, "This is the battle which decides the campaign."

Nearly due south of the spot, and at a distance of about three miles, the high ground behind the village of Horinowes was crowned by a prominent object looking almost like one tree, but, as was subsequently proved, consisting of two lime-trees and a tottering cross. Certain movements of the enemy near that "tree," notably the appearance of a *line of artillery without any apparent infantry support*, led to the conclusion that this was a weak point of the enemy's line. The matter was discussed, and various opinions were offered, but the decision was that of the

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Crown Prince, and to him must the credit be due of having grasped the fact, and of having put the plans which were consequent on this newly formed conviction into immediate execution. At this moment the Guards were defiling past, a little below the spot where Frederic William was standing. See his figure, erect and fair, like one of the Norsemen of old,* turning toward the soldiers, resolution and self-reliance in every fibre! He stretches out his hand toward the tree of Horinowes with the memorable words, "Auf den Baum marschirt, da geht es los" (Move toward the tree; that is our battle-field). No man present on that occasion but who felt a thrill of enthusiasm when he heard the ringing cheer with which the chief commander's apostrophe was received by the soldiers. It is this direction of his army's advance which broke in at the *salient angle*, and, as it proved, *weak point*, of Benedek's position. It brought some of the finest troops in the world into the flank and rear of the Austrian main line of battle. It not only relieved the corps of Prince Frederic Charles, which was suffering terrible losses under the enemy's fire, it led the Guards into the elevated village of Chlum, in the very rear of Benedek's army, and when Chlum fell, after a gallant defense, the result of the "battle of giants" was a foregone conclusion.

The weather was brightening up; a few gleams of sunshine illuminated the ghastly spectacle whilst Frederic William was halting on the brow of the hill of Chlum. One terrible pang after another passed through his heart as each minute brought him the report of some friend of his youth having died the hero's death. He was roused from his melancholy by some loud hurrahing in front. Could that be his father? No; it was his cousin. The two armies and their leaders met in the moment of victory! He who had first reached the enemy's main body had endured a long and difficult morning, and at one time the decision had almost been taken of withdrawing from the overpowering onslaught of the Austrian phalanx; then the other had hastened up in time, had espied the hiatus in the enemy's armor, and had decided the fate of the campaign.

* An Austrian poet speaks of him somewhere as the "Nordlands-Recke," well describing his outward appearance.

And yet when this moment of triumph had passed, the thoughts of the Crown Prince turned with loving force to his wife, his children, his mother, and his sister. The image of that sweet departed boy, Sigismund, seemed to hover before him (the father was far away with the van-guard when summoned to his lovely child's death-bed, and, alas! could not give him a last farewell), "just as though the child's demise had been intended as the precursor of some great event in his life. Ah! but victories do not make up for the loss of a child—just the contrary—in the midst of great events, and the greater these events the more violently does a piercing grief find its way to a father's heart." "However, there was little time allowed for such contemplations; every nerve had to be strained to do the right thing at every moment's behest, to organize the pursuit, etc." The Prince and his staff, each doing his very best, rode slowly over the battle-field. Its horrors were appalling. "War is terrible. He who causes war with a stroke of his pen, at his writing-table, knows not what he calls up from Hades." Such were the brief remarks written, as with the heart's blood, in the Prince's journal.

The sun was just setting in all the glories of summer when the King of Prussia met his son at his work. They embraced. "Thou hast shown capacity as a leader," said the father. Bismarck was among the spectators of this historic meeting. He pondered, I should imagine, whether the moment had not arrived for bringing about that reconciliation between the sovereign and the people which could not, he well knew, be delayed much longer; and he probably imagined that the heir-apparent, who had disapproved of the way in which the King's ministers bullied Parliament, would help him to find a way out of the civil imbroglio. In this expectation he was not mistaken. The Crown Prince loyally assisted him, and the King, on his return to Berlin, a month later, addressed a request to Parliament to pass a bill of indemnity for moneys illegally spent during the years of Parliamentary conflict. In the mean time occasion was again given to Frederic William to show his good sense and self-command. The victorious army encamped within sight of the enemy's capital. Every imaginable influence was then set in motion to induce King William to carry war to its bitter

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end. In vain Bismarck—whose wisdom and moderation are quite as wonderful at times as his dash—pointed to the realities of the case across the dazzling halo of sudden victory. The Austrian Archduke Albrecht, he expounded with indefatigable energy, is returning across the Alps from his successes of Custozza with an army practically intact. Napoleon III., whose strength no doubt is crippled by his Mexican campaign, has it in his power, nevertheless, to send 60,000 men across the Rhine, and by the advent of those 60,000 Frenchmen our South German foes will be formidable enough, whom now, without this nucleus, our generals have found an easy prey. And lastly, an enemy worse by far than either Austrian or Frenchman is advancing in ghastly serried ranks upon us, nay, has reached us already, from Hungary—the cholera: give us another month or two with the cholera among our troops, and there will be no fighting army left. Such, authentically, were the outlines of Bismarck's teaching. He has missed no opportunity since, in private conversation, to record emphatically that he found in the Crown Prince's cool judgment his best and at times his only assistance. A truce was signed, rapidly followed by peace, and Austria came out of the disastrous campaign with no loss of territory on her German frontiers. Italy planted her foot again on the Adriatic.

I must not say a word more about the Austrian campaign, or I shall lose the space necessary for treating of another momentous epoch in our hero's life, which followed after an interval of four years.

Why the French nation considered not the Austrians, but themselves, to be the vanquished of Sadowa, nobody out of Europe has quite understood, nor, for the matter of that, in Europe either. You must be a descendant of Louis Quatorze, if not by blood royal, then at least by race, to grasp the meaning of that memorable remark with which M. Prévost-Paradol fancied he had settled the whole question pending between France and Germany. It was pronounced in the course of a conversation with a German *savant*, Herr Johannes Brandis, who visited him at Paris in 1869. "France must extend her frontiers," he exclaimed, "or she is lost. We shall have war; you may be sure of it. If we win, we take the Rhine; if you win, you take Alsace. It is clear as daylight." So clear, indeed, was it to that exquisitely gifted but unhappy man that when the harpies of war whom he had desired to hurl upon a neighboring people sent their claws of steel into his own fair country's flanks instead, he put an end to his diplomatic career, so brilliantly begun at Washington, and to life itself, by a pistol-shot.

French diplomacy had reckoned upon alliances with Italy, with Austria, with Russia perhaps, but more than all upon the neutrality of two German kingdoms —Bavaria and Würtemberg. None of these hopes were fulfilled. The German people stood together with an enthusiasm almost unprecedented. One supreme command only, that of the Prussian King, directed the eager masses of combatants, and his son was selected to lead the corps from South Germany, together with a due proportion of Prussians. From the first he was their favorite. With that affectionate disposition which distinguishes the South Germans they called him "our Fritz," "our Crown Prince," and entered into conversation with him whenever an occasion offered. One soft summer's evening, after the battles of Weissenburg and of Wörth had been fought, and the Army of the South was climbing up the Vosges Mountains, or descending from them, the Crown Prince was sauntering leisurely about, a short pipe between his fingers, and all alone, in the village where a halt had been ordered. Passing a closed barn, he fancied he heard something like stump-oratory inside, and quickly opened the door. As a matter of course all present rose, Bavarians and others. "Oh no," said Frederic William; "sit down; there will be room for me to do the same, I dare say. I am only sorry to have disturbed. Pray who was the speaker?" All eyes turned toward a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance, however, looked sorely puzzled when the commander-in-chief further asked, "And what were you talking about?" Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed, "Well, of course we were talking about our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, *if we had had you to lead us, we should have made short work of those conf—— Prussians.*" The Prince roared with laughter, and continued chatting with the party till far into the night.

The history of that war has been written so

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well and so often that I must not dwell even upon its chief characteristics. If what had been intended as a "promenade to Berlin" changed into an invasion of French territory, the fault lay in the miserable unreadiness of our assailants. A saying of Marshal Moltke's (I can not guarantee his having used the words, but they were reported to me on the morning of July 16, 1870, when the orders "to mobilize the army" had been sent out) shows the difference between him and his Paris competitor. "If the French attack us before the 27th of this month, we must abandon the left bank of the Rhine to them, and shall have to retake it. If they do not attack us before the 1st of August, we can offer them battle on the other side of the Rhine. If they have not attacked us by August 4, on that day we shall cross the frontier." Weissenburg, the French outpost, was stormed, as everybody knows, in the morning of the 4th of August, 1870.

The subject of our sketch was always at his post, collecting information where he could, insisting that no account should be taken of his hours of rest, and re-assuring the townsmen and peasants, who soon discovered that they had to do with a straightforward and forbearing conqueror. The requisitions were organized under his own direction. "I claim for the maintenance of the army under my command the surplus of the provisions not wanted for feeding the population," were the words of his proclamation. Repeatedly was he thanked by mayors and corporations for the moderation shown their cities. It has been said that "our Fritz" is the only man not comprehended in that national aversion with which France resents our unsought victories. This is an exaggeration, of course. There are Frenchmen noble-minded enough to see both sides of the question, and to bewail the loss accruing to civilization by their countrymen's unrelenting hatred. But certainly "notre Fritz" has turned, in France, into a designation not of dislike but rather of good-humored partiality.

Whilst the King in three battles (14th, 16th, and 18th of August) strove by might and main to throw about 160,000 Frenchmen back into Metz, thus rendering this impregnable fortress assailable by hunger, which finally made the huge mass prisoners of war, the Crown Prince's army was within call, *i. e.*, at thirty miles' distance from the spot, ready at the first summons to strengthen his father's hands if the task should prove to be beyond his unaided powers.

Châlons-sur-Marne, the great rallying-point of French armies from times immemorial, was precipitately relinquished on the news arriving of Bazaine's great discomfiture. But the government at Paris refusing to believe that Bazaine was hopelessly shut up, Marshal McMahon was ordered, against his better understanding, to make a sudden move northward in order to receive and support him on leaving Metz. That move could not long remain a secret to the Argus-eyed German staff. A fresh army was pieced together under the command of a young but very distinguished general, the Crown Prince of Saxony, now King Albert. And then came the query from King William, sitting in a great council of war at Bar-le-Duc, to his son: "Wilt thou march straight upon Paris, or north against McMahon? I leave it to thee." Quickly did Frederic William reply: "Let me go north, that we may crush first of all, and with overwhelming power, every organized resistance. That operation once performed, the road to Paris will be all the freer." So the Germans, except the host surrounding Metz, followed McMahon, and by one of those fortunate combinations—consummate Skill on one side being met half-way by Error and Hesitation on the other—the French marshal decided upon making a stand at the last place a man would choose—Sedan. No Bazaine was to be seen, though he tried his very best to leave Metz by a sortie on the 31st and following day. And there, on one of the hills to the west of Sedan, in the afternoon of September 2, did Moltke make the memorable speech which I will quote here as reported to me by an eye-witness of the scene—at the risk, to be sure, of M. Ernest Renan's finding in it a confirmation of his celebrated discovery that German generals have no notion of "sonorous words." At a gentle canter Moltke and a few aides-de-camp were approaching the neighborhood where, by his calculation, the two German van-guards ought to meet, one following a circular line to the right, the other to the left. An officer was seen racing along toward them. Suddenly he recognized the finely chiselled features of the great strategist, and, pulling up his horse, briefly told the fact that the front of such a regiment and the front of such another had met near yonder

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wood. "Kindly tell me again," said the marshal, who had likewise checked his horse. And listening to the statement as it was with bated breath repeated, he deliberately took a pinch of snuff, saying, "*Es stimmt*" (It tallies). At last, then, a success had been achieved without which, as it would seem, the present generation of generals dub every victory a defeat, *i. e.*, the enemy was taken prisoner. In the eyes of such critics, Königgrätz and Wörth, where a hostile army continues to exist as an army, are subjects of deep humiliation. Both battles were intended by their originators—Moltke in the former case and Blumenthal in the latter—to end as Sedan did. I have been assured that Blumenthal left the battle-field of Wörth in bitter dejection of spirits, more like a worsted school-boy than as a conqueror.

The Crown Prince had been quite right in what he said at Bar-le-Duc. One French corps only, of nearly 30,000 men, General Vinoy's, had not reached McMahon in time to be ingulfed in his catastrophe. It was this sole remnant of an "organized" army which afterward formed a crystallizing medium in the chaotic mass of Parisian militia, and prolonged the death-agony of that doomed city.

Rapidly did the Crown Prince's army approach the capital, halting at only a few places, such as Rheims, the city where sovereign after sovereign had been anointed in the ancient church of St. Rémi. The crowd that followed "notre Fritz" was so immense that he could scarcely move to inspect the glorious antiquities of that oldest of all Rheims's churches. "How is it possible," they said to each other, "that this young fellow moves about with scarcely any attendants, considering that a man of his van-guard was wounded by a shot from the Café Jacquier only the day before yesterday? Do you remember Napoleon, on his visit some years ago, how he never stirred without dozens of policemen about, and a body of the Cent Gardes to protect his precious life?" I have read an "order of the day" issued by the Crown Prince before his departure for Paris, exempting once for all the poorer inhabitants of Rheims from having soldiers billeted on them.

A weary time it was that awaited Frederic William in Versailles, after the stirring combat, short but decisive, when his Bavarians and Würtembergers occupied the heights of Bicêtre, on the 19th of September, and allowed their eyes to travel with a kind of intoxication over the smiling, splendid expanse of Paris, made apparently for anything rather than for the horrors of a siege. A few pitchers of wine had arrived for these merry South German officers as they rested from a long march and a sharp fight. The western sky was illuminated as none but a Paris sky can be illuminated. They raised their cups, and powerfully, first one, then another, and then a hundred voices cried out, "To the health of William, German Emperor that is to be!" When this most dramatic and entirely improvised scene was reported to the Crown Prince, he felt elated and humbled at the same time. For had he not desired with all the ardor of youth that Germans should obtain what all other nations possessed—unity? Had he not hoped that unity would be obtained for his fatherland through the spontaneous and free determination of its component parts? Was it not his belief that people and princes alike were about to form one body-politic as regards the foreigner, reserving state government for all internal matters? This had been his desire, his hope, his belief, from his earliest years, and now the longed-for consummation was approaching, not through a succession of peaceable agreements, but over fields of carnage. Hopingly yet gravely did he ride into Versailles the next day. Those who call the campaign of 1870 a Franco-German war state not what is uppermost in the minds of German patriots of the stamp just described. The war was forced upon us, and peace had to be wrung from France at her cost; but France truly was of little account in the matter. It was a war for German unity.

The besieging army formed a slender ring of between forty-five and fifty miles in circumference. It could be broken any moment by a successful attack from within; likewise, in proportion as armies were stamped from the ground by the youthful dictator whose career has just (January 1, 1883) been snapped by an untimely death, it could be riven in two by a raid from south, west, or north. To annihilate each nascent levy by detachments from the besieging army was as impossible as it seemed desirable, and the hosts under Frederic Charles were as busy as ever encircling Metz, which fell only at the latter end of October. Thus nothing

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remained but to sit down watchfully, painfully, under a perpetual double molestation and peril. And by the time re-enforcements arrived, after the fall of Metz, the country was bristling with bayonets, and desperate blows had to be dealt in every direction to keep fresh legions at arm's-length. It is quite a mistake to think the monotonous season spent before Paris an easy one. Weeks passed in which the head-quarters felt far from safe, and the accounts from the campaigners during one of the severest winters of this century were not always re-assuring. However, all went well, and what was more, a certainty began to grow up by the end of November that a united constitutional Germany would be the result of this terrible tug of war. It is certain, although no documents have appeared to show it, that the Crown Prince exerted himself personally and energetically in order to bring about this result. Everybody knows that King Louis of Bavaria invited his fellow-sovereigns in Germany to offer to the King of Prussia and his successors the title of German Emperor, and the headship in it. Treaties were signed and duly sanctioned by votes of all individual Parliaments in the father-land. And on the 18th of January, 1871, the Grande Galerie des Glaces—that embodiment of Louis XIV.'s autocratic ravings, the same hall on the cornice of which is emblazoned in letters of gold his assertion of the impossible, viz., "*Le Roi gouverne par lui-même*"—was chosen for proclaiming the new German Empire, which draws its life-blood and main strength from the people's free consent.

Few coincidences could be more striking than the sudden attack by General Trochu's Army of Paris the very next morning, and in the direction of Versailles. This battle of Montretout is memorable because of the number of young Frenchmen of note, among scientific celebrities and among artists, who perished there. It was the greatest effort of the besieged city, but it was the last. All attempts from within as from without had failed. There was nothing left but to treat for peace.

As soon as all necessary orders had been given after the convention of 28th January, which allowed Paris to be provided with food, the Crown Prince started on a visit to the troops that had fought so gallantly on the Loire.

A month later the preliminaries of peace were signed. One of its sections described the portion of Paris which 30,000 Germans were to occupy until the treaty should be ratified by the National Assembly at Bordeaux. After a review on the race-course of Longchamps the troops entered by the *Arc de l'Étoile*, and took possession. But neither the Emperor nor his son that day rode into Paris, which they had visited, under vastly different circumstances, before.

The Crown Prince received well-merited praise and thanks for the personal solicitude which he had evinced to save the invaluable treasures of porcelain, ancient and modern, whilst Sèvres was shelled by the French gunners of Mont Valérien, and also to protect the artistic splendors of the Palace of Versailles. His military tasks, however, were not yet at an end; he had to inspect the German corps in the north that had sternly repelled Faidherbe when on his way to raise the siege of Paris. After thus visiting Rouen and Amiens he rejoined Emperor William at Nancy* on the 11th of March, and soon rejoined his beloved wife, who had meanwhile established and personally superintended a model infirmary for sick and wounded soldiers of both armies in Homburg.

Twelve years will soon have passed since, quite as eventful, though in a different way, as those which have led us from Sadowa to Paris and back to Berlin. The difficulty of the task imposed upon our princely couple is increasing rather than diminishing; at forty and at fifty it is hard for any one to find himself literally *on the threshold of life*—the "years of apprenticeship" still continuing when you have done great deeds and made a mark on the history of your time.

Perhaps the most distressing and cheerless period in the Crown Prince's life began on the day when, suddenly recalled from a trip to England, he found his aged father laid low by two shots from an assassin's gun, in June, 1878. A previous attempt by a young anarchist, Hoedel, to

* The Prince there visited on his death-bed the aged French Colonel De Gonneville, whose *Souvenirs Militaires* I beg leave to recommend to such of your readers as take pleasure in high-toned biography. De Gonneville had been fired by one ambition when young, to be a *Bayard sans peur et sans reproche*, and he led a valiant and undefiled life in a period not famous for its purity.

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take the Emperor's life whilst returning from a drive with his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden (11th May, 1878), had been without effect. Nobiling's motives will probably never be quite unravelled; the detectives of all Europe combined have failed in connecting his crime with any of the Socialist schools of Germany, or with international anarchism. He, like Guiteau, was importunate in his applications for a place under government only a short time before the deed. To the Crown Prince these atrocities meant no less than the breaking up of hopes, in which he and his wife had indulged, that a united nation would one day follow their lead onward in a noble race toward greater culture and greater liberty. The Prince was named the Emperor-King's deputy to "carry on the government in the lines prescribed by his Majesty" during his necessarily protracted recovery. It must have been with frequent abnegation of self that he transacted royal business without royal volition. Never had he been known to work harder, and he showed the talent, so useful for every leader of a state, to attend only to the kernel of a question, leaving the husks to others. The great European Congress which closed the Russo-Turkish war took place at Berlin in those days. Probably no Congress of plenipotentiaries had ever met in a town so entirely given up to sorrowing. A little trait is recorded of those days, not characteristic so much of the man as of the family to which he belongs. It had been the Crown Prince's habit all his life to be driven in a brougham, whilst his father uses an open carriage whenever feasible. During those months we saw the Prince in open carriages only. If asked why, he would answer, "People might think I considered myself safer in a brougham."* No capital punishment can be executed in Prussia without the King's sign manual; it took the King's deputy many days of mental agony before he felt sufficiently steeled to place his signature at the foot of a death-warrant, the first, and against Hoedel.

* When, in 1881, after the murder of Emperor Alexander II., the duty devolved upon the Prince to attend his funeral, there was a great commotion at court. Everybody entreated Emperor William to veto his only son's journey northward in the teeth of an unrelenting and, as the event had proved, successful conspiracy. The Emperor's reply is the simplest expression of Hohenzollern character I know. He said, "*C'est notre métier.*"

But the severest grief was yet in store for him. His beloved youngest boy, Waldemar, a lad of great promise and of many charming qualities, was unexpectedly summoned to another life whilst recovering from a brief and apparently slight illness. The parents had heard his loving "good-night" on leaving his bedside; they never heard his merry "good-morning" again. It is no indiscretion to say that they have striven in vain to recover from this bereavement.

My readers remember that another death had preceded this—Sigismund's, whose image rose up before the father's mind whilst the sun was setting over Königgrätz. There are six children living. One of the four daughters, Charlotte, is living in happy wedlock with a young officer on the general staff of the army, the hereditary Prince of Meiningen, with whose mother, when she was the young Charlotte of Prussia, the present Crown Prince had entertained the closest and most intimate friendship of his early youth. Like his mother-in-law, the Prince of Meiningen is ardently devoted to the fine arts, music and Greek archæology being his special studies.

The eldest child, William, was brought up, together with his brother Henry, by Dr. Hinzpeter, of whose wisdom and conscientiousness it would be difficult to say too much. From the first, at the parents' desire, the aims of this education were fixed very high indeed. No half-knowledge. They must be examined rigorously and by strangers before they could be allowed to enter the Latin School at Cassel, to which, with a heavy heart, the parents surrendered them for several years' severe schooling. When Dr. Hinzpeter gave up his pupils, the elder to university life, the younger to the naval profession, he had the satisfaction to see them reckoned among the most diligent and successful scholars of the Cassel High School. Like all Hohenzollerns, the Emperor's youthful grandson and future heir is now doing military service at Potsdam, whither he has led, in 1881, the lovely Princess Victoria of Augustenburg. It is her son whom the Emperor, eighty-five years old, is represented holding on his arms in the presence of son and grandson. "Four Emperors!" say the loyal Berliners, and are highly pleased. And the Crown Prince says of his first daughter-in-law, "Nobody can measure the

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blessing that has entered our family with her."

Like his younger brother, Prince William loves the sea, ship-building, and applied mathematics. But how could he be spared for the navy when grim Tradition was already put out of humor by this youngest branch of the national defenses taking one of the family away from the army, Prussia's main-stay? Prince Heinrich is reckoned to be one of the pluckiest sailors afloat, enjoying his life supremely, and nowhere disguising his conviction that the German navy is superior to any other in the world.

To mark the regard for the sacredness of education which his parents manifest on every occasion, let me mention a small anecdote of Prince William's earlier days. One day he appeared in his tutor's room, deeply mortified by what had happened to him. He related the circumstances, and asked, amid many tears, whether his father had not wronged him. The dilemma was somewhat awkward. But Dr. Hinzpeter, after considering a moment, said, "I think your father has done you wrong; if so, he will be sorry." With this, after setting his pupil to his task, he walked out of the room, and returned soon with a summons to the Crown Prince. Tremblingly did the son walk in, but was soon re-assured. When they left, the father took Dr. Hinzpeter's hand into his, thanking him. "I trust you will preserve to us and our children your uprightness and truth." The Crown Princess, on her part, does not occasionally drop into the schoolroom where her daughters Victoria, Sophie, and Marguerite are being brought up—she takes the lessons *with them*, resolved not only to advance by a knowledge of books on political economy or metaphysics, but to perfect herself year by year in those matters which are the groundwork of everybody's development.

Self-education! A hard word for each and all of us—a claim that never sleeps, any more than our conscience. To this duty of self-culture have the two personages whose life we are accompanying devoted their years of comparative quiet. They read much, attend to the fine arts, see the people's life with their own eyes, and travel as much as possible, together or separate, as circumstances may prescribe. The most remarkable, perhaps, of those journeys which the Crown Prince undertook without his wife was to the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, copious journals of which are extant. None show the character of the man more plainly, wherefore I will devote as much of the remaining space as possible to an outline of it.

It was at his father's desire that he began his travels with a formal visit to Vienna, the first after the hostilities of 1866. Francis Joseph and his beautiful Empress were not courteous simply, but cordial; as for politics, however, the hosts abstained from even the slightest allusion. At Venice he rejoices to perceive how wonderful a change the events of 1866 had wrought in the sentiments of the Italian people toward Germany, thus renewing an observation he had made during the previous year, when the marriage festivities of Prince Umberto with Marguerite of Savoy had brought him to Turin and Florence.*

At Corfu, and then passing Ithaca and Delphi and Missolonghi, at Corinth and Athens, he observes upon the great physical beauty of the Greek inhabitants and their Albanian costume, "the most tasteful perhaps in all Europe," bewails the disappearance of every vestige of ancient culture, and upbraids the present generation for "not planting so much as an olive-tree." The Acropolis of Athens he hails as an old friend, thanking Curtius (in thought) for having taught him to love that superlative type of architectonic beauty. By the King and Queen he is received as a near relative, and becomes much attached to them.

At Constantinople, as likewise later on at Cairo, he deplores the scant honor done to Oriental styles of architecture, and the too often tasteless introduction of modern European notions utterly out of keeping with the character of the people and its rulers. The failing finances of the Turkish Empire under the then Sultan also attract his attention, its impecuniosity being so great at times that the money obtained through *octroi* duties at the gates had frequently to be taken then and there to the Sultan's treasurer to supply some most ordinary and most pressing need of the household.

But let us hear his opening remarks upon Jerusalem: "What makes me happy for the rest of my life is having stood in the places where Jesus Christ has tar-

* "Che tipo d'un Teutone!" a voice from the Florentine crowd then admiringly exclaimed as he passed them on his steed.

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ried—the places on which He placed His foot—having beheld the mountains and the waters upon which His eye rested daily. This applies chiefly to the Mount of Olives, to Gethsemane, with the bed of the brook Cedron, and to the grand rocky coast of the Dead Sea, with the valley of the Jordan, and to the neighborhood of Bethlehem. These localities have no doubt retained their character as of yore, and they can be considered as witnesses of the deeds and teaching and passion of our Redeemer, since fortunately no hand of man has been able to do violence to the landscape, and also no religious zeal has attempted to disfigure what preserves its historical character only in its simple naturalness. In full contrast to this, the usually so-called holy places are most scandalously overlaid and defiled."

"The fullest compensation," he says in another place (for the squalor and mustiness of the city), "is offered by a climb up the Mount of Olives. After stepping across the dried-up bed of the brook Cedron, and gazing upon the valley of Jehoshaphat, I reached the summit of the mount a short time before sunset, and had so chosen my standing-point that the whole extent of the city, following the gradual slope toward the brook Cedron, unrolled itself before me, whilst on the opposite side, the most originally beautiful forms of the rock walls of the Dead Sea, with its water mirror, and a portion of the valley of the Jordan, were visible in all their lovely grandeur. The rays of the setting sun lighted the city and the treeless, gray, and waste mountains with their golden hue, suddenly imparting life and warmth to that landscape. At the same moment the rocks of the Dead Sea, which forcibly reminded me of Loch Muich in Scotland, caught that glimmer of the evening sun which always bestows upon mountains so peculiar a spell, and brighter and brighter each minute were the waters under its effect. Now only could I form a notion of the beauty with which Scripture always connects the name of the 'holy and glorious' city; now only could I figure to myself how the Redeemer, tarrying up here, cast His pitying eye on this landscape and the buildings when He grieved over their inhabitants that they would not know, at least in this their day, the things which belonged unto their peace. Every stranger should first of all wend his way toward the Mount of Olives at the time when the sun prepares his move downward, and then stops a moment near the primeval trees of Gethsemane, of which it is not impossible that they were contemporaries of our Lord, since the olive-tree is very slow of growth, and reaches an enormous longevity. I shall never forget this first evening at Jerusalem, when I gazed upon the sunset from the Mount of Olives, while at the same time that grand silence arose in nature which in every other place already produces a feeling of awe and solemnity. Here the mind could turn away from the earth, and indulge undisturbedly in the thought which moves every Christian's inmost soul in looking back upon the great work of redemption, which took its most sublime starting-point on this very spot. Reading one's favorite passages in the Gospels in such a place is a Divine Service in itself.

"Later on in the twilight, with only a few lamps glowing around me, I paid a second visit to the Church of the Entombment, undisturbed this time by the repelling figures of the monks. This comforted me in a way for the loathing I had experienced during my official visit. At all times I love seeing churches late of an evening, and under a moderate light; but in this consecrated place, which is unique of its kind, a sacred awe crept over me. However, nothing could equal the sensations on the Mount of Olives."

On the 7th November, a Sunday, the Prince attended Holy Communion at the early service. At noontime all Germans had assembled, and in the midst of them he most solemnly and publicly took possession, in the name of his royal father, of a considerable plot of ground inclosing the ruined ancient hospice of the Knights of St. John, with the church adjoining, which the Sultan had made over to his ally the King of Prussia whilst the Prince was at Constantinople.

Only two more passages shall be mentioned before we quit Jerusalem and its environs. The gate through which the Crown Prince entered Jerusalem, that called of Damascus, near which Godfrey of Bouillon undertook his victorious assault, "no Christian prince was heretofore permitted to pass, because Mohammedan superstition predicted that in such a case the same would drive out the Moslem." And describing the spot on which he and his par-

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ty bivouacked on their ride to Hebron and Bethlehem, he dwells on the fact that "there lay the colossal mountain dikes or pools of Solomon, which, through aqueducts, provided Jerusalem with water." (A humiliating memento to the waning nineteenth century.)

During this whole progress through the Levant the Crown Prince never fails to mark each institution for the sick and the education of children, provided with deaconesses and teachers and funds from Germany. This is a form of mission among nations of differing creed against which not even the greatest skeptic could well take exception. The sick are tended, the children are instructed, and many of them entirely kept; but nothing is done to remove them from their form of religion beyond showing in acts of mercy and peace the unknown light that pervades and vivifies their foreign friends.

No doubt the ordinary traveller has many advantages in seeing objects of interest which are kept out of sight when a royal personage approaches. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that, to take an example, no one saw the range of Mount Lebanon under more favorable circumstances than the Crown Prince. From its foot to the fastnesses on its summit the population, whether Mohammedan Druses or Christian Maronites, met him chanting and bearing palm leaves and green twigs in their hands, women kindling incense in front of him, or spurting orange-water over the wearied and heated traveller. "This constant, gentle shower," he remarks at Deir-el-Kamer, "was by no means unpleasant." The ancient fortress of Beit-Eddin, until not very long ago the seat of an independent Christian dynasty of emirs called Beshir Shebab, possessed even to-day what our traveller had been longing for from the beginning, a thoroughly Oriental character. Alas! its walls and the streets of Deir-el-Kamer, the chief town of Lebanon, had seen torrents of blood during the last massacre of Maronites by Druses, in 1860. Since then the Porte is bound to appoint a Christian governor, and Franko Pasha did the honors of his territory admirably.

Truly Oriental, too, was the effect of Damascus upon the Prince's mind—"a pearl incased in emeralds," according to the journal. "Never can this impression pass from my mind. How gladly did I bear with the atrocious pavement that seemed absolutely endless—with a dull pasha or two, with disgusting dogs dining off carcasses that remain about forever totally uncovered, only to enjoy a view like that!" There was not a little that seemed peculiar inside the mosques, too, where "close to the faithful that performed their devotions others could be seen sipping coffee, several throwing dice (astragali), or seeking entertainment in other ways, each according to his particular inclinations," says the journal, discreetly.

In order that nothing might be wanting to give their visit to Damascus a romantic coloring, our travellers were requested to grace with their presence a Greek wedding in their host's house late at night. The bride, in a flowing robe of pale pink silk woven with gold, stood with the mother at her side, whose hand was firmly clasped round her left arm during the whole ceremony, whilst the Crown Prince was placed behind the bridegroom. The whole company held candles in their hands except the couple before the altar. When the party broke up, the Crown Prince could not expect what actually took place, viz., that the *whole* home party sat up until 3 A.M., when our travellers had to leave, after a brief rest, in order to reach Baalbeck in a day. Before they reached Damascus on their return from "those majestic ruins" a fresh surprise was awaiting them—a troop of Turkish cavalry on *camels' backs* performing a number of military evolutions in a very dignified and precise manner, and even trotting with praiseworthy exactness.

We will hurry across the sea to Port Said, where the travellers met not only the Khedive Ismail, the most amiable Empress Eugénie, Emperor Francis Joseph, and other royal guests of the Khedive, but had the gratification of making the acquaintance of Abd-el-Kader, whose fine countenance, bearing yet all the appearance of youth, highly energetic traits, and most attractive, mentally enlivened physiognomy, impressed the Germans greatly.

There is little to say of the ceremonies that inaugurated the historic meeting of two oceans. But before Suez was reached —from whence Frederic William sent a longing sigh across the Red Sea to India ("Alas! I shall never set eyes on that land")—the Crown Prince had a very great delight in watching Arab tent life at Ismailia, the half-way place on the

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canal. Some 30,000 had assembled there with their sheiks, from all parts of the country, and a city of tents was improvised on the sands of the desert, where nothing was wanting that constitutes Oriental life—howling dervishes and equally disgusting almees or dancers; Syrian jugglers; fire-works crackling in every direction; then sheiks composedly smoking, or playing chess, or receiving visits; and everywhere the common Arab moving about in his gayly colored caftan and white or striped burnoose, carrying himself with proud self-possession and perfect *grandezza*.

I should exceed the space allotted to me were I to epitomize at greater length the journal which tells of the Prince's travelling with Lepsius up the Nile and down again, and a several days' stay at Cairo, in the museum of which, judging from some of its statuettes and gold ornaments, he exclaims, "I am now fully converted to the opinion that the Egyptians did possess true—yea, even sublime—taste for art!"

The journey was a hurried one thenceforth. Nevertheless he had time to convince himself that the sight of Naples surpassed every impression of sceneries he had enjoyed anywhere in the Levant; to learn at Rome of the opening of the Vatican Council, and at Paris of the entrance of Emile Ollivier into Napoleon's ministry (two ominous events); to see the last of the doughty King Victor Emanuel at Florence; and to enjoy a quiet Christmas at Cannes with his wife and children. It happened at Cannes, too, that, being thwarted of seeing India, he (like another Columbus) actually set foot on American soil. His journal says: "Admiral Radford, who lay in the bay of Villafranca with two American men-of-war, came to greet me whilst I paid a parting visit to my trusty corvette *Elizabeth*, and invited us to a ball on board the *John Franklin*. All Americans then at Nice or anywhere in that neighborhood had assembled there; and so we had finally been visitors also on the soil of America!"

We have to do with a man who considers, with dear old Hesiod, that "no work brings shame." The other day when visiting Bornstedt, where the Princess keeps and carefully controls a dairy-farm, he stepped into the school. He had not been listening long when a postman rushed in to hand a telegram to the terrified schoolmaster. It evidently contained bad news, to judge from the school-master's countenance. The Prince insisted upon being told. "Your old mother dangerously ill? Why, of course you must go at once." "But, sir, the children!—my class!" "Never mind; I will undertake them until eleven, when the clergyman comes."

Another day an old college friend comes to see him, a Pastor Von Bodelschwing, and explains the working of a depot for tramps which he had gradually been led to establish in his Westphalian parish. "Let me have my children in," says Frederic William; "they ought to know of such work as this." And then he makes him unfold the sin and wretchedness of all, the apparently incurable corruption of some, the eagerness of others to come and work in a quarry—the rapid change in their appearance after even an hour's honest work, etc. "Forget not," says the Crown Prince, "that I shall want to know of the progress of your colony of Wilhelmsdorf, and (let us hope) its many successors in other parts of the country."

He trusts the people. He persists in believing in their right-mindedness. He is convinced that it was the attitude of the nation at the close of the Austrian war in 1866 which prevented the immediate outbreak of a French war, quite as much as Bismarck's splendid reply to Benedetti (the astute Corsican had given the choice of war or acceptance of the French conditions: "Eh bien—la guerre," said the Chancellor). It is the Crown Prince's firm belief, too, that the unanimity of the nation not only produced the German victories, but that to it is due the success of those who labored to bring about the creation of a united empire.

Being debarred by constitutional usage from all participation in the administration of the country, he yet follows with increasing interest the slow but gradual improvement of local and provincial self-government—the greatest reform work, by-the-bye, in Prussia since the days of Stein and Hardenberg. His essentially "broad" views in religious and political matters will stand him in good stead during the anxious times that are approaching. At his hands, and so far as his influence reaches, no sudden changes are to be expected. Those who judge his character unfairly charge him with impassibility; but as a friend specially fitted for close observation wrote to me of him, "The great point which I

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have always admired in the Crown Prince is *his power to wait patiently*."

And now (25th of January) whilst these pages are preparing for their flight across the Atlantic, this great capital is instinct with simple, unostentatious sympathy for the royal couple here spoken of, who are celebrating their silver wedding, or twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. All festivities connected with this family event have had to be countermanded, owing to the demise of an uncle, Prince Karl, incidentally mentioned at the beginning of this paper. The young and the beautiful, more than five hundred among whom had prepared costly costumes for "historical processions," shed many a tear of disappointment. But everything is done to give pleasure to the Crown Prince and Princess. The city of Berlin has voted a sum to be placed at their disposal for training nurses for the needy, and another, larger sum has been silently collected throughout Germany, to be placed at their disposal for any charitable purposes they may desire to assist. Several cities have combined to furnish their dining hall afresh. A "loan collection" of pictures in the possession of private owners at Berlin has been opened expressly for the occasion, etc. And the Berliner walks about perfectly contented in the bright sunshine of a frosty day in January.

Frederic William and Victoria his wife with their children are at church. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped. Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

THE STRANGER.

An Eastern Legend.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent.
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent;
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east.
Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies,
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod,
"Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship, God?"
He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said:
"Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night.
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
"Where is that aged man?" the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?"
"Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
"Ah me! the stranger might with me have staid,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait:
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

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THE VILLAGE OF ST. PAUL.

THE CANADIAN HABITANT.

THE *Allegro* stood in for St. Paul's Bay before a stiff breeze from the north-east. A heavy swell rolled up the St. Lawrence, which is here eighteen miles wide. The immense arm of the sea was none the less impressive for being viewed, and even felt and tasted, while sitting in the cockpit of my canoe. Numerous reefs run out from each shore to the channel; they were marked by white-caps where the ebb tide rushed over them at four or five knots an hour against the wind. The great river leaped, foamed, and raged like a sea along its mountain walls. These numerous tide-races often make the St. Lawrence a rough passage for small craft; the water boils over the ledges and eddies in every direction, and the wind kicks up a chop sea of the worst description. The sails shiver with squalls, the currents turn her about, she loses steerage-way, and seems to stand on both beam ends at once. And if she comes out of it right side up, it is due to good luck as much as to good seamanship. I was hugging the north shore pretty closely to escape these tide-races, when all at once I found myself on the brink of the celebrated Gouffre, or whirlpool, at the foot of the Cap aux Corbeaux, a passage worse than any tide-race. Charlevoix, in his *Voyage à la Nouvelle France*, speaks of this whirlpool as a place much dreaded by sailors. And the Abbé Casgrain, in his *Pèlerinage à l'Ile aux Coudres*, sets forth the popular fear of this place to-day. Sailors gave a sinister name to the neighboring cape. Their frightened imagination doubtless peopled the Cap aux Corbeaux (Crow Cape) with these birds of prey, as if they lived there to await wrecks and devour the victims. Navigators who took this northern channel (inside the Ile aux Coudres) kept at a safe distance from these currents. Misfortune awaits the boat that ventures into this watery spiral. She is caught in its coils as in those of a gigantic serpent. Carried by an irresistible force, she turns

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and turns with increasing velocity as she nears the centre, and finally plunges down the fathomless vortex. Imagination thus makes it into Poe's maelstrom; and some ancient legends tell how "certain ships were swallowed under full sail, and disappeared forever under the immense dome" of the cavernous cliff at the foot of the Cap aux Corbeaux. As a matter of fact the Gouffre is a treacherous eddy that grows extremely dangerous for small boats in a fresh wind; and it has been the grave of men who were caught on its tumultuous surface in bad weather. But the maelstrom exists chiefly in the fancy of the credulous. Nevertheless I thought it best to bear away from its currents and tossing swells; so I stood in still closer to the foot of the cliffs, which sent back some cross swells, and echoed the roar of the sea. I soon doubled the cape, and found myself in the mouth of the bay, in quiet waters.

The north shore of the lower St. Lawrence is the mountain range of the Laurentides, deeply cloven here and there for the passage of a little river. The bay of Saint-Pierre et Saint-Paul is one of these clefts. The steep high walls of the valley begin on each side of the bay as great capes, and running back, crowd together till they reduce the valley to a winding gorge. Still higher mountains rise back of these, stern and savage, with precipices and bald rocky heads. A little river runs down each side of the valley, and empties each in its own corner of the bay. The sand-beach between them is covered with a grove of dark pines and balsams, and the bold shores along the foot of the capes are diversified with little houses among trees and fish-weirs along the rocks. You look out between the capes at the great St. Lawrence to the right and left of the Ile aux Coudres as at the sea, but the distant south shore lays a blue line of mountains along the horizon. From the village you embrace the whole scene, even to the distant houses far up the walls, where horses and carts crawling along the roads look like flies. The village gathers its quaint simple houses about a huge but low stone church with two small steeples. The river there is spanned by a red bridge, beneath which bare-legged boys cruise about the world while sailing their little boats; and as the mail-carrier drives over it at midnight he blows his horn to rouse the postmaster. It is a drowsy, straggling village, where the chief activity seems to be at the church doors, which some one enters at all hours. It is difficult to say where the village ends, for the roads leading from it around the edge of the valley and up along its walls are lined with farm-houses and low thatched barns; the houses stand as neighbors hand in hand, while the roads radiating from the church stretch out long arms over the entire country. The Bay St. Paul is a remarkable landscape, with magnificent distances among mountain-peaks, and cozy fertile nooks below. When the full-bowed schooners lean over on the beach at low tide, and mists floating in from the river seem to lift the mountain-peaks up to the sky, it reminds me of Turner's picture of the harbor of Honfleur. As I paddled up the bay and into the mouth of the Rivière du Gouffre (named after the great whirlpool I had passed), the shadows had swept down the slopes of the western wall, and lay across the rolling plain where the river turns in its deep-worn bed. Then they mounted the hill-sides checkered with fields and groves, and fell into glens where waters fall and old mills hum; and as the day ended they still lingered on those lofty mountain-heads above their mantles of fir.

After beaching the *Allegro* I walked up one of the long narrow farms into which the land of Canada is divided, and came at last to the farm-house. The sound of low and deferential voices met me, and as I turned the corner I found a picturesque group of peasants sitting on the steps and piazza. The warm yet sombre gloaming was a kindly light for their sturdy home-spun figures and sunburned faces. It seemed as if the peace and gentleness of the evening were within them as well as about them. After their salutations I asked for lodging, which the old gentleman, M. Tremblay, granted with a willingness that put me quite at ease. When I told him that I was canoeing, the lads all offered to help me bring the canoe up to the barn; and we soon had her under cover, where she held a court of her own for half an hour. As we entered the house I saw on the door a card let into a cavity and covered with glass. It bore a cross, and under this the words, "Christus, nobiscum state."

"Why do you have this on your door?" I asked.

"It is our insurance, sir. We have earthquakes and terrible storms here now

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and then. In 1870 nearly all the chimneys were knocked down by a shock, and the church was almost destroyed by it. So the priest gave us these cards to put on our



AN OLD MILL.

doors to protect us against disasters; we shall never have any more earthquakes, and the winds can't touch a house with these words on it. It was a terrible time; we prayed all day and night, and had masses said, and some went almost as crazy as the cattle. The next Sunday after the shock all the young women appeared at mass like widows, without a ribbon or any ornament, because God sent the earthquake as a warning."

The supper table was soon spread with an oiled cloth, a pewter spoon for each person, and a soup plate for me. We sat down, ten of us, about the little table, large enough for only four. They sat almost spoon fashion, getting only one shoulder and arm up to the table. A milk-pan filled with pea soup with bread broken into it stood in the middle of the table; and after helping me to a plateful they all began to eat from the pan; each one filled his spoon, drew it across the edge of the pan, and then carried it to his mouth. It was an odd sight to see those nine arms so actively and irregularly converging at the pan, and then withdrawing from the skirmish to re-appear at once. It was rather a shadowy supper, with the light of only one small lamp. But the eating was not ill-mannered or untidy. When the soup was finished, one of the girls wiped all our spoons on a towel she had across her knees, and a pan of bread and milk was soon dispatched as the soup had been. After supper the men withdrew to chairs along the

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wall, while the women resumed their work about the little lamp on the table. Some of them sewed and knitted, one peeled potatoes for breakfast, and the young wife stropped a razor with some persistence and much awkwardness. When it was sharp she brought forth other implements, and then beckoned to her husband, saying, in rather a commanding tone, "Come, now." He slouched to the table and sat down in her chair. She went at him, unbuttoned his shirts, gave him a most thorough scrubbing with a coarse homespun towel, and then lathered and shaved his chin. And he took it all very quietly too. The young women afterward retired to a corner of the room and performed as nearly as possible the same kind of toilet. Meanwhile we chatted about the United States and the revival of business there. One of the sons had passed two years working in a brick-yard at Haverstraw, and, like many of his countrymen, he had returned with some heretical admiration of our more progressive civilization. Emigration to the United States is energetically opposed by church and state, so in praising the wonders of New York I became an emissary of the devil, which increased the interest of my position. The young man kindled at once, and felt impatient at the skepticism of his parents, but he showed this only by a faint expression of hopelessness; and the opposition of the old people, though quite positive, was equally silent and considerate. I soon relieved them by drawing their attention to my fly-rod, gun, and other accoutrements; and it relieved my own conscience to abandon thus the character of an unwelcome emissary. At an early hour in the evening the old gentleman turned to me and said, with a very practical air,

"Well, now, we're going to pray to God. What 'll you do?"

"All right, sir, go ahead, and I'll listen to you."

They all knelt here and there about the room, each erect on his knees, facing the black cross on the wall; the mother said the prayers in a rapid, monotonous voice, and the others replied with equal rapidity. After this audible service they still remained kneeling for a long time while each one finished his chaplet independently; then each one arose and went off to bed. There were fourteen in the family; about half of them went into the next room, where there were but two bedsteads. But they drew out trundle-beds from under these, raised the lid of a large chest, opened the hollow seat of a bench, and then packed themselves away in these receptacles. They spread a buffalo-robe and some blankets on the floor for me that first night.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said M. Tremblay, "for putting you to sleep here alone; and if you are afraid, we'll spread your bed in the next room with the rest of the family. To-morrow the *créatures* [women] will put up a bedstead for you in there; it won't be so lonesome."

When I awoke I was by no means alone. One girl was saying to another, "It's late—half past four"; one was picking over some dried pease, and dropping them into a tin pail; another lifted the trap-door of the cellar, and hauling up a broom made of cedar boughs, swept the floor; a brood of chickens peeped in a coop in one corner; and a coal-black cat near my ear purred vociferously, as if she thought my only language was a snore. The children came flocking down the stairs, and when the family of fourteen had gathered about me I thought the gray morning was well enough identified by human activity for me to get up.

After breakfast on Sunday we all went to church. The roads were alive with the parishioners coming to mass in their best turn-outs. There was the long-bodied one-horse hay cart, with chairs for the passengers; there was the lighter cart with wooden springs; also the ancient one-horse chaise, or calèche, with its fidgety box hung on straps; and now and then a buckboard. Rope traces and lines were not rare, and sometimes an ox is used instead of a horse.

It is still regarded as impolite for one vehicle to pass another without permission, and formerly it was taken as even an insult. It was not uncommon then to see a number of these carts and calèches coming down the road to church on the full run, while the riders bobbed about like beans in a spider; the air resounded with anything but prayers, and the pedestrians fled from the road and climbed the fences. The village streets were now lined by these odd vehicles, and the people collected at the church. They were a crowd of genuine peasants. They wear dark coarse homespun; even the young women have scarcely a ribbon on their hats. There is not a single bit of color or brightness about

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OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.



them. The whole parish dresses as one man and one woman; you feel the extraordinary unity of Canadian life in this external monotony of the people. They seem a very sober people, even sombre, until you see their contented and amiable faces. The French-Canadian peasants are generally rather small, but sturdy, muscular, well-knit. They are dull-looking, but their rather heavy faces are not animal and coarse. Even the young women are very seldom pretty, but they are all wholesome, modest, and unaffected. As they advance in life they become stout, and reach old age with a comfortable and placid expression. The beauty of the race seems to be confined to the children, who are bright, robust, and cherubic. Thus the people are externally unprepossessing, but the more I study them, the more I like them for the quiet courtesy and perfect simplicity of their

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manners, and their hospitality and unfailing kindness.

Several types of Canadians were there, each standing as a page of the country's history. There was the original Canadian, the peasant of Normandy and Brittany, just as he was when first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence over two hundred years ago; he has kept his material and mental traits with such extraordinary fidelity that a Canadian travelling now in those parts of France seems to be meeting his own people. He is a small, muscular man of dark complexion, with black eyes, a round head, rather impervious, and an honest face, rather heavy with inertia. He sums up the early days of Canada, when endurance and courage of no ordinary stamp were required to meet the want, the wars, and the hardships of their struggle. And his phenomenal conservatism was not a whit too strong to preserve his nationality after the conquest of Canada by a race having entirely opposite tendencies. There also was the Canadian with Indian blood; he is by no means a feeble element in the population, in either numbers or influence. He is often well marked with Indian features—high cheeks, small black eyes, and slight beard. The most characteristic specimens are called "petits brûlés," like burned stumps, black, gnarly, and angular. But now and then you meet large, fine-looking half-breeds, with a swarthy complexion warmed with Saxon blood. There were no women of low character sent to Canada in the early days, as there were to New Orleans and the Antilles; the few women who came sufficed to marry only a small portion of the colonists, so that many of the gallant Frenchmen, and later some of the Scotch and English, engaged in the fur trade, married squaws, and founded legitimate families of half-breeds. Thus Indian blood became a regular portion of the national body; and the national policy of alliance and religious union with the savages helped the assimilation of Indian traits as well as of Indian blood. There was also the Saxon who had become a Gaul. There are Wrights, Blackburns, McPhersons, with blue eyes and red hair, who can not speak a word of English; and there are Irish tongues rolling off their brogue in French. Some of these strangers to the national body are descendants of those English soldiers who married Canadians and settled here after the conquest. Others are orphans that were taken from some emigrant ships wrecked in the St. Lawrence. But these stragglers from the conquering race are now conquered, made good French Catholics by the force of their environment, and they are lost as distinctive elements, absorbed in the remarkably homogeneous nationality of the French-Canadian people. The finest type of Canadian peasant is now rare. He is a descendant of the pioneer nobles of France. After the conquest (1763) some of these noble families were too poor to follow their peers back to France; they became farmers; their facilities for education were very limited, and their descendants soon sank to the level of the peasantry about them. But they have not forgotten their birth. They are commanding figures, with features of marked character, and with much of the pose and dignity of courtiers. Some of them, still preserving the traditions of their sires, receive you with the manners a prince might have when in rough disguise.

But to return to the scene before the church. The women, on arriving, went at once into the church to pray while waiting for mass to begin, but the men remained outside. As I sauntered from group to group I found the people very animated. The wits of the parish had the largest crowds about them, laughing heartily at their repartees, some were talking of horse trades, others were arranging the preliminaries of more important transactions, and others were exchanging the gossip of their respective neighborhoods. It was a scene of orderly but free social enjoyment. As the last bell rang, the constable, wearing a red scarf, came out on the church steps: "Come, now," said he, "come in; the mass begins." They at once moved toward the door, for the officer could arrest any one who did not attend mass. The church is a large stone edifice, built low to withstand the earthquakes; its belfry, covered with bright tin, shines resplendent over the whole parish. Indeed, the steeple is the pivot of the parish, for every department of life revolves about it. These Canadian churches are generally plain, and very large, because there is but one church in a parish, and everybody attends it. They are often rather gloomy, notwithstanding a profusion of carved pine paint-

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ed white, for they have neither good works of art nor elevating architecture, nor the mellowness of vast spaces warmed with the light of colored windows. They are exceptionally consistent with the doctrine

greater part of its soil almost sterile, seems designed by nature to be the Norway of America, a land of forests. The narrow belts of good land along the streams have been divided into little homesteads barely



WITHIN THE CHURCH.

and the life of the people—simple, economical, austere. They are generally without any organ; but the historian of St. Paul's Bay records that a few years ago this church was furnished with a harmonium, "which replaced advantageously a 'serinette' [or hand-organ], one of whose chief defects was to repeat invariably the same airs."

The sermon happened to be an excellent illustration of the power of the Church and the attitude of the people. Canada, with an arctic winter and the

sufficient to support even Canadian families living with extreme economy; and now most of the unoccupied land is such as to insure the pioneer an exceptionally hard task and small pay. Hence a large part of the Canadian youths are unwilling to move into the arctic wilderness. But it is very naturally the desire of patriotic Canadians that their country should retain its sons; and chief among those who oppose emigration to our Protestant republic is the Church—the only irresistible power of the land. The Archbishop of

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AN INTERIOR.

Quebec had issued a mandate, which the priest read and expounded in the pulpit. It recites that "emigration would stop if parents would devote to preparing new lands for their children the money now lost on luxury and intemperance. People run in debt for extravagant toilets and furniture, and to feast their friends, and to appear in public with magnificent equipages."

Such criticism of a civilization made up of homespun, deal chairs, pea soup, and hay carts seems very odd to one coming from the banks of the Hudson. But it is undoubtedly justified in some cases by the relative extravagance of buying even a ribbon or a buckboard. This mandate established a society to oppose emigration and favor colonization at home; the members of it will "procure the glory of God by keeping in the paths of faith a great number of families who, in going elsewhere, expose themselves to the danger of losing their faith and of perishing eternally."

The manner of the worthy priest was perhaps the most striking feature; he talked to his people with the air and the words of an absolute ruler giving orders that are beyond dispute; and he emphasized very forcibly the assertion that damnation awaits the emigrant to the United States. In discussing this subject with priests they say that their people are so thoroughly dependent on the Church and the personal influence of the priest, in every department of life, that they go all astray when deprived of his fatherly supervision. As emigration is one of the forces operating against the preservation of French-Canadian nationality, it is not surprising that the Church should oppose it vigorously. The government sent a missionary priest not long ago to the United States to exhort the half million of Canadians living among us to return to Canada and colonize Manitoba. But his success was very limited, and these Canadians are now turning their ef-

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forts to the preservation of their nationality, their faith, language, and customs, while they remain citizens of our republic. The method of organizing this colonization society throws light on the national character in regard to dependence on the Church; for the success of any popular movement, and even of an individual enterprise, depends on the favor of the parish priest.

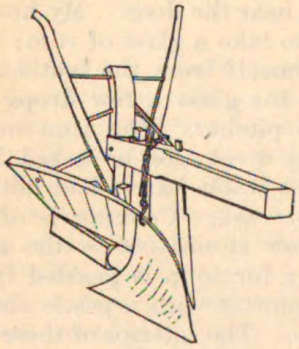
After mass we gathered again in groups in front of the church. The parents were now triumphant in the strength of their opposition to emigration, and the young people were quite ashamed and subdued.

But the Sunday business was not yet done. The town-crier gathered everybody about him while he made his weekly announcements. He is still the county newspaper of Canada. But so far from being a literary emporium, he frequently can not read or write. He has, however, sufficient tongue, memory, and assurance to deliver quite a column of public and private matter. He is often unwittingly comical, his pompous air being a ludicrous contrast to the simple facts he has to tell, and the illiterate blunders of his speech. First come the official announcements, legal advertisements, sheriff's sales, police regulations, road-master's notices, new laws, etc.; then private announcements are cried out —auctions, things lost and found, opening of new stores, new professional offices, etc. Sometimes he sells a pig or a calf "for the infant Jesus," the product of the sale being given to a collection for the poor. Not long ago horse-races were advertised by him to take place on the road right after mass. The crier this day closed his list by announcing that the parish had an insurance policy to pay to one of its citizens. It seems that a parish generally insures itself. When any one loses his buildings by fire, some one solicits subscriptions to restore them. Each neighbor hauls a stick or two; the people ask permission of the priest to work on Sunday; and after mass they assemble and erect the building. If the loser be very poor, carpenters are hired to finish the work for him. A portion of the congregation went away up the northern mountain that day, and spent the afternoon raising a log house and barn. All sorts of public assemblies are held in front of the church just after mass. Indeed, Sunday is the most animated day of the week in social, industrial, and political matters as well as religious.

The Canadian farm-house where I lived is a low building, with a steep high roof pierced by dormer-windows and two massive chimneys, and the low eaves covered a narrow piazza. It has a venerable aspect, with its simple forms whitewashed from the top of the roof downward. The great roof gives it a hovering look; you feel that it crouches to the earth for warmth. The whole place is bald. There are no trees; the little garden, tilled always by the women, is without fruit, without shrubbery, almost without flowers: a few cabbages, onions, and tobacco are the chief luxuries. The long low thatched barn, the house, and rail fences are the only objects that diversify the farm. And the straight roads of Lower Canada run off to invisible distances, lined on each side with these bare homes about two hundred yards apart. But this austere, plain civilization has a certain charm: you respect its homeliness without dilapidation or untidiness, and you like its antique simplicity and quaintness. For everything is done by hand, slowly, carefully. The washing is done at the river, with an iron kettle, a tub, and a bench on which the clothes are pounded with a paddle. As the houses are always built close to the road, they seldom have any spring, brook, or even well near at hand. Each family draws water in a hogshead on a low cart, and fills a barrel standing near the door. My host invited a friend to take a glass of rum; the guest helped himself from the bottle, and then added to his glass a few drops of water from the pitcher. The rum must have been very weak, for he asked M. Tremblay if his water barrel had not been an old liquor cask. Cooking is often done over a few stones before the door, and the barley for soup is pearled in a large wooden mortar with a pestle shaped like a pickaxe. The interior of these homes is equally primitive. The house is rather cloistral, with its few small windows with double sashes curtained with wall-paper. Two panes in each sash are hinged as a little wicket, to be opened occasionally. Nature is thus shut out, because she wears a forbidding aspect in a Canadian winter; but unfortunately no touch of art in the house takes her place. The rooms are ceiled with pine that has turned a misty brown, and taken on the hoar of age. In the living-room are unpainted chairs, a table, a bed, a long bare bench for a sofa,

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and an étagère, with a doubtful assemblage of wash-basin, water-pail, slop-pail, mirror, and the family comb and brush. A large black cross on the wall is the only ornament. The parlor is provided with two beds hung with tall homespun curtains of blue and white checkered linen; breadths of carpet lie on the floor about six inches apart; it is made either of rags or of cow-hair from the tannery, dyed and spun for the woof; some chairs and a bureau stand against the wall under cheap colored prints of the Pope and the Holy Family. And there is a fine old clock reaching up to the ceiling. But it occupies neither a sheltered corner nor the post of honor at the head of the room, and all the arrangements show a remarkable lack of taste. A vial of holy water with a sprig of spruce always hangs on the wall, and the wife before stepping into bed sprinkles the sheets with it. A Protestant husband who did not relish this benediction retired first one night with an umbrella, and raised it till the Catholic shower had passed. Both rooms are heated by the long two-storied cook-stove standing in a hole in the partition; the tongs are merely pinchers to hold a coal on the smoker's pipe. They scrub the floors with a bunch of spruce boughs, and sweep with a cedar broom. The only books in the house are three school-books,



WOODEN PLOUGH OF EARLY DAYS.

a catechism, and their church service; and the only newspapers they have ever had they bought to use as wall-paper.

The most attractive part of the house is the room in the garret where the women weave. It is well filled with irregular lots of wool, skeins of yarn, three spinning-wheels, a side or two of leather, bundles of straw for hats, piles of woollen sheets and also of linen (some of which are over one hundred years old), rolls of cloth and of flannel, a loom, harness, some chests containing linen, and lank suits of homespun hanging from the rafters. The whole is dimly lighted by a window high up in the roof. This shadowy region is a relief from the baldness of the house; I like to sit there now and then while the women spin or weave, and sing their quaint national songs, or the austere, plain chants of their worship. Their agriculture is as primitive as their domestic economy. They reap with sickles, some of their ploughs are home-made with straps of iron on the wooden mould-boards, and their travelling vehicle is a cart with wooden springs. This, then, is a Canadian farmer's home, the product of over two centuries of French-Canadian Catholic civilization. It is bare and dull; its very material labors, performed without modern improvements, occupy all the time of its inmates; there is not even the beginning of intellectual life. And yet this civilization has many attractive features. Even its crude objects of mere utility have an air of antiquity that saves them from suggesting a rough, coarse life; they all show the marks of the hand of a man or a woman, and so express personal experience and character. This civilization rests on the labor of the hand alone, unaided by mechanical powers; and its narrow, slow, economical, but self-supporting life thus acquires something of the dignity of manhood. It is a very human civilization, as distinguished from a mechanical and commercial one. Here you come in direct contact with human needs and human efforts. This phase of life, where man stands out as in the old hand-to-hand encounter, is a strange contrast to our existence, where man seems to retire behind his engines and improvements.

These Canadian scenes are a gallery of Millet's pictures, where rustic homely figures stand in quaint, subdued, harmonious surroundings. But the suffering that artist sees in peasant life is not found in these faces. And the charm of it all is quite subtle; no attractive accessories draw the attention—your undivided sympathy goes straight to the spinners and reapers. Moreover, this civilization has the novelty of antiquity, for it is the life of the Middle Ages in the nineteenth century.

The character of the habitant is in perfect harmony with his patriarchal existence. This family represents fairly the

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A BARN-YARD.

French Canadian peasants and their domestic life. It numbered fourteen—the two grandparents, a son and his wife, and ten children, the catalogue whereof I spare the reader. My host, M. Tremblay, is an average Canadian, a compact, muscular man of dark complexion; his face, of full features, seldom loses its rather dull but contented expression; and his motions never betray any haste or anxiety. He is altogether home-made in his character as well as in his dress. His sixty years bear very lightly on his shoulders, although they have brought rigorous seasons and considerable labor. Madame Tremblay, like the most of her class, is a woman in comfortable condition both mentally and physically. Her face is pleasant, with expressions of kindness, good humor, and dignity; but it has no evidence of intellectual life. The shy, awkward girls are neither bright nor pretty, but they are healthy, compact, and agreeable, with modest, considerate manners. The boys also are well-behaved. When the family is assembled it gives a pleasant impression by its atmosphere of virtue, courtesy, quietness, contentment; but you miss very sadly even a spark of intellectual light or a suggestion of the possibility of progress. The life of the family circle is purely objective. They never can by any chance trouble you with an idea or a doubt. There is infinite rest to a stranger in their confidence and contentment. But the evening lamp never shines on a book, or a newspaper, or a bit of rich fancy-work. The women knit or sew, and gossip away the hours. The men generally keep together, visiting each other in a very few of their neighbors' houses; for petty jealousies and political opinions seem to raise barriers on many sides, and divide the parish into cliques. Perhaps the most salient feature of this country social life is the Gallic gayety that enlivens their aimless intercourse, and their popular amusement of playing cards for apples and nuts. Chaff is often the weight of their talk, and song the pith of their philosophy. But their joking is always restrained by mutual consideration.

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One of their most characteristic traits was illustrated by an incident that occurred during my stay at a house in a neighboring parish. One day a very particular beggar insisted on having some meat when it was not convenient to give it to him. At last Madame G. turned him out of the house, and he went away threatening her with misfortunes.

"You may think me uncharitable, sir," she explained to me, with unnecessary apology, "but that man is a troublesome fellow who tries to frighten people with his sorcery."

"Yes, mother," broke in one of the girls, "and you'll see that something will happen, too."

"Well, let him do his worst. Haven't we the priest in case of need? I guess that God is a match for that old rascal any day."

The next morning, when she went to the milk-room for a cup of cream, she returned in consternation.

"That sorcerer has cast ill luck on us, sure enough; the milk is full of small white worms—even this morning's milk: it is all full of them. The wretch!"

The husband went to the milk-room, and so did the children; they returned very much agitated. "It's lucky," said the old gentleman, "that he did not fix it on one of us. Wife, you had better go at once and ask the priest for a holy charm. We'll soon see who is the strongest in this world."

The calm, confident face of Madame G. was strangely changed with expressions of fear, resentment, and eager expectation as she drove off to the village. She returned much calmer, and sitting down by the table, explained: "The priest was very angry at the wretch for setting the devil on us peaceable folks. He asked me all about it, and I told him how impudent the beggar was. He said we must always be charitable, but he did not scold me for turning that fellow away. Then he gave me a blessed medal, dedicated to St. Joseph, and told me to hang it up in the milk-room, and it would banish the worms and all the powers of the devil. I put it in my purse. But," said she, with renewed alarm, "the devil has taken it from me as I drove home, for it isn't here. Just look!" And they all gathered about her as she emptied her purse on the table, and examined the coins.

"Here, Pierre," said Monsieur G., with a determined air; "jump into the cart and go for the priest. Be quick. Ask him to please be so good as to come down here at once."

In half an hour the priest came into the house. He wore a confident, kindly expression, to re-assure these agitated people. And they beamed with joy in welcoming him.

"It is the strangest thing in the world, M. le Curé," said Madame G. "I put the medal in my purse, as you saw me; then I went out and unhitched the horse, and drove straight home here. I gave the devil no chance at me at all, for I kept praying to St. Joseph all along the road. Ah! wait a bit. No. Now I remember. He did get me off my guard once, when a large black dog jumped out from the ditch, and scared the old horse so that I had to hold on hard. That's it. He must have got it then out of my pocket. Just look for yourself, M. le Curé. It isn't here anywhere."

The priest seemed rather reserved for a few minutes; he was apparently absorbed in some inward consideration. Then he went up to the table. "I think I can find it," he said. And sure enough he soon picked the medal up from the table. They were all gaping with amazement. "Now we will soon set things right," said he. "Please give me the holy water." When this was brought we all went out to the milk-house. The priest crossed himself, said a prayer, hung the medal up on the edge of a shelf, and then sprinkled holy water about. "There, my children," said he, as he drove off, "you'll be troubled no more with the devil. And remember that the Lord has always a remedy for all our misfortunes." The people bowed reverently, thanked him with evident sincerity, and re-entered the house in a reflective and grateful mood.

"Now that's very strange how M. le Curé made the devil bring that medal back!" said the old gentleman. "And yet here we were, all of us, and we didn't see or hear him. We must never doubt the Lord; He'll always win."

Did I believe that there were worms in the milk, or that they were destroyed, or that the medal was lost and restored? I had not enough impertinence to ask a verification of these statements. Moreover, the incident had its chief interest not as a delusion, but as an actual occurrence, showing how real to these people

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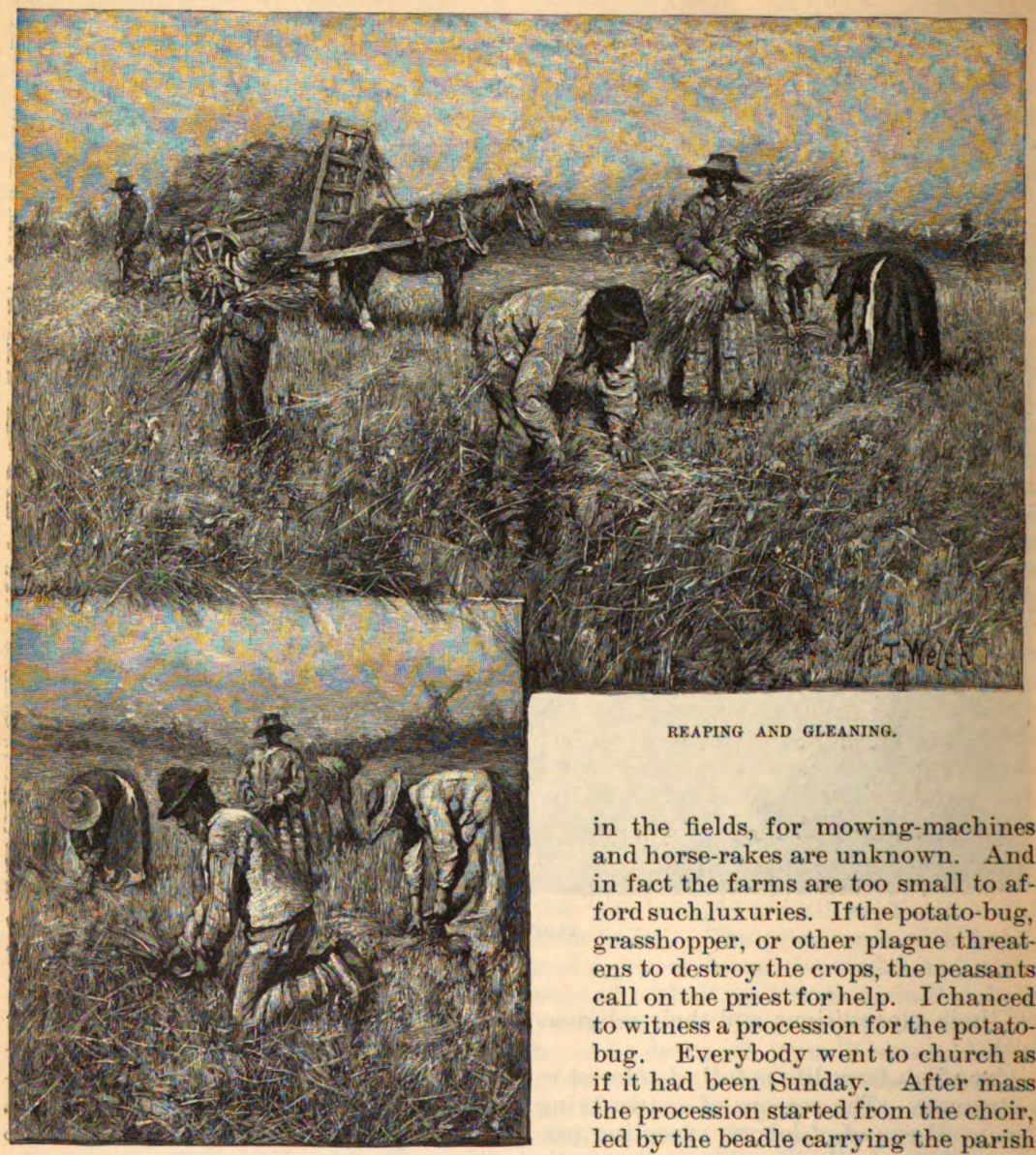
PLOUGHING.

are their superstitions and their religious faith.

Canadian farm life is full of interest to a stranger. The seasons of course bring the usual round of labors, excepting perhaps a few peculiarities due to the arctic winter. But the whole aspect of life is very different from that of our eager and enterprising existence. The people work in the field and the house with the appliances of antiquity; their labors are calculated pretty justly to supply only their wants; so you get here a new sense of the elemental in life—the ultimate of simple necessity. The unambitious peasant works leisurely, and thus acquires the rare dignity of a master of life. He surrounds his labors here with a poetic accompaniment of religious observances, legends, superstitions, and quaint customs. His social existence also is filled with this richness of a mellow civilization. And his character is in harmony with his external existence—simple-minded, ignorant, virtuous, austere, and courteous. Canada is our twin brother in chronology and geography; and yet no other contiguous lands differ more widely. You can scarcely believe yourself in this age when you pass from our luxurious, elaborate, and practical existence to the poor, primitive, and poetic life of Canada. And the poetry of this civilization is all the more rare and real for its unconsciousness. Ploughing begins from the 10th to the 15th of May, and grains are sowed from the 15th to the 25th. The ploughs might have come from some old picture, with their long beam running over the axle of a low cart; and I have seen three yokes of cattle used to plough a stubble field.

The grain would certainly never grow without the favor of Providence; to se-

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REAPING AND GLEANING.

cure this the priest says a special mass on St. Mark's Day. Every peasant brings to church a handful of grain tied up in his pocket-handkerchief; he formerly took the grain in the palm of his hand and held it up while the priest passed along the aisle and cast holy water over the outstretched arms. But now a more expeditious method is followed by blessing all the grain at once in a large urn before the altar. After the benediction each farmer takes a handful of the grain home and mixes it reverently with his seed. Haying comes on from the 20th to the 25th of July; the women and children work then in the fields, for mowing-machines and horse-rakes are unknown. And in fact the farms are too small to afford such luxuries. If the potato-bug, grasshopper, or other plague threatens to destroy the crops, the peasants call on the priest for help. I chanced to witness a procession for the potato-bug. Everybody went to church as if it had been Sunday. After mass the procession started from the choir, led by the beadle carrying the parish banner, then came the cross, with an acolyte on each side bearing a lighted candle, the choristers and chanters in their white surplices, and the priest. When these had left the church the laymen fell in behind them three or four abreast, and then the women. They all carried their prayer-books or their chaplets, and said their prayers as they marched along. The chorus sang the litany of the saints as the procession passed down the road; the priest cast holy water here and there along the way, and after a march of half a mile or more the procession returned and disbanded in the church. Such a procession for the destruction of worms once passed through the garden of a fervent old gen-

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tleman in the parish of St. Roch. As they came to a row of currant bushes he exclaimed, fervently, "Give it to the currant bushes; they're just full!" The whole parish was jubilant at the close of this ceremony in the unshakable conviction that the bugs of the morning were now absolutely destroyed. I asked M. Tremblay, "But have you looked at your vines to see?" "Oh no, sir; it isn't necessary to look; the bugs are all gone." Some days afterward I revived the subject. "Well, now, the bugs were not killed after all; here are thousands of them on your potato vines." "Yes, sir; but these are another lot that the Lord has sent." The priest of one of the Saguenay parishes made a visit to Quebec just after one of these processions for the bugs of the parish, and when I called to see him after his return he was enthusiastic over a purchase he had made; it was a quantity of Paris green, and a bellows for dusting it on his vines.

Harvest brought the women and children to the fields again; and I often went with them to see, not to dream, the scenes of that antique pastoral, Ruth and Boaz. There was a group of genuine peasants that belonged to the patriarchal ages in character and conditions; Ruth would not have been a stranger gleaning with those homespun women in short skirts and broad-brimmed hats. They reap with sickles, some moving along on their knees, others bending low; they lay the grain carefully out to dry; at the proper time they turn it over by handfuls; then the women gather it up in their arms, and lay it across a withe for the binder to bind it in sheaves. Every head is picked up. Here are no hand-rakes, no cradles, no reaping-machines, no "headers" devouring fields and delivering sacks of clean grain. Certainly a loaf of their dark coarse bread has a great deal of humanity kneaded into it. But they work moderately, and singing and joking blend with the hiss of the sickle and the rustle of the grain. When I went into the field of a neighbor one afternoon I found three generations working at the sickle; but this seemed not very surprising, considering the comfortable march of their lives. They all left their work and gathered in a picturesque group sitting with me along the fence; the men lit their pipes, and courteously entertained me for a whole hour, repeating the current traditions and superstitions of the Bay St. Paul. The harvest sometimes closes with a rustic festival, the fête of the Big Sheaf. The last sheaf, made large, is put on top of the last cart-load of grain as an emblem of abundance; the lads and lasses, decorated with heads of grain, walk on each side of the load, and sing some of their national songs on the way to the house.

"According to the usual ceremony (in old times), the master of the house sits in a large arm-chair at the head of the room, and awaits with a joyful and contented air the arrival of his people. These soon come trooping in, led by the eldest son, who carries in one hand a fine sheaf of wheat all decorated with ribbons, and in the other hand a decanter and a glass. He advances to the master of the house, gives him the sheaf, wishes him as good a harvest every year of his life, and pours him out a glass of brandy. The old gentleman thanks him, and drinks off the glass. Then the son goes around the room and serves the company; after which they pass to the next room for supper, composed of mutton, milk, and pancakes with maple sugar. After supper the decanter and glass go their rounds again, and then the young man who presented the sheaf asks his father to sing a song." Songs, dances, and other amusements close the festival.

As this pretty ceremony fell into disuse some years ago, the priest of one of the parishes on the south shore of the St. Lawrence took it under his own patronage, and made it a Church festival by carrying the Big Sheaf into the choir of the church and saying mass over it. But even this duller rite is now seldom witnessed; the farmers pay the priest to say a mass as thanks for the harvest. Thus the grain does not grow without the touch of holy water; when harvested it is brought to the altar; the leaven rises under the invocation of Divine aid; and the loaf is not cut till the sign of the cross is made upon it by the devout habitant. The loaf is, indeed, an epitome of their life. The threshing is generally done with the flail, and the grain is winnowed with the antique fan—a large semicircular tray, with which a man throws the grain up and catches it again and again till the chaff is blown away. Thirty bushels may be cleaned in a day. Some of the farmers have a threshing-machine built in the barn; it is driven by an old-fashioned

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windmill with two long arms at right angles. And yet nobody thinks of putting up a circular saw to cut the wood burned during the long winters. When the grain is finally cleaned, each habitant takes one-twenty-sixth of it to the priest as tithes.

I came upon another antique scene one day in October while walking along the mountain-top west of this valley. The sound of women's voices and of some unusual labor drew me from the road into a maple grove. I found a group of bare-armed women under the trees swingling flax. Their children were playing on the ground; and a thin spiral of smoke rose through the gorgeous foliage into the sunlight. As I drew near they ceased their talking and quieted the dogs that announced me. They returned my salutation pleasantly, and bid me welcome. They had made an open fire-place by building two low walls projecting from the face of a ledge of rock; a few stones in front kept the coals together, and some maple saplings lay across from wall to wall. The women stood about the fire, each beside her swingle-staff. This instrument is like a wooden pocket-knife, about two feet long, with legs supporting it at the height of a table. The flax—which had lain on the ground for a month to soften—is spread over the poles above the fire; when it is heated enough to loosen the fibres from the pith, it is taken by handfuls and drawn across the swingle-staff, under the blade, while this is worked up and down to break the stalks and make them flexible as a bunch of tow. The flax is afterward hatchelled to remove the broken pith and arrange the fibres for spinning. The women soon broke out in merry banter at the fire-tender, for allowing her flax to heat just a little too much; it flamed and disappeared in an instant. I am somewhat surprised at my own reconciliation with industries so antiquated, laborious, and slow, for we generally believe that machinery should take the place of hands. But a spinner or a reaper here does not call for sympathy. And is sympathy of any value where it is not needed? At all events, these people possess one advantage over our more mechanical workmen; their relation to work is direct, intimate, satisfying. They produce directly the very objects they need, not the secondary distant value of money which slips away and leaves want; their work is therefore an intimate part of their own lives, not an insignificant fraction of some other man's ambition; and their efforts satisfy them, because they do not go beyond their necessities. As I left the grove, resplendent with autumn colors and sunshine, it was musical with the merriment of those contented women. They were incapable of appreciating their happiness in a life of objective realities, but they beat that flax with a willing arm in thinking of the good white linen that was to go on to their own backs.

The household labors go on at all seasons. Indeed, the Canadian women seem to merit their reputation of being smarter than the men. Certainly their productions are at least as necessary as those of the men. The women of this house clothe the family by their spinning, weaving, knitting, and sewing. They spend comparatively little time in keeping in order their small bare houses, or in attending to social duties; they waste no time in making adornments, or in intellectual pursuits; their tables are soon cleared of the spoons and the one dish containing the food; their plain monotonous fare is soon cooked. Pea soup, milk, and sour bread are the diet of the average farmer, though a few use salt pork, perhaps a cup of tea on Sunday morning, a very few vegetables in summer, and fresh meats in winter. Thus the expenses of the farm and the family are very small. The man, his wife, and his children generally do all the work of all kinds. If help is hired, the wages are low: $20 to $25 per year for a woman, and $80 to $100 for a man. On the Ile aux Coudres in the bay, where life is still more patriarchal, wages in harvest time are twenty cents a day for women and twenty-five cents for men. The tools are very plain and cheap. All the teaming is done with one-horse carts. The common road cart—with wooden springs—costs $15; the fashionable buckboard, $40. In lounging about the wheelwright's shop in the upper part of the village I noticed that even his kit of tools—ancient and clumsy—would scarcely satisfy one of our jacks-of-all-trades on a farm. And his work was rough and heavy. A merchant of the village told me that all the outlays of a prosperous farmer here may be estimated at $100 per year—for tithes, taxes, repairs, groceries, etc. A very few of them make a profit of $100 to $200 per year, which they often store away in a

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chest, or use in part to pay the schooling of a son who wishes to take his share of the estate in getting an education. He says, moreover, that the yearly purchases of some families who live in contentment and independence are fairly represented by this list, viz., one pound of tea, two pounds of chocolate, two gallons of syrup, and fifty cents' worth of raisins, almonds, etc. Whatever else they may need they make or acquire of each other by barter. At Rivière Ouelle, on the more luxurious south shore of the St. Lawrence, I was told that the family of a wealthy farmer, of eight to ten members, spends about $400 per year for expenses of all kinds, including the hire of two men and a woman, and schooling at convents and common schools; and they require also about 100 bushels of wheat, 500 bushels of oats, 45,000 pounds of hay, five cart-loads of salt-hay and straw. But the average expenditure of comfortable families there is not above $150. It is evident that economy of the strictest kind is necessary. Some striking examples are told me. An old servant of one of my friends was bred to such careful habits that she wears out her calico robes without ever washing them, and yet she is considered to be neat and clean. Her parents had sixteen children, and they raised their entire family on one paper of pins and one catechism. Thorns were used, and other pins left at the house



SWINGLING FLAX.

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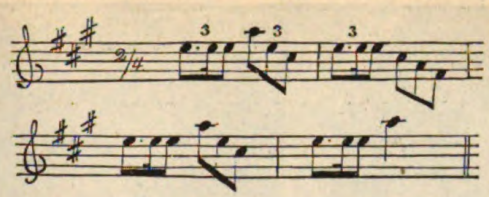
DRESSING FLAX.

by visitors; and the catechism, after all, was clean enough to be sold for a sum that was important though small. In those times "the ancient habitants spent a sou with more reluctance than their descendants now spend a louis. Although they were generally rich, yet they ignored luxury; the productions of their farms supplied all their wants. A rich habitant, doing the generous for once, would buy for his daughter a trousseau consisting of a calico robe, a pair of cotton stockings, and a pair of shoes, all from a store; and this toilette often descended to the grandchildren of the bride." With such frugality it is not surprising that the Canadians are generally self-supporting and independent. But they have also the complement of this excessive virtue—a lack of enterprise that keeps them poor. Their very small farms, badly tilled, rarely produce more than subsistence enough for the long winters. The horses are well kept, being the pride of the habitant; but the cattle, fed on straw alone, and kept in small, close stables never cleaned out, or cleaned but once a week, barely live through the winter, and very often are too feeble to get up in the spring without help. The little money circulating in the country comes mostly from the lumbering establishments, and many of the farmers work at the lumber camps in winter. The markets of Quebec offer a quaint study of the habitant's financial condition. I have often sauntered through them in summer and in winter, wondering all the time whether I had gone back again to my rambles in France. At the Porte Saint-Jean on a winter market-day the place is covered with small box-sleighs backed up to the walks. Here and there frozen carcasses of mutton and pork stand up against the sleighs, a row of cod-fish stand on their heads along the wall, and quarters of light beef lie about on the snow. But generally the provisions and goods are in much smaller quantities. The market is a quaint assemblage of odd bits of produce and manufactures that can be spared from the farmer's barn and house. A few vegetables, some butter, socks, homespun cloth, fowls, or game from the woods, are collected from time to time, and the wife, or sometimes the husband, drives off to Quebec with them. The whole cargo may not be worth more than three dollars, and the distance may be fifty or even one hundred miles. But the trip costs little, and there is a balance of profit.

The date of my departure arrived only too soon, for I was sorry to leave the kind family who had extended their hospitality, beyond mere food and shelter, to include every pleasure and favor within their reach. They all came down to the beach, and as I paddled away wished me "bon voyage."

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THE last bars of the cavalry reveille aroused me, and I sat up, rubbing my eyes and gathering my straggling wits. Again, right under my window, I heard the music, and being now thoroughly awakened, I sprang out of bed. I was in a room over the stables of a tavern in a small town in Normandy, where I had joined the troops the night before, with the intention of accompanying them during the autumn manœuvres, when the French army takes the field, each corps in territory assigned to it, there to prepare the troops by practice in the details of a campaign for the more serious business of real warfare.

The day was just dawning in a wet gray sky as I dressed myself and looked from my window on the court of the tavern, a long square paved inclosure, bounded on three sides by irregular two-storied buildings of brick and stone, while on the fourth side a huge archway under an ancient tower permitted a glimpse across a street to an orchard beyond. In the lower stories were the tap-room, kitchen, stables, etc.; the sleeping-rooms were above, opening on wooden galleries, wet with the dripping of the rain from the overhanging eaves of the tiled and moss-grown roofs.

Under a shed in one corner of the yard some cavalry soldiers—chasseurs-à-cheval—who had been quartered here overnight, had already lighted a fire, and the bugler, lounging near them, his great-coat hanging from his shoulders in heavy folds, his bugle over his arm, and his shako pulled down over his eyes, listlessly chewed a bit of straw, as, hands buried in the pockets of his wide leather-bordered trousers, he watched his comrades in their preparations for breakfast. One or two sleepy soldiers, yawning and stretching their limbs, the litter and straw still clinging to their hair and clothing, appeared at the doors of the stables, or shambled off about some early duty, dragging their hobnailed boots over the stones, oblivious of an occasional puddle, while the stable guard stood under the archway, in relief against the wet road and gray trees of the orchard, where the smoke of some other early fires mingled with the mist of the falling rain.

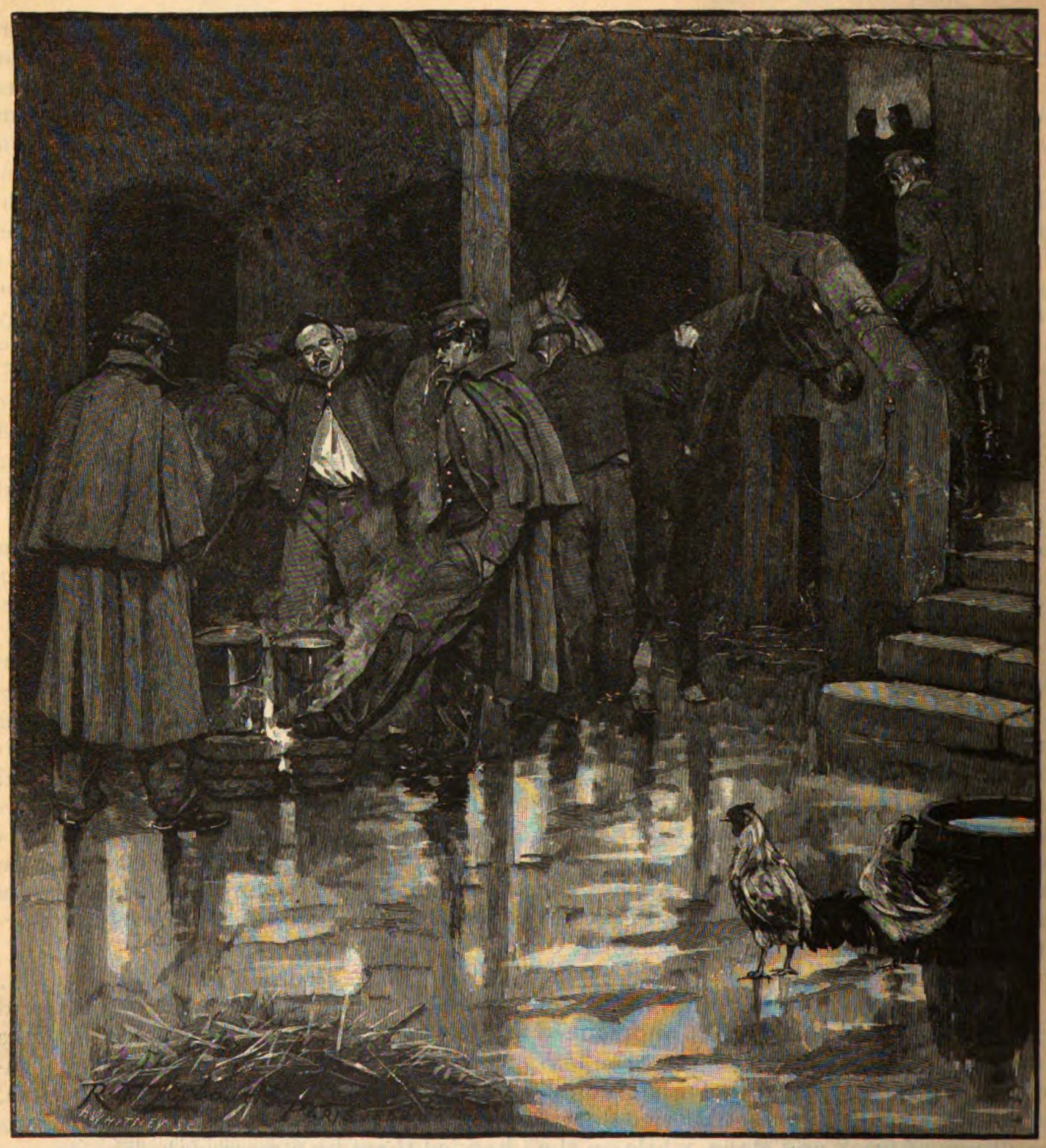
Gradually the light increased, silvering the roof-tops and casting long reflections of the old buildings in the now bright surface of the pavement.

A smart sergeant clattered through the archway, and his authoritative voice was immediately heard, putting something like life into the sleepy soldiers, and evidently reminding the bugler that he had something else to do than to toast his toes at the fire, for, drawing his hands from his pockets and dropping his bit of straw, he assumed a wide-awake look, strode across the court, and disappeared through a doorway.

The others also showed some alacrity, and began leading out their horses and grooming them, hissing at their work like so many serpents, and pausing occasionally to swallow a cup of hot coffee which, with an enormous piece of bread, was handed them by a comrade. The door of a bedroom opposite mine opened, and an officer in shirt sleeves and slippers, and wiping his hands on a towel, leaned over the railing of the gallery and called to his servant for his boots.

The horses were standing in long lines under the sheds, saddles and equipments were being put on, and sabres were clanking as the soldiers moved about, when I descended to the coffee-room, which I found already filled with officers of the staff. They were coming and going, or sitting at the tables drinking their coffee and smoking their morning cigarettes. All rose as the general, a handsome old soldier clad in the tasteful fatigue uniform of a general of division, entered the

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A CORNER OF THE INN YARD—EARLY MORNING.

room, and raising his gold-laced fatigue cap in recognition of the salute, and with a hearty "Bonjour, messieurs," led the way through the door to the yard, where the horses were now in readiness, the cavalry escort drawn up behind, the men, shakos strapped under their chins, great-coats on, carbines slung over their shoulders, sitting motionless on their horses. The staff mounted, and, the general at the head, moved out through the archway and rode up the village street, which was already filled with troops from end to end.

Six o'clock struck from the tower of the old Norman church when the head of the infantry column, a battalion of chasseurs-à-pied, the picked light-infantry of the French army, crossed the market-place, their bugles sounding a march. They moved with astonishing rapidity with the quick, short step peculiar to these troops, and were followed close on their heels by column after column of troops of the line in heavy marching order, and in their ungraceful fatigue uniform. The long skirts of their great-coats were folded back from their legs, clad in the regulation scarlet trousers and leather gaiters. Their knap-

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sacks, some with short-handled pick and shovel, others with cooking utensils blackened by recent contact with fire, others again with huge loaves of bread fastened to them, were strapped tightly on their backs, their canvas haversacks, filled with the day's rations, swung at their sides, and their rifles hung loosely over their shoulders. It was heavy marching order indeed, the baggage of the French infantryman weighing twenty-eight kilograms



THE MARCH IN THE RAIN.

(about sixty-eight pounds English), exclusive of their ammunition, of which each man carries ninety cartridges.

The rain was falling in torrents as we passed out of the town and struck the "Route de Paris," the broad national highway running from the coast towns to the capital, and the order to march at ease was passed down the column. The ranks opened out a little, rifles were shifted, pipes lighted, and breaking into a song, the troops tramped gayly forward through the mud and mire, to the admiration and astonishment of the inmates of the occasional farm-houses we passed. At one farm a number of youngsters had rushed out of the houses and stood by the roadside, gazing with wide-opened eyes at the unusual sight. All had a slice of bread and bowl of soup in either hand, which they steadily continued to dispose of, stopping now and then only long enough to grin at the chaff of the soldiers. The women looked on admiringly, and one vivacious lady wondered loudly why there was no music, while one of the farm hands, in his quality of old soldier, explained that, "en campagne," troops dispense with much of the fuss and feathers of the "piping times of peace."

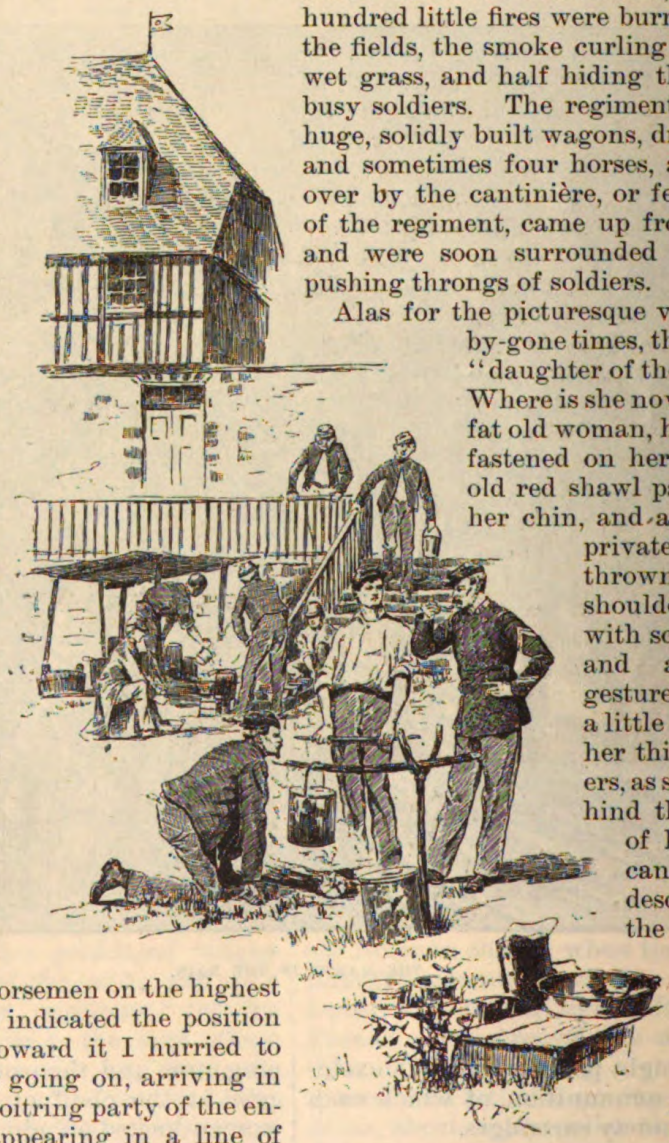
I had some acquaintances among the

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officers, and as we marched, they described the plan of the manœuvres to me. The enemy, represented by a body of troops about equal in number to our own, were supposed to have landed on the coast, and to be threatening two important commercial and manufacturing towns of France. Our objective point was Yvetot, on the line of the railway between Havre and Rouen, and we expected to meet them near there, their head-quarters being that day probably at a place called Bolbec, situated a few kilometers from the town we were then marching on.

We had been on the road four or five hours when suddenly we heard a shot, followed immediately by several others, directly in our front, and the column came to a halt. We saw some movement up the road, where it disappeared over the top of a hill, commands were heard, and the troops began to move off to the right and left, and form in column of battalions in the fields. The foremost regiments threw out squads of skirmishers, the men moving at a run up the rising ground in our front. A red and white guidon, fluttering among a group of horsemen on the highest point of the ascent, indicated the position of the staff, and toward it I hurried to ascertain what was going on, arriving in time to see a reconnoitring party of the enemy's cavalry disappearing in a line of woods in the valley below, pursued by a troop of our own. They wore white linen covers to their shakos to distinguish them from our men, and as their line vanished into the shadow of the trees, I could see them turning to give a parting shot or two. Our troopers soon returned, reporting no large body of the enemy in sight, and, as the hour of noon had approached, orders were given to halt where we were.

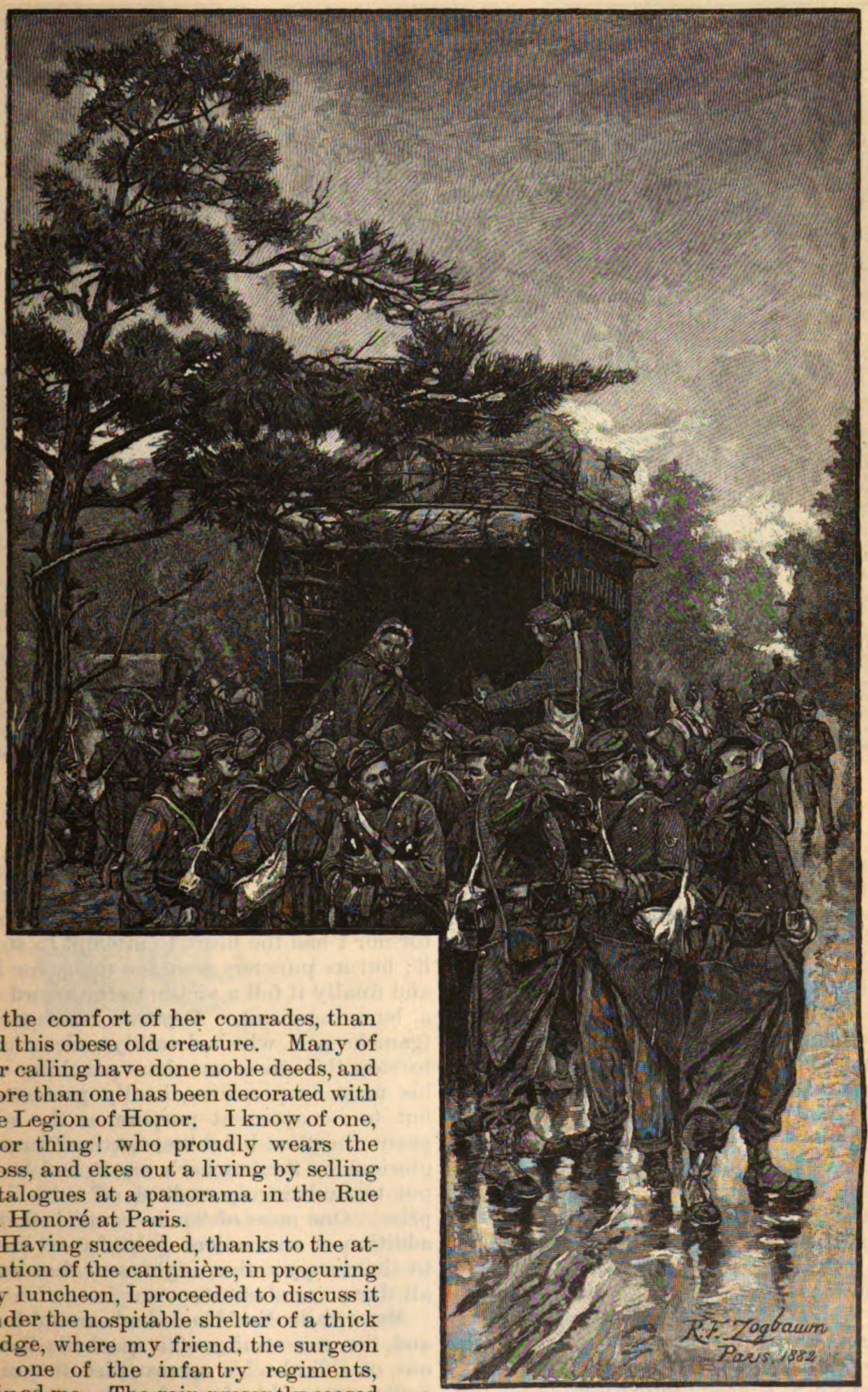
The skirmishers rejoined their regiments, arms were stacked, ranks were broken, and preparations were made for the noonday meal. Wherever the least shelter from the rain could be found the men began to build their fires to make their coffee and heat their soups—hard work at first, for the ground was damp and the rain falling heavily; but as one succeeded, others borrowed the embers, and soon a hundred little fires were burning all over the fields, the smoke curling through the wet grass, and half hiding the groups of busy soldiers. The regimental canteens, huge, solidly built wagons, drawn by two and sometimes four horses, and presided over by the cantinière, or female sutler, of the regiment, came up from the rear, and were soon surrounded by chaffing, pushing throngs of soldiers.



THE COMPANY KITCHEN.

Alas for the picturesque vivandière of by-gone times, the traditional "daughter of the regiment"! Where is she now? Can this fat old woman, her white cap fastened on her head by an old red shawl passing under her chin, and a much-worn private's overcoat thrown over her shoulders, striving with scolding voice and authoritative gestures to maintain a little order among her thirsty customers, as she stands behind the tail-board of her wagon—can she be the descendant of the lace-coated, scarlet-trousered Hebes we have read of in novels and applauded at the opera? Be that as it may, I doubt whether the prettiest vivandière that ever existed—if she ever did exist, and is not wholly a creature of romance—could have been more popular, or have administered more fully

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THE CANTEENS.

to the comfort of her comrades, than did this obese old creature. Many of her calling have done noble deeds, and more than one has been decorated with the Legion of Honor. I know of one, poor thing! who proudly wears the cross, and ekes out a living by selling catalogues at a panorama in the Rue St. Honoré at Paris.

Having succeeded, thanks to the attention of the cantinière, in procuring my luncheon, I proceeded to discuss it under the hospitable shelter of a thick hedge, where my friend, the surgeon of one of the infantry regiments, joined me. The rain presently ceased falling, and an occasional ray of sun-

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THE "BILLET DE LOGEMENT."

shine broke through the clouds. The men, most of them having finished their meal, were scattered about the field, some of them drying their wet clothing at the fires, or lounging wherever they could find a comparatively dry spot to rest in; the officers were smoking and chatting together, and the musicians were assembling preparatory to giving us some music. An occasional aide-de-camp or orderly rode by, and now and then we heard a bugle signal as some non-commissioned officer was summoned or a detail of service was to be attended to.

All at once there was a great commotion among the soldiers over in the fields on the other side of the road—men were running together from all points, shouting and laughing. We saw them kicking at something on the ground, and from our side a shout of "Un lièvre! un lièvre!" went up, as a poor hunted hare broke out from among them and rushed across the road, followed by the whole shouting, falling, kicking crowd. The poor creature ran close by us, and neither the doctor nor I had the heart to attempt to stop it; but its pursuers were too many for it, and finally it fell a victim to the sword of a burly sergeant. A *garde champêtre* (gamekeeper), who had vainly endeavored to stop this unceremonious poaching on his master's preserves, loudly protested, but to no apparent purpose, as the sergeant sheathed his sabre, not made more glorious by the butcher's use it had been put to, and calmly walked off with his prize. One mess of "non-coms" had the addition of a succulent dish of roast hare to their supper that night, and that was all there was about it.

Meanwhile the band had assembled, and the gay strains of a quadrille from one of Offenbach's operas filled the air. Sets were quickly formed, and, in spite of the fatiguing march of the morning and

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the mud and wet, the soldiers all over the fields were dancing and kicking about, gay, good-humored, and frolicking, dancing with a vim and enjoyment such as only Frenchmen can exhibit. An hour passed amid such scenes, when the bugles sounded. The men instantly fell in behind the stacks, knapsacks were slung, the piles of arms broken, and immediately the utmost order and quiet reigned where less than a minute before everything had been confusion. The column moved into the road, and we were again tramping through the mire toward Yvetot. An hour or two of marching brought us to a little village, a suburb of the town, where the advance of the infantry, which I had been accompanying, halted, and I took leave of them, pushing forward alone in search of quarters for the night. The way led through a long ugly street, bordered with unsightly trees and small detached houses. I passed an occasional cavalryman sitting on his horse at a street corner—for our cavalry, moving ahead of us, had already occupied the town—and in a few minutes reached the door of a comfortable hotel, where I was fortunate enough to find a room.

It was not long, however, before the troops followed, and the air was full of the music of their bands as regiment after regiment arrived and was dismissed. The troops were billeted on the inhabitants, and the streets were crowded with soldiers in groups of two or three together, their paper billets in their hands, seeking their quarters, which were easily found, as the quartermasters had been in the town in advance, and on every door-post was chalked the number of the company and regiment, and of the men who were to be quartered in the house. This is considered by no means a hardship by the inhabitants, and the soldiers were hospitably received. Military and civil life in France are closely allied, and nearly every one of the people has some relative, a son, a brother, a husband, in the army, for, as is generally known, service for a time in the land or naval forces of France is compulsory to every citizen, no matter what his position in civil life may be, and so all realize that at some time their loved ones will be cared for in the same manner in some other part of the land; therefore, as a rule, they give what they can, cheerfully and even gladly, making of the arrival of their soldier guests in their midst a sort of little fête. Place is made for them everywhere, carts and horses are unceremoniously put aside to accommodate the cav-



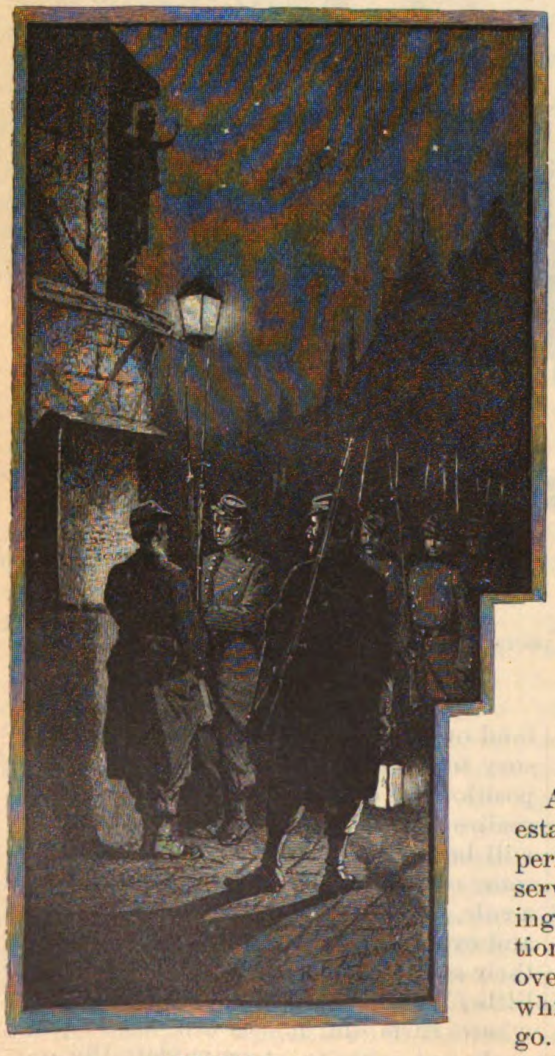
AT THE DOCTOR'S.

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alry and artillery, and usually peaceful stable and barn yards are speedily converted into impromptu barrack grounds.

The infantry had nearly all arrived, when the rumbling of heavy wheels, the clatter of iron hoofs on the paved streets, and the cracking of whips announced the approach of the artillery. Twenty-four pieces, with a like number of caissons, and the necessary wagons and forges for four batteries, the horses and guns covered with mud, the men tired and wet, wheeled up the street in front of the hotel, and went into park on the market-place.

Here all was life and commotion. The guard had been told off, and occupied the Town-hall; the men for this duty were already lying on the benches under the arches of the building, while the sentry stood outside in front of the row of stacks, up to his ankles in a heap of straw to keep his feet out of the mud. At one end of the house the surgeons' offices and ambulances were established. The wagons were backed up against the walls, and the ambulance tenders, hospital stewards, etc., were moving about on various errands. Through the open doorway I could see the doctor, with his assistants, examining the invalids, there being naturally a few cases of sickness among such a large number of men. There were not many, however, and the cases seemed to be light ones, for the doctor soon left, and a younger surgeon remained in charge. Under the market sheds on the opposite side of the place the rations of fresh meat were being distributed, the details taking it away in huge canvas bags, preparatory to converting it into soup. In the court-yards and gardens numerous fires were going, men of the infantry were cleaning their arms and accoutrements, cavalry and artillery men in linen jackets and overalls were taking the mud off their harness and horses. Forage for the latter was being dealt out from the wagons, the men staggering off toward the temporary stables with enormous bundles of hay or sacks of oats on their heads. Towns-people and peasants from the surrounding country were mingled with the troops, and a brisk trade in butter, eggs, poultry, and like delicacies was rapidly developed.



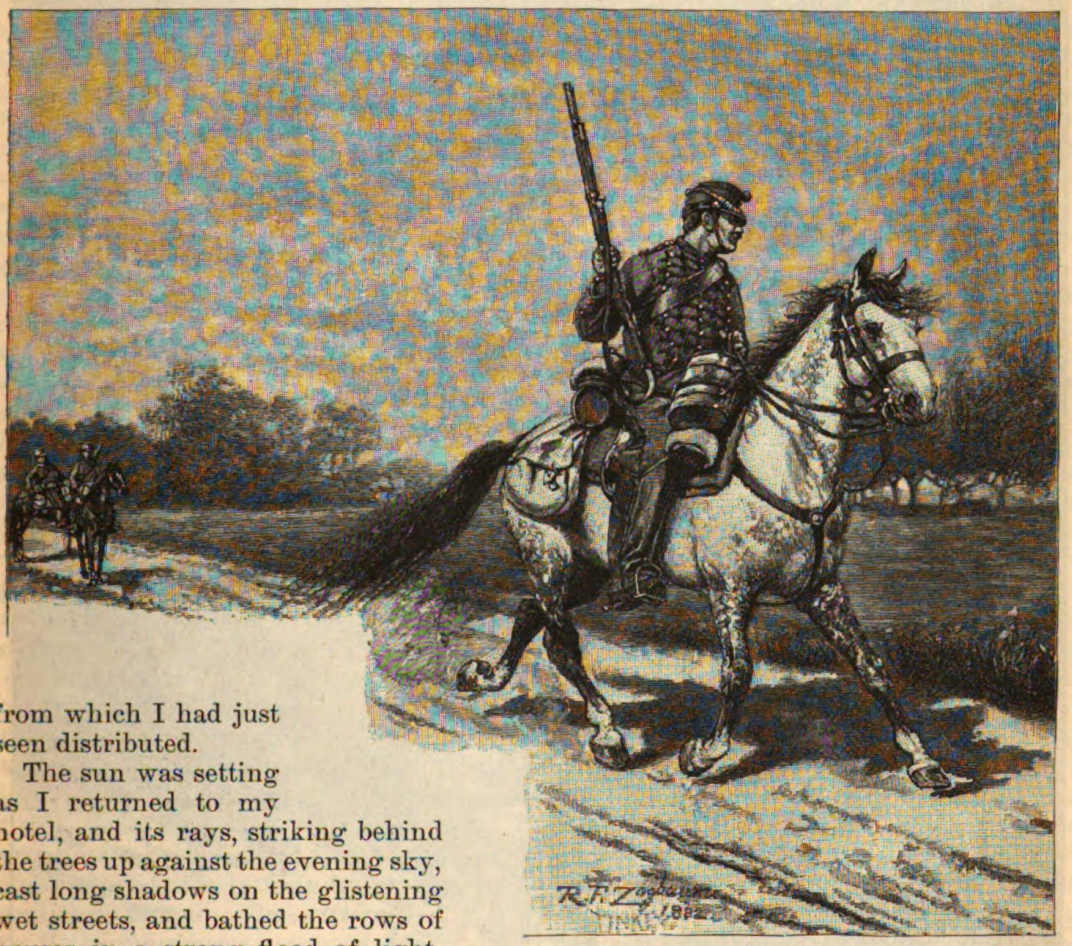
THE PATROL.

As I left the market-place and crossed the main street on my way to the railway station, a company of troops under arms passed by. It was the detail for the grand guard and for the pickets, for now we were near the enemy, and the same precautions were taken as in actual warfare. Poor fellows, they did not look particularly cheerful at the prospect of spending the night in the open country while their comrades had such a comfortable billet as Yvetot.

At the railway station the commissaries had established their head-quarters. This duty is performed by a special corps in the French service, having their own officers and training. Here the bakeries were in full operation. The bread is baked in cylindrical iron ovens, mounted on four-wheeled carriages, which accompany the troops wherever they go. The flour in this case had been brought to them by the railway, and the bakers were

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kneading the dough under some tents that had been pitched by the side of the track. A number of cattle were herded near, under the charge of some soldiers of the subsistence department, and some had been slaughtered but a short time ago, the meat from which I had just seen distributed.



THE SCOUT.

The sun was setting as I returned to my hotel, and its rays, striking behind the trees up against the evening sky, cast long shadows on the glistening wet streets, and bathed the rows of houses in a strong flood of light. Relieving dark against their white walls were lines of troops, their forms reflected in the wet mud, standing silently and almost motionless, save for the quick movements of the manual of arms as their officers passed along their lines inspecting their pieces and accoutrements. The roll was called, the ranks were broken, and the labor of the soldiers, excepting those detailed for special duties, was over for the day.

Then, as the evening advanced, the cafés filled, the click of billiard balls or the rattle of dominoes on the wooden tables, an occasional song or shout of laughter, were heard. Some of the soldiers were to be seen at the doors of their billets playing with the children, chatting with madame, or smoking an evening pipe with monsieur. There was no tattoo that night, for it is against regulations to make more noise than absolutely necessary when near the enemy. The patrol goes round, the last party of merry-makers is turned out of the cafés, and by half past nine the tired soldiers, from the general down to the lowest teamster, are all in their quarters.

Several days passed. We had frequent encounters with the enemy, and many interesting events took place. The day after our arrival at Yvetot was one of comparative quiet, and was passed by both parties in tactical formations and reconnoissances. On the following morning we attacked our opponents, but were repulsed, falling back upon Yvetot, and occupying a strong position on the line of hills in front of that town, where we in turn were attacked. This time, however, we had the pleasure of not only repulsing

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THE ATTACK.

our antagonists, but of pursuing them, and taking possession of their lines of the day before, they retreating across the railway, and making a retrograde movement toward the north of their former position. Here we again took the offensive, and again they retreated, but checked us once more a day or two afterward.

As I had not been able to find accommodations in the little hamlets occupied by my friends, I took leave of them for the nonce one evening, and took up my quarters in a more important town within the lines of the opposing forces, where I passed the night.

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Bright and early the next morning I was up and ready for my modest share of the day's work. Although it was but a few minutes after five o'clock when I passed into the village street, not a soldier was to be seen, nor was there the slightest indication that when I went to bed the night before there had been three or four thousand infantry and half a regiment of artillery in the town. One early riser, a peasant, of whom I inquired, informed me that the troops had left before sunrise almost without a sound, and had gone up the highway back of the town, where, after a few minutes' walk and with the aid of my glass, I discovered their line, their numbers greatly increased by the arrival of numerous other detachments from the adjacent villages, extended for some distance on some hills that ran nearly due east and west of the road. They were strongly posted, their infantry occupying two villages and all the outlying farms, and their artillery massed on their right and left. With my glass I could distinctly make out their guns in battery, and the white shakos of their advanced cavalry pickets.

Knowing my friends would soon be on the move, I walked back through the village to meet them. I had not long to wait, for as I scanned the edge of the forest I soon saw one or two dark objects, which I made out to be horsemen, moving out of the shadow of the trees into the fields, while simultaneously a group of a dozen or more appeared on the highway. They moved slowly forward a little way, and then halted. One or two trotted off to little eminences, stopped for a moment, and then returned to the squad still standing in the road. Then one horseman detached himself from the group, and came galloping toward me, while the others moved slowly along at a walk, those whom I had seen emerging from the woods into the fields, and whose line had since been lengthened by the arrival of others, keeping pace with them.

I watched the rider as he came up the road, his half-Arab horse moving with easy strides. As they approached, the gallop subsided into a trot, and the man, rising in his stirrups, peered over the hedges into the yards and orchards at his sides, and I knew him for one of the soldiers of a troop of chasseurs-à-cheval the officers of which had been most kind and polite in their behavior toward me.

Then a small body of the enemy's cavalry trotted out from behind a little farmhouse. The soldier wheeled his horse, and giving it the spurs, dashed off to rejoin his comrades, who had evidently also perceived the others, for they again halted, and one of them galloped back toward some squads of infantry that had also debouched from the woods. These latter formed a line of skirmishers on the run, and advanced across the fields until within about a thousand feet of the enemy's troopers, who, not waiting to receive their fire, turned their horses, and slowly disappeared behind the town.

Again the chasseurs advanced, at first cautiously and then more boldly, until they reached the first houses, where the young lieutenant in command halted his troops, and sent half a dozen of his men scurrying round the edges of the town on both sides. They returned in a minute or two, reporting the place evidently unoccupied and the way clear. Meanwhile we heard desultory firing over on our right and beyond our position, so pushed up the main street and out on the road to the point where I had first seen the enemy's line. My friends the chasseurs had not arrived a moment too soon, for not a hundred yards from us, crossing a wide field of turnips, we saw a number of the enemy's infantry advancing as skirmishers, with the evident intention of occupying a row of hedges and earthen walls which skirted the road, and from there delay the progress of our troops through the town. Our infantry, however, were right on our heels, and quickly seizing the hedges, at once opened fire. The enemy replied sharply, but fell back toward their main line, taking a position about half-way between it and us, and in front of a large farm surrounded by high walls and deep ditches.

The firing on our right had gradually increased, and developed into a sharp skirmish fire. We could see the enemy's first line of skirmishers slowly falling back, kneeling to load and deliver their fire, and then retreating a short distance to repeat the same manœuvre. As the houses masked the view of the approach of our troops, I made my way toward our right by a road that ran along the edge of the grounds of a fine old château, the inmates of which, ladies, children, and all, were perched on the walls of the garden enjoying the novel sight.

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THE STAFF.

From a hill near by I had a full view of the field of battle. To my rear and almost at my feet lay the town, with the highway stretching back southward into the country, while to my right were open fields, crossed here and there by roads and dotted with clumps of trees and detached farms. In front, and a little to my left, were the lines of the enemy and the large farm just mentioned, and which, I could now see, was filled with troops, lining the walls inside and lying in the ditches. Wherever there was a gate or an opening they had thrown up breastworks or dug rifle-pits to protect themselves, and I could see the white caps shining in the sunlight as the owners peered over the little mounds of fresh earth.

The plain on my right was covered by our troops, infantry and artillery, all advancing by different roads, and beginning to extend their lines across the fields. I saw our skirmishers moving forward rapidly, and already up to the hill on which I stood, and which was also occupied by the staff.

As the masses of infantry began to show themselves from behind the houses of the town, a heavy distant boom, followed quickly by another and another, showed that they had been perceived by the enemy, as his artillery opened on them. But our men were not long in replying, and the earth shook as three six-gun batteries came rushing up the hill. The drivers cracking their whips as they leaned forward, urging on their powerful horses, straining and pulling as the heavy wheels sank in the soft earth, the officers waving their sabres and shouting their commands, bugles sounding, the scarlet guidons flying in the midst of the clouds of dust, the glints of light on the shining tires of the wheels, the rush of air as these, the most terrible engines of modern warfare, went tearing past me, presented a most stirring and exciting episode. They reached the top of the hill, unlimbered and went into

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battery, and quick as thought, almost before the guns touched the ground, the thunder of their answer burst forth. Through the thick, steam-like powder smoke that now enveloped the whole mass I could see the figures of the cannoneers working like shadowy demons, and now and then the silhouette of a gun as it was run forward after the recoil, to again burst out in angry fire, blazing like lightning in the sulphurous vapor.

Our skirmishers crossed the road and directed their fire on the defenders of the farm. At first these replied slowly, but the supporting lines of our troops coming up, a continuous discharge of small-arms was opened on them, and the walls and ditches, the rifle-pits, seemed to be ablaze. Heavier and heavier grew the fire from our side as line after line moved forward, increasing the number of the attacking force until the fields in front of the farm were alive with men. Kneeling to fire, and taking advantage of every little break in the ground, every heap of earth, every tree and bush, they had finally pushed up close to the farm, when their bugles sounded a charge, and rushing forward with a shout, they swarmed over the ditches and walls and crowded into the inclosure, the enemy's soldiers as rapidly retreating, but keeping up a sharp fire as they pursued their way toward their main line.

Here, so far, all had been quiet, save from the batteries on their left, and only the white caps of their strong skirmish line, dotting the rising ground in front of the villages, were to be seen, their main body being hid by the houses and trees.

At this moment the artillery over on their right opened fire, as our left wing, that had been forming under cover of the town, showed itself on the plain. Sharp skirmishing followed, increasing in volume as it rolled toward our right, blazing out from the farm just taken, and flashing all along the enemy's line, as our whole force began to advance, preceded by lines of skirmishers and bristling with a fringe of spouting flame and smoke. The roar of musketry became deafening, and the fire of the enemy grew hotter and hotter, as the masses of the attacking forces poured in volley after volley in heavy crashes, until the dense clouds of smoke curled up among the distant trees and almost hid the landscape from view. It was a grand sight, and in the excitement of the moment one forgot that the stirring spectacle was but an imitation of the terrible realities of war.

It was now nearly noon, and as the opposing lines approached one another the old general turned toward his aides, and in another moment half a dozen of them were flying down the hill at the top of their horses' speed, and disappeared in the smoke in the fields below. Simultaneously a hundred bugles sounded the order to cease firing, and the din subsided as if by magic.

There was a short pause. Slowly the smoke lifted and cleared away, the music of a dozen bands mingled in melodious confusion, the soldiers gave cheer after cheer as the columns of friend and foe moved off the field, and the "Grand Manœuvres" were over.

A TOWN GARDEN.

See Frontispiece.

A PLOT of ground—the merest scrap—
  Deep, like a dry, forgotten well,
A garden caught in a brick-built trap,
  Where men make money, buy and sell;
And struggling through the stagnant haze,
  Dim flowers, with sapless leaf and stem,
Look up with something of the gaze
  That homesick eyes have cast on them.

There is a rose against the wall,
  With scanty, smoke-incrusted leaves;
Fair showers on happier roses fall—
  On this, foul droppings from the eaves.
It pines, but you need hardly note;
  It dies by inches in the gloom;
Shoots in the spring-time, as if by rote;
  Long has forgotten to dream of bloom.

The poorest blossom, and it were classed
  With color and name—but never a flower!
It blooms with the roses whose bloom is past,
  Of every hue, and place, and hour.
They live before me as I look—
  The damask buds that breathe and glow,
Pink wild roses, down by a brook,
  Lavish clusters of airy snow.

Could one transplant you—(far on high
  A murky sunset lights the tiles)—
And set you 'neath the arching sky,
  In the green country, many miles,
Would you strike deep and suck up strength,
  Washed with rain and hung with pearls,
Cling to the trellis, a leafy length,
  Sweet with blossom for June and girls?

Yet no! Who needs you in those bowers?
  Who prizes gifts that all can give?
Bestow your life instead of flowers,
  And slowly die that dreams may live.
Prisoned and perishing, your dole
  Of lingering leaves shall not be vain—
Worthy to wreathe the hemlock bowl,
  Or twine about the cross of pain!

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"THE PRIEST WAS STANDING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF BROOKE."—[SEE PAGE 413.]

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH BROOKE AND TALBOT EXCHANGE CONFIDENCES.

AFTER some time Brooke grew calmer.

"And now," said Talbot, "tell me all that took place between you and this officer, for I have not understood."

Brooke told her all.

"And why can't you do what he asks?" said Talbot, in surprise. "Why can't you take them to that castle? You were there, and when there you say you recognized the Carlist chief himself, the very man who stopped the train. He must have the English prisoners there. Do you mean to say that you will not help those poor captives?"

"I can not," said Brooke.

"Can not?"

"Look here, Talbot. I've thought it all over and over, and I can not. Honor forbids. Let me explain. You see, while wandering about here, I have frequently fallen into the hands of either party, and have often been in as great danger as now, yet I have always escaped. More than this, I have papers from the leading men of both sides, which testify to my character. I am therefore in honor bound never, under any circumstances, to betray one party to the other, and that, too, no matter what my own feelings may be. I came here as a neutral, a stranger, a correspondent, to get information for the distant American public. That is my business here. But the moment I begin to betray one of these parties to the other in any shape or way, the moment I communicate to others the information which I may have gained in confidence, that moment I become an infernal scoundrel."

"True, Brooke, very true," said Talbot; "but don't you see how different this thing is? Here is a party of travellers captured by brigands, and held to ransom. You are merely asked to show the way to their prison, so that they may be set free by their friends. What betrayal of confidence is there in this?"

"I say that in any way in which I tell one of these parties about the doings of

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the other, I betray the confidence which has been placed in me."

"And I say, Brooke, that if you leave these English ladies in the hands of merciless villains to languish in captivity, to suffer torment, and perhaps to die a cruel death, you will be guilty of an unpardonable sin—an offense so foul that it will haunt your last hours."

"No woman," said Brooke, "can understand a man's sense of honor."

"Sir," said Talbot, with indescribable haughtiness, "you forget my name. Trust me, sir, no Talbot ever lived who failed one jot or tittle in the extremest demand of honor. I, sir, am a Talbot, and have no need to go to you for information on points of honor."

"Forgive me, Talbot," said Brooke, meekly. "I don't mean what you think. When I spoke of a man's sense of honor, I referred to his life of action, with all its conflict of duty and honor, and all those complicated motives of which a woman in her retirement can know nothing."

"Believe me, Brooke," said Talbot, earnestly, "women who are lookers-on are often better and safer judges than men who are in the midst of action. Trust me, and take my advice in this matter. What! is it possible that you can have the heart to leave these English ladies to a fate of horror among brigands?"

"You put it strongly, Talbot, but that is only a partial view. In brief, you ask me to betray to the enemy a place which I may inform you happens to be one of the cardinal points in the strategy of the Carlist generals. I do not know for certain that the ladies are there; and if they are, I do not believe that they will be badly treated. A ransom will perhaps be exacted, but nothing more. On the whole, I should far rather fall into the hands of the Carlists than the Republicans. The Carlists are generous mountaineers, the peasantry of the north; the Republicans are the communist mobs of the southern cities. I have seen very much of both sides, and think the Carlists better men every way—more chivalrous, more merciful, and more religious. I am not afraid about those prisoners. I feel convinced that when the general hears of their capture he will set them free himself. At any rate, I can not interfere. To do so would be a hideous piece of treachery on my part. Would you wish me to save my life by a dishonorable action?"

"No, Brooke," said Talbot; "and since you feel in this way, I will say no more about it."

Silence now followed. Brooke seated himself on the floor with his back against the wall, and Talbot stood looking at him as he thus sat.

This man, who led a life which required some of the qualities of the hero, had nothing particularly heroic in his outward aspect. He was a man of medium size, and sinewy, well-knit frame. He had keen gray eyes, which noticed everything, and could penetrate to the inner core of things; close-cropped hair, short serviceable beard, of that style which is just now most affected by men of restless energy; a short straight nose, and a general air of masterful self-restraint and self-possession. Not a handsome man, strictly speaking, was our friend Brooke; not by any means a "lady's man"; but he was something better, inasmuch as he was a manly man, one who would be trusted thoroughly and followed blindly by other men, ay, and by women too; for, after all, it is not the lady's man who is appreciated by true women, but the man's man. To such as these the best sort of women delight to do reverence. Add to this Brooke's abrupt manner, rather harsh voice, inconsequential talk, habit of saying one thing while thinking of something totally different, love of drollery, and dry, short laugh, and then you have Brooke complete, who is here described simply because there has not been any very convenient place for describing him before.

Shortly after the examination of the prisoners the greater part of the band had gone away with the captain, and only half a dozen men were left behind on guard. After Brooke had grown tired of his own meditations he wandered toward the window and looked out. Here he stood watching the men below, and studying their faces until he had formed his own conclusion as to the character of each one.

"I'm trying," said he to Talbot, who came near, "to find out which one of these fellows is the most susceptible of bribery and corruption. They're all a hard lot; the trouble is that one watches the other so closely that I can't get a fair chance."

"I wonder where the others have gone," said Talbot.

"Oh, they've gone off to search for the prisoners, of course," said Brooke. "I don't believe they'll find anything about

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them on this road; and as for the castle, they'll be unable to do anything there unless they take cannon."

At length the opportunity arrived for which Brooke had been waiting. The guards had wandered off to a little distance, and only one man was left. He was just below, at the door of the mill. Brooke was glad to see that he was the ugliest of the lot, and the very one whom he had mentally decided upon as being the most corruptible. Upon this man he began to try his arts.

"Good-morning, señor," said he, insinuatingly.

The man looked up in a surly way, and growled back something.

"Do you smoke?" asked Brooke.

The man grinned.

Upon this Brooke flung down a small piece of tobacco, and then began to address himself to further conversation. But alas for his hopes! He had just begun to ask where the others had gone and where the man belonged, when a flash burst forth, and a rifle-ball sang past him through the window just above his head. It was one of the other ruffians who had done this, who at the same time advanced, and with an oath ordered Brooke to hold no communication with the men.

"I may stand at the window and look out, I suppose?" said Brooke, coolly.

"We have orders to allow no communication with the prisoners whatever. If you speak another word you'll get a bullet through you."

Evening came at length, and the darkness deepened. The band were still absent. The men below were perfectly quiet, and seemed to be asleep.

"I have a proposal to make," said Talbot, "which is worth something if you will only do it."

"What is that?"

"I have been thinking about it all day. It is this: take this priest's dress again, and go. The priest, you know, is not a prisoner. He stays voluntarily. He has leave to go whenever he wishes. Now you are the real priest; I am not. I am wearing your dress. Take it back, and go."

"Oh, Talbot! Talbot!" cried Brooke, "how can you have the heart to make such a proposal to me? I have told you that the only thing that moves me is the thought of your danger. Death is nothing to me: I've faced it hundreds of times."

"It is preposterous to talk in that way!" said Talbot, excitedly. "My danger? I deny that there is any danger for me. As an English lady I shall be safe in any event. I'm sorry I ever took this disguise. If you take it back you can go away now in safety. When they find that you have gone, they may perhaps threaten a little, but that is all. They will have nothing against me, and will, no doubt, set me free. This captain seems to be a gentleman, and I should have no fear of him. I believe that after the first explosion he would treat me with respect, and let me go."

"And so you would really let me go?" said Brooke, after a long pause, in a very low voice.

"Gladly, gladly," said Talbot.

"And stay here alone, in a new character, ignorant of the language, to face the return of the mad and furious crowd?"

"Yes."

"They would tear you to pieces," cried Brooke.

"They would not."

"They would."

"Then let them; I can die," said Talbot, calmly.

"And die for me?"

"Yes, rather than let you die for me."

"And you think I am capable of going away?" said Brooke, in a faltering voice.

At this Talbot was utterly silent. Neither spoke a word for a long time.

"Talbot, lad," said Brooke at length, in a gentle voice.

"Well, Brooke?"

"I am glad that I met with you."

"Are you, Brooke?"

"I should like to live," he continued, in a far-off tone, like one soliloquizing, "after having met with you; but if I can not live, I am glad to think that I have known you."

Talbot said nothing to this, and there was another long silence.

"By-the-bye," said Brooke at last, "I should like to tell you something, Talbot, in case you should ever happen to meet with a certain friend of mine—you might mention how you met with me, and so on."

"Yes," said Talbot, in a low voice.

"This friend," said Brooke, "is a girl." He paused.

"Yes," said Talbot, in the same voice.

"It was in Cuba that I met with her. Her name is Dolores."

"Dolores—what?"

"Dolores Garcia."

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"I shall remember the name."

"I was correspondent there, in just such a country as this, between two hostile forces. One evening I came to a place where a gang of insurgent Cubans were engaged in the pleasing task of burning a house. As it happened, I was wearing the dress common to the insurgents, and passed for one of themselves. Pressing into the house, I found two ladies—a young girl and her mother—in an agony of terror, surrounded by a howling crowd of ruffians. In a few words I managed to assure them of my help. I succeeded in personating a Cuban leader and in getting them away. Then I passed through the crowd outside, and getting horses, I hurried the ladies off. Eventually we all reached Havana in safety.

"I learned that an attack had been made on the plantation, that Señor Garcia had been killed, and that, as I came up, the gang were plundering the place and threatening to destroy the women.

"Gratitude had the effect of making this young girl Dolores most devotedly attached to me. In the course of our journey she evinced her affection in a thousand ways. She was very young and very beautiful, and I could not help loving her. I was also deeply moved by her passionate love for me, and so I asked her to be my wife, and she consented. After reaching Havana, Spanish customs did not allow of our seeing much of one another. Shortly afterward I had to return to the seat of war to finish my engagement, and bade her good-by for two or three months. I expected at the end of that time to return to Havana and marry her.

"Well, I went away, and heard nothing more from her. At the end of that time I returned, when, to my amazement, I learned that she had gone to Spain, and found a letter from her which gave me the reason for her departure. I had told her before that I myself was going to Spain in the course of another year, so she expressed a hope of seeing me there. The place to which she was going was Pampeluna. I've already tried to find her there, but in vain. And I mention this to you, Talbot, so that if you should ever by any chance happen to meet her, you may tell her that you saw me, and that I had been hunting after her all through Spain. I dare say it will soothe her, for she must often have wondered why I never came for her."

After the conclusion of this story Talbot asked many questions about Dolores, and the conversation gradually changed, until at length it came round to the cross-questioning of Lopez which Talbot had undergone.

"I have never told you," said she, "about my own errand here in this country; and as this may be our last conversation, I should like very much to tell you all."

Thus this confidence of Brooke's led to a similar act on the part of Talbot, who now related to him her own history. As this has been already set forth from the lips of Harry Rivers, it need not be repeated here. Brooke listened to it in silence. At the close he merely remarked:

"Well, Talbot, we've now made our final confessions. This is our last interview. And I feel sad, not, my lad, at the thought of death, but at the thought of leaving you among these villains. My only thought is, what will become of you?"

"It's strange," said Talbot, in a musing tone, "very strange. All this that I have been telling you seems now removed back to a far, far distant past. It is as though it had all happened in a previous state of existence."

"I dare say," said Brooke. "Oh yes; you see you've been having a precious hard time of it."

"Yes," mused Talbot. "Fear, hope, suspense, shame, grief, despair; then fear, suspense, and despair; then hope and joy, followed again by despair. So it has been, and all in a few days. Brooke, I tell you I am another person altogether from that girl who left her home so short a time ago. Miss Talbot—where is she? I am the lad Talbot—comrade of a brave man—fighting with him for my life, and now with him resting in the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

"Bosh!" said Brooke, in a husky, choking voice. He muttered a few unintelligible words, and then ceased.

"Death is near, Brooke—very near; I feel it."

"Talbot," said Brooke, with something like a groan, "talk of something else."

"Do you think I'll survive you?" asked Talbot, taking no notice of Brooke's words.

Brooke gave a wild laugh.

"You'll have to, my boy—you'll have to."

"I'm your page, your vassal," said she.

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"I'm a Talbot. We've exchanged arms. I've flung away the girl life. I'm a boy—the lad Talbot. We're brothers in arms, for good or evil, Brooke."

Brooke began to whistle, and then murmured some words like these:

"Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati."

"What do you say?" asked Talbot.

"Oh, nothing," said Brooke; "dog-Latin—some rubbish from Horace. Allow me, however, to remark that all this talk about death seems to me to be cursed bad taste."

After this he began to whistle a tune.

Suddenly he held up his hand so as to display the ring.

"Who gave you this?" he asked, carelessly.

"Mr. Rivers," said Talbot, simply. "It was our engagement ring."

Brooke gave his usual short laugh, and subsided into silence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH BROOKE AND TALBOT STAND FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

AT midnight there was a wild clamor outside. The band had returned. The prisoners went to the window, and there, standing side by side, they looked out. Brooke thought that his hour might even now be at hand, and the same fear occurred to Talbot. Neither spoke. So for a long time they stood watching, listening, until at last the sounds died away, all movement ceased, and all was still. The men had gone to rest, and they now knew that there would be a respite until morning. They stood looking out into the night. If a thought of flight had ever occurred to either of them, they could now see that such a thing was impossible. For they were environed with guards; and in the room below and on the grass outside the followers of Lopez lay between them and liberty.

"Brooke," said Talbot, "if you were now alone, I know very well what you would do."

"What?"

"You would draw your revolver, jump down, burst through the midst of these men, and escape. Why not do so now?"

Brooke gave a short laugh.

"Do! Leave me! Fly! They can not blame me if you fight your way through them. Better to die fighting than be shot down helplessly."

"If I did so, they'd take out their vengeance on you."

Talbot seized his hands in a convulsive grasp.

"Oh, Brooke!" she groaned, "can nothing move you? What is life worth to me at such a cost? Oh, Brooke, fly! Leave me. Fight your way out. I will follow you."

"You can not. If you tried you would be sure to be captured. I might escape as you say, but you could not."

"Oh, Brooke, try—fly! Oh, I could kill myself rather than endure this any longer."

"Talbot!" said Brooke, suddenly shaking her off.

"What, Brooke?"

"You're a fool!"

"Yes, Brooke."

"You're a fool!" he repeated, in a voice that sounded like a gasp. "Why will you persist in talking in this way, and blight and shatter all my strength of soul? It's too late, I tell you. I will not. I will not do anything that can expose you to fresh danger; your peril is great enough now, but there is a bare chance for you if nothing happens. When they have got one life they may feel inclined to spare the other."

"Never!" said Talbot. "They shall not. I will not have it."

"You must!" said Brooke, fiercely.

"I tell you I will not!" cried Talbot, in a passionate voice.

At this there was a noise below. Some of the guard had awakened. Brooke drew a long breath, and retreated from the window into the darkness. Talbot went after him.

"Talbot," said Brooke, in a voice that was strangely sweet yet unutterably sad—"Talbot, do you want to break my heart?"

"Brooke," said Talbot, in a low, thrilling tone, "is it *your* heart only, do you think, that is now almost breaking?"

After this there was a deep silence, broken only by their own quick breathing. Brooke felt a hand in his. He caught it in a convulsive grasp; and the two hands clung to each other, and throbbed with the vehement pulsations of two hearts that now beat with intensest feeling.

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"Let me go," wailed Brooke at last, snatching his hand away. He gasped for breath. He retreated farther into the darkness. Talbot stood motionless and trembling. There was silence again for a long time. It was at last broken by Brooke.

"Come, Talbot," he said, with feverish rapidity and a wretched assumption of carelessness, "let's engage in conversation. What shall we talk about? The weather? Or the crops? Or shall we talk politics? By-the-bye, can't you sing something? I tell you what—it isn't fair. You make me do all the singing. But I don't mind. You're a good listener, at any rate. If you like I'll sing a hymn."

And he began, singing through his nose:

"Oh, a maiden she lived in the south countrie,
And a werry fine maid, my boy, was she,
For her hair was as red as red can be;
So off we go to Marymashee.

"And a jolly young cove fell in love with she.
Says he, 'My lass, will you marry me?'
One foot up, and t'other foot down,
And away we travel to London town."

Again there was a sound below. Brooke's song had roused the guard.

Talbot gave a wild start.

"They're coming!" she gasped, in a tone of horror. "They're coming—at last. They won't wait!"

"Pooh!" said Brooke, whose voice by this time had regained its old careless ring; and he whined on:

"Cats don't come at half past eight,
Tap-tap-tapping at the garding gate."

Talbot gave a sigh that sounded like a groan. The sounds below subsided, and all was still once more.

So the night passed.

Morning came.

A man brought up bread and wine; but now there was no thought of eating, even for the sake of saving strength. Neither one spoke, nor did either venture to look at the other.

At length they were summoned outside. Lopez was there, with half a dozen men around him. Farther away were the rest of the men, watching the scene. On the right were a dozen men with rifles. Brooke was as cool as usual. Talbot was calm, but deathly pale.

"Señor Brooke," said Lopez, "I am a man of but few words, and few need now be said. I have given you a long respite—longer than I said. What is your decision? Will you go with us and show us where the Carlists took the English ladies?"

"Señor Captain," said Brooke, calmly, "I am quite unable to give you any information about the ladies. I don't see what I can do."

"Lead us to the place," said Lopez.

Brooke shook his head.

"I can't say any more," said he.

"Very well," said Lopez, quietly. "Then you must die."

"You can certainly kill me, Señor Captain, but what good will that do?"

"Oh, no particular good," said Lopez, "but the law is that spies shall be shot at once, and I merely gave you a chance. You're a brave fellow, and I should like to spare you—that's all."

"Thanks, Señor Captain. And may I make one request?"

"Name it, señor."

"This young priest is free, is he not?"

"Certainly."

"You will suffer him to go without molestation?"

"Certainly."

"He is young, and a stranger in the country. He doesn't know a word of the language, and is in despair about—about me. Would it be possible for him to procure a guide for part of the way, at least to Vitoria, or some nearer railway station?"

"I will furnish him with one," said Lopez, "all the way."

"Thank you, señor," said Brooke.

"Señor," said Lopez, "it pains me deeply to see you rush on to destruction."

"Señor Captain," said Brooke, "you are a man of honor and generosity. I wish I could do what you ask."

Lopez shrugged his shoulders. Then he sighed. Then he took a final look at Brooke. After this he motioned to two of his men. These two came forward and led Brooke to a place opposite the file of armed men. One of the men offered to bind his eyes, but Brooke motioned him away.

"I don't want it," said he.

As he said this, Talbot came up and stood by his side. Lopez walked down toward the file of men and stood at a point on one side, half-way between the condemned and the soldiers.

"Talbot," said Brooke, in a low voice, "go away."

"Brooke," said Talbot, "will you not live?"

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"What! in dishonor?"

"Oh, my God!" groaned Talbot. "What shall I do? He will die—and I've killed him!"

"Talbot," said Brooke, in a husky and unsteady voice, "go away. You'll make me die two deaths. You are safe. Lopez has promised to send a guide with you to Vitoria."

"A guide?" said Talbot, in a strange voice.

"Think of me—sometimes," stammered Brooke.

Talbot turned and looked at him. Brooke saw the look and all that was conveyed in it, and then obstinately shut his eyes.

Lopez now turned to see if the two friends had said their last say. He saw a singular sight. The "priest" was standing directly in front of Brooke and facing the file of soldiers. At that moment also Brooke opened his eyes again, and saw Talbot in front of him.

He stepped forward and seized her arm.

"Oh, Talbot! oh, Talbot!" he groaned. "This is worse than death. Why will you torment me?"

Talbot shook him off. Brooke threw a despairing look at the captain, and shrank back. Talbot folded her arms and stood in front of him.

Had she only been able to speak Spanish she would have told them all—how this man had run into danger on her account, how he was now dying through her, how she was resolved to die either for him or with him. She would have told them all that, but that would not have revealed the half of all the eloquent story which stood unfolded in her attitude and in her face.

She stood erect, her arms folded on her breast, facing thus the file of soldiers. Her look, however, was as though she saw them not. Her eyes were turned toward them, yet their gaze was fixed on vacancy. She thus showed her face—looking thus with steadfast eyes—a calm face, serene, tranquil, white as marble, and as motionless.

At such an astonishing and unexpected spectacle the very soldiers gazed in awe. Hardened as they were, there was something in Talbot's determined self-sacrifice and in Brooke's manifest anguish of soul which overcame them all, and hushed them all alike into wonder and silence. All eyes were fixed on the two who thus stood before the file of soldiers. At length there arose murmurs—strange murmurs indeed to come from such men, for they indicated pity and compassion.

Upon Lopez the effect of all this was overwhelming. He had seen it from the beginning. He saw the face of Talbot, the agony of Brooke. At first there was only wonder in his looks, then came profound agitation. His sword dropped from his hand. He turned away. Now, as he thus turned away, had he encountered fierce, cruel, blood-thirsty faces, he might have come back to his first resolve, and recovered from the emotion which was unmanning him; but the faces of his men were full of pity and of wonder. His fierce followers were themselves overcome, and thus the agitation of Lopez was heightened.

"I am a soldier," he cried; "I am not a bandit. I am not a cut-throat. It's all very well for us to kill our enemies in battle, but, my lads, to kill people in this way is butchery, and if they want butchers, they'll have to get others. I must talk to these men again, especially to this priest."

With these words Captain Lopez dismissed his men, and then turned to Brooke.

"Señor," said he, "I have some more questions to ask. I will therefore postpone proceedings until after further examination."

Talbot understood the actions of Lopez, and comprehended the meaning of his words. There was an immense revulsion of feeling within her—from that preparation for death to this restoration to life; yet so perfect was her self-control that she lost not one whit of her caution and vigilance and outward calm. She did not trust herself to look at Brooke. She merely turned away and stood with her eyes fixed on the ground. Brooke stood watching her with a haggard stare. He did not look at Lopez; but as he caught his words he muttered something in reply which was unintelligible to Lopez, and quite incoherent in itself.

The prisoners were now conducted back again to their place of confinement. Here at last, removed from all strange eyes, the fortitude of Talbot, so long sustained, gave way utterly. Under the pressure of so tremendous a reaction her womanly nature re-asserted itself. She fell prostrate upon the floor, and lay there, overwhelmed by a vehement passion of tears. As for

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Brooke, he dared not trust himself to soothe her; he dared not even so much as look at her; but seated himself as far away as possible, and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH BROOKE TALKS AND SINGS IN A LIGHT AND TRIFLING MANNER.

AFTER the events of the morning Lopez had gone away with the greater part of his followers, leaving behind a guard of about half a dozen, as before. The noise of these movements had aroused the two prisoners, and they had gone to the window to look out, seeking rather to distract their thoughts than to satisfy anything like curiosity. From this window they had watched these proceedings in silence, standing close beside each other, with their eyes turned to the scene outside, but with thoughts wandering elsewhere. At length all had gone except the guard, and the last of the band had been swallowed up by the intervening hills. There was nothing more to be seen outside or to serve as a pretense for keeping their looks from following their thoughts.

Their eyes met. It was a deep and an eloquent look, full of unuttered meaning, which each turned upon the other; and each seemed to read in the eyes of the other all the secrets of the heart; and standing thus they looked into one another's hearts.

It was Brooke who spoke first.

"I wonder," said he, in a low, gentle voice—"I wonder, Talbot, if you had that look when you placed yourself in front of me and faced their levelled rifles? If so, Talbot, lad, I don't wonder that the soldiers paused; for they say that the calm eye of man can tame the wild beast or the fury of the maniac; and so your eyes tamed the madness of these fierce ruffians. Was your look then, Talbot, as calm and as firm as it is now?"

"It was fixed," said Talbot, in a gentle voice, "unalterably. But it was not their rifles that I saw; it seemed then as though I saw the other world."

A short silence followed, and then Brooke spoke again, in a voice which was very weak and tremulous:

"And you, Talbot, stood before their bullets, offering your life for mine!"

The accents of his voice seemed to quiver with suppressed passion and infinite tenderness.

"It was only a fair exchange," said Talbot, slowly; and her voice thrilled, as she spoke, through the heart of Brooke as he went over to her to listen; "for you were giving up your own life for me."

"Talbot," said he, "we have been acquainted only two or three days, and we have told one another all that is in our hearts. So it seems as if we had been friends for a long time. Yes, Talbot, if I were to count over all the friends of all my life, I could not find one like you—no, not one. And now, if we both escape, and you go back to your people, how strange it will be never to meet again!"

"Never to meet again!" repeated Talbot; and an expression as of sharp and sudden pain flashed over her face. "You do not mean to say that you will never come to me?"

"Come to you!" repeated Brooke, and he gave that short laugh of his. "Oh yes—I'll come, of course, and I'll leave my card; and perhaps you'll be 'not at home,' or perhaps I'll be asked to call again, or perhaps—"

Talbot smiled, and Brooke, catching her eye, smiled also, and stopped abruptly.

"Have you noticed," said Talbot at length, "that they have left the same small guard which they left before?"

"Oh yes; but what of that?"

"Don't you think that now, after what has happened, they might be far less strict, and be open to a moderate bribe?"

"Bribe? And why?" asked Brooke.

"Why? why?" repeated Talbot, in surprise. "Why, to escape—to get our freedom."

"But suppose I don't want my freedom?" said Brooke.

"Not want it! What do you mean? Do you suppose that I may not be strong enough for the journey? Don't be afraid of that. I feel strong enough now for any effort. I'll fly with you—anywhere, Brooke."

"Fly?" said Brooke; "fly? What, and take you to your friends? And then what? Why, then—a long good-by! Talbot, I'm too infernally selfish. I'll tell you a secret. Now that the worst is over—now that there doesn't seem to be any real danger—I'll confess that I enjoy this. I don't want it to end. I feel not only like singing, but like dancing. I want to be

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always living in a tower, or an old windmill, or anywhere—so long as I can look up and see you, I don't want anything more in the world. And when I look up and see Talbot no more, why, then I'll stop singing. For what will life be worth then, when all its sunlight and bloom and sweetness and joy are over, and when they are all past and gone forever? Life! why, Talbot, lad, I never began to know what life could be till I saw you; and do you ask me now to put an end to our friendship?"

This was what Brooke said, and then he turned off into a song:

"Then this maiden wiped her eyelids
With her pocket-handkerchee;
'Though I grow a yaller spinster
I will stick to my Billee!'
Ri-te-follalol-lol-lol-lol-lido,
Ri-te-follalol-lol-lol-lol-lay."

After this there followed a prolonged silence. Talbot was now the first to speak.

"Brooke," said she, in her low, soft, tremulous voice, which had died down almost to a whisper, "we know the secrets of one another's hearts. Oh, Brooke! Brooke! why have we never met before? Oh, Brooke! how strangely we have drifted together! How much we have learned about each other! Is Fate so bitter as to make us drift away, after—after—"

Her voice died away altogether, and she turned her face aside and bowed down her head.

Brooke looked at her for a moment, and seemed about to take her hand, but he conquered this impulse and resolutely averted his eyes.

"Don't know, I'm sure," said he at last, with an affectation of airy indifference. "It would take a man with a head as long as a horse's to answer such a question as that. Talbot, lad, you shouldn't plunge so deep into the mysteries of being."

After this there was another silence, and then Talbot looked up at Brooke with her deep, dark glance, and began to speak in a calm voice, which, however, did not fail to thrill through the heart of Brooke as he listened.

"Brooke," said she, "you have your own way. Your way is to conceal a most tender and pitying heart under a rough or at least an indifferent manner—to hide the deepest feeling under a careless smile, and pretend to be most volatile and flippant when you are most serious. You can perform heroic actions as though they were the merest trifles, and lay down your life for a friend with an idle jest. You make nothing of yourself, and all of others. You can suffer, and pretend that you enjoy it; and when your heart is breaking you can force your voice to troll out verses from old songs as though your chief occupation in life were nonsense, and that alone. And this is the man," continued Talbot, in a dreamy tone, like that of one soliloquizing—"this is the man that I found by chance in my distress; the man that responded to my very first appeal by the offer of his life; that went into the jaws of death merely to bring me food; the man that gave up all the world for me—his duty, his love, his life; the man that has no other purpose now but to save me, and who, when his whole frame is quivering with anguish, can smile, and sing, and—"

"Well, what of it?" interrupted Brooke, harshly. "What of it, O thou searcher of hearts? Didn't John Bunyan prefer the house of mirth to the house of mourning?

'John Bunyan was a tinker bold;
His name we all delight in;
All day he tinkered pots and pans,
All night he stuck to writin'.

In Bedford streets bold Johnny toiled,
An ordinary tinker;
In Bedford jail bold Johnny wrote—
Old England's wisest thinker.

About the Pilgrims Johnny wrote,
Who made the emigration;
And the Pilgrim Fathers they became
Of the glorious Yankee nation.

Ad urbem ivit Doodlius cum
Caballo et calone,
Ornavit pluma pileum
Et dixit Macaroni!'

Excuse me," he continued; "you don't understand dog-Latin, do you, Talbot?"

"No," said she, with a smile; "but I understand you, Brooke."

"Well," said Brooke, "but apart from the great question of one another which is just now fixing us on the rack, or on the wheel, or pressing us to any other kind of torment, and considering the great subject of mirthfulness merely in the abstract, do you not see how true it is that it is and must be the salt of life, that it preserves all living men from sourness and decay and moral death? Now there's Watts, for instance—Isaac Watts, you know, author of that great work, 'Watts's Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs for Infant Minds,' or it may have been

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'Watts's Divine Songs and Spiritual Hymns for Infant Minds.' I really don't remember. It's of no consequence. Now where was Watts? Why, on my side altogether. Read his works. Consult him in all emergencies. If anything's on your mind, go and find Watts on the mind. It 'll do you good. And as the song says:

"'Oh, the Reverend Isaac Watts, D.D.,
Was a wonderful boy at rhyme;
So let every old bachelor fill up his glass
And go in for a glorious time.
Chorus.—Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,
But we'll be jolly, my lads, to-night.'"

During this last little diversion Brooke never turned his eyes toward Talbot. She was close by his side; but he stood looking out of the window, and in that attitude kept rattling on in his most nonsensical way. It was only in this one fact of his careful manner of eluding the grasp, so to speak, of Talbot's eyes, that an observer might discern anything but the most careless gayety. To Talbot, however, there was something beneath all this which was very plainly visible; and to her, with her profound insight into Brooke's deeper nature, all this nonsense offered nothing that was repellent; on the contrary, she found it most touching and most sad. It seemed to her like the effort of a strong man to rid himself of an overmastering feeling—a feeling deep within him that struggled forever upward and would not be repressed. It rose up constantly, seeking to break through all bounds; yet still he struggled against it; and still, as he felt himself grow weaker in the conflict, he sought refuge in fresh outbursts of unmeaning words. But amidst it all Talbot saw nothing except the man who had gone forth to die for her, and in all his words heard nothing except the utterance of that which proved the very intensity of his feelings.

"Oh yes," continued Brooke, "there are lots of authorities to be quoted in favor of mirthfulness. I've already mentioned Bunyan and Watts. I'll give you all the rest of the old divines.

"'Oh, Baxter is the boy for me,
So full of merriment and glee;
And when I want a funny man,
I turn to any old Puritan:—
A Puritan,
A funny man,
I read the works of a Puritan.

"'Among the Puritan divines
Old Cotton Mather brightest shines,
And he could be a funny man
Because he was a Puritan:—
A Puritan,
A funny man,
Old Mather was a Puritan.

"'The old Blue Laws, of all the best,
Old Calvin made in solemn jest;
For fun he never could tolerate,
Unless established by the state:—
A Puritan,
A funny man,
John Calvin was a Puritan.'"

This eccentric song Brooke droned out in nasal tones and with a lachrymose whine to the strangest tune that ever was heard. At its close he heaved a sigh, and said:

"Well, it's dry work singing hymns all by myself, and you won't even 'jine' in the choruses, and so—I'll stop the machine."

Saying this, he turned away and went to the opposite side of the small loft, where he sat down with his head against the wall.

"Does any lady or gentleman present object to smoking?" said he, after a brief pause, as he drew forth his pipe and smoking materials. "Because I propose to take a smoke, and I should like to know, just out of curiosity."

To this Talbot made no reply, but sat down opposite Brooke, in the same attitude, and watched him as he smoked, which he proceeded to do without further delay.

"You don't smoke, I believe, sir?" said he, with all gravity.

Talbot said nothing.

"Well," said Brooke, "I wouldn't advise you to begin;" and with that he went on puffing away.

Brooke at last finished his smoke, after which he put his pipe in his pocket, and then, throwing his head back, sat with his eyes obstinately fixed on the ceiling. Talbot remained in the same attitude, without moving. She had kept her eyes all this time fixed on Brooke, and knew that he was avoiding her glance. All the same, however, she continued watching him, and was waiting patiently till she should catch his eye. But Brooke, as though aware of her purpose, avoided her, and still looked away.

Thus these two sat in utter silence for a long time.

It was Talbot who first broke the silence.

"Brooke," said she, in a soft, low voice, which sounded like a sigh.

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"Well, Talbot," said Brooke, in a voice which was strangely altered from the somewhat hard tones of forced gayety in which he had last been speaking.

"Brooke," said Talbot, "I am miserable."

Brooke was silent for a time. He made a movement, then checked himself, and then said,

"Are you? Odd, too, isn't it?"

"I am miserable," said Talbot again; "and it is strange, for your life has been saved, and we are out of immediate danger. Yet I am now more miserable than I was last night when your life was in danger. Can you tell me why it is so, Brooke?"

Again Brooke made a movement, which he checked, as before, by a strong impulse.

"Give it up," said he, shortly.

"I know," said Talbot. "I'll tell you. It was this," and her voice dropped, as she spoke, to a lower tone. "Last night I had made up my mind to die for you, Brooke."

Brooke drew a long breath. For an instant his eyes lowered. They caught the gaze which Talbot had fixed on him—deep, intense, unfathomable. It was but for a moment, and then it was as though he made a violent effort, and tore them away. One of his hands caught at the other, and held it in a tight grip.

"Too much Talbot in that," he said at length, in a harsh voice. "If you go on dying for people, what 'll become of you?"

"And now," continued Talbot, in a dreamy way—"now, when suspense and danger seem over, I am miserable—simply miserable, Brooke. Why should my mind have such strange alternations, feelings so contradictory, so unreasonable? I ought to be happy—why am I not?"

"Now," said Brooke, in the same harsh tone as before, "you're beginning to talk metaphysics, and I'm all at sea there."

Talbot was silent.

Brooke began to sing:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve the shining hour;
But I prefer
The caterpil-ler
That feeds on the self-same flower.

The bee he slaves for all his life;
Not so the other one,
For he soars to the sky,
A butterfly,
Ere half his days are done.

"Talbot," said he, in a soft, low voice.

"Well, Brooke," said Talbot.

"Will you be silent if I say something?"

"Yes, Brooke."

"Not speak a word?"

"No, Brooke."

"Not move an inch?"

"No, Brooke."

"Well," said Brooke, on second thoughts, "I think I won't say it."

Talbot said nothing.

Brooke sat looking away, as usual, but now, at last, his eyes, which had so long avoided hers, sank down till they met her gaze. They rested there, and these two sat in silence, regarding one another with a strange, sad look of longing, as though there was between them a barrier over which they dared not pass. And that barrier arose there, invisible yet impassable—the pledge of honor and fidelity already given by each to another.

"Talbot," said Brooke once more.

"Well, Brooke," was the answer.

"Oh, Talbot! Talbot! Do you know what I wish to say?"

"Yes, Brooke," said Talbot. "I know it, I know it—all."

"Well, I will say it," said Brooke, "for I can not keep it. Oh, Talbot! my younger brother Talbot! Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me is wonderful—passing the love of women."

Talbot was true to her promise. She did not move an inch, and she did not speak a word. But her eyes were fixed upon his; and in those eyes Brooke saw once again what he had seen before—the look of a love that had already shown itself stronger than life.

* * * * * *

It was evening.

Suddenly there arose a noise outside. Brooke started up and went to the window. It was Lopez returning.

Brooke, in his usual fashion, sang:

"Oh, little Jack he climbed so high,
Up the bean-stalk into the sky,
And there he saw an ogre grim
A-coming to make mince-meat of him.
Singing fe—fi—fo—fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishmun!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MR. ASHBY MEETS WITH A GREAT SURPRISE AND A VERY GREAT CONSOLATION.

ASHBY was alone in his chamber. His room opened from the lower hall, and was directly beneath that in which Harry was

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confined. It was of the same dimensions in all save height, in which respect it was much inferior. The room had also a gloomier character, for the high stone walls, as they rose and arched overhead, had the aspect of some cathedral crypt or burial-place. The windows here were narrow slits, as above, through which the different court-yards might be seen. The floor was of stone, and at one end there was a huge fire-place, very similar to the others already mentioned, though not so high.

It had been a long, long day for Ashby. Evening came, and found him weary and worn out with *ennui*. Without any occupation for his energies, his mind preyed upon itself, and there certainly was sufficient occupation for his fancy. His mind was in a whirl, and speedily became a prey to every variety of conflicting feeling. He remembered Katie's bright smile, and also the dark glance of Dolores. He was jealous of the smiles which Katie had so lavishly bestowed on Harry. He was offended with her for being so gay under such circumstances. But, in his loneliness, there were other feelings which were stronger than even this resentment and jealousy. There were certain strange and indefinable longings after some society; and the society which now seemed most desirable was the gentle presence of Dolores. Her last looks remained deeply impressed upon his memory; her last deep, earnest glance had sunk into his soul. He could not throw aside this recollection. Dolores was in all his thoughts, though he had tried to thrust her aside.

The past all came back. He recalled her as she had been when he first met her at Valencia. A thousand little incidents in his life there, which had been for a time forgotten, now revived in his memory. He had been for months at their house, and had been nursed through a long illness. He had been loaded with kindness and affection. The aged mother had been his nurse during his illness, and Dolores had been his companion during his convalescence. He had left them expecting soon to return. Circumstances, however, had arisen which kept him away, and he had forgotten her. Now, however, a stronger feeling had arisen for her, as Dolores had appeared in more than her olden beauty, with the additional charm of a strange, pathetic grace, and a wistful look in her dark eyes that seemed to speak of something more than ordinary friendship. She had spoken of the days at Valencia; she had reproached him for forgetting. She herself had not forgotten those days—the days in which they used to talk and walk and sing together.

As there was nothing to divert his mind from these thoughts, Ashby gave himself up to them, and thus became more helpless against them. It was in such a mood as this that he lay upon his rude couch, unable to sleep, and wondering what was to be the end of his present adventure. Should he ever see her again? Was she here now, or had they let her go? The thought that she might possibly have been set free, that she might now be far away, was too distressing to be entertained.

Hours had passed. Ashby could not sleep. His mind was as active as ever, and still, as ever, his thoughts all gathered about Dolores.

Suddenly, in the very midst of these thick-teeming fancies, his attention was arrested by a strange sound.

It was only a slight rustle, scarce audible, yet still he heard it, and under such circumstances it seemed most mysterious. In an instant he was all attention. He lay motionless, yet listened with intense watchfulness, peering at the same time into the dark room, where the moonlight struggled through the low, narrow windows.

After a little while he thought that he heard the sound again. He listened, without motion.

Then there came a different sound. It was a low whisper—a whisper which, however, penetrated to his very soul:

"Assebi!"

Was there any other in all the world who would pronounce his name in that way? It was the well-known, well-remembered, and dearly loved name as it had been pronounced by Dolores in the old days at Valencia. Coming thus to him at such a time, it seemed too good to be true. He was afraid that he had been deceived by his own fancy; he feared to move lest he might dispel this sweet vision. Yet he hoped that he might not be mistaken; and in this hope, scarce expecting an answer, he said, in a gentle whisper,

"Dolores!"

"I am here!" said a soft voice.

At this Ashby's heart beat wildly, and a thrill of rapture rushed through every nerve and fibre of his being. He sprang

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up and peered through the gloom, and moved forward in the direction from which the voice seemed to have come. At this moment he did not stop to consider how Dolores could have got there. It was enough that she really was there, and all other feelings were lost in his deep joy.

"Dolores," he said, "where are you? I don't see you."

Through the room a figure now advanced across the moonbeams. He saw the figure. In another instant he had caught Dolores in his arms. But Dolores struggled away.

"Oh no!" she said, in a tone of distress, speaking in her sweet Spanish—"oh no, Señor Assebi. This is cruel—when I have risked so much for you!"

"Forgive me, dearest Dolores," said Ashby; "but you have come to me like an angel from heaven in my darkest hour. And I have thought of you, and of you only, ever since you left me at Burgos. I wandered all through the streets there to find you. I have been in despair at losing you. I have been wondering whether I should ever see you again—and now, dearest, sweetest Dolores, I have you again!"

All this was rapidly uttered in a resistless torrent of words, in which all his long-pent-up feelings flowed forth.

Dolores began to sob.

"I didn't think this," she said, "or I should have been afraid to come. Señor, you are false to your English bride."

"English bride!" cried Ashby, scornfully. "What is she? A doll! I never wish to see her again. My fancy for her was a whim—a passing whim! *You*, Dolores—*you* are the only one that I love! I love *you!* I adore you! my own—"

"Señor," cried Dolores, tearing away her hands, which Ashby had seized in his, "I will instantly leave you if you are so dishonorable. All this is insult to me—yes, to me. Oh, señor, you will break my heart!"

As Dolores said this, sobs burst from her. She glided away into the gloom, still sobbing. Ashby gave way utterly.

"Dolores," he cried, in a tone of entreaty—"Dolores, forgive me! I will never offend again—never—never! Oh, do not leave me, Dolores!"

At this Dolores relented, and Ashby saw her approaching him again. He advanced toward her.

"Be calm," she said; "speak low; we are in danger."

"But how did you get here?" asked Ashby.

"I will tell you another time. It is a secret passage. I have come to tell you that I can save you. You may escape. I know the way out."

"How does that happen?"

"Oh, I have been here before."

"You!—here?"

"Yes. When I was a child I was here. My father lived here. He had a plantation. But enough; I know the way out."

"But haven't you run too much risk in coming here?"

"I have run a risk," said Dolores, slowly, "but not—too—much."

"A risk?"

"Yes. I went into the wrong room. A man was asleep there. I went to him and touched him, and whispered in his ear your name."

"Dolores!"

"Hush! be calm, señor. Remember your promise."

"Who was the man?"

"I could not see him. He pursued me, but I escaped."

"But you—how did you get here?"

"By a secret passage, as I said."

"In what part of the castle are you?"

"Oh, in the story above."

"Do they treat you well?" asked Ashby, in a tone of tender solicitude.

"I have nothing to complain of."

"Do you feel lonely? I wonder if you have felt as I have?"

Dolores sighed.

"Sometimes," she said, "I have felt lonely."

"And you have come here to save me?"

"Yes—why not?"

"But you are risking much—perhaps your life."

It all burst forth now.

"I don't care," said Dolores, impetuously, "if I can save—you!"

Ashby made no reply. He took the little hand of Dolores gently and tenderly, without any resistance on her part.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW MR. ASHBY AND MISS DOLORES GARCIA CARRY ON A VERY INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

"How did you manage to hide yourself so at Burgos?" he asked, after a long silence.

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"I did not hide," said Dolores. "I went to that house where my friends were, and on the following morning they took me to a hotel where they said there was an English family. These were the Russells, and they consented to let me travel with them as far as I was going. Your English maiden is very beautiful, señor."

Dolores spoke these last words in a tone full of pathos.

"She is a pink and white doll," said Ashby, sharply. "Tell me about yourself, Dolores. Do you know"—and he bent down low over her—"do you know how I tried to see you? I was up at four, and from that until ten I paced the streets in all directions, hoping to get a glimpse of you. Did you know that I was looking for you? Then at last I saw you with that beast of a tailor, and I was in despair."

"What! could you not join their party? I wondered why you did not come to speak to—to me," said Dolores; "and I felt hurt, because I thought I might never see you again."

"Dolores," said Ashby, taking her hand in both of his and drawing nearer to her, "I swear that at that time I'd have given my right arm to speak to you. But that devil of a tailor is my bitter enemy; and you saw the quarrel we had in the railway station at Madrid."

"Then you did not purposely—avoid me?" said Dolores, in a faltering voice.

"Oh, Dolores!" said Ashby, in a reproachful tone. He tried to draw her nearer, but Dolores would not allow it.

"I thought that I should like to say good-by, and it seemed sad to have you appear to avoid me."

"By heavens, Dolores!" cried Ashby, "I had made up my mind to leave the train and follow you to Pampeluna."

Dolores sighed. "You could not have left your English maiden," said she.

"I could—I would!" cried Ashby. "By heavens, I would! She is nothing to me—nothing better than a kitten. The moment you came, I understood all my feeling for her. It was nothing. Beside you, she sinks into utter insignificance. You, Dolores, are everything to me. I tell you, you are infinitely dearer to me than that—"

"Hush, señor," said Dolores; "I will not—I will—will—will not listen to one single, single word of this."

"But, oh, dearest, sweetest Dolores, will you not let me tell you how I love you?" said Ashby, drawing her closer to him.

Dolores shrank away.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she said. "I will not listen—never—never—never!"

"I tell you, Dolores," continued Ashby, "since I have seen you I have discovered that all the world and everything in it isn't worth a straw to me unless I have you. I swear to you that when you left me at Burgos all the light of life went out, and all the joy and sweetness of life left me. I'd rather be here in this prison with you than be a king outside without you. And I'm glad that these devils of Carlists have captured us."

As Ashby spoke these words in a low, fervid, excited whisper, he held Dolores tight in his arms, pressed to his quick-throbbing heart; nor could she draw away from him, in spite of her shrinking back. In fact, the poor little thing did not seem to have the will to get away from him, for the end of it was that her head fell down helplessly on his breast, and she began to cry.

"I—think—it's—cruel," she sobbed, "cruel in you!"

Ashby pressed her more closely to his heart in the same "cruel" manner, and kissed away her tears.

"You're not kind to me at all," sighed Dolores.

To this observation Ashby made no reply, thinking, perhaps, that at that moment words were of no particular use.

"It's very cruel," repeated Dolores, "and I did not think you would be so unkind—"

To this Ashby's answer was, as before, by acts that were more eloquent than words.

"Dolores," said he, as soon as he was able to express himself coherently, "if you had not come, I really think I should have killed myself."

"Did you really feel so badly?" asked Dolores, in a tender voice.

"My heart ached," said Ashby; "it ached for the sight of you. Do you know what heart-ache is, darling? Do you know what it is to hunger and thirst and long and yearn after some one?"

Dolores sighed. She said nothing, but her head rested more closely on Ashby's breast, and one little hand stole timidly up and was laid lightly on his shoulder.

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"Do you know anything about such feelings, Dolores?" persisted Ashby.

"All," said Dolores, in a scarce audible whisper; "all—all—all! But tell me," said she, looking up as though trying to see his face in the gloom, "who was it?"

"Who was it? What a question! You! you, darling! you, Dolores!"

"Not the English maiden?" she asked.

"She!" said Ashby, contemptuously—"she is a doll—a butterfly—a kitten! She is nothing—a poor creature with no brains and no heart! Even her beauty is mere prettiness. There is no soul in her face, no lightning in her glance."

"And who has soul in her face and lightning in her glance?" asked Dolores, shyly.

"Who? You! you, my darling, dark-eyed Dolores! you, with your deep, unfathomable, glowing, soul-lit eyes that pierce to my inmost heart, and make me thrill at the recollection."

"And won't you say that all again?" said Dolores; "and won't you say that about the English maid? I love to hear you call her names."

Dolores said this with the innocence and frank simplicity of a child.

"She is a baby!" said Ashby; "the English maiden—a mere baby! She can only smile, and smile, and be silly. Her only desire is to find some one who will pet her. She can only live in the sunshine. She is a butterfly! She has no heart, no soul! She is a doll to be looked at, but she can give no return. She is a kitten that thinks of nothing but play. But as for me, I give all my heart and all my love to a girl I know, who is no mere fair-weather friend, but one who has clung to me when others were false, who has come to me in my darkness and my despair, so that my dungeon has become a heaven, and this dark night is the brightest time of my life. And this girl—this, my Spanish girl, is my idol and my deity. I adore her, for I know that she stands ready to give up all for my sake, and to lay down her very life for me. Never—never in all my life have I known anything like the deep, intense, vehement, craving, yearning, devouring love that I feel for her. It even makes me smile to think how feeble and contemptible other feelings have been in comparison with this. I want no other occupation than to spend all my hours recalling all that my darling love has ever said—in recalling the days at Valencia, before I knew she was so dear, and the highest bliss of life I have now. I could be willing to die, and could even die gladly, my darling, darling Dolores, if I could die with your hand in mine."

Ashby was going on farther in this pleasing strain when suddenly, and without a moment's warning, Dolores gave a spring and vanished.

Ashby stood confounded. Then he stared all around. Then he called after her:

"Dolores! Dolores! Don't leave me!"

A voice came back through the gloom:

"H-s-s-s-h! I must not stay any longer."

"But shall I never see you again?"

"Certainly; I will come soon, and show you the passageway."

"Where are you?"

"Never mind—good-night!"

"Oh, Dolores, wait—one word more."

"Be quick!" said Dolores, and her voice now sounded nearer.

"You will see me again?" said Ashby, in tones of entreaty. "You will not fly and leave me all alone? You will not leave me in this way? I may be taken away from this room, Dolores, or you may be taken to another room; and then how can you get to me? Show me how you came here. You might do that much for me. Only think what dangers there are."

Dolores paused a moment.

"Well," said she, "only promise one thing."

"What?"

"That you will not try to visit me. That would be dangerous. Others are with me."

"I will not; I promise—except, of course, in case of the greatest necessity."

"If you do," said Dolores, "I shall think that you have not come for me; I shall think it is for the English maiden. And now, come; I will show you the way."

Once more Dolores appeared through the gloom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH "HIS MAJESTY" FALLS IN LOVE.

MRS. RUSSELL'S position was a very peculiar and a very trying one. From the remarks of "his Majesty" she had reason to believe that her beloved yet unfortunate husband had been found guilty of treason against that august monarch, and

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had been executed. At the same time, "his Most Sacred Majesty" had evinced what appeared to be a devoted attachment to her humble self. Now what was a high-toned woman to do under such circumstances? Mourn over the departed one? Most certainly; that she would ever do. But what about "his Majesty" and the royal attentions? Should she turn a deaf ear to that too, too eloquent tongue, dash down the crown of Spain, and busy herself in unavailing regrets for the lost one? Before doing so it would be well to pause.

And then there were other considerations. It was not the man who must be considered, but the King. It was not her own feelings which she must regard, but the well-being of Spain, the good of Europe, and the interests of humanity. Would it not be better that the throne of Spain should be filled by a virtuous Englishwoman than by some frivolous Continental princess? Would it not be better that the Queen of Spain should emulate the domestic graces of a Victoria than the corrupt follies of an Isabella? Should she now, out of selfish private grief, deprive Spain of such an inestimable boon? Would Spain forgive her? Would England? Nay, would the world? Could she forgive herself?

"Nay, nay," she said to herself, "this is not a time for weakness. My heart must ever lie entombed in the grave of my dear lost Johnny; yet state reasons compel me to bestow my hand. I can not resist the cry of stricken Spain. Yes, thou royal wooer! take my hand—it is thine; and my only sorrow is that I can not yet give thee all this stricken heart. Yet patience, fond one; it may all be thine in time—all—all."

Katie was surprised to observe an unwonted dignity suddenly come over Mrs. Russell. She informed that young person that she needn't call her "Auntie" now, but "Madame," or "Señora," and proceeded to drop mysterious hints, from which Katie's quick wit soon gathered the whole of the facts of the case.

Katie exulted so in this discovery that she felt happier than ever in her life before, and her only trouble was that she had no one to whom she might tell this. However, she did the best she could, and set herself to the task of confirming Mrs. Russell in her views and intentions; in which she was so successful that the latter began to imagine herself as almost already on the throne; and when Katie once or twice accidently addressed her as "your Majesty," the good lady did not check her.

Another visit from "his Majesty" found Mrs. Russell like ripe fruit ready to be gathered. On this occasion, as before, the august monarch came alone. He was in high good humor, and smelled strongly of whiskey. He began, in a strain of gallantry, complimenting the ladies in general on their numerous charms.

"Yez oughtn't to be kept here undher lock an' kay," said "his Majesty," "an' meself 'ud be the proud man to let yez out, ivery wan av yez, but thin how do I know that I'd iver see yez agin? I must kape yez till me fate's decoided. I don't know yet that ye'd be willin' to come to terrums."

"Ah, sire," said Mrs. Russell, with a sigh, "your Royal Majesty holds us by stronger bonds than bolts and bars."

"Be jabers!" exclaimed "his Majesty," "that's good! that's nate! that's illigant! I couldn't bate that meself, an' I hope that all the ladies prisent will join in that sintimint."

As he spoke "his Majesty" looked hard at Katie, but that young lady did not catch the royal eye.

"The throne av Spain," continued "his Majesty," "an' the crown an' sceptre av Spain, an' all the r'y'l regalia, an' all the moight an' majesty an' magnificence av its pomp an' power—be jabers! they're all goin' a-beggin' in this room; an' there's wan here that's only got to wink, an' its hers, ivery bit av it."

Mrs. Russell here made desperate efforts to catch the royal eye, but to no purpose, for that eye was fixed on Katie.

"Yis," continued "his Majesty," "an' afore to-morrow noon it 'ud be all hers, anny time at all—crown an' sceptre an' all—an' the marriage ceremony cud come off in the mornin', loike Tim:

> "'Oh, married was Tim at the dawn av day;
> His bride was a stout owld widdy;
> She owned a horse, and she owned a shay,
> An' her maiden name was Biddy.'"

The habits of this illustrious being were singular, and his tendency to make odd quotations, which were not always particularly relevant, was not the least surprising of his ways. In this last quotation Mrs. Russell found several objectionable expressions; but, on the whole, the idea was a flattering one, for the subject of the narrative was represented as "marrying

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a widow"; and this little circumstance was taken as a fresh proof of "his Majesty's" devotion.

"Yez mustn't think," continued "his Majesty," "that there's anny lack av our r'y'l attintion to yez because yez haven't got much to brag av in the way av food; begorra! I'm in the same box meself; an' it isn't much at all at all I can get here except mutton, an' it's meself that 'ud give all the mutton in Spain for a bit av a pratie. Howandiver, I hope to get some fish by to-morrow mornin'. If we cud only get a taste av a few praties there'd be nothin' wantin'; for

"'It's little I axes,
An' little I wish;
If others want luxuries, let 'em;
For praties and fish
Make an illigant dish,
If ye only have whiskey to wet 'em.'"

These and other cheerful remarks of a general nature were addressed by "his Majesty" to the company at large. It is true, the royal eye was fixed exclusively on Katie, and therefore the royal remarks were probably so many efforts to do the agreeable to her. But that young lady persistently evaded the royal eye; and as Dolores was disregarded altogether, it was natural enough that Mrs. Russell should appropriate all the royal remarks and make the necessary replies.

"Ah, sire! your 'Royal Majesty' is so very funny! Are all the crowned heads thus?"

"All av thim—ivery mother's son av thim. An' they're an illigant lot. But moind this—it's meself that bates the whole lot, out an' out. Ye know, I'm not only King av Spain, but heir to the crown av France."

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Russell.

"Divil a loie I'm tellin'," said "his Majesty." "It's thrue, so it is. I'm nixt av kin to Henri Cinq—that's Chambord, ye know. The Count av Paris is Orleans, not Bourbon. I'm Bourbon, begorra! An' whin Chambord doies, an' the nixt revolution takes place in France, I'll march on Paris an' give pace to that unhappy counthry. An', be jabers! I'll take me woife wid me, an' we'll live in Paris, an' I'll get her the most illigant dhresses, an' coort coschumes, an' bonnets, an' boots, an' laces, an' gims, an' jools, that iver anny woman wore. The Quane av Spain 'll be the Quane av France too; an' what's more, she'll be the quane av beauty an' fashion, an' the ex-Empress Eugénie 'll be nowhere. She'll be forgotten."

It was thus that the royal wooer tried to dazzle Katie's imagination; but whatever the effect on her may have been, it is certain that Mrs. Russell experienced the full effect of the dazzling visions which those words were intended to call up.

"An' now," said "his Majesty," starting up, "we must be off. We've got business. But we hope to see yez soon, an' have it all arranged. Whisper, darlint"—and he bent down his royal head close to Mrs. Russell's tingling ear—"whisper, jool: I'm wantin' to have a discoorse wid ye—somethin' important; I must see ye alone. It's ill convaynient just now, an' I don't want to be overheard. I'll wait till the gyerruls are aslape, an' I'll luk in. Ye'll moind, will ye? This night, jool."

"Ah, sire—ah, 'your Majesty,'" sighed Mrs. Russell, "I'm ready; why not now?"

"Whis-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-ht! shure ye'll spoil all, so ye will. Only moind—to-night!"

"Ah, sire, I'll never forget—never—never!"

"Thin moind to be on the lukout," said "his Majesty"; and with these remarkable words he retreated, leaving Mrs. Russell in a state of mind which, as the novelists say, "can better be imagined than described."

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW HARRY PAYS ANOTHER VISIT, AND MEETS WITH A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

HARRY'S loneliness was by no means alleviated at finding that Katie was so near. It was, indeed, rather aggravated, for to our light-hearted friend it seemed intolerable that Katie should be so near and yet so far. She was separated from him by only a few paces, and yet he was compelled to keep away from her. To run the risk of discovery was not to be thought of. By day it was necessary to put up with his solitude as best he might. He did not lose sight of the probability that he was watched. The discovery of that passageway made it seem not unlikely that this castle in Spain was honeycombed with passages; its ponderous walls a sham; that these massive stones served merely as a blind to conceal innumerable hiding-places and secret chambers. He was sure now that these walls had ears, and perhaps eyes also; and therefore he determined to do

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nothing which could lead to the discovery of his secret.

At length evening came, and then Harry began to breathe freely. He was fully resolved on paying another visit to Katie at the earliest possible moment. He knew that she would be expecting him. She would not be asleep this time. There were many things which he wished to say, and, above all, he wished to persuade her to venture into the passageway herself, at some favorable opportunity, so that they might see one another more frequently.

It was about nine o'clock when Harry entered the passageway. It was quite dark, the room being illuminated in part, as before, by the struggling moonbeams. He went along the passageway and came to the end at the other chimney. There he paused, and waited, and watched. Gradually he became aware of some one beneath. He gave a low whisper: "Katie!"

A low whisper was returned: "Harry!"

Upon this he descended softly and noiselessly. Katie herself was there. She had been expecting him.

"They are all asleep," she said. "I thought I'd just come here to see if you were coming."

"You little pet! You knew I'd come."

"I thought you might, you know."

"This day has been so horribly long, Katie; I thought it would never end. See here—can't we manage to run away? I wish I could find some way out. But you're chilly. This air is damp, and there is a bad draught down the chimney. Come into the corner of the room."

"But, oh, do be very, very cautious," said Katie.

Holding her hand, Harry went stealthily into the room, and drew her with him as quietly as possible, till they reached a corner of the room on the right of the fire-place. This corner was all shrouded in gloom, so that if the sleepers had awakened they could have seen nothing. Here the two found themselves quite secure for the time being; and as all the room was perfectly silent, they were not afraid to resume their stealthy whispers.

"Have you been lonely to-day, Katie?" asked Harry, in a tender voice.

"Oh, a little."

"A little!" repeated he, in a reproachful tone.

"But there's been such an awful lot of fun," said Katie; "I've been almost bursting to tell some one—that's you, you know."

"Fun?" said Harry, wonderingly; "what fun?"

"Oh, that absurd old Paddy King, Don Carlos, as he calls himself—only he's no more a king than I am. Don't you think he's some strolling Irish vagabond adventurer?"

"Irish vagabond? I don't know," said Harry. Now Harry had only heard "his Majesty" speak in Spanish, and therefore did not see the point at all.

"Well, for my part, I'm sure he's an Irishman," said Katie. "Mrs. Russell says that he learned some English from an Irish priest; but that wouldn't account for his queer songs."

"Songs?"

"Oh, he's utterly ridiculous! Who or what he really is I can not imagine. And, do you know, the best fun of all is—he's in love with me."

"In love with you?" Harry cried, recoiling as he said it.

"Yes, of course—why not?" said Katie.

"The infernal cad!" cried Harry.

"Oh, what naughty language!" said Katie. "Oh!"

"The fool!" cried Harry, furiously. "What does the fellow mean?"

"I declare I won't listen to such shocking language," said Katie. "Now stop!"

"Well, but what does the scoundrel mean?" repeated Harry, in jealous wrath.

"Well, he means to try—to marry me."

"Marry!—you!"

"Oh yes; and he says he'll make me Queen of Spain—and he says he has a claim to the crown of France also, which he promises to share with me."

"Good heavens!" said Harry, in utter consternation, for Harry had not yet done more than vaguely suspect that "his Majesty" might be any other than what he claimed to be, and this design of his upon Katie seemed now a peril of no common magnitude. "Why, Katie," he added, after a pause, "a royal personage can't marry a private person like you. It's illegal, you know."

"Oh, but the fun of it is he's only a common Irishman, and he drinks whiskey, and has an awful brogue. Oh, it's such fun to listen to him! But the greatest fun of all is, auntie believes in him. She thinks he is really Don Carlos, and, best of all, she thinks he is making love to her and proposing to her."

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"To her! Why, she has a husband already."

"Oh, but she thinks he has been killed."

"Killed? Good heavens! Is that really so? Poor old Russell! Oh, heavens! The villains! They'd do it, too."

And Harry thought of the bonds and the search after them. It seemed to him not at all unlikely that they had killed Russell so as to get at these, or perhaps to punish him for not giving them up. Horror now quite overwhelmed him. He felt even shocked at Katie's levity.

"But Mrs. Russell," he said; "how does she bear this horrible calamity?"

"Bear it?" said Katie; "why, she wants to be Queen of Spain and France too."

"What, when her husband lies murdered close by? Oh, heavens!—oh, good heavens!"

"Well, do you know, it does seem very odd indeed."

"But you, Katie—how can you talk of such horrors in such a way? What will be the fate of the rest of us after this?"

"Why, you poor foolish boy, you needn't scold and go on so. I don't believe he's dead any more than you are. I believe that 'his Majesty' only said it in fun. In fact, he never did actually say so."

Harry sighed a sigh of perplexity.

"But, you know," continued Katie, "Mrs. Russell went and got it into her poor old head. Oh, she's very, very imaginative, poor dear old auntie, and she would have it so. And she thinks that all the speeches which 'his Majesty' makes at me are intended for her."

"The wretched creature!" said Harry, "to speculate upon her husband's death, and think of such a thing as marriage!"

"Oh, but she says that it is not love that makes her think of it, but state policy."

"State fiddlesticks!"

"She says that Mary Queen of Scots married Bothwell, after her husband's murder, from motives of state policy."

"Oh, good heavens!" said Harry, whose sense of honor and loyalty and affection, and even of common decency, was utterly outraged at such a revelation; "and she always seemed such a quiet, good, well-meaning sort of a person!"

"But she means well now," said Katie. "She says her marriage is to be for the good of Spain and the world generally."

At this Harry was silent. He could find no more words to express his feelings. Besides, although all the words, ejaculations, and exclamations above reported were uttered with as much caution and in as low a tone as were consistent with his excited feelings, still they made more noise than was wise under the circumstances, and there were signs that some of the sleepers were restless. These at last attracted the attention of the two, and interrupted their conversation. Several heavy sighs from a remote corner of the room showed that some one was awake or waking, and this warning forced them to keep silence for some time. At length all was still, and Harry ventured to speak again.

"Oh, Katie," said he, "can't you do something with that wretched woman?"

"No," said Katie. "I'm sure all I say only makes her worse. She wants me now to address her as 'your Majesty.'"

"She's mad," said Harry; "the woman's utterly mad."

"Well, she's got some great secret now which she won't tell. As 'his Majesty' was leaving the last time he kept up some very mysterious whisperings with her. I've been teasing her all day to tell me what they were, but in vain. She's as close as the grave. A great crisis is approaching. And the fun of it is, she doesn't know that it's me, and not her, that 'his Majesty' means."

"You! Oh, Katie, don't talk in that indifferent way."

"Why?"

"Oh, don't you see? You are here so much in his power. Oh, we must fly. I'll hunt along the passage to-night, and I'm sure I'll find something. I'm sure there must be a way out."

"But I don't want to go," said Katie; "that is, not just yet."

"Not want to go?"

"No, not till I have some more fun, and see how this is going to end; but—"

Here Katie stopped abruptly and clutched Harry's arm convulsively. Harry too at the same instant started, and both stood peering into the dark, and listening attentively.

For there had come a sudden noise.

It was a very peculiar and a very startling noise. It was a low, shuffling sound, as of some one moving stealthily, and it came from the direction of the fire-place—the very place where Harry's retreat would lie in case of discovery. But now that re-

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treat seemed cut off; and there seemed to be some one there who perhaps had come on his track. Harry's only thought was that his room had been entered and his absence discovered, upon which his guards had at once come through in search of him. How many there were he could not tell. He could do nothing, however. He could only stand still and watch. Soon, he thought, others would come; lights would be produced, and he would be discovered.

"Leave me!" said Harry, in a faint whisper. "It's one of the guards. I'm lost!"

Katie's answer thrilled through every nerve of the listener.

"Then if you are lost, I will be lost with you!"

Saying this, she clasped both her hands round his arm, and held it tight.

Harry stood erect, vigilant, staring.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW SEVERAL OF OUR FRIENDS FIND THEMSELVES IN A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SITUATION.

So Harry stood, with his retreat cut off, staring into the darkness, while Katie, clinging to him, awaited the result. Harry expected every minute that lights would be produced and everything revealed. But the lights did not come, and the discovery was delayed. There occurred a pause, during which Harry waited, after which the sliding, shuffling sounds recommenced.

They now came nearer. Then came the sound of a stealthy footfall — very slow, too, and very cautious. The newcomer, the supposed pursuer, whoever he was, seemed now to be in the room, and cautiously advancing. As yet he was under the shadow, and was therefore invisible in the gloom; but he was approaching the place where the moonbeams fell — where he might be seen. Harry noted this, and wondered how many more of them there might be. Katie also looked up now, and stood listening. Both of these were waiting for a chance to separate, if possible—Katie to go back to her own place, and Harry to fly back to his room.

At length the advancing figure reached the place where the moonbeams fell, and here he entered the moonlight, so that it was possible to see his outline, though not to distinguish features. It was a man, he was unarmed, and all his gestures and motions indicated excessive caution and watchfulness. Harry and Katie both saw him as he groped about and peered through the gloom.

"It's 'his Majesty,'" said Katie.

"H-s-s-s-h!" said Harry.

The slight whispered sounds seemed to catch the ears of the visitor. He stood and listened. But the sounds were not repeated, and he resumed his progress.

"I know who it is," said Harry, in the faintest possible whisper.

"Who?"

"It's Ashby," said Harry.

Katie said not a word in reply, but the effect of that name upon her was none the less manifest. The hands which had been clasping Harry's arm relaxed their hold; she moved away from him. Harry caught her hand and tried to detain her, but Katie snatched it away, and Harry was afraid to insist. It was evident that she was offended; and at what? Was it at the mention of Ashby's name? And but a moment before she had said that she would share his fate: "Then if you are lost, I will be lost with you!" Those were her words. And now she was offended!

Harry could not believe it. He took a step after her and found her again. He sought again to take her hand. It was not now refused. Katie seemed to have overcome her irritation. The quarrel was over. So overjoyed was he that he put his arm round her slender form, and unconsciously pressed her close to his heart, while her head sank down on his breast. And there, all the time, only a few paces off, was Ashby himself!

But the beauty of it was that Ashby just then was not thinking of Katie at all. He had come here to see Dolores. For her he was making this venture, having stolen in through the passageway which she had shown him. He had promised, it is true, not to visit her except in cases of extreme necessity; but as he had felt very lonely, he concluded that this was the necessity in question, and had come to this place.

The room seemed to him very silent. He had come down the chimney with very little noise, and had surveyed the scene from the dark recesses of the fire-place. The corners of the room were all in darkness, but the floor was illuminated here

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and there by the moonbeams. Having thus taken a general view, Ashby could do nothing else but go forward; and this he did, thinking that every one was asleep, and that by some happy luck he would find Dolores.

As for Dolores, she was not asleep at that time, nor had she been asleep at all. Katie had taken for granted that the beautiful Spaniard was in the land of forgetfulness; but Katie had never in her life been more entirely mistaken. Dolores was wide-awake, and had been engaged in thoughts and speculations which made sleep impossible. It was nothing less than a plan of escape, over which her busy brain was occupied, and there were certain difficulties about it, through which she could not see her way clearly. It was over these that she was puzzling her brain when her attention was roused by certain strange movements in the room.

These were, first, the movements of Katie as she stole to the fire-place and waited there.

Secondly, the movements of Harry as he shuffled down to Katie's side.

Thirdly, the preliminary whisperings of Harry and Katie.

Fourthly, the movements of these two out of the fire-place into the corner of the room.

Fifthly, their continuous whisperings, which sometimes were so animated that they might have wakened any sleeper.

Over all this Dolores was deeply agitated. Who, she asked herself, was this visitor to Katie? It could be one, and one only. That one was Ashby. She had shown him the way. He alone knew it. He had promised her not to come, but he had broken his word and had come. And why? Not for her, but for this English maiden! There were these two now plotting and whispering in her presence, and that too after Ashby had disowned with scorn this English maiden, and had spoken such words to her! What could she do now? For such outraged love, such treachery, and such intolerable insult, what revenge could suffice?

Revenge! Yes, nothing less than revenge! For Dolores was not one of those tender and sensitive creatures who could lie down and die under a cruel wrong. Her ardent Southern nature was roused to fury, and she remained there motionless, but like some wild beast ready to start from its lair when the prey is at hand. Away now went all thoughts of flight with Ashby. Vengeance alone remained for her to think of—vengeance full and complete, which should involve both Ashby and the English maiden. What this vengeance was to be, however, she could not think of as yet; but she knew that in order to make it as full and complete as possible it would be necessary to think it all over from every point of view.

In this amiable frame of mind Dolores was waiting and listening—stung to madness by every new whisper, and nourishing her own rage all the more every moment—until at length she became gradually aware of a sound proceeding from another quarter, and not coming from the two whisperers in the corner at all. There was some one in the fire-place—some new-comer who had approached by that way. What did this mean? Who could this be? Did others know of the secret passageway? If so, then her surroundings were very different from what she had supposed, and her whole course of action would have to be changed.

Dolores watched, and at length saw the figure of the new-comer quite distinct in the moonlight, yet not so distinct as to enable her to ascertain who it was. The idea was so firmly fixed in her mind that the first comer was Ashby that she could only suppose this new visitor to be one of the Carlists, perhaps "his Majesty" himself.

Meanwhile this new-comer had been stealthily moving along, and Dolores watched and listened. Now was the time which she might seize, if she chose, as the time for vengeance. If this was really one of the Carlists, above all, if this was "his Majesty," she might have sweet revenge by denouncing the false traitor Ashby on the spot, before he could escape. It would be sweet to see the dismay of the traitor when thus discovered under her own eyes. Still, even in that hour of her madness and her fury, she felt that before taking the irrevocable step and denouncing Ashby it would be necessary to be perfectly sure. So Dolores waited.

Meanwhile Ashby in his progress had passed beyond the place where Dolores was, and had traversed more than half the apartment. At this moment he was at fault, and felt anxious to know where to direct his way. He thought the best way would be to try first if Dolores was awake,

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"HE TOOK IT FOR DOLORES."

and so, in a thin, low, but very distinct whisper, he said:

"Do-lo-res!"

Dolores heard it. Well she knew that in the castle there was no one who called her by that name—save one. Instantly a

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wild revulsion of feeling took place. She had been mistaken—the first visitor was not Ashby. Ashby was not false. He was true. He had come, but he had come for her—herself. It was her name that he called. In that sudden revulsion of feeling she almost shouted for joy. She started up, and, regardless of everything but her own heart, was about to steal toward Ashby, when suddenly she was arrested in her attempt.

There arose another sound from some one near the door.

"Here, here," said a whisper—"here I am. How long you've been!"

Ashby heard this voice, and thinking it was Dolores', hurried there. Dolores heard it, understood Ashby's action, and sank down in consternation and despair. Katie and Harry heard it, and thought it was "his Majesty" on his way to Mrs. Russell. And they thought that others of "his Majesty's" followers were in the chimney.

Ashby saw a figure dimly defined in the gloom. It was indistinguishable. He took it for Dolores. So he folded that figure fondly in his arms, and the "figure" reciprocated to the fullest extent.

"Oh, my own love and darling!" sighed Ashby, in Spanish.

Mrs. Russell understood not a word of Spanish. She thought, however, that if "his Majesty" could express himself more freely in that language it was certainly quite natural for him to use it; yet it did seem rather unfair to her to come here and talk love and use endearing expressions in an unknown tongue. "His Majesty" seemed very eloquent and strongly agitated, yet Mrs. Russell could not make out what he said, nor had she a chance to explain.

For in the midst of all this there occurred a new interruption. This was the sound of a key turning in the door. The door opened immediately behind Mrs. Russell, and a soft voice said, in familiar tones and in a husky whisper:

"Whis-s-s-s-sht, darlin'—are ye awake, thin? Sure I hope the gyerruls are aslape."

THE BRITISH YOKE.

HOW deep and tender was the love with which the first American colonists looked back to their early home! Many proofs of this might be cited from their writings, but I know of none quite so eloquent as that burst of impassioned feeling in a sermon by William Hooke—cousin and afterward chaplain of Oliver Cromwell—who came to America about 1636, and preached this discourse at Taunton, July 3, 1640, under the title, "New England's Teares for Old England's Feares." This whole production is marked by a learning and eloquence that remind us of one who may have been Hooke's fellow-student at Oxford, Jeremy Taylor; indeed it contains a description of a battle which, if Taylor had written it, would have been quoted in every history of English literature until this day. And in this sermon the clergyman thus speaks of the mother-country:

"There is no Land that claimes our name but *England;* wee are distinguished from all the Nations in the World by the name of *English.* There is no Potentate breathing that wee call our dread Sovereigne but King *Charles,* nor Lawes of any Land have civilized us but England's; there is no Nation that calls us Countrey-men but the *English.* Brethren! Did wee not there draw in our first breath? Did not the Sunne first shine there upon our heads? Did not that Land first beare us, even that pleasant Island, but for sinne, I would say, that Garden of the Lord, that Paradise?"

What changed all this deep tenderness into the spirit that found the British yoke detestable, and at length cast it off?

There have been many other great changes in America since that day. The American fields have been altered by the steady advance of imported weeds and flowers; the buttercup, the dandelion, and the ox-eyed daisy displacing the anemone and violet. The American physique is changed to a slenderer and more finely organized type; the American temperament has grown more sensitive, more pliant, more adaptive; the American voice has been shifted to a higher key, perhaps yielding greater music when fitly trained. Of all these changes we see the result, but can not trace the steps; and it is almost as difficult to trace the successive impulses by which the love of everything that was English was transformed into a hatred of the British yoke.

Yet its beginnings may be observed in much that the colonists did, and in some things which they omitted. Within ten

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years after Hooke's loving reference to King Charles there was something ominous in the cool self-control with which the people of Massachusetts refrained from either approving or disapproving his execution. It was equally ominous when they abstained from recognizing the accession of Richard Cromwell, and when they let fifteen months pass before sending a congratulatory address to Charles II. It was the beginning of a policy of indifference more significant than any policy of resistance. When in 1660, under that monarch, the Act of Navigation was passed, prescribing that no merchandise should be imported into the plantations but in English vessels navigated by Englishmen, the New England colonies simply ignored it. During sixteen years the Massachusetts Governor, annually elected by the people, never once took the oath which the Navigation Act required of him; and when the courageous Leverett was called to account for this he answered, "The King can in reason do no less than let us enjoy our liberties and trade, for we have made this large plantation of our own charge, without any contribution from the crown." Four years after the Act of Navigation, in 1664, the English fleet brought royal commissioners to Boston, with instructions aiming at farther aggression; and there was great dignity in the response of the General Court, made through Governor Endicott, October 30, 1664: "The all-knowing God he knowes our greatest ambition is to liue a poore and quiet life in a corner of the world, without offence to God or man. Wee came not into this wilderness to seeke great things to ourselves, and if any come after vs to seeke them heere, they will be disappointed." They then declare that to yield to the demands of the commissioners would be simply to destroy their own liberties, expressly guaranteed to them by their King, and dearer than their lives.

The commissioners visited other colonies and then returned to Boston, where they announced that they should hold a court at the house of Captain Thomas Breedon on Hanover Street, at 9 A.M., May 24, 1665. It happened that a brother officer of Captain Breedon, one Colonel Cartwright, who had come over with the commissioners, was then lying ill with the gout at this same house. At eight in the morning a messenger of the General Court appeared beneath the window, blew an alarm on the trumpet, and proclaimed that the General Court protested against any such meeting. He then departed to make similar proclamation in other parts of the town; and when the royal commissioners came together they found nobody with whom to confer but the gouty and irate Colonel Cartwright, enraged at the disturbance of his morning slumbers. So perished all hope of coercing the Massachusetts colony at that time.

Thus early did the British yoke begin to make itself felt as a grievance. The Massachusetts men discreetly allayed the effect of their protest by sending his Majesty a ship-load of masts, the freight on which cost the colony £1600. For ten years the quarrel subsided: England had trouble enough with the London fire and the London plague without meddling with the colonies. Then the contest revived, and while the colonies were in the death-struggle of Philip's war, Edward Randolph came as commissioner with a king's letter in 1675. Two years later the Massachusetts colonists made for the first time the distinct assertion to the King, while pledging their loyalty, that "the laws of England were bounded within the four seas, and did not reach America," giving as a reason for this, "they [the colonists] not being represented in Parliament." Then followed the long contest for the charter, while Edward Randolph, like a sort of Mephistopheles, was constantly coming and going between America and England with fresh complaints and new orders, crossing the Atlantic eight times in nine years, and having always, by his own statement, "pressed the necessity of a general Governor as absolutely necessary for the honor and service of the crown." All this long series of contests has been minutely narrated by Mr. Charles Deane, with a thoroughness and clearness which would have won him a world-wide reputation had they only been brought to bear upon the history of some little European state. Again and again, in different forms, the attempt was made to take away the charters of the colonies; and the opposition was usually led, at least in New England, by the clergy. Increase Mather, in 1683–4, addressed a town meeting in opposition to one such demand, and openly counselled that they should return Naboth's answer when Ahab asked for his vineyard, that they would not give up the inheritance of their fathers.

It must be remembered that all the

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early charters were defective in this, that they did not clearly define where the line was to be drawn between the rights of the local government and of the crown. We can see now that such definition would have been impossible; even the promise given to Lord Baltimore that Maryland should have absolute self-government did not avert all trouble. It is also to be remembered that there were great legal difficulties in annulling a charter, so long as the instrument itself had not been reclaimed by the power that issued it. We read with surprise of a royal scheme thwarted by so simple a process as the hiding of the Connecticut charter in a hollow tree by William Wadsworth; but an almost vital importance was attached in those days to the actual possession of the instrument. It was considered the most momentous of all the Lord Chancellor's duties—indeed, that from which he had his name (*cancellarius*)—to literally cancel and obliterate the King's letters patent under the great seal. Hence, although the old charter of Massachusetts was vacated October 23, 1684, it has always been doubted by lawyers whether this was ever legally done, inasmuch as the old charter never was cancelled, and hangs intact in the office of the Massachusetts Secretary of State to this day. In 1686 came the new Governor for the colonies—not the dreaded Colonel Kirke, who had been fully expected, but the less formidable Sir Edmund Andros.

The first foretaste of the provincial life as distinct from the merely colonial was in the short-lived career of Sir Edmund Andros. He came, a brilliant courtier, among the plain Americans; his servants wore gay liveries; Lady Andros had the first coach seen in Boston. He was at different times Governor-General of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Virginia. Everywhere he was received with aversion, but everywhere this was tempered by the feeling that it might have been worse, for it might have been Kirke. Yet there was exceeding frankness in the way the colonists met their would-be tyrant. When he visited Hartford, Connecticut, for instance, he met Dr. Hooker one morning, and said, "I suppose all the good people of Connecticut are fasting and praying on my account." The doctor replied, "Yes; we read, 'This kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer.'" And it required not merely these methods, but something more, to eject Sir Edmund at last from the colonies.

The three years' sway of Sir Edmund Andros accustomed the minds of the American colonists to a new relation between themselves and England. Even where the old relation was not changed in form it was changed in feeling. The colonies which had seemed most secure in their self-government were liable at any moment to become mere royal provinces. Indeed, they were officially informed that his Majesty had decided to unite under one government "all the English territories in America, from Delaware Bay to Nova Scotia," though this was not really attempted. Yet charters were taken away almost at random, colonies were divided or united without the consent of their inhabitants, and the violation of the right of local government was everywhere felt. But in various ways, directly or indirectly, the purposes of Andros were thwarted. When the English revolution of 1688 came, his power fell without a blow, and he found himself in the hands of the rebellious men of Boston. The day had passed by when English events could be merely ignored, and so every colony proclaimed with joy the accession of William and Mary. Such men as Jacob Leisler, in New York, Robert Treat, in Connecticut, and the venerable Simon Bradstreet—now eighty-seven years old—in Massachusetts, were at once recognized as the leaders of the people. There was some temporary disorder, joined with high hope, but the colonies never really regained what they had lost, and henceforth held, more or less distinctly, the character of provinces until they took their destiny, long after, into their own hands. It needed almost a century to prepare them for that event, not only by their increasing sense of grievance, but by learning to stretch out their hands to one another.

With the fall of the colonial charters fell the New England confederacy that had existed from 1643. There were other plans of union: William Penn formed a very elaborate one in 1698; others labored afterward in pamphlets to modify his plan or to suggest their own. On nine different occasions, between 1684 and 1751, three or more colonies met in council, represented by their Governors or by their commissioners, to consult on internal af-

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THE "BOSTON MASSACRE."

fairs, usually with reference to the Indians; but they apparently never had a thought of disloyalty, and certainly never proclaimed independence; nor did their meetings for a long time suggest any alarm in the minds of the British ministry. The new jealousies that arose related rather to commercial restrictions than to the form of government.

It is necessary to remember that even in colonial days, while it was of the greatest importance that the British law-makers should know all about the colonies, there was on their part even a denser ignorance as to American affairs than that which now impresses the travelling American in England. When he is asked if he came from America by land, it is only a matter for amusement; but when, as James Otis tells us—writing in 1764—it was not uncommon for official papers to come from an English Secretary of State addressed to "the Governor of the island of New England," it was a more serious matter. Under such circumstances the home government was liable at any minute to be

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JAMES OTIS.—From a painting by I. Blackburn, 1755

swept away from all just policy by some angry tale told by Randolph or Andros. The prevalent British feeling toward the colonies was one of indifference, broken only by outbursts of anger and spasms of commercial selfishness.

The event which startled the British ministry from this indifference was the taking of Louisburg in 1745. This success may have been, as has been asserted, only a lucky accident; no matter, it startled not only America, but Europe. That a fortress deemed impregnable by French engineers, and amply garrisoned by French soldiers, should have been captured by a mob of farmers and fishermen—this gave subject for reflection. "Every one knows the importance of Louisburg," wrote James Otis, proudly, "in the consultations of Aix-la-Chapelle." Voltaire, in writing the history of Louis XV., heads the chapter of the calamities of France with this event. He declares that the mere undertaking of such an enterprise showed of what a community was capable when it united the spirit of trade and of war. The siege of Louisburg, he says, was not due to the cabinet at London, but solely to the daring of the New England traders ("*ce fut le fruit de la hardiesse des marchands de la Nouvelle Angleterre*"). But while the feeling inspired on the European continent was one of respect, that created in England was mingled with dread. Was, then, the child learning to do without the parent? And certainly the effect on the minds of the Americans looked like anything but the development of humility. Already the colonies, from Massachusetts to Virginia, were eagerly planning the conquest of Canada, they to furnish the whole land force and Great Britain the fleet—a project which failed through the fears of the British ministry. The Duke of Bedford, then at the head of the naval service, frankly objected to it because of "the independence it might create in these provinces, when they shall see within themselves so great an army possessed by so great a country by right of conquest." And the Swedish traveller, Peter Kalm, writing three years later from New York, put the whole matter yet more clearly, thus: "There is reason for doubting whether the King, if he had the power, would wish to drive the French from their possessions in Canada.... The English government has therefore reason to regard the French in North America as the chief power that urges their colonies to submission." Any such impressions were naturally confirmed by the fact that the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in the same year when Kalm wrote, provided for the mutual restoration of all conquests, and the indignant American colonists saw Louisburg go back to the French.

The trouble was that the British government wished the colonies to unite sufficiently to check the French designs, but not enough to assert their own power. Thus the ministry positively encouraged the convention of delegates from the New England colonies and from New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland which met at Albany, by a happy coincidence of date, on July 4, 1754. It was in this convention that Franklin began that course of national influence which was so long continued, and brought forward his famous representation of the snake dismembered, with the motto, "Unite or Die." He showed also his great power of organizing and harmonizing public movements by carrying through the convention a plan for a council of forty-eight members distributed among the different colonies, and having for its head a royal presiding officer with veto power. All the delegates, except those from Connecticut, sustained the plan; it was only when it went to the several colonies and the British ministry that it failed. Its failure in these two direc-

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tions came from diametrically opposite reasons; the colonies thought that it gave them too little power, and the King's Council found in it just the reverse fault. It failed, but its failure left on the public mind an increased feeling of separate interests between England and America. Merely to have conceived such a plan was a great step toward the American Union which came afterward; but still there was no conscious shrinking from the British yoke.

The ten colonies which had a separate existence in 1700 had half a century later grown to thirteen. Delaware, after having been merged in Pennsylvania, was again separated from it in 1703; North and South Carolina were permanently divided in 1729; Georgia was settled in 1733. No colony had a nobler foundation; it was planned by its founder—a British general and a member of Parliament—expressly as a refuge for poor debtors and other unfortunates; the colony was named Georgia in honor of the King, but it was given to the proprietors "in trust for the poor," and its seal had a family of silk-worms, with the motto, "Not for yourselves" (*Sic vos non vobis*). Oglethorpe always kept friendship with the Indians; he refused to admit either slavery or ardent spirits into the colony. But his successors did not adhere to his principles, and the colony was small and weak up to the time of the coming separation from England. Yet the growth of the colonies as a whole was strong and steady. Bancroft estimates their numbers in 1754 at 1,185,000 whites and 260,500 colored, making in all nearly a million and a half. Counting the whites only, Massachusetts took the lead in population; counting both races, Virginia. "Some few towns excepted," wrote Dickinson soon after, "we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws without dreading their power, because they are equitable."

But if the colonies had all been composed of peaceful agriculturists, the British yoke would have been easy. It was on the commercial colonies that the exactions of the home government bore most severely, and hence it was that the Eastern settlements, which had suffered most in the Indian wars, were again to suffer most from oppression. An English political economist of 1690, in a tract included in the *Harleian Miscellany*, pointed out that there were two classes of colonies in America; that England need have no jealousy of colonies which raised only sugar and tobacco, and thus gave her a market; but she must keep anxious watch on those colonies which disputed that traffic, competed with England in fishing and trade, and "threatened in time a total independence therefrom." "When America shall be so well peopled, civilized, and divided into kingdoms," wrote Sir Thomas Browne about the same time, "they are like to have so little regard of their originals as to acknowledge no subjection unto them." All the long series of arbitrary measures which followed were but the effort of the British government to avert this danger. The conquest of Canada, by making the colonies more important, only disposed the ministry to enforce obnoxious laws that had hitherto been dead letters.

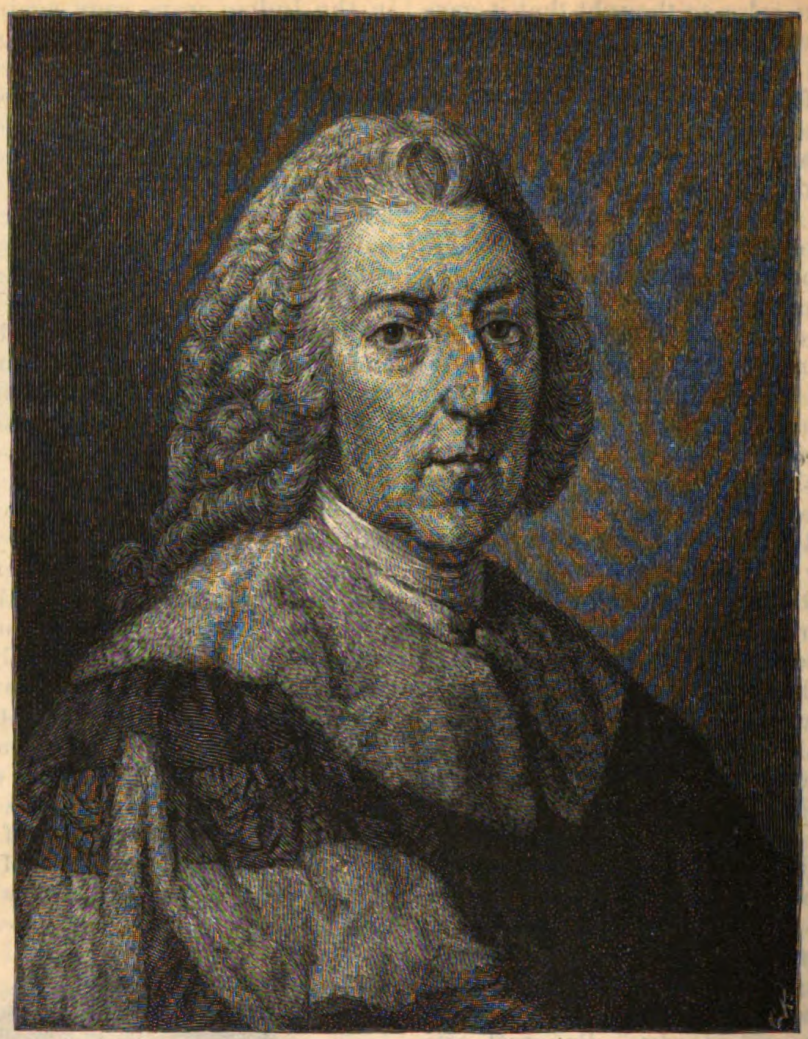
Such laws were the "Navigation Act," and the "Sugar Act," and what were known generally as the "Acts of Trade," all aimed at the merchants of New England and New York. Out of this grew the "Writs of Assistance," which gave



GENERAL OGLETHORPE, FOUNDER OF GEORGIA.

authority to search any house for merchandise liable to duty, and which were resisted in a celebrated argument by James Otis in 1761. Then came the "Declara-

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LORD CHATHAM.—After the picture by R. Brompton.

tory Resolves" of 1764, which were the precursors of the "Stamp Act." The discussion occasioned by these measures was more important than any other immediate effect they produced; they afforded an academy of political education for the people. Those who had called themselves Whigs gradually took the name of Patriots, and from Patriots they became "Sons of Liberty." Every successive measure struck at once the double chord of patriotism and pocket, so that "Liberty and property" became the common cry. The colonists took the position, which is found everywhere in Otis's *Rights of the Colonies*, that their claims were not dependent on the validity of their charters, but that their rights as British subjects were quite sufficient to protect them.

From this time forth the antagonism increased, and it so roused and united the people that the student wonders how it happened that the actual outbreak was delayed so long. It is quite remarkable, in view of the recognized differences among the colonies, that there should have been such unanimity in tone. There was hardly anything to choose, in point of weight and dignity, between the protests drawn up by Oxenbridge Thacher in Massachusetts, by Stephen Hopkins in Rhode Island, by the brothers Livingston in New York, and by Lee and Wythe in Virginia. The Southern colonies, which suffered least from the exactions of the home government, made common cause with those which suffered most. All the colonies claimed, in the words of the Virginia As-

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sembly, "their ancient and indestructible right of being governed by such laws respecting their internal polity and taxation as were derived from their own consent, with the approbation of their sovereign or his substitute."

The blow fell in 1765, with the Stamp Act—an act which would not have been unjust or unreasonable in England, and was only held so in America because it involved the principle of taxing where there was no representation. For a moment the colonies seemed stunned; then the bold protest of Patrick Henry in Virginia was taken up by James Otis in Massachusetts. He it was who proposed an "American Congress" in 1765, and though only nine out of the thirteen colonies sent delegates, this brought them nearer than ever before. It drew up its "Declaration of Rights." Then followed, in colony after colony, mobs and burnings in effigy; nobody dared to act as stamp officer. When the news reached England, the Earl of Chatham said: "The gentleman tells us that America is obstinate, America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted." Then came the riot between people and soldiers called the "Boston Massacre," in 1770; and the capture by the people of the armed British schooner *Gaspee*, off Rhode Island, in 1772. In 1773, the tea was thrown into the harbor at Boston; at Annapolis it was burned; at Charlestown it was stored and left to spoil; at New York and Philadelphia it was returned. The next year came the Boston Port Bill, received with public mourning in the other colonies, and with grim endurance by the Bostonians. A thriving commercial city suddenly found itself unable to receive any vessel whose cargo had not been first landed at a port then thirty miles away by road—Marblehead—or to discharge any except through a custom-house at Plymouth, then forty miles by road in the other direction. All the industries of the place were stopped, and the price of fuel and provisions rose one-third; for every stick of wood and every barrel of molasses had to be landed first on the wharf at Marblehead, and then



BURNING OF THE "GASPEE."

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REV. EZRA STILES, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE, 1777–1795.
From the painting in the Trumbull Gallery, New Haven.

laboriously reshipped to Boston, or be sent on the long road by land. But as tyranny usually reacts upon itself, the voluntary contributions which came from all parts of the colonies to the suffering city did more to cement a common feeling than years of prosperity could have done.

In this chafed and oppressed position the people of Boston awaited events, and the country looked on. Meanwhile the first Continental Congress had met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, with a sole view to procuring a redress of grievances, the people of every colony pledging themselves in one form or another to abide by the decision of this body. In July of that year, long before the thought of separation took shape even in the minds of the leaders, Ezra Stiles wrote this prophecy: "If oppression proceeds, despotism may originate an American Magna Charta and Bill of Rights, supported by such intrepid and persevering importunity as even sovereignty may hereafter judge it not wise to withstand. There will be a Runnymede in America." Such was the change from 1640 to 1774; the mother-country which to Hooke signified paradise, to Stiles signified oppression; the one clergyman wrote to deprecate war in England, the other almost invoked it in America.

The Congress met, every colony but little Georgia being soon represented. Its meeting signified that the colonies were at last united. In Patrick Henry's great opening speech he said: "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; the distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New-Yorkers and New-Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but a New-Englander."

There is, I think, an undue tendency in these days to exaggerate the differences between the colonies; and in bringing them to the eve of a great struggle it is needful to consider how far they were different, and how far they were one. I agree with that careful student, Professor Shaler, in thinking that the points of resemblance among the different colonies far exceeded the points of difference. They were mainly of the same English race; they were mainly Puritans in religion; they bore with them the local institutions and traditions; all held slaves, though in varying proportions. On the other hand, they were subject to certain variations of climate, pursuits, and local institutions; but, after all, these were secondary; the resemblances were more important.

The style of architecture prevailing throughout the colonies in the early part of the eighteenth century gives proof enough that the mode of living among the higher classes at that period must everywhere have been much the same. The same great square edifices, the same stacks of chimneys, the same tiles, the same mahogany stairways, and the same carving are still to be seen in the old dwellings of Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, Boston, Newport, Philadelphia, Annapolis, and Norfolk. When Washington came from Mount Vernon to Cambridge as commander of the American army, he occu-

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pied as head-quarters a house resembling in many respects his own; and this was one of a line of similar houses, afterward known as "Tory Row," and extending from Harvard College to Mount Auburn. These were but the types of the whole series of colonial or rather provincial houses, North and South. Sometimes they were built of wood, the oaken frames being brought from England, sometimes of bricks brought from Scotland, sometimes of stone. The chief difference between the Northern and Southern houses was that the chambers, being less important in a warm country, were less ample and comfortable in the Southern houses, and the windows were smaller, while for the same reason there was much more lavishness in the way of piazzas. Every one accustomed to the Northern houses is surprised at the inadequate chambers of Mount Vernon, and it appears from the diary of Mr. Frost, a New England traveller in 1797, that he was then so struck with the smallness of the windows as to have made a note of it. The stairway at Arlington is singularly disproportioned to the external dignity of the house, and there is a tradition that at the funeral of Jefferson the stairway of his house at Monticello proved too narrow for the coffin, so that it had to be lowered from the window. All this was the result of the out-door climate, and apart from these trivial variations the life North and South was much the same—



PATRICK HENRY.—From the painting by Sully.

stately and ceremonious in the higher classes, with social distinctions much more thoroughly marked than we are now accustomed to remember.

We know by the private memoirs of the provincial period—for instance, from the charming recollections of Mrs. Quincy—that the costumes and manners of the upper classes were everywhere modelled on the English style of the period. Even after the war of independence, when the wealthier inhabitants of Boston had largely gone into exile at Halifax, the churches

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AN OUT-OF-DOOR TEA PARTY IN COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND.

were still filled on important occasions with gentlemen wearing wigs, cocked hats, and scarlet cloaks; and before the Revolution the display must have been far greater. In Maryland, at a somewhat earlier period, we find an advertisement in the *Maryland Gazette* of a servant who offers himself "to wait on table, curry horses, clean knives, boots, and shoes, lay a table, shave, and dress wigs, carry a lantern, and talk French; is as honest as the times will admit, and as sober as can be." From this standard of a servant's accomplishments we can easily infer the mode of life among the masters.

A striking illustration of these social demarkations is to be found in the general catalogues, now called "triennial," or "quinquennial," of our older colleges. Down to the year 1768 at Yale, and 1773 at Harvard, the students of each class will be found arranged in an order which is not alphabetical, as at the present day, but seems arbitrary. Not at all; they were arranged according to the social positions of their parents; and we know from the recollections of the venerable Paine Wingate that the first thing done by the college authorities on the admission of a new class was to ascertain by careful inquiry the relative social position of the parents. According to this position the young students were "placed" in the dining-hall and the recitation-room, and upon this was also based the choice of college rooms. Had they always retained this relative po-

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sition it would have been less galling, but while the most distinguished student could not rise in the list, the reprobates could fall; and the best scholar in the class might find himself not merely in a low position through his parentage, but flanked on each side by scions of more famed families who had been degraded by their own folly or vice. There could not be a more conclusive proof that American provincial society, even in the Eastern colonies, was founded, down to almost the time of the final separation from England, on an essentially aristocratic basis.

In the same connection it must be remembered that in the eighteenth century slavery gave the tone of manners through all the colonies. No matter how small the proportion of slaves, experience shows that it affected the whole tone of society. In Massachusetts, in 1775, there was probably a population of some 350,000, of whom but 5000 were slaves. It was enough; the effect followed. It was in Cambridge, Massachusetts, not in Virginia, that Longfellow found his tradition of the lady who was buried by her own order with slave attendants:

> "At her feet and at her head
> Lies a slave to attend the dead;
> But their dust is as white as hers."

It is curious to compare this command of this dying lady of the Vassall race—whether it was an act of arrogance or of humility—with the self-humiliation of a Virginia dame of the same period, who directed the burial of her body beneath that portion of the church occupied by the poor, as she had despised them in life, and wished them to trample upon her when dead. Historians have dwelt too much, I think, upon the differences in social life between the different colonies, and too little on the points of likeness. Let us consider, by way of illustration, the way of living on the Narragansett shore of Rhode Island, and see how closely it resembled that of Virginia.

The late venerable Isaac Peace Hazard, of Newport, Rhode Island, told me that his great-grandfather, Robert Hazard, of Narragansett, used in later life, when he had given away many of his farms to his children, to congratulate himself on the small limits to which he had reduced his household, having only seventy in parlor and kitchen. He occupied at one time nearly twelve thousand acres of land, and kept some four thousand sheep, from whose fleece his large household was almost wholly clothed. He had in his dairy twelve negro women, all slaves, and each having a young girl to assist her; each dairy-maid had the care of twelve cows, and they were expected to make from one to two dozen cheeses every day. This was the agricultural and domestic side; the social life consisted of one long series of gay entertainments, visiting from house to house, fox-hunting and horse-racing with the then famous breed of Narragansett pacers. Mr. Isaac Hazard had known old men who in their youth had gone to Virginia to ride their own horses at races, and kept open house for the Virginia riders in return. To illustrate how thoroughly the habits of slavery were infused into the daily life, he told me that another of these Narragansett magnates, his great-uncle, Rowland Robinson, said, impulsively, one day, "I have not servants enough; go fetch me some from Guinea." Upon this the master of a small packet of twenty tons, belonging to Mr. Robinson, fitted her out at once, set sail for Guinea, and brought home eighteen slaves, one of whom was a king's son. His employer burst into tears on their arrival, his order not having been seriously given. But all this was not in Maryland or Virginia; it was in Rhode Island, and on a part of Rhode Island so much a place of resort for the leading Boston families that a portion of it is called Boston Neck to this day.

These descriptions could be paralleled, though not quite fully, in all the Northern colonies. The description of the Schuyler family and of their way of living at Albany, as given by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, about 1750, is quite on a par with these early scenes at Narragansett. In Connecticut it is recorded of John Peters, father of the early and malicious historian of that name, that he "aped the style of a British nobleman, built his house in a forest, kept his coach, and looked with some degree of scorn upon republicans." The stone house of the Lee family at Marblehead cost £10,000; the house of Godfrey Malbone at Newport cost £20,000; the Wentworth house at Portsmouth had fifty-two rooms. Through all the colonies these evidences of a stately way of living were to be found.

These facts are unquestionable, and would not so fully have passed out of sight but for another fact never yet fully explained. When the war of independ-

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ence came it made no social change in the Southern provinces, but it made a social revolution in the Northern provinces. For some reason, perhaps only for the greater nearness to Nova Scotia, the gentry of the New England provinces took the loyal side, and fled, while the gentry of Virginia fell in with the new movement, becoming its leaders. From my window, as I write, I have glimpses of some of the large houses of "Tory Row," in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, according to the contemporary description of the Baroness Riedesel, seven kindred families lived in the greatest luxury until the Revolution, all probably slave-holders, like the Vassalls, and some of them owning plantations in Jamaica. All fled, most of their estates were confiscated, and the war transferred the leadership of the New England colonies, as Professor Sumner has lately well shown in his *Life of Jackson*, to a new race of young lawyers. Hence all the ante-Revolutionary life disappeared, and was soon forgotten; slavery disappeared also, while the self-same social order still subsisted in Virginia, though constantly decaying, until a more recent war brought that also to an end. Mr. Lodge has best summed it up: "The aristocracy of New England did not have at bottom any of the great strength of that in Virginia; but its existence was as real, and its power almost as great and unquestioned."

There was thus less of social difference among the colonies than is often assumed, but the difference in municipal institutions was considerable. Every colony, so far as it was left free to do it, recognized the principle of popular government, limiting the suffrage by age, sex, race, or property, but recognizing the control of a majority of qualified electors as binding. As a rule, this gave a political status to the laboring class in the Northern colonies, but not in those where slavery prevailed and the laboring class was of a different race. We naturally do not obtain from the books of the period so clear a picture of the lower order of inhabitants as of the higher; perhaps the liveliest is to be found in the description of General Riedesel, where he represents the yeomen of New England as being thickset, tolerably tall, wearing blue frocks girt by a strap, and having their heads surmounted by yellow wigs, "with the honorable visage of a magistrate beneath"; as being, moreover, rarely able to write; inquisitive, curious, and zealous to madness for liberty. These were the people—as seen, be it remembered, through the vexed eyes of a defeated prisoner—who made up the citizenship of the Northern colonies.

It is certain that the general model for the colonial governments, and even for our present State governments, dates back to the organization of the Virginia House of Burgesses, in 1619; and all the colonies followed the same principle, with some important modifications. But when it came to the government of small local communities there was a great variation. The present system of New England town government had its beginning, according to Professor Joel Parker, in the action of the inhabitants of Charlestown, Massachusetts, when they adopted on February 10, 1634–5, an order, which still stands on the record-book, "for the governm't of the Towne by Selectmen," thus giving to eleven persons, "wth the advice of Pastor and teacher desired in any case of conscience," the authority to manage their local affairs for one year. This form of self-government, which could be perfectly combined with the existence of slavery on a small scale, was inconsistent with a system of great plantations, like those in the Southern colonies; and it was this fact more than anything else which developed such difference in character as really existed. The other fact that labor was held in more respect in the Northern colonies than in the Southern had doubtless something to do with it; but, after all, there was then less philosophizing on that subject than now, and the main influence was the town meeting. When John Adams was called upon by Major Langbourne to explain the difference of character between Virginia and New England, Mr. Adams offered to give him a receipt for creating a New England in Virginia. It consisted of four points, "town meetings, training-days, town schools, and ministers." Each colony really based its local institutions, in some form, on English traditions; but the system of town government, as it prevailed in the Eastern colonies, has struck deepest root, and has largely influenced the new civilization of the West. Thus, with varied preparation, but with a common need and an increasing unity, the several colonies approached the 19th of April, 1775, when the shot was fired that was "heard round the world."

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THE MODERN YACHT.

SLOOP OR CUTTER?

ON the afternoon of the 22d of August, 1851, the Solent was crowded with racing craft awaiting the return of a squadron of competing yachts. The wind was decreasing, the sea-board was obscured by a ghostly haze, and through a rising mist anxious eyes were trying to discover what fortune might have in store for England. Presently a salute thundered from the men-of-war, and then the royal yacht *Fairy* was seen steaming swiftly out of the smoke toward the Needles.

The Queen was on board, accompanied by various members of her family and by the officials of her household. Though all scanned the horizon anxiously, yet on the weather-beaten brow of the Rear-Admiral on duty as naval aide black care sat most awfully enthroned. Suddenly a sail, unmistakable in grace of curve and of color, loomed through the haze, and then, with wings outspread like those of the fabled sea-bird, flew gallantly and alone up the waters of the Solent.

"Sir John," said the Queen, "what yacht is that?"

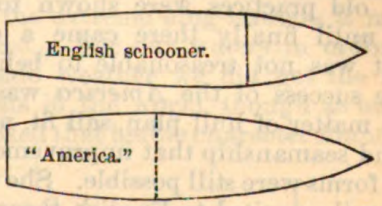
"Madam, it is the American schooner."

"And the second?"

"Madam, there is no second."

Such is the conversation reported by the chroniclers of that day. History fails to relate if Sir John and the defeated yachtsmen were ordered to the block; but this is certain, that if all England had gauged accurately the results of the race when the *America*, with lowered ensign, slipped past the royal yacht, *laudates* and not *misereres* would have filled the ship-yards of the kingdom. It was, indeed, a genuine victory for America, but, what was better, it gave an impetus to yachting everywhere.

In those days the sport was a restricted enjoyment, and English yachtsmen sat at the feet of marine Gamaliels who had fought with Nelson at the Nile; choleric old gentlemen these were generally, and of that Benbow school which believed seamanship was nothing if not naval, that he who handled a frigate was master of a yawl, and that all science of ship construction was rounded by the aphorism that there was nothing to equal "cod's head and mackerel's tail," and a bellying sail to drive them. Hence the fine long hollow entrance, the easy sections, and the beamy after-body of the *America* were squalls they could not luff through, though in truth the model was only cod's head and mackerel's tail turned endwise. But they were too much for the elders, and the legend tells us that one murky south-westerly Saturday night, after unlimited grogs, and just as eight bells were striking, mine ancients, laden with models, stood spectrally out of their club-houses, and tacking down the landing-stairs, beat up solemnly for the pilotless narrows which lead to Fiddler's Green, where all good sailors go.



RELATIVE PLAN OF YACHT "AMERICA" AND HER COMPETITORS.

Fortunately for the adoption of the theories illustrated by the *America*, a boat is so largely a question of environment that the exigencies of English yachting did not arrest the reaction. Had our schooner been of the shallow, centre-board type, nothing might have resulted, but being deep, fast, safe, and roomy, the conservative mind accepted her, and for some years English ship-builders contented themselves with reproducing her lines.

Not that her type was new either here or abroad, for in our own country Steers had built a number of successful boats based upon the principles which afterward made the *America* famous; and in Europe, among the Swedes especially, the true path had been discerned, and the wave-line theories which she illustrated had been adopted long before her day. As early as 1848 the *Mosquito*, an iron boat, forty tons in measurement, and of beautiful proportions, was designed in England; and novel and successful as she was at that time, she would be to-day a notable example of the long hollow bow and cycloidal design to which so many of the yachts of this decade are primarily indebted for their successes. It was about this period also that English ship-building had

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its revival. The repeal of the obnoxious navigation laws which enabled ships to be bought in any market; the adoption of our models and the employment of our clippers; the improvement made in their design by tentative processes, and the growth of commerce; the larger knowledge of the sea, and the increase of wealth and of leisure—all these combined to develop a ship construction which demanded something more both for trading and for pleasure craft than a blind dependence upon precedent or an unshaken faith in rule-of-thumb modelling. Freeships meant many ships, and with the necessity for the best vessels the attainments of the designers went hand in hand. Old theories of naval architecture were found to be delusions, old practices were shown to be snares, until finally there came a day when it was not treasonable to believe that the success of the *America* was so much a matter of hull plan, sail fit, mast rake, and seamanship that improvements in body forms were still possible. She was not altogether suited to English theories, nor to the rigorous necessities of British waters, and many new and intelligent departures were made. Smaller boats were needed, and the rule of measurement adopted, combined with the demands made by the rocky coast of England, flanked as it is by long stretches of outlying shoals and by treacherous sands, and pierced with rivers filled with swirling tides and eddies, resulted in the adoption of a new type.

Yachting had become the great national pastime, and the men who were knocking about stormy seas in strong breezes wanted comfort and safety more than speed. Then the sport differentiated, and cruising and racing yachts became necessary. To permit a fair competition a standard of classification was adopted, for, at the best, the Thames Rule is nothing more. To arrive at the relative value of boats the length was measured on deck from the fore-part of the stem to the after-part of the stern-post; the breadth was taken to the outside of the outer plank at the broadest part, wherever found; this measured breadth was subtracted from the measured length, and this last result was multiplied by the breadth; finally, this product was multiplied by half the breadth—the assumed value of the depth—and the result was divided by 94. The divisor 94 was chosen with reference to the carrying power of the ships in tons of dead-weight, and was arrived at by calculations based upon length for tonnage, and the assumption that forty per cent. of the displacement went to weight of hull, and sixty per cent. to carrying power.

All this collected in the shape of a formula would read this way, L and B representing length and breadth:

$$\text{Tonnage} = \frac{(L-B)\times B\times \frac{B}{2}}{94};$$

or, to make it plain with a practical example, assume a yacht 102 feet in measured length and 21 feet in measured breadth; then her tonnage by Thames measurement would be:

$$\frac{(102-21)\times 21\times \frac{21}{2}}{94}, \text{ or } 190 \text{ tons.}$$

Depth was always taken equal to one-half the breadth, owing to the difficulty of measuring it directly, structural arrangements interfering. Now a larger boat being better than a small one for speed, the advantages of sailing a big craft on the allowance of a small one resulted in decreasing beam and increasing depth; this gave advantages both ways, until finally a point of jockeying was reached when some of the rated ten-tonners were really over twenty-two tons in displacement, and in ballast alone carried as much as fourteen tons of lead.

The penalty affixed to beam as compared with length naturally induced designers to avail themselves of a large weight of ballast stowed low down in order to secure great sail-carrying power on long vessels with small beam and with little nominal tonnage, until finally the English racing machine became curiously like to the Chinese toy which vibrates upon a ball of lead, and under all circumstances salaams its toppling mandarin into a vertical position. Briefly stated, however, the rule, with all its disadvantages, produced a boat that was practically uncapsizable.

This restriction upon beam hampered the naval architect in the development of body forms, though it gave a type which was fast, roomy, handy, and in all weathers safe, and which, in light airs and in any sea, or in rough waters and strong breezes, was faster than the low free-boarded, shallow, beamy boats to which we pinned our faith.

But the development has in some cases

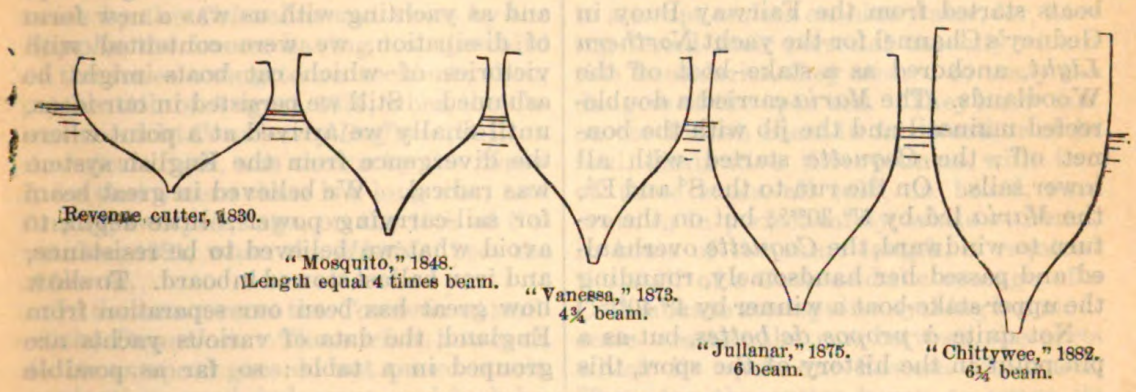
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been carried too far, for finding, under their rules, that extreme types give extreme speed, a class of racing machines has been developed which has so diminished general entries that last year the forty-tonners *Anasona* and *Sleuth-Hound* carried off most of the prizes, the former winning, out of thirty-five starts, twenty-eight first prizes and one second prize, amounting in money to £1590. Whatever may be said, extreme boats will not do for cruising, and hence the man who can own but one boat, and desires comfort, safety, and speed as well, can not hope to compete with knife-edges or with skimming-dishes, which are designed purely and simply for racing purposes.

Radical as is the English development, it has been a gradual one, and tracing the descent of the cutter through fifty odd years, the survival and growth of depth, the decrease of beam, and the increase of free-board are found in an ultimate cutter known as the *Chittywee*.

taut as harp-strings. A run outside was a rare event, and even now, though here and there our radius has been lengthened, the typical summer work is narrowed by the same old circle—day runs, local handicaps, fortnight cruises to the eastward, and on exceptional occasions ocean races which glow in paragraphs and flame in spread heads of newspapers thankful for something new.

And the cause of this has been the ambition to obtain extreme speed under special conditions. Of the three elements, speed, safety, and comfort, speed has been the insatiable Joss to whom we have tossed coppers, burned fire-works, and poured libations innumerable; for while it counted as two among the moderate devotees who were satisfied with an occasional trophy, to the extreme mug-hunters it meant all three. For our waters in ordinary and inside weather we did get the speediest boats in the world, though as our racing lacked that heroic character found abroad,



DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH CUTTER.

In the mean time we have done nothing of which to boast, either in novelty of idea, or in loyalty to a type which proved itself the best thirty odd years since, for our development has been mainly in the direction pointed out as that best fitted to river sailing. Our cruisings have been in shallow waters which fringe shores akin in the yachting season to those of lotos-lands; under our lee there have always been ports of refuge; our indulgence in the sport has rarely been more than the relaxation of summer days when commercial affairs were stagnant; and our regattas have been more often drifting matches than those keen struggles for mastery when a yacht flies over blue water with a bone in her teeth, and with a rattling song ringing out from weather shrouds as we have in extraordinary or normal outside weather, especially in the smaller crafts, lagged in the race.

Thanks to a few yachtsmen fond of venturesome voyages, the chapter of skimming dishes has been here and there punctuated with deeper boats, and keels have so much increased in number, or rather have so much taken anew the lines of old development we had abandoned, that this class, which in 1866 made but fifteen per cent. of the New York Squadron's list, now includes over fifty per cent.; and, better still, in all the boats of any size building, two keels are being laid down to every centre-board designed. Why we should have persisted in a path which common reasoning showed to be faulty seems strange enough when it is recalled that

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the value of deep boats was taught so thoroughly thirty-seven years ago.

It was in this wise. Among the papers of the New York Yacht Club there is a brief record reciting the struggle between the *Maria* and the *Coquette*. Both were lying off the club-house at Hoboken, and on the evening of the 9th of October, 1846, the owner of the latter was tempted over a mess dinner into matching his yacht, for a purse of $1000, in a twenty-five mile race to leeward and return, against the former, then the most famous centre-board sloop in the world. The *Coquette* hailed from Boston, and was 66 feet in length, 19 feet in beam, and 8 feet in depth. The *Maria* was 92 feet in length, 26½ feet in beam, and 8 feet in depth; her main-boom was 95 feet long, and she spread a total lower-sail area of 7890 square feet, 5790 in her mainsail, and 2100 in her single jib.

The log of the race reads: "Morning overcast, cloudy, and cool, with strong breezes from N^{d} and E^{d}. At 11 A.M. both boats started from the Fairway Buoy in Gedney's Channel for the yacht *Northern Light*, anchored as a stake-boat off the Woodlands. The *Maria* carried a double-reefed mainsail and the jib with the bonnet off; the *Coquette* started with all lower sails. On the run to the S^{d} and E^{d}, the *Maria* led by 5^{m} 30^{sec}; but on the return to windward, the *Coquette* overhauled and passed her handsomely, rounding the upper stake-boat a winner by 4^{m} 40^{sec}."

Not quite *à propos de bottes*, but as a pin point in the history of the sport, this recalls the famous race of 1661, when Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, sailed from Greenwich to Gravesend, the first regular match on record. The reporter quaintly tells us, "The King lost it going, the winds being contrary, but saved stakes in returning, his Majesty sometimes steering himself." Let us salute respectfully the memory of the Merry Monarch, first of modern Corinthians, and congratulate him upon a victory over that pseudo-sailor who lost his kingdom under the same circumstances of a free wind and a flowing sea.

Keels, however, fell into disfavor, as did outside ballast, this new idea having been employed forty years ago in American waters—indeed, still later, for early in the fifties a 26-feet sloop carried upon her keel a canoe-shaped mass of metal, through which the centre-board worked. Our national type finally resolved itself into a boat which was admirably suited for a run from Hoboken to the light-ship, and as yachting with us was a new form of dissipation, we were contented with victories of which cat-boats might be ashamed. Still we persisted in our ideas, until finally we arrived at a point where the divergence from the English system was radical. We believed in great beam for sail-carrying power; little depth, to avoid what we believed to be resistance, and iron ballast stowed inboard. To show how great has been our separation from England, the data of various yachts are grouped in a table; so far as possible

Rig.	Name.	Nation.	Built.	Length on Load Water-Line.	Depth.	Beam.	Draught.	Tonnage.
Schooner..	Sappho (*a*).....	United States..	1867	119.4	9.6	27.4	12.8	232.0
Schooner..	Guinevere (*b*)...	England	1868	121.0	13.3	23.0	12.0	297.0
Schooner..	Mohawk (*c*)	United States..	1875	121.0	9.4	30.4	$\frac{6}{11.6}$	346.0
Schooner..	America (*d*)....	United States..	1851	90.6	9.3	22.6	11.6	150.0
Schooner..	Sea Belle (*e*)....	England	1874	90.5	11.6	18.9	12.0	155.0
Schooner..	Intrepid (*f*)....	United States..	1878	100.7	11.8	24.0	11.6	270.0
Schooner..	Cambria (*g*)....	England	1868	100.0	11.6	20.5	12.4	167.0
Schooner..	Dreadnaught ...	United States..	1871	101.11	9.9	24.0	11.0	285.0
Yawl.....	Jullanar	England	1875	100.00	13.1	16.8	13.8	158.0
Schooner..	Estelle	United States..	1874	80.0	6.6	22.6	$\frac{6.6}{15}$	103.6
Cutter....	Kriemhilda.....	England	1872	79.3	11.1	17.3	12.3	115.0
Sloop.....	Vixen (*h*).....	United States..	1871	44.11	5.6	16.0	$\frac{4.4}{10.6}$	37.86
Cutter....	Vanessa	England	1873	47.00	8.2	9.8	7.8	28.50
Sloop.....	Coming (*i*)	United States..	1869	57.00	5.5	20.3	$\frac{5}{13}$	54.45
Cat-Boat..	Cohill	United States..	1878	17.8	2.9	8.6	$\frac{2}{5.6}$	..
Sloop.....	Heathen Chinee.	England	1876	18.0	4.9	7.0	4.2	3.5

(*a*), American keel; (*b*), English keel; (*c*), American centre-board. (*d*), Old type; (*e*), New type: both keel. (*f*), (*g*), Same general type. (*h*), Medium sloop; (*i*), Extreme sloop.

The small figures in draught column show draught with and without centre-board.

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these vessels have been compared by length of load water-line and by date of construction, though there are apparent anomalies here. No scientific deduction is sought to be drawn from the comparisons, and the yachts are put side by side simply to show intelligent yachtsmen how much the two leading yachting nations have separated in theory and in practice.

Looked at merely from results, without seeking to find the causes which underlie them, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that we have designed the fastest boats, for in all the international trials save three we have been the victors. Four times since 1851 have English yachtsmen endeavored to recover that trophy which we are apt so mistakenly to call the Queen's Cup, and always in vain—first, on the 8th of August, 1870, when the *Cambria* came in eighth out of a fleet of sixteen; next, in the October race of 1871, when the *Livonia* was in five races beaten four times, twice by the *Columbia* and twice by the *Sappho*, the former having lost the third of the series owing to an accident; then, on the 11th of August, 1876, when the Canadian yacht *Countess of Dufferin*, built on American lines, was shown by the *Madelaine* that a stern chase is a long one; and finally, two years ago, on the 10th of November, 1881, when the *Mischief* beat the *Atlanta*.

In the ocean races the *Cambria* outsailed the *Dauntless*. These trials, however, so far as speed goes do not prove much, navigation, good judgment, and luck being of more avail than relative body forms. The yachts left Queenstown on the 4th of July, 1870, and almost immediately parted company. The former took a high northern route, and sailed 3025 miles; the latter tried a middle passage, and sailed 2982 miles—the differences at the finish being forty-three miles in distance and one hour and forty minutes in time, all in favor of the *Cambria*.

About our centennial year yachting gave evidence of a new departure. With increasing leisure, more money, and a higher appreciation of the mental and physical value of the sport, there came a desire for blue-water cruising and for longer voyages. These begot a taste for the sea life; and as rough water and moderate gales taught the deficiencies of our boats, a demand was created for vessels with hard-weather qualities. Then, again, with a larger knowledge of the sea was born a craving for some personal control over its exigencies, and many owners determined to be not only something more than passengers, but to become captains of their own craft, with such practical knowledge as would free them from an unmanly servitude to the ignorance or cupidity of sailing-masters. Hence safer, more sea-worthy yachts were required both for pleasure and for schools of experience, and though many large vessels were built, the popular taste for the sport was made evident in the increase of smaller boats.

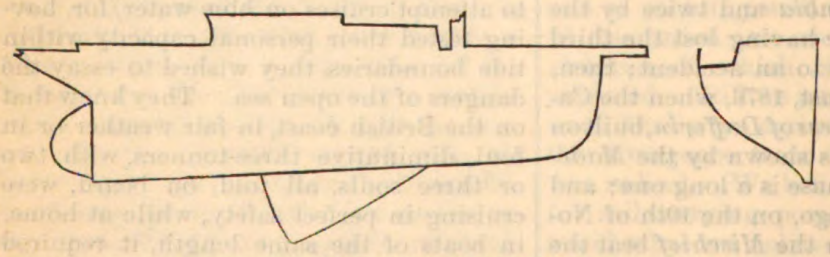
Fortunately the size of a yacht is not in a direct ratio to the ardor of the genuine sailor, and the best-managed boat and the keenest yachtsman will be found most often where the owner skippers for himself. And fortunately, too, among us there is such a class.

These men had all the enthusiasm which would lead them with good vessels to attempt cruises on blue water, for, having tested their personal capacity within tide boundaries, they wished to essay the dangers of the open sea. They knew that on the British coast, in fair weather or in foul, diminutive three-tonners, with two or three souls, all told, on board, were cruising in perfect safety, while at home, in boats of the same length, it required the skill of a Cook and the courage of a Columbus to attempt in anything but moderate weather the run between the ports which lie upon our Eastern sea-board. Then, too, the cutter began to prove its value; for one day, off Cape Cod, the *Vindex*—"that old tank," as she was called—beat in the open the big schooner *Dreadnaught*, both being reefed down. There was no harbor to run into, and the yachts had to fight it out in stormy waters; and when the test came the smaller and deeper boat outpointed and outsailed, with a roaring, turbulent wake, her overshadowing competitor. Other victories followed, not so much of speed, but of comparative yachting values, until finally the ten-tonner Scotch cutter *Madge* beat, under our own conditions, the boats we selected to compete. Even granting that our allowances were insufficient, she proved herself under restraint the fastest yacht, and showed at least that a knife-edged craft with wide keel, low sail, initial heel, and outside lead could defeat our own type in our own waters.

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Where, then, was the fault? Was it in type, construction, or seamanship?

So far as the experience of the coasting trade went, it was claimed that centre-board boats were not only faster, but safer, than keels, as they showed a less percentage of wreckages. Close examination, however, proved that the losses of keel boats were due mainly to strandings, and not to founderings; and this seemed reasonable enough when it was recalled that the low-hanging boards of the beamy type were so many sounding-machines giving that warning of imminent danger which the keel boats received only when they were bedded in the shallows. But in bad weather the centre-board coasters, like spinsters' cats, were forced to scurry into the nearest haven of refuge, while the sturdy keelers stood valorously for the open, bade defiance to Hatteras and Bermuda, and year in and year out made better average voyages than their rivals.



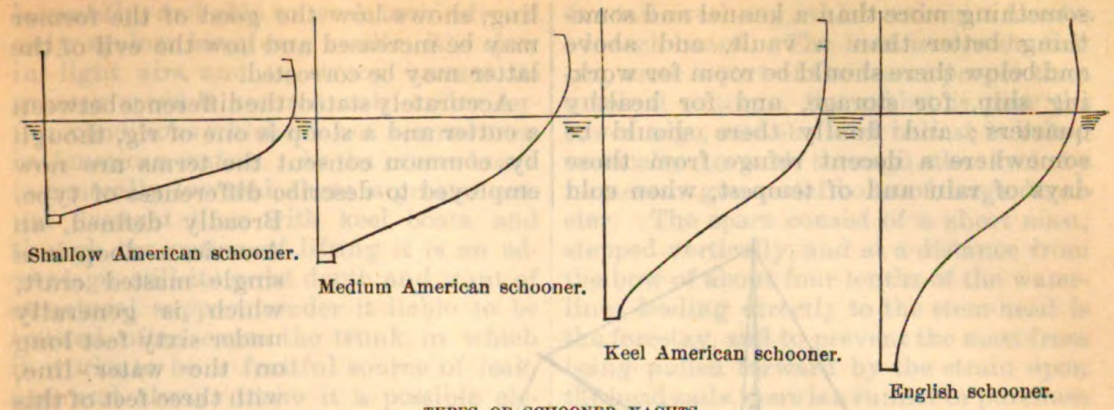
MEDIUM AMERICAN CENTRE-BOARD YACHT.

Many yachtsmen, too, were tired of racing, of the cost and trouble and worry of a pastime which made the stake boat the objective point of all ambition. Finding that foreign boats would satisfy the new desires, a few of the bolder spirits determined to test their value, at first by investigation, and then by actual experience afloat. The storm of persecution which beset those who were called, with a fine derision, "cuttah fellahs," was fierce enough, but these investigators took themselves and their work seriously, and found comfort in the knowledge that they were at least seeking for the truth, even if it did lie at the bottom of the well, as their opponents called the deep boat. They fought unsupported at first, but one or two trained Naval Academy men took up the question, and presently the newspapers grew coldly scientific over the argument of types, and severely logical disquisitions chilled the unlearned one and befogged him, until, like M. Jourdain, he found he had been talking prose all his life. But logic did not avail always, nor was the temperate mind persistently opposed, and at times the critics fell foul of each other with wordy belaying-pins, and instead of barking as jovial sea-dogs should, they bit as savagely as philosophers struggling over a question of evolution. And they have not ceased yet, though already there are echoes to the strife.

The discussion did good, and the new ideas, like all truths disagreeable to swallow, fell into the time-honored lines—first derision, happily over, except with the hopelessly unregenerate; next doubt, where many of us now sport with Amaryllis in the shade and with the tangles of Neæra's hair; and finally, if one can read the signs intelligently, acceptance. At any rate, a taste for investigation has been developed, and a knowledge of general principles has become wider spread, until now in every type we may look for a future of better ships, since science mans the jib halyards and art sways the temper of the ardent helm.

There is room for each type, and in our waters there will always be the shallow, the compromise, and the deep boat; though, fairly gauged, in the last seems to lie, for all-round work, the hope of every man to whom yachting is "a little more than tennis and a little less than love," as some unhonored poet sings. The extremists of both sides went too far, as they always will; but in the end fair-minded men rejected the assertion that any type carried to its ultimate development possesses essentially all the best qualities, and accepted as an underlying truth that the solution was a question of selection, based upon the intention of the yachtsman. It is claimed in England that famous racing boats make the best cruisers; that the *Jullanar*, for example, with a length of six times beam, is as good a cruiser as she is a racer, and that even greater proportions would give a better class of vessel; but these lack the *imprimatur* of the highest authority; and there, as here, it is believed to be impossible to combine all the requirements in the greatest degree in any one boat, or

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TYPES OF SCHOONER YACHTS.

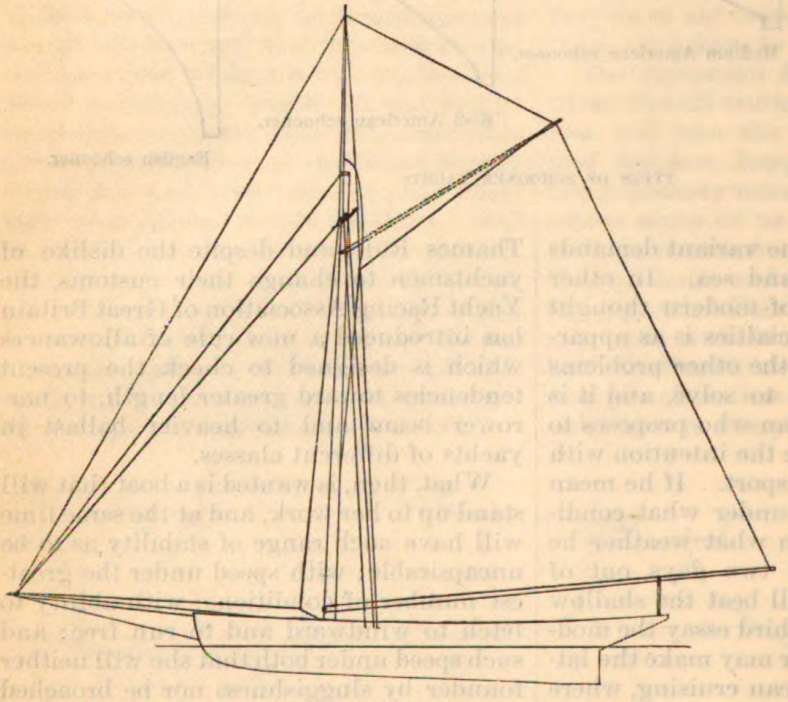
equally to satisfy all the variant demands made upon it by sky and sea. In other words, the tendency of modern thought in the direction of specialties is as apparent here as it is in all the other problems this century has tried to solve, and it is agreed that a yachtsman who proposes to build must first declare the intention with which he takes up the sport. If he mean speed, he must state under what conditions of racing and in what weather he hopes to compete, for two days out of three the deep boat will beat the shallow craft, though on that third essay the moderate wind and weather may make the latter speedier. If he mean cruising, where and when, for where the deep boat would mock the seas and winds, the beamy shallow yacht would seriously sigh for sea anchors or for the haven blessed with calm. The time is over when racing and cruising qualities could be found in any one boat to an equally high degree. Class may compete with class, type with type, but to expect a boat to be eminently successful in both, when such mere racing-machines exist under each system, is as hopeless as to believe that a blooded race-horse trained down to the limits of fineness will be able to carry a dragoon through all the hard knocks of a cavalry campaign.

All this is recognized in England, and it is an outspoken regret that the extreme racers have decreased the number of competitive entries, as the expense of the first construction of such a boat, and the cost of maintenance of craft and crew, exclude all but a privileged class of yachtsmen. The same conditions, slightly differentiated, which led to the formation of the first Corinthian Club at Bristol, are appearing now; and notwithstanding the advantages given to English boats by the Thames Rule, and despite the dislike of yachtsmen to change their customs, the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain has introduced a new rule of allowances which is designed to check the present tendencies toward greater length, to narrower beam, and to heavier ballast in yachts of different classes.

What, then, is wanted is a boat that will stand up to her work, and at the same time will have such range of stability as to be uncapsizable; with speed under the greatest number of conditions; with ability to fetch to windward and to run free; and such speed under both that she will neither founder by sluggishness nor be broached to and sunk by lack of way. Her spars should break not, neither should they buckle, and the rigging should be able to defy equally the first blast of a sudden squall and the persistent hammerings of a steady gale; her sails should be large enough to drive her to the utmost limit of speed which is her birthright, and beyond which no boat may go, and yet be so proportioned to pace and to work that the larger share of the living-room and of the money expenditure need not be given to the berthing and the pay of heavy crews; she should possess such handiness of rig that either in racing or in cruising she will be ready for any squall and snug for any gale before either can overtake her; and her safety should be so pronounced that if blown off shore or denied a port by other reasons, the people on board may turn in with the hope of seeing day again. The hull should be as rigid as a girder, and with ballast so chosen and disposed as to obtain safety, speed, and comfort from the maximum weight with the minimum volume. To live in, the between-decks should be

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something more than a kennel and something better than a vault, and above and below there should be room for working ship, for storage, and for healthy quarters; and finally there should be somewhere a decent refuge from those days of rain and of tempest, when cold winds howl and angry seas sweep the forecastle, even as they sometimes kiss the lee cat-heads of bluff-bowed liners butting into icy waves in midwinter runs across the Western Ocean.



RIG OF AMERICAN SLOOP.

Unfortunately this boat is nowhere afloat, though many of these things are claimed by the believers in each of the three types which now divide American yachtsmen into hostile squadrons. There are points of agreement in each, and the extremes of skimming-dish and of cutter *se touchent*, but in no one are all the elements mingled so as to let us say, "This is the perfect yacht." But the three types are certainly not coequal, and we are at a point where the problem should be seriously attacked.

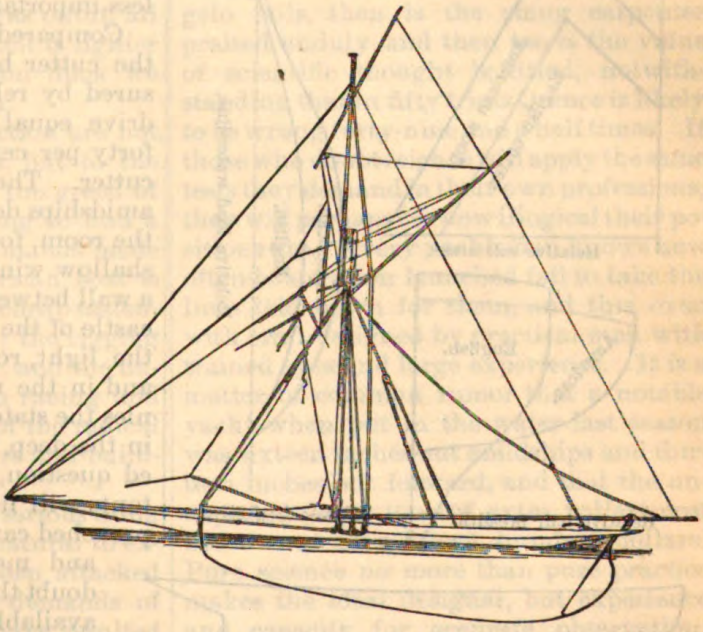
To approach it intelligently three steps are necessary. First, a knowledge of the types; secondly, what practice afloat has shown to be their advantages and disadvantages; and thirdly, wherein science explains the causes of these, and, reconciling its formulæ with thumb rules of modelling, shows how the good of the former may be increased and how the evil of the latter may be corrected.

Accurately stated, the difference between a cutter and a sloop is one of rig, though by common consent the terms are now employed to describe differences of type. Broadly defined, an American sloop is a single-masted craft, which is generally under sixty feet long on the water-line, with three feet of this length to one foot of breadth, and with a depth equal to one-third of the beam. The spars consist of a mainmast, of a topmast, of a standing bowsprit, and usually of a jib-boom, though there are divergences from both of these, owing to the employment in latter-day sloops of cutter headsails. The principal sail is a mainsail, which is short on the head and long on the foot, this last being laced to the boom; next, there is a jib of relatively great size, and then a topsail with narrow head and long foot. The hull is low, with little freeboard, the entrance is sharp, the greatest beam is carried well aft, and the stern is full and short. The general characteristics of the type are great beam, little depth, large sail areas, and, when necessary, a capacity for doubling the draught, by means of a centre-board. The advantages are great stiffness and sail-carrying power under certain racing conditions, cheap first cost, very high speed with strong lower-sail winds and easy seas, and in smooth water handiness of working. The disadvantages are a liability to capsizing in squalls or through inattention, owing to a lack of stability beyond certain angles of keel, unreliability in stays in rough water, want of effective room on deck and below, hardness upon helms, large sail areas in proportion to displacement, and disproportionately heavy crews for the speed obtained and the work done. As a rule the sloop is not a good sea boat, being

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leewardly, and able to work to windward only against long, easy swells; it is slow in light airs, and in strong breezes its greater speed is secured only under certain conditions which are not normal even in American waters. As the centre-board is generally lowered, there is greater actual draught than with keel boats, and though the option of lifting it is an advantage, still its great depth and want of structural support render it liable to be twisted, often cause the trunk in which it works to be a fruitful source of leakage, and always make it a possible element of danger. The ballast is commonly iron, and the construction is cheap because it is poor. The sloop rig is not adapted to yachts of fair size, and in heavy weather is so dangerous as to demand large crews to control its unhandiness; the water retained upon the decks in heeling shows the type to have too little freeboard; in moderate seas its want of support, owing to a light displacement being bullied by large sails, so deadens the headway as to make the boat plunge and wallow; and in sailing free it is apt, even with the helm hard up, to luff up into the wind and to take seas on board which may cause it to founder. In wear a sloop is expensive, because the strains to which it is subjected by the pressure of large and lofty sail areas, and by the great resistance which acts on a light, unskillfully constructed body, render it comparatively a short-lived type. However, after this usefulness as a yacht has departed, it is suited for more prosaic fishing and trading work.

The cutter type is found in a narrow boat which, with great length in proportion to beam, and great depth relatively to both, carries low down, inboard and on the keel, large amounts of lead ballast. The stem is straight, the stern-post rakes, and the draught of water forward is about one-half of that aft. Amidships the cutter is rather full and bold, with a low bilge, a fine long entrance, and a sharp run, this last curving into high quarters and narrowing in modern boats, as a rule, into a fan-tail overhang, which ends in a moulded arch-board. The keel is a wide timber, more a part of the frame proper than a spinal column; the rabbet is near the lower edge, and the lead ballast is bolted vertically to and through the keel by numerous gun-metal bolts of large diameter. The spars consist of a short mast, stepped vertically, and at a distance from the bow of about four-tenths of the water-line; leading directly to the stem-head is the forestay, and to prevent the mast from being pulled forward by the strain upon the head-sails, there is a runner or purchase which is set up taut by a tackle at a point about one-third of the distance from the mast to the stern-post. Both the bowsprit and topmast can be reefed or housed by simple mechanical contrivances, and as a general classification the spars are short and stout, the standing rigging is light and strong, and the running gear is heavy and well disposed. There are four working sails; first, a mainsail which is wide on the head, short on the luff or on the part which is made fast to the mast, and long on the foot—this last being secured to the boom only at the extremities, the canvas sweeping, when not distended, in a graceful curve below the spar; next there is a jib, which is hooked to a ring, called a traveller, and is hauled out to the bowsprit by a tackle, its head being hoisted by chain halyards, and afterward set up taut by a

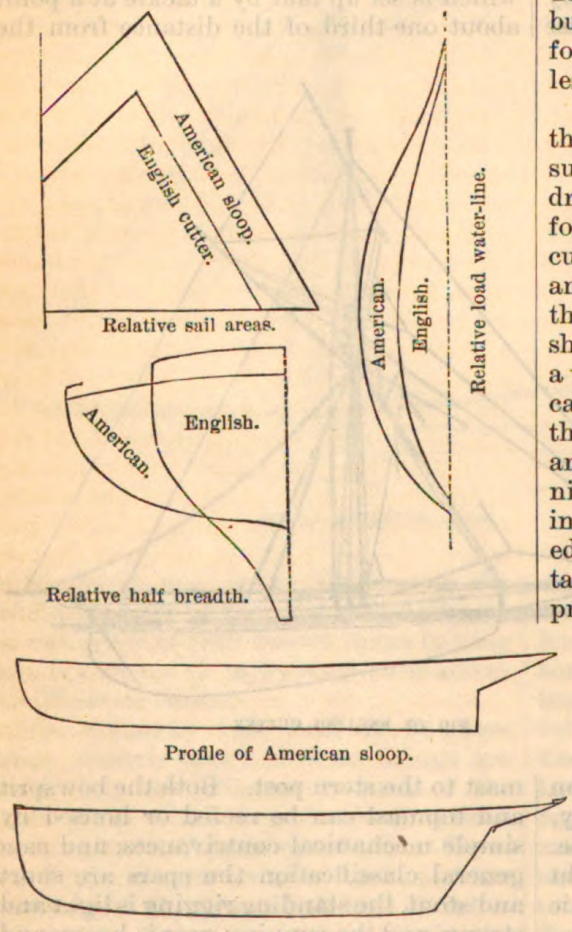


RIG OF ENGLISH CUTTER.

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tackle; then comes a foresail, which is fitted with hanks to the fore-stay; and finally a large square-headed topsail, bent to a yard and set flying, the lower part of the luff being afterward laced to the foot of the topmast above the cap and to the doublings of the mast.

The advantages of the cutter are—seagoing qualities of the highest order; speed in all winds and weather, and especially in light airs and in strong breezes; safety so pronounced, owing to the great range of stability, as to forbid capsizing; ability to work to windward under all conditions; great manœuvring power, due to momentum; small areas of canvas in proportion to work done and to speed obtained, as compared with other types; effective room below and on deck; small crews, and good quarters for them; handiness of rigging and of gear; more nearly equal efficiency as racers and cruisers than any other class; and finally, a readiness at all times to meet any vicissitudes of wind and weather under racing or working rigs.



RELATIVE DIMENSIONS OF AMERICAN SLOOP AND ENGLISH CUTTER.

The disadvantages of the cutter are—first, great cost; excessive heeling; large permanent draught of water; and in moderate weather and seas, owing to a lack of initial stability until large angles are reached, diminished speed as compared with the sloop type. The life of a racing cutter is limited; and as it can not be very well utilized afterward for pilot or fishing boats, its value depreciates so fast that yachtsmen are deterred from building. The lead ballast employed is expensive, but the greater utilization of this metal for yachts makes this excessive factor of less importance in the comparative scale.

Compared with a sloop of the same size, the cutter has more room; indeed, measured by relative sail areas necessary to drive equal displacements, there is over forty per cent. advantage in favor of the cutter. The excessive beam of the sloop amidships does not add proportionately to the room, for there is a great waste in the shallow wings, and the centre-board is as a wall between friendly nations; the forecastle of the sloop is a den compared with the light, roomy quarters of the cutter, and in the run the shallow flat floor denies the state-room which is always found in the deep, narrow craft. This is a vexed question, and one upon which disputants will not agree; but it has been approached carefully, and after comparisons and measurements there seems no doubt that, boat for boat, there is more available, effective room in the cutter than in the sloop. Whether this room gives increased comfort is purely a personal question, being vehemently asserted and denied by the partisans of each type, though, after all, this depends largely upon the character of the work expected of the yacht. The yachtsman who intends to limit his cruising to smooth water and to good weather will get room and comfort in a shallow boat with raised coach roof; but if he wishes to go outside and be prepared for any emergencies, his chances for comfort are better in the flush-decked, high free-boarded, well-ventilated deep boat.

Besides differences of type, there are marked differences of construction. A cutter is generally built in the most substantial manner, because of the work the

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designer promises it will do. It is constructed of hard wood, and fastened from keel to rail with copper bolts driven through and clinched. The outer underwater skin is coppered, and inboard it is so thoroughly finished that the boat is as tight as a bottle, and during its life needs few repairs. The rigging is especially noteworthy as compared with our flimsy outfit; there are special brands of steel wire for the shrouds and stays, and the setting up at the mast-heads and at the gunwales is such as to merit encomiums for the strength and the neatness obtained and the waste obviated. There are patent blocks and anchors, and everywhere good wholesome iron-work. Fourteen sails constitute the canvas outfit, all of a grade of Irish linen which is lighter and stancher than the cotton duck we pride ourselves so much upon.

The defects in our construction are not due to American mechanics, but to the parsimony of owners and to the greed of builders, and it is a rare thing to find a yacht that will satisfy the demands made upon it. The average American boat is badly built, and is filled with cheap fastenings and defective iron-work; the rigging is unseamanlike and lubberly, and the numerous accidents met with in racing and cruising prove the necessity of the radical reforms which a few designers and builders are trying to institute.

Abroad, yachting is a more serious thing than with us, and it is only natural to expect that the problem has been attacked more earnestly there. The demands of general naval construction have resulted in giving England better ship-building yards and a larger corps of skilled naval architects than we have; for, with a few notable exceptions, our reliance has always rested upon men who bear the same relation to educated designers that herb doctors do to licentiates of the great schools. Sometimes the unlearned healer cures, and sometimes the trained physician kills, but if *pallida Mors* were heard galloping toward us, and we had a voice in the matter, is there a doubt that we would prefer science to "yarbs"? In the same way the man who whittles a model upon lines which his experience teaches, and not upon principles which his grasp of scientific facts asserts, may often obtain a first-class ship, but more often he may not; and, on the other hand, while it is admitted that naval architecture is not as yet an exact science, and that it is possible that the man who constructs upon mathematical principles may occasionally fail, still he is nearly sure to have his floating body and his paper ship agree, and to start at least equal with the other as to the chances for speed. Yet, with the peculiar antagonism in human nature to book-learning, the scientific man is generally berated as a theorizer, and the rule-of-thumb modeller is hailed effusively as one "who knows all about his business." Practice, even pure and simple, is to be honored, but crass ignorance of underlying principles is no more practice than house-building is architecture; and if Quince the Joiner happens to succeed where Michael Angelo fails, then is the smug carpenter praised unduly, and then too is the value of scientific thought belittled, notwithstanding that in fifty trials Quince is likely to be wrong forty-nine and a half times. If those who doubt science will apply the same tests they demand in their own professions, they will perhaps see how illogical their positions are. Every yachtsman knows how often boats when launched fail to take the lines laid down for them, and this even with craft designed by practical men with trained eyes and large experience. It is a matter of common rumor that a notable yacht when put in the water last season was sixteen inches out amidships and thirteen inches out forward, and that the unexpected dozen tons of extra ballast cost her owner over fifteen hundred dollars. Pure science no more than pure practice makes the ideal designer, but experience and capacity for accurate observation, coupled with mathematical skill, come nearest to the production of this genus. Not long since a very clever constructor cast aside as useless all but his formulæ and his draughting-board, but after a short experience he was found hard at work in his studio perfecting his ship from the drawing on paper and the shaded model in his hand. And this is as it should be.

In this narration of the actual facts as they exist in the two types there is much that will be denied by the partisans of the sloop, but theory bears out the results gained in practice, and if the scope and purpose of this article permitted, it would not be difficult to show mathematically that each system practically does exactly what theory says it must. If this be so, then the scientific designers are certainly the better equipped for the work in hand,

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and however much preconceived ideas may conflict with principles, fair-minded men should at least give their exponents a dispassionate hearing.

This is hardly the place to enter into a discussion of scientific terms, but a few prevalent heresies may be stated. There is, for example, a common belief that a body moving in water meets with a resistance proportionate to its depth of immersion. This is a fallacy. Depth has no effect upon resistance, nor has the increase of density in water ever influenced the speed of any ship, for the accretion is only one-twentieth at a depth of 6000 feet, that is, at a distance from the surface of over a mile. Nor is water more difficult to push aside as the depth increases, for water is practically incompressible, and, surface disturbances apart, the quantity and weight displaced are the same at all depths and at any speed. Hence the resistance offered by water to the motion of a ship propelled by sails is divided into three classes—frictional, eddy-making, and wave-making. The first is due to the resistance of the particles of water gliding over the ship's bottom, and is in a direct ratio to the area and roughness of the immersed section of the vessel. In light winds and at low velocities nearly the whole resistance met with by vessels sailing at five or six knots' speed is due to this surface friction; and, in competitive sailing, extent and quality of surface friction, and the power representing stability, are undoubtedly the main elements upon which success depends. Eddy and wave-making resistances are those parts of the total opposition to headway which are most influenced by the forms and proportions of boats. With great beam comes great initial stability up to certain defined angles of heel, and with depth and low centres of gravity is found that range of stability which is a maximum at fifty-six degrees of inclination. Free-board gives both initial stability and range of stability, and even with those who believe in skimming dishes there is an acceptance of the truth that more free-board, or height of deck—not of bulwark—above the water-line must be secured.

The shallow, beamy boat is faster in moderate weather because of its greater initial stability; this gives great sail-carrying power, and enables the yacht at the same time to stand up on lines which do not force it to drag the deck through the water. In light weather there is not enough propelling force utilized to overcome the resistance of the boat, and in heavy weather the sail areas must be so much reduced, owing to a want of great range of stability, and to the slight hold the light-displacement craft has upon the water, that all headway is speedily lost. Then, again, in light airs with low speed wave-making resistance does not exist, and the main opposition to be overcome is skin friction; hence the greater the momentum of a vessel in proportion to wetted surface, the better it will hold the speed acquired, and in light winds, therefore, the successful boat should be sought not in the combination of the least weight and the smallest draught, but in the greatest weight clothed in the form having the smallest area of skin in proportion to weight. Theory demonstrated this some years ago, but it was doubted on this side of the water until in the cruise of the New York squadron last year the cutter *Oriva* made it apparent to all who cared to see. Later in the year came the Seawanhaka races, instituted to test the relative values of sloops and cutters. Until then it was confidently claimed that fast boats must sail over the water, because depth meant resistance; that outside ballast was a hinderance, and made boats logy; that a light displacement could be more easily moved through the water than a heavy one; that, to carry sail, beam was a necessity; that two jibs for racing were less effective than one; that cutters roll more and are wetter than sloops; and that lofty narrow sails and short gaffs are better than low wide sails with long gaffs and foot curving free. All this mathematics had declared to be false, and when practice confirmed the dictum of theory, the cutter became an established fact.

Some who recognize the truth of the new ideas have sought the ideal boat in a compromise between the two types, but no one of these has yet proved itself in all essentials equal to an extreme boat of the other systems of construction.

To anticipate a reasonable criticism it may be declared that there is no desire to prove that yachting is necessarily sea-going, nor that the sport requires with us the same rigorous attention to safety as on the stormy coast of England. It is an accepted law that each country or each variant section of the sea-board produces the boat best suited for its environment,

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and whatever enthusiasts may believe, our type will not disappear. For certain waters in special weather and in ports with shallow entrances it is a speedy and most useful craft. For short runs in summer within land-penned rivers, or in harbors and on sounds, it will, under a modified form, hold its place for years, and under its own conditions it will be unsurpassed for speed. But it is not the best all-around boat, and where the best general results under the greatest number of circumstances are desired, the deep boat, whether cutter or simple keel, must be employed, or else the tendencies of the times have been misread. For sea-work there is no doubt that the cutter is the best boat; not any special cutter, for the proportions of a boat vary with its size, and to declare *ex cathedra* that in any vessel so many lengths to beam, or such displacements and sail areas, make the ideal craft, is an absurdity. In small yachts, whether single-handed or intended for three or four persons, it is the best type. There is no greater abomination than the cat-rigged boat, and youngsters who are learning to sail their ships could not have a more dangerous school. In "The Canoe and Flying Proa" Alden wisely and wittily declares that "in the estimation of persons familiar with boating who do not desire to die early the cat-boat has three serious faults—a liability to capsize, to be swamped, and to sink when a sufficiently large hole is made in her. The last fault she possesses in common with all other civilized vessels, but to the first two she is peculiarly prone."

On the New England coast and in California centre-board boats are built deeper, many keels are afloat, and cutters and yawls are increasing in number; the broad boat, low in the water, is giving place to a deeper, less beamy craft, with higher sides, and lead ballast stowed low down; and everywhere the cutter rig, both for racing and for cruising, is growing in favor.

And this is certain, that however much intelligent yachtsmen may disagree upon the question of types, there is a consensus of opinion that there should be improvements in rig and construction; that the days of unseamanlike spars, sails, and gear, and of flimsy soft-wood hulls, are over; and that the carefully built boat is the cheapest in the end.

The committee of the New York Yacht Club has this summer adopted a standard of measurement based upon twice the length, measured on the water-line from the forward side of the stem to the stern, plus the square root of the sail area in square feet, the result divided by three. In yachts of normal type the square root of the sail area expressed in feet is about equal to the length on the water-line, and compared with the latter indicates a difference from the normal type in the direction of increased or diminished sail area, taxing heavily rigged yachts, letting the ordinary type go free, and favoring the light-rigged craft. The division by three is used to approximate the figures to the actual length of the boat, so as to facilitate the use of the ordinary tables for time allowance, and to provide figures convenient for the purposes of comparison and registry. The rule is based upon the theories that any system which taxed either breadth, depth, or bulk, each by itself, would favor or foster an opposite quality, that length is the principal element for speed, and that ability to carry sail comes next. Therefore it was concluded that length in some form, modified by sail area in some form, should be adopted. It remains to be seen whether this new departure will be followed by the other American clubs.

If some such fair measurement rule prove acceptable, so that boats may race upon actual and not upon fictitious values, and the different squadrons can meet and compete upon equal terms, then will our yachting take again that hold upon national interest which made it twenty-five years since the pride and boast of American sailors everywhere.

DISCIPLINE.

In the crypt at the foot of the stairs
They lay there, a score of the dead.
They could hear the priest at his prayers,
And the litany overhead.

They knew when the great crowd stirred,
As the Host was lifted on high;
And they smiled in the dark when they heard
Some light-footed nun trip by.

Side by side on their shelves
For years and years they lay;
And those who misbehaved themselves
Had their coffin plates taken away.

Thus is the legend told
In monkish, black-letter rhyme,
Explaining those plaques of gold
That vanished from time to time.

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BEST LAID SCHEMES.

CERTAINLY it was a charming home, that in which Mr. Pearmain had installed his young wife; a stone cottage with mullioned windows from floor to ceiling, with pointed gables and divers roofs and vanes, and with an infinitude of prairie roses and Virginia creepers planted beside the walls, to grow in the future till the house should be a bower. And inside it was what all good housekeepers called fairy-land. Here Mr. and Mrs. Pearmain had given full scope to their notions, and their name was legion; not a bit of paint in the house to be cleaned, no carpets to secrete poison, but hard wood, inlaid floors and rugs, conservatory and grapery on a tiny scale, and closets without counting; while as for the kitchen, the conveniences there were simply miraculous. And when all this was done and inspected and occupied and enjoyed, it was no wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Pearmain looked about for something else on which to expend their whims and vagaries. Their way of life was so good that it would have been selfishness not to wish others to share it. Little Harry Pearmain was exactly three years old when they had fully decided to convert to that way their next neighbor, but lately arrived, an old school-friend of Mrs. Pearmain's who had married a dear old friend of Mr. Pearmain's — little Mrs. Morley, whose black eyes had a strange sharp snap in them when things displeased her. And it was one morning when Mrs. Morley had come over to profit by her friend's experience in the matter of dainty needlework that the campaign began.

"I always meant, when I could have things as I chose," said Mrs. Pearmain, as they sat and sewed, "to order my table so that not one ounce of flesh should ever sully it. I don't proselyte my neighbors, because I believe in individual liberty; but since you inquire I will say that I've tried it long enough to feel sure, and as there never has been a piece of meat cooked in my house, so there never shall be!" and she nodded her pretty head like a piece of mechanism.

"But what does Mr. Pearmain say?" asked the other.

"Oh, he agrees about it, fortunately, so there is no difficulty there. In fact, it was Mr. Pearmain's remarks, before we married, that first led me to think seriously of the subject. He always used to call it cannibalism whenever the beef was cut and the blood followed the knife; and I thought so much of his opinion I began to turn the matter over."

"Well, I declare! I don't believe I shall ever think so much of any man's opinion," said Mrs. Morley. "And did Mr. Pearmain's conviction really affect your appetite! What an idea! And you ceased eating meat in consequence of Mr. Pearmain's conviction?"

"Well, in consequence of my own conviction," said the priestess. "It grew disgusting to me. We boarded together, you know, and when my plate came, and I began to help myself to salt, Mr. Pearmain would glance at it, and say, 'Dead flesh.'"

"I should think *that* would have been disgusting."

"I did feel vexed a little at first, but presently I was saying 'Dead flesh' to myself, and presently I couldn't taste it at all."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Morley, hunting for her lost needle.

"Oh, if you just run the matter over yourself, you won't be so scornful, Teresa. If you think every time you take a bit of mutton that you are eating death and corruption—"

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Morley, catching her breath.

"Why, only think of it!" said Mrs. Pearmain, warming at her work. "How can you expect anybody to be good that is constantly fed and nourished and kept alive on a lower form of life?"

"But, bless my heart," cried Mrs. Morley, struggling up from under the avalanche of words, "vegetables are a lower form of life, and one must live on something."

"Vegetables are innocent life, at any rate, with no vile propensities or impure parts. And, moreover, we are half vegetables ourselves."

"We? Oh, what in the world do you mean, Emily?" exclaimed Mrs. Morley, in a terrified manner, as if she had just received a revelation as to how fearfully she was made.

"Certainly. Didn't you know that?" said Mrs. Pearmain, with a superior air. "The movements of our bodies that are voluntary are animal; those that are involuntary are vegetable, such as the circulation, and all the processes that go on while we sleep."

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"Isn't it dreadful?" gasped Mrs. Morley.

"Dreadful? I think it's beautiful. It's a sort of union in ourselves of the three kingdoms, vegetable, animal, and spiritual; for when the nerves come in and control the great brute muscles—"

"But, really, Emily—"

"Now don't be silly, Teresa. A woman of your power of mind has only to look at the thing rationally to feel just as I do. For, as I was saying, how can those people be good who receive all their increase from a lower animal form, from brutal instincts and actions—how can they help receiving those instincts and being tempted to those actions, and becoming, under the guise of men and women, a baser sort of animals themselves?"

"I don't know—perhaps so," said Mrs. Morley, a little moved, it may be, by the reference to her power of mind.

"There must be an inherent principle in man that will rise whether or no, or else we never should have gotten along as far as we have. But it would be so much faster, so much farther, if it wasn't for this food on which we sustain our growth. And while we eat it, I don't see how the great perfect race can ever come at all. It never will come, Teresa," said Mrs. Pearmain, resting on her elbow and looking through her friend as if to the far-distant future—"it never will come till people cease to eat flesh, and shall live on the things that nature provides without pain or slaughter. To think, every time you sit down to table, that some creature which enjoyed life has had to give it up for your appetite! *That* makes *me* sick!" said Mrs. Pearmain.

"Well, it's very wonderful. I never thought of it before. I really will look it all over. But I don't see what there is to live on—I should starve on bread and butter."

"Butter! We only allow butter as a rarity."

"Well, milk, then."

"Milk, indeed! Do you suppose that, while cows are kept in the unnatural condition in which the milker keeps them, we should drink their milk? Oh no, indeed, seldom milk, seldom cream, do we touch."

"My goodness! Then you've nothing left but eggs."

"Well, once in a while an egg; but rarely. I never can get over feeling that to break an egg is the murder of an innocent."

"Why, then, you can't have cake, or—"

"What do you want that for, unhealthy, indigestible, poisonous—no, we never have it."

"Nor doughnuts?"

"Doughnuts!" with ineffable scorn.

"And you can't have pies?"

"Never. But we have delicious sauces—apple, cranberry, grape, and all those."

"But what in wonder do you do when you have company?"

"Oh, you have no idea of how many delicious ways there are in which the grains can be cooked, or of how many delicious forms of bread there are. You can get up a perfectly harmonious dinner of the various vegetables that really leaves you nothing to desire; mushrooms are as good as steaks; beans can be made to imitate roast beef; and with fruits and sauces, as I said, there is enough of everything, and those who want meat needn't come to us."

"I should die!"

"Not after you were used to it," said Mrs. Pearmain, seriously. "You would learn to like the new way and detest the old."

"It would set free a great deal of money, to be sure, to be used on other things," mused Mrs. Morley.

"Oh, a great deal! And then you would be twice as healthy and strong, and your children would be an improvement on you. In fact, it is for the sake of Harry chiefly that we are so strenuous about following up the matter. It may not make a mighty difference with me, beginning after twenty, but I expect to see Harry—I can't help seeing Harry a very different person from other people's boys. And if he could only find and marry, when he grows up, a woman who had been nourished on the same sort of food—just think, Teresa, what we might expect of *their* children! It would be the beginning of a race that would conquer the world, the beginning of that great perfect race which will do such wonderful things as pass our comprehension."

"What makes you talk so ecstatically of that great perfect race, Emily? How do you know anything about it?"

"Why, don't geology and those things show us that race after race of animals has passed away, and only left its bones behind it? And should we suppose that man would be an exception to the general fate? But as each race passes, something

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takes its place a little superior to it, sprung from it, perhaps; and this great perfect race is to take the place of man, sprung from man and woman, but from the first man and woman that ceased to eat death and corruption. Oh, Teresa," said Mrs. Pearmain, her cheeks and her eyes glowing, "if it should be your child and mine!"

The last stroke did the work. Mrs. Morley, it might be said, threw up the sponge; she was a convert from that moment to Mrs. Pearmain's theories. She went through the house that very day; she inquired into everything; she took notes of everything; she learned how to do everything; and she went home at night all prepared to convert Mr. Morley, and to give her Louise to be married to Harry—if it happened to be Louise.

Poor Mr. Morley! He loved his juicy steak; he rolled under his tongue the sweet morsel of the oyster out of a side bone; he considered pepper-pot a dish fit for the gods; he was fond of broiled liver and a rasher of bacon; a cold pickled shoulder of pork he thought good enough to invite the king to partake. In fact, he was a murderous cannibal, pure and simple, according to Mrs. Pearmain's lights, who enjoyed his dinner without being, as he thought himself—and as we think, so we are—either exactly an epicure or a glutton.

But it was of no use. When Mrs. Morley unmasked her batteries that night, and went over Mrs. Pearmain's plan of battle, with a whole added battalion of exclamation and emphasis and entreaty and embracing, he knew he must surrender. He made a faint resistance, but on the whole he didn't believe it was to be a permanent affair with his little Teresa; he didn't like to deny her anything just now either; it was probably only an incidental whim that would pass, and so he yielded handsomely, and promised that she should have her own way. And then the idea of marrying his girl—if it was a girl—to Pearmain's boy was a pleasant one: Pearmain was rich and generous and good, the friend of years. Yes, he would promise.

"Kiss the book," cried Mrs. Morley.

"No, I won't do that," said he. "I'll promise, and my word's as good as my bond."

"Well, then, George, you've as good as taken an oath, and I expect you to keep it."

"I mean to keep it," he replied. "At least till you release me."

"That will be forever, then." And she plumed herself like Victory just lit upon a banner.

But it was a dismal breakfast to Mr. Morley next day, when dry toast preceded oatmeal, and butterless baked potato without salt brought up the rear; a dismal dinner, when watery squash and lumpy turnip were the only variation of a table gorgeous with carrots and beets and silver. "I'll give my whole mind to it," said Mrs. Morley, cheerfully. "Mrs. Pearmain will lend me all her experience, and we shall have it very palatable yet." But he hankered after the flesh-pots.

It was shortly after the beginning of the new régime that Miss Louise Morley came into the world, and there was much rejoicing at the christening, although the christening cake consisted of a sort of raised sweet bread with raisins in it, of which Mr. Morley partook so eagerly that he made himself ill, and became presently so prostrate that the doctor, being summoned, ordered—perhaps at his whispered suggestion—a course of beef tea.

Mr. Morley attended to that beef tea himself. He was not going to be put off with slops and dissolved Liebig; he had pounds of the thick red steaks laid before him on the slab in the kitchen, where he went, and fairly gloated over its preparation. But his rapture was of short duration. Mrs. Pearmain, running over one day on an errand, saw him whetting his knife, and flourishing it like a savage, and tiptoed away to find Mrs. Morley. "Oh, my dear," she said, "you never can see the evil effects to better advantage. Look at him! That is the very way the primitive butchering people whetted their knives over a victim's throat. Oh, it is dreadful! it makes me shudder. It is like a mania for blood; it is certainly near insanity; he will be murdering you in your bed."

"I am ashamed of you, Emily!" said Mrs. Morley, severely. "My George, indeed! Why, the doctor ordered it."

"But the doctor didn't order it forever. The very ferocity shows he has had enough of it. I should take it away and put him on cream-of-tartar water directly. Don't be offended, Teresa; I am speaking for his good—and the children's. These men—they have to be managed; Mr. Pearmain is a singular exception."

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Mrs. Morley did not allow her displeasure to overcome her principles; and when Mrs. Pearmain brought her visit to a close, Mrs. Morley brought the administration of beef tea to a close too; for Mr. Morley's intention being to be as good as his word, it needed only a little argument and some tears to convince him that the beef tea was a breach of contract.

It would be hard to tell what Mr. Morley suffered in going about his business in town from day to day for many a month thereafter. The sight of the wild-duck, hanging, with his wide wings and brilliant breast, at a poulterer's door, almost broke his heart; the men who came up out of the victuallers' cellars, wiping their mouths, excited in him a feeling akin to hate; and he had to skip by the kitchens of the Revere House and the Tremont so rapidly, in order to escape the tempting smells which they cast forth, that finally he altogether eschewed Bullfinch Street, and every other that commanded a restaurant kitchen. For Mr. Morley's particular vanity was that he was a man of his word.

Every once in a while Mr. Morley made a feeble remonstrance, futile as feeble; for Mrs. Morley had the whole thing pat now, and was, moreover, a woman with whom it was idle to argue, for when obliged to abandon her position logically, she always did physically also, and either banged out of the room, or else came round where he sat, put an arm about his neck, and if kisses wouldn't stop his mouth, stopped it, to the accompaniment of much laughing and teasing meanwhile, with his handkerchief.

"A devilish pretty breakfast!" said Mr. Morley once, pushing back his plate in a pet. "Pea-nuts!"

"I don't complain of pea-nuts, George," said Mrs. Morley. "On the contrary, I am thankful for them. They're sweet and sound and well baked; there are plenty of them. I am sure they are a very poetical food; and then they're a national one; we can always think, you know, when we eat pea-nuts, that we are encouraging the poor freedmen down in North Carolina."

"Oh, hang the freedmen!" groaned Mr. Morley. "How do you expect me to go in and out of the city every day on such food as this? I'll have no strength left in a year—living on husks."

"Look at those oxen, George, dragging that immense load after them. There's strength—and it all comes from husks."

"I'm not an ox!" roared Mr. Morley.

"No? Anybody'd say you were a Bull of Bashan."

"Mrs. Morley, can't you apply a little reason—"

"Not a scrap. Not now. You know this is a subject on which I don't want conversation before Louise," as that little damsel demanded her groats, and looked with wondering eyes from one to the other. "I don't want her ever to hear her diet called in question."

"Me likes me's bwekus," said Miss Louie, with some comprehension of the coil.

"It's more than I do," muttered her father.

"Take some of Louie's groats, then. Like them, precious?"

"Berry mush," said Louie, with some point, and pushing the dish toward her father, with a dim idea that her mother was abusing him.

"I really can't understand what the difference is between eating these oats and eating the flesh of the animal that is made out of these oats."

"A horse's flesh, for instance. But you wouldn't eat that if it was set before you."

"I don't know that I shouldn't," said Mr. Morley, grimly. "People who are starving eat anything. People wrecked and on a raft eat each other," said he, looking at his wife as if it were not impossible he should eat her. "Sometimes," said Mr. Morley, "I feel dangerous."

"A depraved nature," said Mrs. Morley. "See what flesh has done for you," while he gave a glance at Louie that might have made a weaker woman shudder.

"She's fat, isn't she?" said Mr. Morley, whose mind really seemed now to run on morbid things, and with the air of one who smacks his lips. "If one of the anthropophagi were to get her, he'd get a juicy morsel;" and then, as he caught the chubby hand and carried it to his lips, Mrs. Morley found herself watching him with a breathless scrutiny—for it really crossed her mind that Mrs. Pearmain might be right, and Mr. Morley's wits might be a little wandering—until he had kissed the little dimpled fist and laid it down again. "For my part," said he, "if I were to have a plate of roast veal

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set before me (and I used to despise it)—roast veal, brown, and swimming in gravy—swimming in gravy," he repeated, unctuously—"I don't think I should eat it like a civilized being—I've left off being a civilized being, eating nuts and prunes and things that don't require any civilization: a savage never needed to reach the boiling point to eat them—I should put my face down and wallow in it, and eat it like a dog."

And then Mrs. Morley snatched Louie, and ran out of the room in virtuous wrath. Unhappy Mrs. Morley! The path of virtue was a thorny one, but she persevered in it even with bleeding feet; and if she was not ready with an answer, she always had what her husband called her knock-down argument of leaving the room; and she had one last resort, better than the others, which she used at such times as those when Mr. Morley, recurring to the charge, wanted her to see that you might scatter pulverized marble over a soil forever and do it no good, but if you scattered the pulverized bones of beasts there the harvest became trebled, plainly showing that matter which had passed through a form of organized life was superior to that which hadn't, and that inasmuch as animals were higher in the scale of organized life than vegetables, the grain that was converted into beef was nobler food than the grain that had never known that higher form, and so—Then Mrs. Morley had ready the best answer of all, and it consisted in simply holding her tongue so rigorously that nothing short of thumbscrews could extract a syllable from her, while she looked the serene embodiment of pretty scorn.

But nature will take her revenges, and in her own way. One night Mr. Morley did not return from town. Mrs. Morley sent the carriage to every train; it came back with nothing but the Skye sitting up on the seat erect as a shako. Mrs. Morley sent one servant up to the Pearmains', and another over to the Farwells'—they knew nothing of Mr. Morley. She could learn nothing from the train hands; the gentlemen going up and down every day had not seen Mr. Morley. She telegraphed to the town station with no better result; she telegraphed to the counting-room, and received no reply at all. It had never happened before. She was wild with alarm; lights were dancing about the house till cock-crow; she walked the floors all night. Mr. Morley had fallen unnoticed in the dark between the cars, she was sure, and train after train had rolled over his mangled remains, and her mind could not fix him in any single spot, so great an extent of surface was he covering. Or else he had been delayed in the counting-room till dusk, and had been garroted on his way to the station, and, robbed and murdered, he lay now tossed up an alleyway. Or perhaps he had fallen and broken a leg, and, tortured with pain, he lay in the black street at the mercy of passing wheels. Could it be possible that Mr. Morley had tired of her and her whims, and had left for parts unknown? Had Mr. Morley's fancy ever strayed from little Louie's mother? She could not say, for the man that hankered after butcher's-meat as he did was proof against no temptation. And yet—her George—as he did hanker, how she had made him suffer! If she only had him there, she would cook the reddest beef in the servants' larder for him with her own hands! In a wild whirl her fears and fancies, her indignation and affection, chased each other up and down her mind till day broke. And then, by the common accident of ill luck, there was an informal conclave of the neighbors at the front gate, and Mr. Pearmain, going in, volunteered a journey to town in search of Mr. Morley, and was welcomed by the wretched wife with bursting tears. "If I only knew," she sobbed, "whether he is dead or alive, I could endure it."

"There is no need of any alarm of that sort, Teresa," said Mrs. Pearmain, who had come down early. "Anybody without much moral force is sure to be a backslider. Mr. Morley has merely been eating meat, and is ashamed to face you."

It was too true—at least the first part of the statement; the second part was a work of imagination: Mr. Morley would have been only too glad to face his wife, for, stretched on a bed of sickness, and tossing with pain and fever, his wife's presence would have been like cold water to his burning lips. He had indeed fallen from grace. On his way to the station a friend—a long unseen friend, worse than any garroter—had begged him to dine with him; he had listened, longed, hesitated, yielded; he could at any rate enjoy his friend's society, if he could not dine, and could return to Teresa by a later train. Vain thought! When that mulligatawny soup

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steamed in its tureen, when that striped bass in its port-wine sauce lifted its handsome side, when that breast of a mongrel duck saluted his famished eyes, when that single sip of Château Yquem made him think the world well lost, Mr. Morley fell. Four hours of delicious banqueting; twenty-four hours of dust and ashes. The stomach so long used to husks spurned the rich offering of blood and gravies, sauces and condiments; and no drunkard after a debauch ever suffered in body and in soul what Mr. Morley was suffering after this not too luxuriant good square meal. Mrs. Morley buried her head in his bosom when Mr. Pearmain, with the kindliness of a man and the severity of a regicide, having carried her to the place next day, closed the door upon the interview—and surely we can not do less than Mr. Pearmain did.

Poor Mrs. Morley! It is to be hoped that her husband promised better fashions. But on what was she to rely? On his word? A broken reed—and he had broken it. Poor Mr. Morley! He was thoroughly wretched. He went about with a craven air, conscious of suspicion. What is life without respect? And he knew that his wife's respect was doubtful, that the Pearmains' was not at all doubtful, and felt that even little Louie might learn to despise him. And meantime all the neighbors, aware that something very much out of the way had taken place and had been hushed up, regarded him as the culprit of a veritable escapade, of some vague and awful departure from rectitude, and looked upon this quiet, sober, steady citizen, who paid his taxes, went to church on Sundays, voted the right ticket, and never did anything very wrong in his life—except when he gave his wife the trusteeship of his diet—as little other than a regular Don Juan.

Really one can not help thinking that it was too bad of Mr. Morley. He had promised his wife, and lulled her into false security, declaring that his word was as good as his bond; and he was a business man, and knew what his bond meant. Moreover, he knew that his wife had grown to have the affair very much at heart, being, like all converts, wonderfully bigoted, and convinced that it was a matter of life and death. "Why do you worry so over it, Teresa?" asked Mrs. Pearmain once. "You have established your own and Louie's habits. There is no likelihood of your failing for yourself, or of your not securing her great destiny for her—yes, her great destiny. And why not let him return to his idols?"

"My George! oh, Emily, how can I? I had rather go with him. What satisfaction to me is it to be any better than he is? I want his blood to be pure, his life long. I want him to rise with me, and if all this is to separate us and make us a different race at last, I will have fried pork on my table every day, and eat it too! I wish I had never heard a word about it all! I don't see that it makes us a bit better. George and I used to agree about everything, and now we quarrel about everything!"

Evidently indignation was not the weapon with which to meet this outbreak, and Mrs. Pearmain wearily went over all her fantastic premises and logical sequences till she had at length triumphantly welded the chains afresh on Mrs. Morley's reason and Mr. Morley's œsophagus.

Of course while all these agitations went on, time went on as well, and Harry Pearmain and Louie Morley were not standing still: their childhood was passing too. They were really beautiful children, and whether or not animal diet is good for the rest of us, their bright eyes, round limbs, and rosy cheeks, their bounding grace and happy natures, showed that the opposite diet was good for them. But then, on the other hand, nobody could dispute the fact that little Fanny Farwell's cheeks were just as rosy, her pretty flesh as sweet, her grace as airy; and Fanny had been fed on the richest of steaks and the fattest of oysters ever since she had cut her teeth. They were the three best friends in the world, and the only drawback to the felicity of certain of the parents was that Harry always persisted in calling Fanny his little wife, and Louie his dear sister, although it is uncertain if he were stimulated to that nomenclature by the gibraltars and the silver pieces that Mr. Morley invariably bestowed upon him whenever he heard it. Sister or wife in the future, they were exceedingly affectionate in the present; they ran across the grounds to each other with their games and their secrets, and Louie was as much at home in Harry's house as Harry was in hers; and Mrs. Pearmain used to look exultingly at Louie as upon her especial work, portray the future to herself, and rejoice over a daughter-in-law after

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her own heart. Meantime Mrs. Farwell had some thoughts of her own, the character of which may be known by the pitiful way in which she used to smooth Fanny's sunshiny curls as she remarked to her husband upon the inconveniences attending the preparation of two different tables, that it was a pity if what was good enough for our grandparents wasn't good enough for our grandchildren, that, after all, women were nothing but the slaves of men's caprices, and that the whole of these new-fangled reformatory notions had not succeeded in making Louie Morley half so pretty as her Fanny: though when she had had her say, it is not impossible that the complacent sparkle in her eye as she now and then overlooked the Pearmain property—an incumbered estate, as it chanced—was due to the consideration that it was her Fanny who might one day queen it over that fair demesne. Mrs. Farwell, however, if she pondered these things in her heart, kept them there so well that it never entered the heads of the other two mothers that Fate could possibly arrange matters any differently than the way in which they had arranged them themselves. So the three happy things grew up together, the girls skating with the boy in winter, and birdnesting with him in summer, the boy playing house with them at all times, doing their examples and threading their needles at times, astonishing them with his daring feats in riding and shooting and wrestling, while Louie's great black eyes and brilliant colors gave her a certain prominence in their counsels, and her dashing courage made her assimilate most to the boy's ways, and Fanny's tenderness and timidity and soft sweetness moved his heart in quite another fashion. They were happy years to the children; they were years of apparent contentment with the Pearmains; they were years of a perpetual and open struggle with the Morleys. If Mr. Morley missed a train, or was delayed by conversation at the station, if he were late in returning from town-meeting or from the lodge, Mrs. Morley's nerves began to twitter and her heart to flutter; now he comes, and now he doesn't come; this footfall was his till it went by, this one surely was, and her heart beat like a forge, and fell with a mighty blow at the disappointment. "It is killing me, I know it is," she would say to herself. "All this hope and fear and doubt and worry keeps my pulses going so that I shall have a dreadful heart-disease fastened upon me. It really does not seem as if the good our plan may do outweighs the evil it does do." And then she would take her work and run up to Mrs. Pearmain's for some words to fortify her. Mrs. Pearmain always had them. More than once she had intimated that that was her branch of the business, and had even admitted that the person who furnished all the ideas ought not to be expected to furnish practice too, like those old-fashioned temperance lecturers who aroused their energies with a good "nip of brandy" before converting their audience to do away with brandy altogether.

"Never mind, never mind, Emily," she would say. "It is worth any amount of heart-ache. It isn't that it will so much benefit you and me—it would do little hurt to our plan, I suppose, if we took our bone in our cupboard—but our example is necessary to keep the children at the mark."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Morley. "Long life is as desirable for us as for the children; and when we discard Death from our diet, he has to stop long enough to seek some other approach, at any rate."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pearmain, "that is true. I feel as if these children might acquire immortality—at least return to such length of days as Melchizedek's and Methuselah's. And just think what work might be accomplished in such lifetimes as that will bring about! Now a person no sooner knows how to handle his talent, his inventive skill, or his learning, than off he goes, snuffed out like a candle; but then the man who invents a spring for a railroad car at thirty, at three hundred will be ballasting a road to the moon. What a period it will be after a few such generations! There will be no such thing as typhoids and diphtherias and all that ilk; we shall have killed off the plants that nourish the germs of parasitical disease; the organs of our bodies, no longer clogged with foul matter, will run on undisturbed indefinitely; the reducing of the temperature of the blood and abstracting the stimulus of strong flesh will abolish another class of disease and all the hereditary horrors that spring from it; and I can't see that there will be anything but sudden accident to stop the machine any more than to stop a planet."

"Well, that is for them, not for us.

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They will never give us a thought, nor dream of all our trouble and struggle to achieve it for them. They will only despise us as we do the wretches who sawed human bones with flint for the marrow."

"I think such a race will have no room for contempt. They will pity us with every fresh gain. Why, Teresa, I can even think the time may come when there will be no eating at all, but science will have learned the required elements of food, the nitrates and phosphates and all that, and supply them to us in gaseous shape, great reservoirs feeding our houses through pipes: we will open the tubes in the dining-room, and sit a certain length of time together there, talking gayly, stimulated by the gas we are all breathing together, of which the system will take only what it needs, and then go our ways again without soil, grease, or trouble."

"But, goodness, Emily, our teeth, our stomachs!"

"Well, teeth are useful in various ways. And as for our stomachs, they may be turned to the secretion of—now don't you laugh at me, Teresa—I have really read a paper about it—to the secretion of wing material—"

"Wings!"

"Yes, wings—why not? If the first fish that ever dreamed of being a bird had seen a penguin with his flappers, transmigrating fins, he wouldn't have thought himself visionary. But being determined to be a bird, he became a penguin; and some penguin probably determined upon becoming an eagle. We only have to be determined, Teresa, and we can do anything—in time—allowing, you know, that the 'eternal years of God' are ours to work in."

"We can determine upon being angels," said Mrs. Morley, slyly.

"And become so in time. How do you suppose the bodily idea of angels arose, if not from the forefeeling of those wings? It isn't for you and me, Teresa, but it is for Harry's and Louie's descendants to have as fine

> 'Sustaining wings of skyey grain,
> Orange and azure deepening into gold,'

as any angel of them all."

"It will be very awkward for dressmakers," said Mrs. Morley, her needle on her lip, and rather too well accustomed to wonders from her friend's lips for much surprise.

"On the contrary, it will simplify dressmaking."

"But, Emily, it will take more than our Harry and Louie to bring all this about. Their children will have to marry among the flesh-eaters, and all our work goes for nothing."

"I know it. And that perplexes me a great deal. Really it doesn't seem right to throw up the matter for that. Still it was an awful oversight. Sometimes it almost reconciles me to the bouillon and chops that Dr. Bonnamy ordered last fall."

"Last fall?"

"When I grew so poorly from eating the lemons, you know."

"Oh yes, to keep your bones—"

"From turning to chalk. I went too far. Oh, if we could only live up to our theories!" said Mrs. Pearmain, with a sigh.

"I can, and I will," cried Mrs. Morley. "And George Morley must."

"Now if we had only found two other mothers to begin life as we did, we should have been quite secure," said Mrs. Pearmain, reflectively. "Then there would have been no need of abandoning our experiment."

"Abandoning! Who talks of abandoning?" cried Mrs. Morley, with snapping eyes. "If it is right to do, I shall do it irrespective of the possibilities of Harry's and Louie's descendants."

"But it is for them we are doing it. And all that wars against us is appetite—no, not even appetite, but the mere sense of taste. Why in the world can not science take up the thing, and invent flavors for us, so that with a few drops of this extract we can give the flavor of roast fowl to this vegetable, with a few drops of that turn our porridge into turtle soup, and with another get all the satisfaction out of a biscuit that we should out of a chop? But no," said Mrs. Pearmain, wearily, "it never will, and I for one am almost tired of going against the stream, when all our work is to end like those rivers which are lost upon the desert."

Then it was Mrs. Morley's turn to exhort, to assure her friend she had been overworked, and was morbid, and must have a dish of strong gruel made immediately, and must stimulate herself with some cress and onion and tomato salad, and presently must go away from home on a little visit. "Change of scene to us is like change of food to others," said Mrs.

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Morley, and Mrs. Pearmain thought there was a great deal of wisdom in what her friend said. And so Mrs. Pearmain went away to a water-cure, where, as the authorities could not find anything the matter with her back, they began to concern themselves about her brain, upon which she returned home in high dudgeon.

She had been gone just long enough. A great deal of mischief can be accomplished in three months when people are seventeen or eighteen years old—between which years Louie now hung—and Mrs. Morley's attention had been called off by a series of tergiversations on Mr. Morley's part that had threatened not only to make her a widow, but to destroy her system of operations. Her own nerves had been sadly shattered by his behavior, and by the impossibility of knowing her fate from dinner to dinner, and subsequently by the long watching and waiting that his illness devolved upon her when indulgence in corned pork and cabbage at a restaurant had produced an inflammation of the stomach that nearly proved fatal to him. On his recovery a demon of hunger had seemed to be gnawing at Mr. Morley's vitals, and all the fancy grits and groats in the market did not meet his demand. Mr. Morley no sooner returned to business than a porter-house steak learned to expect him on the noon of every day.

But you may be sure that this was very mortifying to Mr. Morley. "Skulking round a corner like a lean dog for his luncheon," as he used to grumble, was enough to make a sneak of any man, and he had always been proud of his uprightness. The consciousness that he was sacrificing this birthright for a mess of pottage made him exceedingly morose; and, convicted of his own dereliction, he was daily and hourly trying to find some fault in Mrs. Morley that should balance it, till life became little but crimination and recrimination in the household where it had been expected to bring about the millennium. Not in all this time being able to summon the courage to fight it out with his wife, he was every now and then swearing off again, every now and then suffering a relapse, making himself a martyr to dyspepsia and remorse, and, forgetting all old ties, hating the Pearmains righteously with every pang of yielding the right, of abandoning the pleasant, or of indigestion. Good Mr. Pearmain went on his patient, plodding way without giving Mr. Morley and his struggles a second thought; but Mr. Morley, in turn, never gave a second thought to the atmosphere of conciliation that of late years had seemed to grow up about Mrs. Pearmain's manners. Things were imbittered for him, too, by the knowledge that the world had so well prospered with him that he was fully able to gratify his wishes, but with all his good luck and good bank account was obliged to live on prison fare. He lived, though, only in the hope of one day breaking his bonds; and the thought that his darling girl was being reared to belong to anything belonging to the Pearmains grew daily more obnoxious to him. Mrs. Morley, however, had but a slight knowledge of what went on in the little cosmos of her husband's emotions; she had no doubt that he broke faith with her frequently in the matter of his diet; she used to make scornful observations as to the freedom of a man to do wrong unobserved, but she had no idea to what extent that faith was broken, and only once in a while dimly felt herself trembling on the edge of a rebellion before whose outbreak she would go under. She was not at all happy, only triumphantly right, and she nailed her colors to the mast, and swept bravely forward.

Mr. Morley had little pleasure at home in those years; somehow all conversation led to the one theme, as all roads lead to Rome; he found hardly any other satisfaction than in walking with Louie in the woods, or else taking his book on the windy upland of the hill behind the two estates of Pearmain and Morley, and in dreaming his life away in the sun, now and then bursting out of calm repose into a storm of expletives that must have startled the ground-mice and the birds, as he thought of the pleasure he might have taken with his dear little Teresa "if that Pearmain woman had never fallen foul of her." Once, just as he was relapsing into quiet after such a burst, an arm stole round his neck, and a soft dimpled brown hand, with a big pearl on it, laid itself over his mouth. "Aren't you ashamed, you dear profane Pa Morley?" cried Louie, and her laughing face came round in front till the great black eyes looked into his little gray ones. "Where do you expect to die when you go to? What makes you swear so, sitting up here in the sun? Is it some tender reminiscence connected with a beef bone? List-

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en! I'm going to tell you a great secret. Do you know, I think turtle soup is almost as good as mock-turtle!"

"Louie!" he gasped.

"Yes, indeed," she said, with the gayest sort of a mischievous laugh, pulling herself round by the sod to her father's side. "I mentioned that to show you how high up I am in the graduating class. Turtle soup and terrapin are like a degree *cum summâ laudâ* in the comestible line. I should like mutton broth and gumbo every day when I didn't have oyster stew or chowder."

It is true that in the instant, despite his own wishes, Mr. Morley recoiled as from a cockatrice inadvertently hatched in his bosom.

"Now, Pa Morley," whimpered the sweet voice, in distress, "as if you weren't really glad of it!"

"But—but, my dear—"

"Oh, now stop, please. I'll tell you all about it, and it isn't our fault at all; ma drove us to it."

"Our?"

"Well, yes, Harry's or mine. When we found out what ma and Mrs. Pearmain were after— How would you like it, I want to know, Pa Morley," she suddenly cried, "to have folks manœuvring about you in that way; to be set apart from everybody else in the world in that indelicate, indecent way; to be talked over as the—the—the beginner of a great future perfect race—"

"It's nonsense! it's nonsense!" cried Mr. Morley, springing to his feet.

"Now, pa, you just be quiet. I am. And I'm the party most directly concerned," and she coaxed him down beside her again. "I don't care anything about that great future race; this race is good enough for me, and I think ma and Mrs. Pearmain might be ashamed of themselves, and so does Harry."

"What! you've talked it over?"

"We've heard *them* talking it over—oh, times! And, pa dear, now don't you go to being cross; it's of no sort of use to speak to them about it; and—and the fact is, I like Harry very much indeed, very much, and so does he like me, but there's somebody I like worlds, worlds, worlds better."

"Oh, there is, is there?" And her father caught her shoulders in his two hands, and held her at arm's-length till the face drooped and the eyes veiled themselves, and the brazen thing was blushing and half crying. "And I know who it is!" he cried, releasing his hold and clasping the pretty head all at once into his breast, to the great damage of crimps and starch. "You don't suppose I've seen Dr. Bonnamy's gig waiting round these lanes so long for nothing?"

"You don't care, do you, pa?" she whispered, looking up from her resting-place.

"I don't know about that," he answered, smoothing the rich hair in a reckless way. "What am *I* going to do?"

"Threaten ma with a lunatic asylum, and make her behave herself."

"No, no; ma has her rights. She believes in her principles thoroughly, and so do I. But the trouble is I never did have any backbone."

"Nobody could have, or any other bone, living as we do."

"I'm—I'm ashamed of it, but my senses are too much for me. Your mother ought to have married a better man."

"For shame, Pa Morley! As if she could!"

"She'd have been a great deal happier, and perhaps have founded her great race. It does seem a shame that such a mighty plan should be thwarted just because I love gravy. She'll say, Louie, that the reason you love soup is because of the rebellion of my senses against the—"

"Acquiescence of your reason." And then they both laughed like two children. "It isn't only soup, though," said Louie. "I love everything that's good, and take it whenever I can get it—chicken, calf's-head, pork and beans—"

"Oh Lord! we might as well give up, then," groaned Mr. Morley.

"We might as well give up," repeated Louie, with great cheerfulness. "And you'll help us, pa?"

"I? I? Why, how can I—"

"Oh, I know how! Just say you will."

"If—if I dare to, my darling."

"Well, I won't trouble you much; not till after it's all done, and can't be helped. I love John Bonnamy, and I hate the great future race"—and all of a sudden she burst out crying inextinguishably, and it was all her father could do to kiss her and soothe her into calmness before walking away with her, her little elastic step hardly crushing the grass, into the wood where John Bonnamy was waiting.

It was an hour or two later in the day,

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just as the first tinge of sunset began to transmute all the summer world, when Mr. Morley came walking back alone over the brow of the hill, very quiet, very dazed, a little stunned it may be, a little wondering if nature were not on his side and requiting his wrongs after all. For what was this he had heard in the wood, as if Louie's story were not marvel enough? Harry Pearmain, Fanny Farwell—those two children, he not a day more than twenty-one, she less than his Louie's age—just seventeen; a dead secret that nobody dared to break. He didn't know how to believe it all—it was like a dream. He felt that he must have a night's sleep on it, and see if he dreamed it again, before he dared to think of it. He saw a great vista of release opening before him, if he could but find a sword to hew through the first hedge.

There was a shorter cut down the hill, that took him round under the Pearmain windows—those pretty mullioned windows all opening on the ground; he followed it. And he never knew what fate it was that suddenly made him turn, and tiptoe toward a certain window of them all, and pause there, looking in—whether some arresting sight had caught his eye and directed his feet while his conscious thoughts were otherwhere, or whether it was simply perverse curiosity. Whatever it was, he delayed there some seconds, his eyes glaring out of his head, his nose flattened against the pane of the narrow pantry window till it shone leprously white and blue; and in that plight, as if magnetized by the fixity of his gaze, Mrs. Pearmain turned and surveyed him.

"Oh, Mr. Morley! Mr. Morley!" she cried, as well as the circumstances allowed her to enunciate, "don't, don't betray me!"

Mr. Morley chuckled. It was a moment of glorious recompense. Here was his sword. He pushed up the sash. "I'll take a bite," he said.

Mrs. Pearmain stared in a sort of stupor a moment. "I—I can't help it, Mr. Morley," she stammered then, with pale and shaking lips.

"It's very well done," said Mr. Morley. "It shows a good deal of experience—"

"Oh, the doctor ordered it long ago, and the habit grew upon me, and although I gave up hope for myself, I've tried to keep the way straight for the others—"

"Straight and narrow," said Mr. Morley, wiping his mouth.

"And I've talked and written about it, talked to everybody, argued with everybody—you know I have, Mr. Morley," she cried, breathlessly, the tears gushing—"talked to everybody, tried to convert everybody—"

"Enough to strike a balance. I understand—whited sepulchres, Pharisees, and all that. You've been like the hero of the ballad who sat in the corner eating his Christmas pie. You've been the means of starving me for nearly twenty years on oatmeal mush, while you've picked your bones and licked your fingers."

"Mr. Morley! you can still insult—"

"Not at all, not at all. I don't wish to insult you. On the contrary, I think you've shown the first ray of sense I've seen in you for twenty years. Only," said Mr. Morley, lifting his finger impressively before his victim's eyes, "now there's to be no backing down."

A stormy half-hour afterward Mr. Morley might have been seen springing over the railing between the grounds as light as a boy, and he ate his supper of oatmeal mush with the relish of Jack sitting at the foot of the bean stalk he was about to fell; for he never meant to partake of that viand again in his life.

The phaeton was coming round to the door to take Mrs. Morley, in the long twilight, to one of her poor women whom she helped on certain vegetarian conditions. The pony was rather gay, and pranced a good deal as Thomas held the bridle. "It is wonderful the strength these animals get out of grains," said Mr. Morley, artfully.

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Morley, falling delightedly into the trap.

"And the weakness other animals get," continued Mr. Morley. "My dear, did you know that Mrs. Pearmain had been ailing for some time?"

"Triflingly," said Mrs. Morley, drawing on her gauntlets.

"My dear, if you saw Mrs. Pearmain standing behind her pantry door, holding in one hand part of a cold sausage, the rest of which was in her mouth, and in the other hand a pickled martinoe—"

"Do talk common-sense, Mr. Morley."

"I call that very common sense—on Mrs. Pearmain's part. As I was saying, in such case what should you think?"

"I shouldn't think at all; I can't reason on impossibilities."

"Do you believe it would make any

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difference as to your tyranny over me?" urged Mr. Morley, with a laugh.

"Tyranny, George!" said Mrs. Morley, turning her still charming face wonderingly upon her husband.

"I said it advisedly," replied Mr. Morley, with sudden austerity.

"Is that tyranny to which your reason so fully consents?" asked Mrs. Morley, pulling off her gloves for a combat, in reverse of the custom of those knights who, before the fray, "pulled their ringing gauntlets on."

"Teresa," said Mr. Morley, with a firmness that surprised himself, "I adore your principles, but I abhor your practice. Don't pull off your gloves, my love: that poor woman is famishing for her porridge. Go your ways, child; but if on your return you run over to Mrs. Pearmain's I think you may learn something to—shall I say your?—no, to *my* advantage."

And little Mrs. Morley went her ways, with her mind in a state of bewilderment, and shivering as she remembered that the ancients held high spirits to be a presage of sudden death.

"Louie," said Mr. Morley, when his wife was out of sight, "it is very wrong to disobey your mother."

"Yes, pa."

"But if your mother has given no orders, you can't disobey them."

"No, pa."

"And it is equally wrong to disobey your father."

"Yes, indeed, pa dear."

"And if your father gives you orders, you can do nothing else than obey them."

"Certainly, pa, of course."

"Very well, then, I order you to take a goose which you will find in the servants' larder, and tell Jane to dress it and roast it at once. And when that is done I shall have some further orders to give you."

When Mrs. Morley returned from her visit the house stood dark, with open doors and windows, and the fragrance of the honeysuckles blowing all about it, but with nobody inside it. She remembered what her husband had said, and hastened across the lawn and up to Mrs. Pearmain's lighted mansion, arriving there just as Mr. Pearmain descended from the coach that had brought him to the end of a long journey. She spoke with the worthy man, looked up at him admiringly in the dusk, and yet paused one instant to think that her George, of whom no one stood in awe, was a pleasanter person for a husband after all. In the next instant a sound of revelry smote her ears, smote Mr. Pearmain's too, and they went in together. The sound came from the dining-room. What odor was this that never before had profaned that pretty room? what sight was this that saluted the outraged eye?

There stood Mr. Morley, at one end of the freshly laid and glittering table, with his fork in the breast-bone of the goose and his knife in the air; there sat Mrs. Pearmain, pale, with traces of tears, daintily picking apart, but with no appetite whatever, a slice of the brown breast; there sat Fanny Farwell, blushing like a rose, with Harry's protecting arm just thrown across her shoulder; there stood Louie Morley at one side of her father, flourishing a drumstick, and her great black eyes dancing to the music of Dr. Bonnamy's merry laughter as he stood upon the other side.

"My dearest love," said Mr. Morley, laying down his knife and waving his hand toward the remnants of the goose, "allow me to re-introduce to you an old but unforgotten acquaintance—"

"Oh, indeed!" cried Mrs. Morley, too much stupefied to express indignation, "as if I had not seen a goose every day of my life for twenty years!"

"Not roasted. Pardon me; your looking-glass reflects, but does not roast. Permit me also to remark that in future this acquaintance shall always be a welcome guest at our table, to which—while I accord you personally all liberty of groats—so help me Heaven I never mean to sit down again without a joint! I told you this afternoon that I admired your principles, my dear Teresa. If I had known Dr. Bonnamy earlier and better, I never should have made so foolish a speech, and we should have been spared some years of trouble. Let me see. You declare that I inject dead flesh into my veins when I partake of this delicious morsel," refreshing himself with a bit of the goose. "Do you, when you manure your hill of corn with barn-yard compost, inject that disgusting material into your ear of corn? No; the chemistry of sun and air absorbs from that compost only the proper constituents of corn. The stomach is a fine laboratory; it acts in the same way; it sends no dead flesh to the veins, but it separates that food into its elements, and

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sends merely the proper constituents of life along to their absorbents. Moreover," continued Mr. Morley, wiping his forehead, and amazed at his eloquence and temerity, "you urge me to live according to your ideas, because comparative anatomy shows that all animals with cellulated colons are herbivorous, and man has a cellulated colon—man and the ape. Is that right, Dr. Bonnamy? I am now convinced that the first ape that forsook his herbivorous diet and smacked his lips over some smoking flesh began to differentiate into man; and you may send your cellulated colon to Mr. Darwin as the missing link—"

"Bravo, papa, bravo!"

"And now, Mrs. Pearmain," said Mr. Morley, "shall I speak for you?"

"I—I can't speak for myself," said Mrs. Pearmain, bursting into tears, and seeing twenty husbands with twenty valises all about to leave her forever, and gazing at her with awful austerities of farewell.

"Mrs. Pearmain, as Dr. Bonnamy will assure you," said Mr. Morley, "was ordered by that physician, in whom you all believe so heartily, to resume her pristine diet some years since. This she stoutly refused to do; but learning that her life depended on it, I have brought this bird over here, and, as I may say, have forced her to share it with us. The rest," continued Mr. Morley, happier than he had been for years, "I hope explains itself. Let me introduce this young lady"—as the little thing shrank closer and closer to her proud and defiant young husband—"formerly Miss Fanny Farwell, but for this three months past waiting an opportunity to confess herself Mrs. Harry Pearmain. And that done, let me present to you, my dear wife, Dr. Bonnamy, who became your son-in-law an hour ago." And, quite out of breath, Mr. Morley sat down.

The whole English language failed to do justice to the occasion. There was silence in heaven for half an hour—that silence echoed here for half a moment, perhaps, but it seemed longer.

"I hope you will all be very happy," said Mrs. Morley, then, with majesty, but a tremulous voice. "And as you have shown yourselves so capable of it without me, I—"

"Now, mother, mother," said Mr. Morley, bending over the goose and waving his knife and fork affectionately toward her, "you know it would have been of no sort of use to talk with you, and it was a great deal better to clear your skirts of all responsibility." Mr. Morley stopped and regarded the others. Mr. Pearmain, wide-eyed and open-mouthed and silent till this juncture, had suddenly broken the spell, dropped his valise, and bent and taken his wife in his arms. "Emily, my darling," he was saying, "why didn't I hear of this before? Do you suppose I would have sacrificed your precious health, your life, for a whim?" And he kissed the weak woman tenderly before turning to the others. "And as for these children," said he.

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Morley, hilariously.

"Hear! hear!" cried Louie, who had never been afraid of Mr. Pearmain. "And will you sacrifice us for a whim, ma?"

"My dear," said Mr. Morley, pouring out a bumper, "here's to the great future perfect race. Let us wish it long life and —posterity. We have only postponed it a generation."

Editor's Easy Chair.

FROM the windows of the palace of industry the Easy Chair had long looked out at the Brooklyn Bridge slowly and silently rising into its perfect form. First the huge, lofty, massive piers or towers, from which the passageway was to be hung over the river, grew gradually from the level of the shores, and became the most commanding and far-seen structures in the two cities. Months and years passed while still the work proceeded, and at last a delicate line was visible stretching from one pier to the other across the river. Still silently, as if woven by elemental forces, the line multiplied and increased until many lines combined, and a delicate aerial path was drawn in the air from city to city. Week by week and month by month the forms became more plainly defined, but only now and then the figure of a man was visible, a mere moving object upon some part of the structure. At last the lapse of time was so long, and the general outline was so familiar, that, like the river and the mass of the city beyond it, the great bridge became a permanent part of the familiar scene, as if it had always been there, and would always remain—silent, solitary, and beautiful.

But on the loveliest of May mornings, when

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the sunlight was singularly clear and brilliant, and the air was cool and soft, there were flags flying from the tops of the towers, and from all the flag-staffs in the two cities, and from all the shipping that lined the river. An armed flotilla lay in the stream, with a long line of streamers stretching high over each vessel from stem to stern, and the little ferry-boats fluttered and rejoiced with flags, and there was the glad feeling of a happy holiday in the air. Perhaps some venerable spectator, conscious of a festival, and of the universal expectation of a great event, might have recalled that day in October fifty-eight years before, when a cannon was heard echoing the sound which, beginning in Buffalo, pealed continuously through the State, and died away upon the echoes of the bay, announcing that the water of Lake Erie had been let into the canal, and that the fleet of barges had left the inland city, and would float upon the new watery highway to the sea.

Since that day the shores of the rivers and the harbor have seen no such day of rejoicing over the completion of a great public work as that of the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. The completion of the Croton Aqueduct was also a memorable event, and it was not the least of the interesting circumstances of the event of this year that Mr. Hewitt could say, and with more authority than anybody else, that the bridge had been constructed as honestly as the Erie Canal or the Croton Aqueduct. The whole cost of the bridge which hangs so lightly over the river, the roadway of which is a little more than a mile long, is about twice that of the canal which stretches through the whole State of New York for two hundred miles, from the Hudson to Lake Erie. The cost of the canal was $7,602,000; that of the Croton Aqueduct was $12,500,000, and that of the bridge when completed, and including everything, will be $15,500,000. That this money, or the $9,000,000 expended upon the actual construction, has been honestly spent was one of the most surprising and satisfactory statements of the opening day.

Perhaps the possible observer of whom we spoke, now a venerable man, stood on the wharf, or sat in a boat upon the river, and saw the stately flotilla descending the Hudson, the tall, erect figure of De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York, standing in front, his hands pouring the water of Lake Erie into that of the ocean, like the Doge of Venice, upon the golden *Bucentaur*, going to wed the Adriatic. But had he stood by the Easy Chair upon the recent bright May-day he would have seen from the windows of industry all the house-tops and windows and balconies that commanded the bridge crowded with people, and the streets below swarming with eager throngs; and at two o'clock, like a sudden drift of foam, he would have seen a mass of white plumes and helmets advancing upon the airy path, solitary since it was stretched from tower to tower, and soon the whole space would have glittered to his eyes with the waving brilliant mass moving at will, and without a drum-beat; and following close the spectator would have discerned a file of gentlemen in plain dress, the manly figure of the President of the United States preceding, and with him his cabinet, the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and officers of every degree of dignity.

As they reached the tower, through the arch of which they passed from the long approach, and emerged upon the bridge above the river, the thunder of a general cannonade burst upon the air. The war-steamers blazed and roared, and amid the clouds of smoke their yards were manned, and the overarching lines of streamers blew gayly in the brisk wind. The moment which the long years of noiseless and incessant labor of every kind had anticipated had arrived, and across the silent highway flowed a stream of life which will flow forever. Not a mishap marred the happy day. The addresses of the trustees, the Mayors, and the orators, Mr. Hewitt and Dr. Storrs, were worthy of the great occasion. The history of the work was admirably told; its moral significance was nobly drawn. The day ended with universal satisfaction, and when night came the Bridge streamed and shone and blazed with rejoicing fire.

And why not? That simple graceful span is one of the triumphs of human skill, one of the wonders of the world. Completed like a slowly gathering natural form, binding the two great cities indissolubly, no man can foresee the changes that it may portend. But to

"The eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,"

without losing faith or hope in the destiny of man, the delicate arch that spans the river hangs like a bow of promise in the air.

FORTY-THREE or forty-four years ago Miss Harriet Martineau is reported to have said that in Massachusetts, one of the most highly civilized and advanced communities in the world, there were but seven industries open to women who wanted to work. They might keep boarders, or set type, or teach needle-work, or tend looms in cotton mills, or fold and stitch in bookbinderies. This statement was rather too definite, because there were other forms of labor open to them, especially those of the needle. But there is no doubt that the opportunities of self-support for women by honest industry in some other way than that of domestic service were very few and very limited. The tendency of society under the exclusive control of men has been to restrict unmarried women to the lowest kinds of drudgery or to the highest forms of luxurious idleness. There has been extreme impatience of all efforts for the "emancipation of women." But the most resolutely contemptuous sneerer at strong-minded women, and the most doughty foe of the cry of woman's rights, as if it were the slogan of the

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destruction of the essential feminine charm—a kind of war upon nature itself, must admit that, whether the discussion be regarded as a cause or a mere unhandsome phenomenon of progress due to other causes, it is during this discussion that the opportunities of women have greatly enlarged, and the general view of the relation of women to society has greatly changed.

In the State of Massachusetts, which was the scene of Miss Martineau's reputed observation, it is now announced that there are 284 occupations open to women, instead of seven, and that 251,158 women are earning their own living in these occupations, receiving from $150 to $3000 each every year. This computation does not include amateurs, or mothers and daughters in the household, and of course excludes domestic service. Such figures show the most insidious approaches of the sex toward that terrible equality which is the bugbear of some sensitive souls, who wring their hands with apprehension lest the resistless development of society should deprive it, to change Charles Lamb's word, of women that are women.

The same hands are wrung violently at the mighty advances of co-education, the reason of which the Easy Chair set forth eight years ago upon the opening of the Sage College for Women at Cornell University, and as if by malign concert with the industrial report from Massachusetts comes the educational report from Sage College, which, with cold disregard of the apprehension that feminine women are about to disappear before the sirocco of progress, quietly asserts that the especially unfortunate and anti-womanly results which were foretold as sure to spring from the opening of that pleasant school are, in the words so often vehemently applied to the demand for women's rights, "stuff and nonsense."

It is a ludicrous turning of the tables that the objections to the freedom and equality of women's choice of their own occupations and career should be riddled by the facts. It is certainly very annoying to dignified and sententious conservatism which prefers to settle troublesome questions by waving them away, or by a conclusive ejaculation of "Pooh, pooh!" to perceive that the waving is ineffectual, and that the "Pooh, pooh!" is echoed by hard experience in a peal of laughter. It is a kind of Irish echo which seriously disturbs dignity. Here, now, without the least regard for prejudice or dogmatism, Sage College in Cornell University announces, in the most matter-of-fact way, that the experience of all the colleges and academies at which young men and young women have been associated in study, including the ten years experience of Cornell and the twelve years experience of Michigan University, shows that the order has been better, the scholarship higher, and that the whole tone of the institutions has been improved, since the admission of women.

The college is not content, however, with a general statement. It disposes also, and unconditionally, of the especial objections which are theoretically and fluently urged. Instead of producing women who are not women, instead of brushing the down from the peach and the bloom from the grape, instead of transforming the graceful, clinging, and sensitive vine, of which we have heard so much, into a gnarled and withered masculine stump, the Sage circular asserts plainly that under its system young men grow more manly and young women more womanly. Moreover, it declares that young women bear the strain of study quite as well as young men; that there is no more sickness among them in proportion than among young men, and that the average of scholarship is higher. Cornell expressly disclaims any intention of proselyting. It does not urge that all colleges should admit women, or that all should admit men. It merely declares for itself that it feels it to be a duty and a privilege to open its doors to all who are fitted to enter, whether young men or young women, and proclaims that experience has confirmed the wisdom of this course.

Under such circumstances it is unnecessary to inquire whether the great progress of the "woman movement," to use an extraordinary phrase of its friends, is due to the agitation of "woman's rights," or proceeds in spite of it. Such a movement, in any case, is a sign of profound and general interest. If it has sometimes a grotesque and eccentric aspect, it is only like all such discussions. The greatest and most effective historic "movement" in this country was the antislavery agitation, which seems to us now a very serious and vital business. But if any student wishes to know what odd and comical aspects it sometimes showed, he has only to read an accurate report of meetings from which Father Lamson and Abby Folsom were extruded; and if he would know what contemptuous ridicule it encountered, he has but to turn to old files of newspapers of the time. Yet it would be a doubtful saying that the cause of emancipation was not advanced by the agitation.

The "cause of woman" is not always advocated wisely, but its signal progress since the day of Miss Harriet Martineau shows that even unwise advocacy of a good cause, dear to the public common-sense and conscience, should not be suffered to deceive individual judgment or prejudice the cause. Those who have watched the dissolving and vanishing of much of the violent assertion that women are naturally so determined to be men that every kind of barrier and obstruction must be heaped up against them are often reminded of Agassiz's shrewd description of the stages of opposition to any new and important scientific truth. It is first declared to be ridiculous, then it is sure to destroy religion, and at length, when it is established, everybody always knew it. The progress of scientific truths and sound social

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movements is like the French newspaper record of the return of Napoleon from Elba: The monster has landed. The perjurer is advancing. Napoleon is at Passy. The Emperor is in Paris.

Our old friend Jenkins has become a very important personage even in our democratic society. His writings are now voluminous, and he is evidently an exceedingly popular author, for every city newspaper of large circulation gives him at least a column every week, and there are other journals devoted almost exclusively to his productions. There is, indeed, a certain monotony in his writings, even surpassing that of the ordinary fashionable novel, and like those novels they reveal the fact of the most confidential relations between Jenkins and an enormous number of ladies'-maids, hair-dressers, waiters, and flunkies of every degree. The kindly public which follows with interest the fortunes of Lord Reginald and Lady Argemone in the novel, which is made perfectly familiar with my lord's wardrobe and the mysteries of my lady's varied toilets, naturally reads with delight that Mrs. Tom gave a dinner yesterday, and that Mr. and Mrs. Dick and Mr. Harry were among the guests.

What the nature of this pleasure is it is not easy to define. In England, where there are recognized ranks and family palaces and traditional family names, where there is an exclusive court and a titled nobility, there is a peculiar, exclusive, and charmed circle, the story of whose doings and dressings, and dinings and dancings, is a fairy tale to those who can never penetrate it. But with us no particular circle of persons can assume to be distinctively "society." There is no historic or institutional basis for it. There is no perspective, no tradition. The accumulation of enormous riches, and profuse expenditure in every form of extravagance and luxury, dinners of nightingales' tongues and wines enriched with dissolved pearls, are spectacular and astonishing as well as painful, but they are only the pageant of the lucky gamesters of to-day. To-morrow the luck will change, and "society," which has no historic or class foundation, will be changed with it.

It is natural that dressmakers and milliners should be deeply interested in the details of the dress of other people. But it is evident either that editors do not understand their business—and what newspaper will admit it?—or that there is a large class of readers who take deep interest in knowing that President Arthur walked out yesterday morning in a dark blue cut-away coat, with a bright summer waistcoat and fawn-colored trousers delicately striped, that his "breastplate" matched his waistcoat and trousers, and that his hat was white; and unless the editors are mistaken it is evident that the same readers learn with eager gratification that in the evening the President entertained a select party at dinner, and wore upon the occasion a black dress coat, black dress trousers, a black dress waistcoat cut very low, a shirt bosom without plaits and with a single diamond stud, a white cravat, and low shoes. It is to this kind of interest, undoubtedly, that an excellent artist in leather defers in advertising himself as "the President's shoemaker."

These revelations are the substance of Jenkins's works. He informs us with great detail not only that the President wore light trousers upon a certain occasion, but that Mrs. Brown wore a sky-blue silk, and Mrs. Jones a purple velvet, and Mrs. Robinson a brocade; and as he does it every few days, there must be a considerable demand for this literature. Jenkins is, indeed, the most impartial of historians. He portrays not only the festivities and the clothes of Mr. and Mrs. Millionaire, he not only mentions the names of Mr. and Mrs. Half-Million and the various members of the Hundred-Thousand family as guests, not only does he portray the wedding of the lovely Miss Midas and of the beautiful Miss Crœsus, but with equal fervor and detail and wealth of adjectives he describes the marriages and the receptions among the families of the Tens and the Fives, and, in fact, of everybody who deals with certain traders who wish to advertise.

If so discreet an author could be suspected of satire, Jenkins seems sometimes to open himself to the charge. He often begins a column with an elaborate account of the bridal of Miss Ten-Millions, and follows it with a string of similar paragraphs, ending with the wedding of Miss Buttercup. His grave style, which in each case reports the details of the dress, and the names of the bridemaids and of the best man and ushers, forbids the thought that he means to satirize his own work; and yet a wandering and reprehensible fancy sometimes suggests that he really intends to hint that there is no distinction, and that everybody is of equal importance and interest, at least to the reader of his precious lore. This is undoubtedly a just belief upon the part of Jenkins. He has observed that certain old women attend with vigorous impartiality every funeral of which they hear, and he justly holds that the general reader is as much interested in the marriage of one young woman whom he does not know as in that of another.

But this makes Jenkins a dreadful leveller. What joy can it be to Mrs. Millionaire that her party is duly described, with its lists of guests, if the very next paragraph is the description of Mrs. Thousand-a-Year's party? And how can the reader himself or herself be taught a proper sense of Mrs. Millionaire's grandeur and exclusiveness if they are led, as it were, to "lump" her with Mrs. Thousand-a-Year? Is there not danger that Jenkins may unconsciously inculcate the lesson that a very rich person may be of no more importance than a very poor one, and that the most elaborate and

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expensive attire may be no more widely advertised than the most modest and tasteful dress?

In his more philosophic and reminiscent moods Jenkins must derive a great deal of amusement from his observations of the subjects of his works. Americans, for instance, are all traders and laborers of many kinds, and the descendants of other laborers. Even those whose family names are historical all spring from some thrifty trader who prospered, or some refugee or emigrant, some shrewd lawyer or professional man, some able tailor, or builder, or other craftsman. This is the pit from which we were all digged. There is no more honorable origin, if the originators were honest men. The man who rides to-day walked yesterday, and his grandson will walk again day after to-morrow.

To a Jenkins who bears this in mind there must be something very entertaining in seeing one grandson or granddaughter patronizing another, as a nobleman patronizes a peasant in countries where social caste is established. It would give a peculiar pungency to his rather sugary writings if Jenkins should remark that the beautiful Miss Shoestring, who wore diamonds of unequalled lustre at the select luncheon of young Lothario Lovelace, evidently looked down with great disdain as an upstart upon the beautiful Miss Inexpressibles, who wore pearls of fabulous size and cost. Why, dear little Susan Shoestring, he seems to say—who have a half-fancy that your blood is somehow a little bluer than that of Ida Inexpressibles—if some Circe should wave her wand over the lunch table and its select coterie of guests, revealing the source of all the blood and the riches and the fashion assembled around it, Ida would be a pair of trousers and you would be a shoe. By right of what blueness of blood does a cobbler sniff at a tailor?

Perhaps instead of wondering who it is that likes to read of other people's clothes, and to know that one rich man dined with another yesterday, we should rather look upon the indefatigable Jenkins less as the confidential gossip of ladies'-maids and gentlemen's gentlemen than as a public benefactor, who reminds us that in a free and fortunate country butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers of every degree may amass huge fortunes, and rival in ostentatious expenditure the most barbaric of Asiatic rulers, and imitate the customs of a hereditary society. In any case, we must be grateful to him that his impartial hand, like that of Death in the Horatian ode, democratically smooths away all distinctions, and by its equal mention of everybody's reception and ball and movements demonstrates the consoling truth that everybody is socially as good as anybody.

On a pleasant spring morning of this year a small company of gentlemen might have been seen setting forth evidently for a holiday upon a small steamboat which took its way up the historic Hudson. To the intelligent traveller no excursion at that season can be more charming, because no other river upon the Continent is so full of various association, and this little company itself recalled one of the interesting events in the history of the famous river, for they were the members of a society whose formation was thought to menace the young country with the subversion of its free institutions. The innocent company of elderly gentlemen were in fact the members of the Cincinnati, who were proceeding to Fishkill Landing to celebrate the centenary of the society.

They passed the anchorage of the *Vulture*, which brought André to his doom; Stony Point, and Montgomery, and Clinton, and the point where the boom was stretched, they left behind. They paddled under old Cro' Nest and the bold height which Willis called Storm King—the play of his fancy which is likely to be longest remembered—and emerging through the dusky gate of the Highlands upon the broad bay of Newburgh, walled with the Fishkill Mountains, they sped to the eastern shore, where, upon the high bluff above the river, and a mile or two beyond the little village at the landing, stands the Verplanck house, in which the Society of the Cincinnati was formed.

The house was then occupied by Baron Steuben as his head-quarters, and the society sprang from a natural desire among the officers of the Revolutionary army to unite in a friendly club which should not only foster and prolong the friendly feeling and intercourse of those who had been so long associated in a common service amid common perils, but serve also as a convenient nucleus of a prompt military organization should the uncertain course of events make it necessary. It had also a charitable purpose, and it took the name of Cincinnati from the Roman general whom the legend describes as laying down his arms when peace was won, and retiring tranquilly to his farm. Membership was to be hereditary in the oldest male posterity and their meritorious kindred, and a general scheme of organization was proposed, including admissions of honorary members under stringent conditions, and an insignia was devised to be worn suspended to a blue ribbon. The project of the society was natural and simple. The officers, with hearts made tender by approaching separation, and with a friendly and honorable purpose, were too unaccustomed to the habits of republican thought and tradition to fear any mischief, still less to intend it, in the hereditary provision. But Hamilton and Adams and Jay and Jefferson saw a possible peril. Judge Burke, of South Carolina, raised an alarm, and decried the society as an attempt to organize a military aristocracy which would be full of peril. The Legislature of Massachusetts protested also, and Connecticut joined in the cry. Hamilton strongly opposed the hereditary clause, and at the first general meeting of the society the question was discussed with such

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warmth of feeling that it was proposed to allow the society to expire with its founders.

In this dispute, as in all others, Washington's influence was moderating and wise. The hereditary descent was abolished by the general society. Gradually the apparent danger was removed by emphasizing the condition of continuance by meritorious consanguinity. This seems to have been a survival of the ancient Irish tanistry, or election by the tribe of the successor in the head family to the headship of the tribe. However dark and ominous may have seemed the peril that lurked in the Cincinnati, no sign of it ever became patent. Membership in the State society is still substantially hereditary, but peace and established order have never been more seriously menaced by the Cincinnati than by the excellent company that proceeded up the river on the spring morning.

Every year on the Fourth of July the six or seven State branches of the society hold meetings, and there is, or was, a triennial meeting of the general society. But it is only a club of pleasant associations and traditions. The insignia are carefully handed down in the families of members, and the fervent orators of the Fourth could find a signal illustration of the essential conservatism of free institutions for their own purpose that a society of military origin and of hereditary descent, in the midst of intelligence and patriotism, has been always as harmless as a flower in a garden. It is a kindly reminiscence of the friendships of the Revolution. It holds the officers of the old army in a tender and engaging light. It has covered with a halo the modest house in which it was formed, and it has given another historic association to the noble stream.

Yet so little is a society now heeded which the Massachusetts Legislature regarded with apprehension, and which it was supposed that the Continental Congress might condemn, that the holiday excursion of its members was hardly noted, and most of those who read of it probably had a very vague conception of what the Cincinnati might be. But as the centennial commemorations end with this year's celebration of the great events at Newburgh, the story of the Cincinnati will be told again, and its sons will enjoy a distinction of which they may well be proud, for it is due to the honorable service of their ancestors. Possibly as they kindle under the heroic story told upon its very scene, the sons of the Cincinnati may resolve that henceforth the legend of their society shall be *Noblesse oblige*.

WASHINGTON has seen many funeral pageants, but none more striking than that of the re-interment of John Howard Payne. Presidents and Senators and statesmen of every degree have been borne through its streets with every sign of respectful sorrow, but never was a dead poet so famous for a single song, or so honored. A correspondent objects to the Easy Chair's remark that Payne's fame rests upon one slight song, and urges that he was not only a poet, but an actor, and that not only did he write "Home, sweet Home," but the tragedy of *Brutus*, which still keeps the stage, and will always hold it so long as there is a player equal to the chief part. Our correspondent with generous ardor adds: "With the exception of the tragedies of Shakespeare, *Brutus* may be considered one of the best dramas for stage representation now extant." "Edmund Kean, the elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, and in our own day John McCullough have all found the part worthy of their genius," says our warm-hearted correspondent; "and in my judgment John Howard Payne will be remembered as the author of *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, long after 'Home, sweet Home,' has ceased to be sung."

But his judgment is not confirmed by those who have erected the monument which was unveiled at the re-interment, and in the presence of a distinguished company, including the President. The inscription commemorates only the author of "Home, sweet Home." The poet of the day, a friend of Payne's, celebrated him in tender lines as an exile from home brought home at last, and the benediction of the touching ceremony was the blending of a thousand voices and of pealing instruments in the familiar and melancholy strain.

The interest awakened by Mr. Corcoran's project of bringing the body of Payne from Tunis and laying it in the Washington Cemetery was very striking. The story of his career was told in all the papers. Letters of reminiscence appeared on every hand. From Illinois came a fac-simile of the song in Payne's writing as legible and handsome as Bayard Taylor's, accompanied by a photograph of a pencil drawing representing a high-browed, thoughtful, sad face; and from New York a memorial autotype from a daguerreotype taken by Brady in 1850, with the same wasted, intensely sad expression. This was coupled with a likeness of Mr. Corcoran, whose liberal scheme had revived general interest in a man whose name was fast slipping away from public remembrance. Mr. Hutton also wrote a brief biographical sketch in the *Magazine of American History*, and Mr. Gabriel Harrison will have issued a life of Payne when this number of the Magazine appears.

But nothing is more notable than a letter sent to the Easy Chair from a correspondent who writes that his Sunday-school teacher in New York, whom he names, married in 1828 a rich merchant in New York, whom he also names, who presently died, leaving her a rich widow, who met the young actor Payne, and was married to him in 1832 or '33, thus opening to him a delightfully "sweet home," which, the writer thinks, with a little religious training, would have been secure for life. "My last visit to Mrs. Payne," remarks our correspondent, "occurred January 1, 1835." There

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seems to be no reason for inventing such a story, but it is possible that there is a confusion of persons and names. There is evidently much uncertainty about the facts in Payne's life, which is not surprising in the case of so complete a Bedouin. Thus Mr. Hutton says that his career as an actor in America closed in 1813, when he went to Europe, while another writer, describing the final ceremonies of his re-interment, says that his farewell to the stage took place in New Orleans in 1835, and that he re-appeared in Washington in 1838.

The conflict of statement merely shows how little is accurately remembered of the wandering singer. But Mr. William T. Davis of Plymouth, records that he knew Payne in Paris, six or eight years before his death, and that one day, after dining together in the Palais Royal, Payne pointed out to him the window of a little room in which he wrote his famous song. It is a curious fact that the poet's restlessness did not end with his life, and that long after his death his dust should be borne across the ocean to find its last repose.

Editor's Literary Record.

THERE have been among our countrymen riper scholars, deeper political thinkers, more brilliant orators, greater statesmen, and abler soldiers than the late General Dix, but no single individual of them has united in a more liberal degree than he the higher qualities of all these varied functions, or has discharged them with more distinguished ability. General Dix was not gifted with those pre-eminent special abilities and attributes which mark out a man from his fellows as a genius. He belonged rather to the class of whom Washington was the illustrious type—men of good native abilities, in whom all the faculties are so happily adjusted as to produce that moral and intellectual equilibrium which secures an unerring judgment, a will resolute but not obstinate, a clear perception of duty and the most thorough and conscientious discharge of it, and entire rectitude of life and conduct. From his earliest boyhood General Dix exhibited all the characteristics of a well-balanced and symmetrical nature; and if he never rose to the highest altitudes of genius, he escaped the anomalous moral and mental vagaries, derelictions, and inequalities which commonly attend that precious but perilous endowment; and always maintaining a firm footing on a lofty level, he sometimes reached an exalted plane. The life of such a man offers few invitations to the sensational biographer. It is too orderly, too free from violent contrasts and pyrotechnical displays, and too monotonously pure to afford him an opportunity to display his skill as a writer or as a speculative analyst of character. In the hands of such a biographer the equable virtues and other characteristic traits which gave color to the whole life of General Dix, and which influenced his tastes, his attainments, and his performances under trying circumstances, would have been relegated to a secondary place, and the more histrionic passages in his career would have been given undue prominence, and thus the value and power of such a life as an example and an encouragement would have been infinitely lessened. Fortunately the preparation of his biography has not been intrusted to a professional or hackneyed writer, but has been executed by one who unites to a literary style of great vigor and purity, and a perfect knowledge of the incidents and events of the life of his subject, the most intimate acquaintance with the motives and principles that actuated him in his public and private relations, and the clearest appreciation of the virtues that gave to his character its firm grain and fine symmetry. The Rev. Dr. Dix's[1] life of his father is not a mere tribute of filial affection, however beautiful it must be regarded as such, but is a candid and discriminating record of a singularly noble and open life, in which naught is glossed over or concealed, as well because of the judicial candor and fairness of the biographer as because there was naught that needed apology or concealment, and in the course of which the motives, principles, conduct, and mental and moral equipment of the man are weighed in a just balance, and scanned sympathetically, but without embellishment. The only criticism to which this impressive and inspiring memoir is liable is that some inferior details, which belong rather to the province of the newspaper than to that of a biography, are unduly expanded, and might have been advantageously abridged. This, however, is a defect on the right side, and will be easily pardoned by the general reader.

CONSIDERED from the purely literary point of view, the recently published memoir of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce[2]—begun by Canon Ashwell, and after his death completed by the Bishop's son, Reginald G. Wilberforce—is as little satisfactory as are the majority of performances in the department of biography. With a plenitude of matter at their disposal, derived in part from the carefully preserved papers and correspondence, and the method-

[1] *Memoirs of John Adams Dix.* Compiled by his Son MORGAN DIX. Illustrated. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 388 and 435. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, and afterward of Winchester.* With Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence. By A. R. ASHWELL, M.A., and REGINALD G. WILBERFORCE. Abridged from the English Edition. With Portraits and Illustrations. 8vo., pp. 553. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

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ically kept journals of the bishop, and in part the fruit of their own diligent labor of collection and collation, the interest and value of their work are seriously impaired by the lack of tact and discretion, and sometimes of good taste and plain common-sense, displayed in the selection and arrangement of their abundant materials. Their narrative, even in the judiciously abbreviated American edition, is embarrassed and retarded at the most critical points, and is given a broken and fragmentary appearance, by the introduction of numerous petty and immaterial details that serve no possible office in throwing light upon the character, disposition, work, or career of the bishop; and it is occasionally marred by the reproduction of unguarded or characteristically free-spoken comments on men and events which he had jotted down in his diaries in the excitement of the moment or under the influence of first impressions, much as if he were thinking to himself, and certainly without any thought that they would ever see the light. Such jottings of the bishop's private thoughts, aside from any consideration for the feelings of the survivors who are referred to in them, should have been held sacred, the more especially as they were often subsequently revised and greatly modified by the bishop in the light of fuller information. But labored in style and overladen with useless or injudicious material as is the biography, the reader who is at all equal to the task of choice and selection will have no difficulty in deriving from it a vivid conception of the character and life-work and of the mental and moral endowments of this vigorous and many-sided prelate. For, most fortunately, his biographers have had the good sense to permit him largely to tell his own story through the medium of his letters, diaries, sermons, speeches, and official and unofficial papers, and have been content to supplement these and to fill the gaps between them by their own recital of such incidents and events as were necessary to the fullness and continuity of the narrative. The trying unreserve of the memoir, laying bare, as it does, the bishop's inmost thoughts and motives, and detailing all his most hotly controverted acts, reveals a character not void, it is true, of some trivial defects, but in the main pre-eminently generous, courageous, manly, noble, and embellished on the largest scale by virtues of a high order, and which stamped the impression of a powerful and beneficent individuality on all that he said or wrote or did. No intelligent reader will be able to rise from its perusal without recognizing the conscientiousness, the tolerance, the practical good sense, the purity of life and purpose, the zeal, the earnestness, and the energy of this indomitable churchman, or without a feeling of profound admiration for his wonderful versatility, his courage, his constancy, his virile power, his personal magnetism, his eloquence, his force and readiness in debate, his far-sighted statesmanship, his administrative tact and ability, and his worldly wisdom tempered by the most unaffected piety and a pervading spirituality. And, further, no candid reader can contemplate his prolonged and influential career, his predominant manly virtues, and his few and inconsiderable defects without a sense of indignation at the party asperity which stigmatized him with the sobriquet of "Soapy Sam"—an epithet that stuck to him like a burr for the rest of his life, indeed, but which was merely an adroit and most unjust perversion of that wise comprehensiveness of his nature which could be tolerant of all things non-essential while steadfastly holding fast to things essential.

Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson never writes a dull book, as all will cordially testify who have read his entertaining chats about the clergy, about doctors, about lawyers, etc., or who may read his latest ingenious specimen of book-making, *The Real Lord Byron*.[3] Equally as gossiping and anecdotal as its predecessors, but without their erratic discursiveness, this volume is a consecutive semi-biographical monograph, in which no new facts of Byron's life are revealed, but those already known are collated from all the different memoirs, and disposed in new and ingenious lights, and which is inspired throughout by the fixed purpose of correcting the misconstructions and misrepresentations which the author conceives to have prevailed concerning the character and actions of the poet, with a view to influencing a more lenient verdict. Mr. Jeaffreson is too astute to undertake the impossible task of proving Lord Byron's innocence of the damning charges of vice and immorality that have been made against him; but while admitting these with a show of frank disapproval, he sophistically pleads in extenuation of them, and in mitigation of their detestable vileness, the "elementary forces and the structure of Byron's mental and moral constitution," the "provocations," fancied or real, to which he was subjected, and the tone of the English society of his own class and day. But after he has exhausted all his casuistry and arts of special pleading, the utter insufficiency of Mr. Jeaffreson's excusatory pleas is patent—nay, the pleas themselves are a concession of Byron's wholesale and deliberate depravity. In a plain man, not gifted with Byron's genius, Byron's "eccentricities" would be called by the plain name of scoundrelly vices. The "provocations" which Mr. Jeaffreson cites to soften the poet's vilenesses or his malignity are found upon scrutiny to have been of a purely negative kind, when they had any basis of reality, while for the most part they were either

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[3] *The Real Lord Byron.* New Views of the Poet's Life. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. 12mo, pp. 556. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 107. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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the fruit of his own distempered brain or the deliberate and systematic coinages of his own unscrupulous and mendacious disposition. And finally, admitting that the English society of the period was undoubtedly disgraced by conspicuous and frequent instances of shameless profligacy in high life, and that it had its full share of it among all classes, the fact still remains that it was not all or even generally impure. Pure men and women were abundant in England, notwithstanding these notable examples of impurity and immorality, and unless history is false, virtue largely predominated, or at least was felt and acknowledged to be a powerful influence and a prevailing restraint in the great body of society in every rank and condition, so that it was in Byron's power to have chosen the pure rather than the impure for his companions and exemplars if he had so elected. Neither of Mr. Jeaffreson's pleas affords any satisfactory excuse for Byron's evil courses, much less for his supremacy over the basest of his contemporaries in the whole muster-roll of degrading vices. Mr. Jeaffreson's art has overreached itself. It was his specious device to conciliate those who have been shocked and offended by the number, the nakedness, and the turpitude of Byron's despicable meannesses and immoralities by frankly admitting them, by painting them in their true colors, and by reprobating them with a semblance of severity, and then, having gone thus far along with those who hold old-fashioned views of morality and virtue, to plead, as we have seen, in palliation or extenuation the poet's natural temperament, the temptations and provocations by which he was assailed, and the influence of the circumstances of his surroundings and of the age in which he lived. But the catalogue that he gives of Byron's vices is so extensive, the vices themselves are so gross and systematic, they are persisted in so deliberately in defiance of his own vivid perceptions of the distinction between right and wrong, and he exhibited such a fatal alacrity for sinking from one slough of unutterable uncleanness into another still fouler, that Mr. Jeaffreson's miserable special pleading defeats its own purposes, and instead of tending to soften or condone Byron's misdoings, only makes them more conspicuous and revolting. With the single exception of its conclusive disproval of the particular infamy charged in Mrs. Stowe's *brochure*, Mr. Jeaffreson's excusatory monograph is the most scorching indictment of Byron that has yet been framed, distinctly conceding in set terms the poet's addictedness not only to the entire round of minor vices—that he was mean, vain, selfish, sordid, greedy of money, fickle, coarse, cruel, brutal, and tyrannical—but also his pre-eminence in the graver offenses—that he was a sensualist, a shameless libertine in the particular and in the gross, a debauchee, an unclean ribald, dishonest, a liar, a tattler, a calumniator, and in his later years a glutton and a drunkard. No one can rise from the contemplation of Byron's unsavory career, as set forth by Mr. Jeaffreson's friendly hand, without a feeling of contempt for the man, and for the special pleas advanced in mitigation or justification of his unclean and base life.

THE second volume of Mr. Bancroft's "last revision" of his *History of the United States*[4] has been published with satisfactory promptitude by the Messrs. Appleton. In this volume, after a survey of the condition severally of the Southern, Middle, and New England colonies after the Revolution of 1688, a view of the attitude of the British Parliament toward the colonies at the beginning of the reign of William the Third, a sketch of the aborigines east of the Mississippi, their origin, language, and natural endowments, and a summary of the progress of France in Canada and in the valley of the Mississippi, the historian completes the history of the colonization of the United States by a succinct account of the colonization of the West and of Georgia in the interval between 1688 and 1748, and then proceeds to describe the events that, by an almost inevitable logic, precipitated the American Revolution. These events are grouped under five epochs, of which the first only, comprising the period from 1748 to 1763, is treated in this volume. This was the period that witnessed the overthrow of the European colonial system by Great Britain, the perpetual conflict between the Parliament and the colonies, and the inauguration by George the Third of the policy that renewed the momentarily allayed strife with the colonies, and ushered in the dawn of the new republic. The changes in the text of the volume, as was the case in the first volume, are confined quite exclusively to matters of revision—generally revision of style and composition, but extending also, and not infrequently, to revision of statements and opinions. In this way many harsh lines that originally disfigured the text now disappear from it, and give it a more genial air. The volume is beautifully printed.

MR. BROWNING'S *Jocoseria*[5] is a collection of half a score of short poems whose paternity is unmistakably indicated by the eccentricity of their style and the obscurity of their story. Mr. Browning is incapable of or disdains a straightforward narrative. Digression and involution are his second nature, and his chiefest art is to wrap a simple and beautiful thought or story, that might be told effectively in a few simple and expressive words, in an endless robe of dark or brilliant shreds and patches, so that all the ingenuity of the reader is taxed to

[4] *History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. The Author's Last Revision. Vol. II. 8vo, pp. 565. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[5] *Jocoseria.* By ROBERT BROWNING. 16mo, pp. 117. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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the utmost to follow its thread or discover its intention. The mental attitude of his mystified reader is that of curiosity and conjecture, as if a riddle were to be guessed or a conundrum solved; and doubtless the admiration of many of his most enthusiastic partisans is due as largely to their perplexity over his drift and meaning as to the really fine bursts of imagination that occasionally illuminate the most inscrutable of his poems. After allowing full credit for the poetic passages that gleam upon us here and there amid the surrounding tangle of aphorism and mirthless pleasantry and abstruse subtleties of which the frame-work of these new poems consists, it is difficult to perceive in what save the exquisite melody and the great variety of their versification they differ from prose; and unlike some of the best prose, there is scarcely a line to be found in them that lingers in the memory, or is destined, in Milton's phrase, "to a life beyond life."

BENEATH the blithe humor and dainty grace of the poems of the late Marc Cook, now collected by Mrs. Cook under the title of "*Vandyke Brown*" *Poems*,[6] there is a pathos that is very touching to those who are familiar with his brief life and the circumstances attending his early death. Without being in the least morbid, there are few of his poems, even of those that were written when he was in the heyday of life and health and promise, in which there is not a mournfully prophetic refrain telling of waning hopes and fading life. From a very early period Mr. Cook's eyes seem involuntarily to have turned toward the sunset, even when he stood amid the busy and picturesque noonday scenes which he best loved to contemplate, and which he transferred to verse with felicitous grace. This tone is observable in nearly all his pictures of real life; it is seldom absent from his serious poems, and it sometimes invades his delicate *vers de société* and his quaint or whimsical burlesques and humorous pieces. But it is never oppressive; it is an under-tone so gentle as to leave the reader unconscious of its sadness, and by the contrast it affords it even serves to heighten his enjoyment of the lightness and sweetness of the prevailing melody. Mr. Cook died at the early age of twenty-nine; and when the variety and versatility, the picturesque power and artistic finish, the fine thoughtfulness and active and vigorous fancy, which he displayed in his poems are considered, and they are compared with the work of any of our poets at the same age, we can form some estimate of the poetic excellence he might have reached if his life had been prolonged, and of the loss that American letters have suffered by his untimely taking off. Although there are several among the more than fourscore poems in the collection which Mr. Cook might have suppressed as immature if he had lived until his powers were more fully developed, the majority of them are informed with the genuine spirit of poesy, and at least half a score of them are true lyrics that will compare favorably with anything of their kind produced by our foremost younger poets.

FOUR little volumes of poems by George H. Calvert, respectively entitled *Threescore and Other Poems*,[7] *Angeline*,[8] *Joan of Arc*,[9] and *Mirabeau, a Historical Drama*,[10] are notable not so much for their poetical merits as for the testimony they bear to the indefatigable industry and the prolonged literary activity of their veteran author. Each of them is a forcible illustration of the proposition that not every scholarly writer is gifted with imagination, and that trite thoughts, however just or apposite they may be, can not be converted into poetry merely by being thrown into the form of respectable verse.

READING is so important an agency, not for the entertainment merely, but also for the moral and intellectual education and culture of our people, and is so emphatically the only mode of study that is open to the great majority of them, that any publications containing judicious counsels and suggestions for the use of books deserve a hearty welcome—the heartier in proportion to their brevity and their adaptedness to the popular necessities. There has been no lack of useful and instructive books of this kind. Indeed, their number is so great as to be confusing; and, besides, valuable as many of them are, too frequently their scope has been so extensive as to be a bar to their popular use, while others have been addressed to the taste of students, scholars, and literary *dilettanti*, rather than to the practical needs of the great body of readers. What has been greatly wanted has been a handy pocket volume, whose counsels should be at once so comprehensive and yet so specific as to assist the average reader so to direct his reading as to be most productive of good results, either for his general literary cultivation, or for the mastery of particular and selected branches of knowledge. This want has been satisfactorily met by an excellent little volume entitled *Libraries and Readers*,[11] by Mr. William E. Foster, Librarian of the Providence Library, which the student, the man of business, the workman, the office or factory boy, or any one who is eager for help and guidance in the acquisition of specific knowledge, or for

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[6] "*Vandyke Brown*" *Poems*. By MARC COOK. With Prefatory Words by HAROLD FREDERIC, and a Tribute to the Author by Professor EDWARD NORTH. Edited by his Wife. 12mo, pp. 225. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[7] *Threescore and Other Poems*. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. 16mo, pp. 90. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[8] *Angeline*. A Poem. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. 24mo, pp. 50. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[9] *Joan of Arc*. A Narrative Poem. In Four Books. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. 16mo, pp. 108. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[10] *Mirabeau*. A Historical Drama. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. 16mo, pp. 103. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[11] *Libraries and Readers*. By WILLIAM E. FOSTER. 18mo, pp. 136. New York: F. Leypoldt.

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an introduction to general literature, may carry in his pocket and consult at his brief leisure intervals. Although the book is primarily designed as a guide and counsellor for those who have access to well-stocked libraries, it is equally suited to the case of those who have not this privilege, and, whose range of selection being more limited, are therefore more in need of wise direction. In an opening chapter, whose thoroughly practical and judicious counsels can not be too highly commended, under the head of "Some Hints on Right Reading," Mr. Foster, while laying down no inflexible rules, discusses with sound judgment the general principles that should govern in the selection of the *material* of reading, and prescribes the *methods* which should be employed to make reading profitable. And in brief succeeding chapters, pregnant with sensible precautionary advice and direct counsels, he considers the subjects of the correction of aimless reading, the specializing of reading so that it shall have an object and be made systematic, what may be done at home by parents and others to promote right reading and right habits of reading, and how to use a library. The serviceable little volume closes with a summary of those recent publications of all kinds upon the subject of books and reading, which may be profitably consulted for their helpful general or specific suggestions.—*Books, and How to Use Them*,[12] is the title of another useful little volume on the same subject, by Mr. J. C. Van Dyke, of the Sage Library, at New Brunswick, New Jersey. While traversing much the same ground that Mr. Foster covers, and with equal brevity and pithiness, and while having many points of agreement with Mr. Foster's manual, it is more ambitious and self-conscious in its style, more lavish in its parade of the author's own reading, more rash and immature in some of its counsels and suggestions, and to this extent is less earnest and less judicious than might be wished. To those, however, who already have some familiarity with books, and whose taste and judgment are comparatively formed, it will prove a genial and suggestive companion. Its concluding chapters on "Bibliography," and on "The Public Library, and How to Use it," succinctly embody a considerable fund of information with which the generality of readers are not familiar respecting the history, description, exterior, and other technical minutiæ of a book, the different plans and systems of classifying and cataloguing books, and the special objects and advantages of each, and the best methods of consulting a library so as to insure access to the whole literature on any given subject which it may contain.

THE latest additions to the Messrs. Appleton's unique "Parchment Library" are *Tennyson's Poems*,[13] complete in two volumes; the *Works of Horace*[14] in the original, comprising his odes, epodes, satires, and epistles, edited by Mr. F. W. Cornish, of Eton College; and *French Lyrics*,[15] being a selection from the most celebrated poets, representing the French lyric in the three great periods of its development—the period of romances, rondeaux, pastorals, and the earlier ballads, the period of the Renaissance, and that of the present day—edited and annotated, with a critical and historical introduction, by Mr. George Saintsbury.

THERE is a good foundation in commonsense for the belief that there is safety in that absolute ignorance of all that relates to the administration of medicine which shall indispose a layman from playing the doctor, and that there is corresponding danger in the possession of such a smattering of medical knowledge as will tempt him to exercise it at the expense of himself and others. How many slight ailments are neglected till they become serious, how many are aggravated by malpractice till they are past cure, because some superserviceable dolt who has picked up a modicum of such knowledge has volunteered his advice, and has thus interposed between the patient and the prompt treatment of a skilled physician, there are no statistics in our census to reveal. But that their number is great, few reflecting persons will question. And hence it happens that many who plume themselves on their good sense, under the influence of the reaction against the evils of that "little knowledge" which they have discovered to be so "dangerous a thing," re-enforced by their natural listlessness and indisposition to exert themselves overmuch, elect to remain in ignorance not only of the treatment of disease and the administration of medicine, of which, as we have seen, it may be their highest safety to know nothing, but also of those natural laws of health by whose observance disease may be averted from their homes, and of those simple and timely expedients by which casualties, injuries, and accidents to members of their family and their neighbors may be prevented from resulting in irreparable or fatal consequences. There is no excuse for this culpable passivity, which is certainly as full of danger as the most presumptuous empiricism. It is in the power, and it is the duty, of every intelligent adult, and indeed of every intelligent child, to master that elementary knowledge of physiology, those simple laws of natural hygiene, and those easily improvised methods of treating accidents and injuries, which contribute to personal health, which reduce to a min-

[12] *Books, and How to Use Them.* Some Hints to Readers and Students. By J. C. VAN DYKE. 12mo, pp. 149. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hurlburt.

[13] *Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* Limp Parchment Antique. In Two Volumes, 16mo, pp. 321 and 271. D. Appleton and Co.

[14] *Q. Horatii Flacci Opera.* Limp Parchment Antique. In One Volume, 16mo, pp. 293. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[15] *French Lyrics.* Selected and Annotated by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Limp Parchment Antique. 16mo, pp. 245. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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imum the avoidable causes of disease, and which shall put it in the power of all to render that prompt aid in sudden emergencies which will diminish suffering, and perhaps save life.

Among recent publications treating these subjects in a popular way, but yet with all attainable accuracy, are three volumes which are deserving of more than a passing notice, severally on *The Maintenance of Health*,[16] by Dr. J. Milner Fothergill, of London, on *Hygiene for Girls*,[17] by Dr. Irenæus P. Davis, of this city, and on *Early Aid in Injuries and Accidents*,[18] by Dr. Friedrich Esmarch, Professor of Surgery at the University of Kiel.

Dr. Fothergill's useful and instructive book, though in one sense a medical work designed for practical use in the family, is not in any sense a collection of recipes and prescriptions, or a family Practice of Medicine. Its object is to inculcate those general principles which should guide and assist us in our search after health and in our efforts for its preservation by a series of familiar expositions of the physiology of health and disease, of the sanitary conditions that are essential to health in infancy, in youth, in maturity, and in advanced age, of the diseases that are peculiar to each, of the causes in our dwellings or in our habits and occupations which contribute to disease, and of those hygienic or sanitary precautions and appliances that exert a salutary power for the prevention of disease and the promotion of the general health. In successive chapters Dr. Fothergill considers with great particularity and brevity the numerous influences, special and general, that are favorable or inimical to health in every period of life and in both sexes—such as climate, air, food, clothing, water, ventilation, sewerage, exercise, occupation, the use of stimulants and tobacco, mental strain, worry, overwork, physiological conformation, etc., and in connection with each he gives precise and judicious counsels and directions for the management and regulation of these influences in the interests of health and comfort. In this manner in the course of the work the causes of nearly every usual form of physical impairment are analyzed, and their preventives or antidotes are pointed out. Several chapters of great value are devoted to those details of the "house we live in" which are essential to health, but which are commonly so destructive to it, namely, its site, exposure, construction, drainage, air and water supply, methods of warming, and the arrangement of its sleeping apartments, kitchen and laundry departments, water-closets, and sewers. These and other chapters also embody many practical suggestions as to disinfectants and antiseptics, the treatment of those who are suffering from infectious or contagious diseases, and the disposal before burial of the bodies of those who fall victims to such diseases.

From this analysis it will be apparent that the value of Dr. Fothergill's work depends upon its *general usefulness*, upon the wide range of its topics, and the breadth and practical applicability of its counsels, directions, and warnings in all the relations and conditions of life. On the other hand, the value of Dr. Davis's *Hygiene for Girls* resides in its *particular usefulness*, its strict limitation to the consideration of the specific subject of the health of a single class, and, indeed, its concentration of the attention upon the lets and hinderances to the health of a moiety only of that class, and the correctives for them. While his work is one that may be read with great advantage by parents and guardians for its information bearing upon the physical well-being of girls at a critical period—information which they may turn to profitable account in the rearing of their young charges—this is not its primary or chief purpose, which is to interest girls themselves in the subject of female hygiene as a matter of paramount importance to themselves, peculiar to their age and sex, and upon which their future health and happiness, as well as the welfare of the race, very largely depend. To this end it is not merely in a general sense for or in the interest of girls, but it is addressed to them directly in terms on a level with their understanding, and is intended to be read *by* instead of *to* them. The topics chosen by Dr. Davis for familiar exposition will afford an idea of the scope and possible usefulness of his volume; these are nervousness, its nature and causes, the various modes of its manifestation and operation, and its influence, as well as the influence of its potent auxiliaries, habit and association, sympathy and imagination, upon the physical and mental functions of females between the ages of twelve and twenty. The chapters on these subjects abound in wise admonitions and practical suggestions, which prepare the reader for an intelligent application of the chapters that follow, on the organs peculiar to women, on feminine employments and amusements, on the social customs of females, including their dress, and the habits and studies of school-girls, and on the harmony and elements of beauty as considered from the stand-point of physiological development and perfection. The volume closes with an admirable chapter, in application of the lessons suggested in the foregoing chapters, on hygienic morals, or those rules for the government of thought and conduct which are essential to moral purity in woman. While the treatise is characterized by all the frank explicitness that is necessary for a just appreciation of the important subjects discussed in it, in no instance, either by suggestion or implication,

[16] *The Maintenance of Health.* A Medical Work for Lay Readers. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. 12mo, pp. 366. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[17] *Hygiene for Girls.* By Irenæus P. Davis, M.D. 16mo, pp. 210. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[18] *Early Aid in Injuries and Accidents.* By Dr. Friedrich Esmarch. Translated from the German by H.R.H. Princess Christian. 18mo, pp. 117. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Sons and Co.

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does it transcend the bounds of the most fastidious delicacy.

Among the beautiful humanities that have sprung up in the track of pitiless war none are more pleasing to contemplate than those volunteer associations of refined and educated gentlewomen which, under the inspiration of Miss Nightingale's example, were organized for the care and nursing of sick and wounded soldiers, in camps, in military hospitals, and on the battle-field, and which afterward, when peace came, extended their tender ministrations to the sick and suffering, wherever they might be found, in asylums, sanitariums, and hospitals at home, or in pestilence-smitten regions in foreign lands. One of the most interesting outgrowths of this philanthropic impulse has been a movement among women to utilize in time of peace the skill and knowledge that experience had shown to be so beneficent in war, by the institution of what in England have been called "Ambulance Classes," and in Germany "Samaritan Schools," with the immediate object in view of rendering, and of teaching all who belong to them how to render, first aid to those who have suddenly met with accident or injury. The movement has also extended to this country, and in many of our towns and cities and manufacturing centres, where casualties are frequent, classes have been formed, sometimes irrespective of sex, but more commonly consisting exclusively either of men or women, which have had the advantage of listening to carefully prepared lectures, seconded by practical illustrations, by some of the most eminent of our public-spirited physicians and surgeons. The excellent little hand-book on *Early Aid in Injuries and Accidents*, by Dr. Esmarch, a distinguished professor of surgery in the University of Kiel, and which consists of a series of lectures delivered by him before a kindred association in Germany, is an admirable supplement to the oral lectures we have alluded to, and may be referred to by all who are interested in the movement, with greater certainty than their notes of the lectures they may have heard, for clear, safe, and practical directions and instructions for rendering the *right kind of aid* until the doctor arrives, in the event of the numerous injuries that are liable to happen in a family or neighborhood in the circumstances of daily life. The manual has been translated from the German by the Princess Christian of England, herself an active member of the Ladies' Classes of the Windsor Centre of the St. John's Ambulance Association in London, and is earnestly and justly commended by her for its excellence and clearness, and especially for the minuteness and extent of its practical details. Besides precise instructions to meet such emergencies as contusions, bruises, wounds, hemorrhages, fractures, dislocations, sprains, burns, drowning, suffocation, fainting, poisoning, and the like, Dr. Esmarch has a special chapter of great value on the best methods for the transport and removal of the injured to their homes, or to the hospital or doctor, many of which are extremely simple, and may be quickly improvised from materials that are usually within easy reach.

THE "Riverside Edition" of Hawthorne's Complete Works[19] has reached the ninth and tenth volumes, the former containing *Passages from the American Note-Books*, and the latter *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*. Each volume has an introductory note by Mr. George P. Lathrop, that to the ninth volume having peculiar interest for its account of the origin of Hawthorne's habit of confiding his daily observations to the pages of a private register, and of the character and scope which these entries, begun as an exercise in boyhood, finally assumed, and also for the light it throws on the question how far these note-books mirror Hawthorne's actual intellectual life.

IN this Magazine for December, 1881, an account was given of the first part of a manual of *New England Bird Life*, prepared from manuscript left by the late Winfrid A. Stearns by Dr. Elliott Coues, and which embraced a description and classification of the singing birds of New England. The manual has now been completed by the publication of the second part,[20] prepared from the manuscript of Mr. Stearns by the same skillful hand, with many revisions and original additions, comprising a similar description and classification of the interesting family of *Tyrannidæ*, belonging to the *Clamatorial* (or non-melodious) *Passeres* of New England. This family includes fly-catchers, whip-poor-wills, swifts, humming birds, kingfishers, woodpeckers, owls, hawks and other birds of prey, pigeons and other game-birds, turkeys, herons, cranes, gulls, and other water-birds, and many others, each of which is graphically described in the style of spirited and engaging simplicity of which the most eminent naturalists are almost invariably masters. While the treatise is far from being exhaustive of the birds of New England, being indeed confined to a single family, it embodies and systematizes a large mass of material that has been hitherto widely scattered, and which will prove of great value to those who may prosecute a more extended description and classification. The more strictly scientific portion of the manual, including the

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[19] "The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne." With Introductory Notes by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Vol. IX. *Passages from the American Note-Books*. 8vo, pp. 458. Vol. X. *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*. 8vo, pp. 572. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] *New England Bird Life*. Being a Manual of New England Ornithology. Revised and Edited from the Manuscript of WINFRID A. STEARNS. By ELLIOTT COUES. Part II. Non-oscine Passeres, Birds of Prey, Game, and Water Birds. 8vo, pp. 409. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

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classification and nomenclature and the historical record of specimens, is a marvel of condensation and accuracy.

THE recent progress of the science of ornithology, and the increased knowledge of American birds, both in extent and precision, are fairly illustrated by the fact that since the publication of Dr. Coues's remarkably full and accurate *Check List of North American Birds*, in 1873, not fewer than one hundred and twenty additions are to be made to the list, and have been incorporated in the new edition[21] of that valuable work, now just published. The large majority of these additions are *bona fide* species, and actual acquisitions to the North American list, being birds discovered since 1873 in Texas, Arizona, and Alaska, together with several long known to inhabit Greenland. Aside from these additions, the present *Check List* is an improvement upon the original edition in that it is no longer a mere catalogue of names, but combines with its full catalogue a treatise, never before attempted, on the etymology, orthography, and orthoepy of all the scientific and of many of the vernacular words employed in the nomenclature of North American birds. As now rewritten and perfected it serves a double office. It presents a complete list of all the birds now known to inhabit North America, north of Mexico, systematically classified and named according to their philological as well as their ornithological relations, conformably with current rules of nomenclature; and it takes each word occurring in technical usage, explains its derivation and significance, spells it correctly, and indicates its true pronunciation by the usual diacritical marks.

THE Messrs. Harper have published a new edition of the late Professor Orton's excellent high-school and college manual of the science of *Comparative Zoology*,[22] revised by Professor Edward A. Birge, of the University of Wisconsin. As Professor Orton's work is so generally and favorably known to teachers of Zoology, it will re-assure them to learn that in its revision Professor Birge has not attempted to rewrite it or to introduce new ideas. In a brief prefatory note the reviser briefly states the principles by which he has been governed, as follows: "His plan has been to insert such changes as the author would have been likely to make if he had lived to revise his book. On only two points has the reviser departed from the plan of altering only minor details. The chapter on Development has been largely rewritten, and the classification of Invertebrates has been changed so as to separate the worm from the Arthropoda, and the sponges from the Protozoa. In both these cases the change seemed imperatively demanded by the progress of zoology in these directions." A careful comparison of these chapters in the original and in the present edition will convince the reader of the necessity for these changes, of the prudence and learning with which they have been made, and of the increased accuracy and value of the manual in consequence of them.

THE more noteworthy novels of the month are *Mr. Scarborough's Family*,[23] by the late Anthony Trollope; *Mongrels*,[24] by T. Wilton; *Honest Davie*,[25] by Frank Barrett; *But Yet a Woman*,[26] by A. S. Hardy; *Through One Administration*,[27] by Mrs. Burnett; *Hot Plowshares*,[28] by Albion W. Tourgeé; and *The Priest and the Man*,[29] by an anonymous writer. To these may be added four volumes of short, crisp tales: *Loÿs, Lord Berresford, and Other Tales*,[30] by the author of *Molly Bawn; Old Creole Days*,[31] by George W. Cable; *Tiger-Lily and Other Stories*,[32] by Julia Schayer; and *Nan*,[33] a bright and thoroughly wholesome story for girls, by Mrs. Lillie.

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[21] *The Coues Check List of North American Birds.* Second Edition, Revised to Date and entirely Rewritten under Direction of the Author. With a Dictionary of the Etymology, Orthography, and Orthoepy of the Scientific Names, etc. 8vo, pp. 165. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[22] *Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic.* For Use in Schools and Colleges. By JAMES ORTON, A.M., Ph.D. Revised Edition. 12mo, pp. 413. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *Mr. Scarborough's Family.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 101. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Mongrels.* A Novel. By T. WILTON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 69. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *Honest Davie.* A Novel. By FRANK BARRETT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 63. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *But Yet a Woman.* A Novel. By ARTHUR S. HARDY. 12mo, pp. 348. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[27] *Through One Administration.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. 12mo, pp. 564. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[28] *Hot Plowshares.* A Novel. By ALBION W. TOURGÉE. 12mo, pp. 610. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[29] *The Priest and the Man; or, Abelard and Heloisa.* A Novel. 12mo, pp. 548. Boston: Cupples, Upham, and Co.

[30] *Loÿs, Lord Berresford, and Other Tales.* By the author of Molly Bawn, etc. 12mo, pp. 387. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[31] *Old Creole Days.* By GEORGE W. CABLE. In Two Parts. Paper. 12mo, pp. 145 and 155. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[32] *Tiger-Lily and Other Stories.* By JULIA SCHAYER. 18mo, pp. 227. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[33] *Nan.* By LUCY C. LILLIE. Illustrated. Sq. 16mo, pp. 202. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed June 19.—President Arthur, May 21, appointed Walter Evans, of Louisville, Kentucky, to succeed General Raum as Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Bismarck has been selected as the capital of Dakota.

The public debt of the United States was reduced $4,890,476 60 during the month of May.

The New Jersey State Prohibition Convention, May 22, nominated Dr. Isaac N. Quimby for Governor.—The Kentucky Republican Convention, May 24, nominated Thomas Z. Morrow for Governor.—The Ohio Republicans, June 6, nominated as follows: Governor, J. B. Foraker; Lieutenant-Governor, William G. Rose; Judge of the Supreme Court, W. H. Upson.—The Iowa Democrats, June 6, nominated, for Governor, Judge L. G. Kinne; Lieutenant-Governor, Justus Clark; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Edgar B. Farr.—The Ohio Greenbackers, June 13, nominated, for Governor, Charles Jenkins; Lieutenant-Governor, William Baker; Supreme Judge, short term, H. A. Chamberlain; Supreme Judge, long term, James B. Grogan.—The Ohio Prohibitionists, June 14, nominated, for Governor, Ferdinand Schumacher; Lieutenant-Governor, H. F. Ogden; Supreme Judge, short term, Z. C. Payne; Supreme Judge, long term, D. C. Montgomery; Clerk of the Supreme Court, J. H. Beachford; Attorney-General, J. W. Roseborough; Auditor of State, Gresham Lease; Treasurer of State, V. M. Whiting; State Commissioner of Common Schools, H. A. Thompson; Member of Board of Public Works, G. Z. Cruzen.

The New York and Brooklyn Bridge was opened May 24 with appropriate ceremonies. President Arthur and Governor Cleveland were present, and addresses were made by the Mayors of both cities and other prominent persons.

The Illinois Legislature passed a high-license bill, and the Governor signed it.

General Crook crossed the Mexican line, destroyed the Apache camps, and returned with nearly four hundred prisoners.

The Pennsylvania Senate, June 4, passed a bill prohibiting political assessments.

The Canadian Dominion Parliament was prorogued May 25.

Captain Rivière, commander of the French forces in Tonquin, was killed while making a sortie from Fort Hanoi.

The French have bombarded two ports on the northwest coast of Madagascar.

The *North German Gazette* says the substance of Prussia's last note to the Vatican is as follows: The government attaches special value to the giving notice of appointments contemplated, because it regards such notifications as a question of honor and the primary condition of labor in common between the spiritual and temporal authorities. The government is prepared to rescind the competency of the ecclesiastical court in regard to the notification of preferments, and to dispense therewith altogether in the case of unbeneficed clergymen, and thus remedy the present inadequate provision for the cure of souls. In conclusion, the note refers to the peaceful attitude of Prussia, and expresses the conviction that a settlement will be effected as soon as the Curia has agreed to the matter of notification.

The German Reichstag was closed June 12.

Alexander III. was crowned as Czar of all the Russias in the Cathedral of the Holy Assumption, in the Kremlin, Moscow, on Sunday, May 27. There was a parade of all the troops and special services in the churches.

Suleiman Daoud and Mahmoud Sami, who were accused of setting fire to Alexandria at the time of the British bombardment, have been found guilty and sentenced to death. Eighteen officers were found guilty of complicity in the same crime, and were sentenced to various terms of penal servitude.

Anti-Jewish rioters at Rostoff, Russia, destroyed 130 houses May 22, and fifteen of them were afterward shot dead by the troops.

The Italian ministry resigned May 22.

DISASTERS.

May 25.—Several persons killed by an explosion on the steamer *Pilot* on Petaluma Creek, California.

May 28.—Twenty persons killed by tornadoes in Indiana.

May 30.—A panic occurred on the East River Bridge in consequence of a blockade at the New York anchorage, and twelve persons were crushed and trampled to death.

May 31.—Twenty-two workmen drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Oleggio, near Milan.

June 8.—Ten soldiers and seven civilians killed by a powder-magazine explosion in Scutari.

June 13.—Ten persons killed by the falling in of the government barracks at Kaluga, Russia.

June 16.—Panic in Victoria Hall, Sunderland, England. One hundred and ninety-seven children killed.

OBITUARY.

May 21.—In London, England, Arthur Matheson, author.

May 25.—In Paris, Edouard René Lefebvre Laboulaye, aged seventy-two years.

May 26.—In Damascus, Abd-el-Kader, aged seventy-seven years.

June 7.—In Baltimore, Charles C. Fulton, editor and proprietor of the *American*, aged sixty-eight years.—In Bremen, Germany, Professor Charles E. Anthon, of the College of the City of New York, aged sixty years.

June 14.—In San Francisco, ex-United States Senator Eugene Casserly, aged sixty years.

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Editor's Drawer.

AUGUST, notwithstanding its robust name, is a sort of flabby, watering-place month. It is fly time, it is dog-days time, it is flirtation time. It is a period of general listlessness and indecision. It is said to be very difficult in August to make up the mind either to accept him or reject him. And, worse still, it is apt to be the latter part of the month before he makes up his mind to propose. Indeed, to speak of making up the mind at all in August is nearly absurd, for there is no mind to make up. Nature and people—if the expression may be permitted—feel seedy. Inland it is muggy, on the sea-coast it is foggy. In the cities all the taste has gone out of life; even in the hills everybody is languid, and disposed to lounge on piazzas and watch things simmer. The world, like the garden, owns itself played out. The days are growing short again, and it might be expected that the intemperate heat of July would abate, but the heat continues, although it is not the clear sun-heat of the lusty growing season, but a sort of oven-heat steaming up from the earth. It is the month to get away from everything, even from one's self. Even the churches slow down.

Yet there are good things about August. The schools are shut up, the everlasting process of education is eased off, and a chance is given for the mind to stretch itself and grow a little naturally. People forget that the mind needs those periods of semi-doze in which to ripen. We understand all about the convolutions and the gray matter of the brain, and know just where the memory cells are, and where lie the coils of imagination and ideality, can put our finger on the spot that, if excited, makes a man willing to pay his debts, and on the spot where exists the impulse to forgive our debtors if our creditors will forgive us; but no one can tell how it is that if a thought is dropped into the brain overnight, and left to simmer there, and, indeed, remains for a time wholly unheeded, it will be found, when again called up, to have blossomed into a sermon, or an essay, or a magazine paper worth ten dollars a page. I know a clergyman who is obliged to set his sermon overnight in this way, exactly like a batch of bread, or it will not rise in the morning. The little idea seems to be yeast, and that furnished, the brain will go on unconsciously, and work out the rest itself. The trouble with a good many sermons and essays is that they have no yeast in them. Perhaps August, which seems so stupid, is the yeast month of the year, and perhaps this is the reason that so many authors find September the most fruitful month of the year.

August is also lawyers' vacation, and their clients have a rest, and an opportunity to settle up their differences in an amicable way. When the lawyers quit the ship it is a sign that everybody else ought to go—to be off to the Rockies, to the North Woods, to Norway, to the rocks by the sounding sea, if there is by that time a rock anywhere on our thousands of miles of coast that has not a young lady sitting on it, with a spread parasol and a novel in her hand, and a still more interesting work of nature and art at her feet, talking to her languidly about friendship, and how you can know if two people are suited to each other, don't you know. It is the harvest month of the novelist, for then if ever one wants a novel—to put in the pocket in the woods, or to carry down to the beach, or to leave lying round with the split zephyr. People will buy novels in August, if they can not borrow them, and if they are in cheap editions. It is a nice holiday, August, just because it has no vitality in it. Pity it can not be more of a holiday to more people. For the shops ought to shut, and the banks, and the life-insurance men ought to go off into the wilderness with the lightning-rod men, and the canvasser ought to cease from canvassing, and the weary be at rest. It would be a good thing if the politicians would clam-bake and barbecue, and make no speeches; they wouldn't make any if the speeches were not reported. It might be a good thing if all the newspapers would suspend. Then the world would have nothing to talk about, and perhaps would reposefully grow in grace and sanity.

THE late Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, must have had a serene faith in the destiny of his charge. On one occasion he gave notice from the pulpit, "The audience will please rise, and continue rising." Query.—What about the roof?

THACKERAY complained that he chose to amuse himself with making pictures (for he fancied himself a great artist), but that people kept him busy writing stories when he would sooner be drawing or painting. Bayard Taylor never fully reconciled himself to the vocation of a prose writer. He believed that the world should have demanded nothing of him but poetry. Concerning this he used to tell a good story at his own expense. During his last lecturing trip through the Western States he was the guest, in a small city, of the chairman of the lecture committee, a self-satisfied and prosperous citizen, who met Taylor at the train, and carried him home to his own smartly furnished house. While waiting for the evening repast the well-fed chairman said, with manifest pride, that probably Mr. Taylor did not remember him. No, Mr. Taylor did not. "Why," said the chairman, "you were here in this town ten years ago this very win-

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ter, this very month, and stopped with me, as you are stopping now." Mr. Taylor professed his interest in the important fact. The chairman, glancing around on the chromos, the new carpets, and the glittering white walls of his home, said, "Yes, you see I have been prospering since then. Yes, the world has been a pretty good place for me. It has for you too, Mr. Taylor. I have watched your course ever since I got acquainted with you, ten years ago, and I suppose I am one of the few people who have read everything you ever wrote."

"What," said Taylor, "everything?"

"Yes, sir, everything I could lay my hands on."

"Then," said Taylor, "perhaps you will tell me what you think of my new poem, 'Lars'?"

"Gosh!" said the man, "do you write poetry?"

THIS story was told to the late Dr. J. G. Holland, who was at once reminded of a kindred experience of his own. Likewise travelling in Indiana, also on a lecturing tour, the doctor's attention was attracted to a tall Hoosier who sauntered up and down the aisle of the car, attentively regarding a travelling bag on the vacant seat in front of the poet, lecturer, and novelist. Finally stopping before the doctor, as if determined to bear no longer his suspense, the stranger introduced himself by saying, "I beg pardon, sir, but I see the name of J. G. Holland on that little brass plate. May I ask if I have the honor of addressing that gentleman?" The doctor confessed the soft impeachment, and the stranger craved leave to sit down near this illustrious man, as he straightway called him. The stranger "conversed" on a variety of topics, and modestly acknowledging his absorbing passion for literature. After a while the train plunged into a young town, the conductor shouted "Elkhart!" and the tall citizen rose to leave.

"This is my stopping-place," he said, "and I shall never hereafter take up my favorite book, your charming *Reveries of a Bachelor*, without thinking of this delightful hour in the society of its author."

A HANDFUL of anecdotes from the Old Dominion about its most eccentric son are not of great value in themselves, but they bring out the character of the man:

When the erratic John Randolph of Roanoke was a member of Congress there were no railroads nor telegraphs, and it was his fashion to ride in a gorgeous coach and four, with liveried postilions and footman, between his Virginia home and Washington. His horses were all blooded, and his domestics coal-black negroes. While travelling toward Washington, to be present at the opening of one of the sessions, he drew up his coach in front of a country tavern in Spottsylvania County, and hailed the tavern-keeper for the latest papers received from the capital. The papers were brought out, when Randolph seized and immediately began to skim their contents hurriedly. The tavern-keeper, who was a great news gossip, but had not looked at his papers, made so bold as to ask him,

"What's the news from Washington, sir?"

With his squeaking voice Randolph replied, "I don't propose to be catechized by you, sir," and then turning his back, still seated, deliberately read the papers during a solid hour, without uttering a word, when he returned them to the tavern-keeper, and shouted to his postilions, "Drive on!"

When the coach was out of sight the tavern-keeper, who was well acquainted with the genius's fiery ways, remarked, "If I had known he was going to keep 'em that long, he should never have seen 'em."

As a gentleman with his wife was proceeding in a buggy along a country road in Virginia he espied John Randolph of Roanoke, mounted on a blooded steed, racing toward him at a break-neck gait, his faithful body-servant Jubal, also well mounted, considerably in the rear. Knowing Randolph would never yield the road, and wishing to avoid a collision on account of his wife, he turned aside and left the track clear for the horseman. Afterward, narrating the occurrence, he said that if he had had a gun in his buggy he would certainly have shot him. Randolph kept on his way, passing like a flash, and soon came in view of a ferry-boat on the point of leaving the shore of a stream he was compelled to cross. Putting spurs to his horse, he made a desperate leap, and landed the animal in the middle of the ferry-boat after it had started. A gentleman and some ladies, who had been to church, were in the boat, and Randolph's sudden advent caused a terrible commotion. The man mumbled something about his rudeness, when Randolph cut his eye around toward him, and ripping out an oath, shouted, "This is no place nor time for ladies; they ought to be at home." While outwardly courteous to ladies, he had the reputation of harboring a secret spite against the sex.

A young man who was a relative of John Randolph of Roanoke once staid in the house at which both were visiting in Richmond during an entire week without being introduced or speaking to him. This was due to the fear the young man harbored that Randolph would say something unbearably cutting or insulting. Randolph, however, was not to be balked so easily, for at the close of the week, just as the young man was seated by the lady of the house and taking his leave, he placed himself on the opposite side of the lady, and looking unconcernedly up to the ceiling, squeaked forth: "I understand there are some of my own kith and kin who have been staying in this house

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for the last week and have studiously avoided saying a word to me. Well, well, this is what Old Virginia is coming to!"

THERE are so many irreverent people in this country that there seems no way to lessen their number but to let them see themselves in print. Our readers will be as much pained as we were to read this experience of two souls who longed for culture in a "Browning Club," and found themselves in and out again. It might be called a tragedy of the Philistines:

He pined for a page of Sordello,
He—Bill—that poetical fellow,
And he said unto Hiram:
"Your club, I admire 'em,
As Desde' that nigger Othello.

"Come, vote me in, Hiram. Ambition
Makes many a strange coalition;
But love for *our* poet
(Oh, Hiram, you know it)
Accounts for my love-sick condition.

"I'll hang on the accents you hang on,
I'll ring all the changes you rang on,
I'll see what you see,
If it's only a flea,
That Browning, the godlike, has sang on.

"And with me please let in my Jenny,
A woman much better than many,
Who loves e'en the sigh
That you heave, and whose eye
Has the gleam of her native Kilkenny."

No black balls were found—all were white;
And so on one Browningesque night
The twain joined the club,
And embarked in the tub
Of the wise men, and sailed out of sight.

They paddled o'er infinite seas,
Till the breath of a passionate breeze
Pushed hard on the tub
Of this god-striving club,
And made them all sick by degrees.

Cried out the transcendent apostle:
"My innermost joints are ajostle.
Unbelievers are here;
This tub will not steer.
Two Jonahs will lighten her nozzle."

So over they cast them, the twain,
Bill Green and Pennamite Jane.
In the treacherous wave
Browning gave them a grave,
And sang them this funeral strain:

"In the hither, thither, hither
Of infinitudal fairness
Massive Bill and Jenny wither,
While imponderable quiver
Yon immensities of bareness.

"Passion-thrilling hearts are stilled
In abysms deep and vast;
Destiny goes unfulfilled
And hereafters are untilled,
While the chariot rolleth past—

"Rolleth onward and forever,
Bearing Billy, ay, and Jane,
Where inertly meet and sever
His ambition, her endeavor,
While they walk the Stygian plain,
And then walk it back again."

HUSBANDS are so stupid. The story in the June Drawer of a man who went to town with his wife to do errands, and was sorely perplexed at missing something on his return, until he reached home and found he had forgotten his wife, reminds somebody of a woman in Philadelphia who gave her husband six commissions to execute in New York. He telegraphed back that he had executed five and forgotten the last. It was an order for an illuminated sentence for a Sunday-school room. He was a good deal astonished when he received the reply: "Unto us this day a child is born—two feet wide and nine feet long."

A PROMINENT Episcopal church in a Western city had on the afternoon of Easter-Sunday an offering by the children. After an impressive display of banners and flowers, some fine carols, and a responsive service, the rector proceeded to address the children.

"Now, children, who can tell me where the sun rises?"

A chorus replies, "In the east."

"Good! Why is it called the east?"

"Because the sun rises there."

"Good again! Children, what makes bread rise?"

"Yeast."

"That's it. Why is it called yeast?"

"Because it makes bread rise," ventures one small girl.

"Exactly. Now what day is to-day?"

"Easter."

"Why is it called Easter? What do we keep in mind to-day?"

"The rising."

"Right. The rising of whom?"

"Our Lord."

"That is just it. Now remember, children. You see how this comes: east, the place where the sun rises; yeast, the thing that makes bread rise;—light, light;—Easter, the day our Lord rose to give light to all the world."

The etymological skill of the worthy rector was too much for some of his listeners.

A GREAT camp-meeting had been going on for more than a week among the negroes at W——, and when the excitement was at its height a colored sister, in a transport of enthusiasm, threw herself down on the floor, and rolled wildly about from side to side in the state of hysterical frenzy which precedes "getting religion." Some members of the congregation began shrieking and singing and clapping their hands to encourage her in well-doing, and one elder started forward with the intention of picking up the interesting sufferer; but the preacher disapproved of lay interference, and cried out, in authoritative tones: "Stop! Bro' Johnson, stop! Leave dat sinner where de Lord done flung her."

THERE lived on a certain plantation in Louisiana before the war a Mr. D——, who was a very kind master to his five hundred slaves, and not only looked carefully after their physical comfort, which was a comparatively easy

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task, but tried in every way to make them conform to his own standards of morality. The plantation was a model one. It had its hospital and attendant physician, a very pretty Gothic chapel and resident clergyman, the neatest cottages and best sugar-house in the parish. Mr. D—— managed his estate almost entirely himself, instead of delegating unlimited authority to his overseer, and it kept him busy to see that no abuses crept in. He saw himself to the clothing, food, and lodging of his servants, appointed their tasks, forbade punishments being inflicted except by his own orders and for grave offenses, visited the hospital daily, saw that fires were built in each cottage every day in the year to protect the inmates from malaria, and that the old people were properly cared for, and was especially particular in insisting that his servants should go to church regularly, be catechized, married, baptized, buried, in orthodox fashion.

One day it came to his ears that his body-servant, a gentle, affectionate, faithful creature, of whom he was very fond, was constantly straying over to a neighboring plantation, and, it was reported, had taken a new wife over there. Now it had not been two years since Mr. D—— had given the culprit a wedding that was considered at the time one of the most brilliant affairs that had ever been known on the estate (the bride being Mrs. D——'s maid, a pretty mulatto from New Orleans), a general holiday being granted, and festivities that practically consumed three days inaugurated. Mr. D—— sent for Beverly, and lectured him roundly. Beverly listened respectfully, but was wholly unconvinced.

"What do you mean, sir, by such behavior? Don't you know that you are already married?"

"Yes, marster, dat's so—dat's a fac'," said Beverly, in a low-spirited way, twirling his hat as he spoke.

"The overseer tells me you are always leaving the place without permission, and it is no use your trying to deceive me. I know where you go."

"I ain't trying to deceibe you, marster. I come here to-day to ax your leabe to address a courting conversation to Mr. Potter's Susan," put in Beverly, with a virtuous air of being entirely frank and reasonable.

"Haven't I told you that you are married already to Caroline?" exclaimed the master, impatiently.

"Kalline! Pshaw! De Apostle Paul couldn't lib wid Kalline, sir. Dat's de trufe. Dar ain't no standin' dat 'oman no way you fix it," said Beverly, with conviction.

"You ought to have thought of that before you married her," observed Mr. D——, judicially.

"Now, Mars' Robert, look here. What's de use talkin' dat way? Yer neber knows how gals and hosses is gwine turn out—neber. Ef you pick up a coal er fire when you reachin' round in de dark for wood is you gwine ter hold it in yer hand? No, yer isn't; yer gwine drap it on de hairth. Dat's what I done. I drapped Kalline, and 'tain't no use her pesterin', she gwine stay drapped till Judgment Day."

Mr. D—— was obliged to change his tactics.

"You know the rules on my place, Beverly, and you must conform to them. That ends the matter. You can go."

Some time went by. Complaints were continually being lodged against Beverly by his spouse and the overseer, and he was again summoned to the library, where, after stating the case again, and explaining what the penalty of continued disobedience would be, Mr. D—— made a last appeal:

"Don't you see, Beverly, that you are behaving wickedly, and that God holds me responsible for the conduct of my servants? I shall be punished if I allow such things to go on. I expect you to go back to Caroline, and get along as well as you can with her."

A ray of positive illumination flashed into Beverly's face. "Is dat it?" he cried. "Don't yer worry yerself 'bout dat, Mars' Robert. *De Lord knows Kalline better'n you do!*"

An amusing incident occurred not long since in a Southern town which was a sort of shuttlecock for the two armies during the war, and was tossed from Federals to Confederates so often that it can scarcely be sure to this day what its politics are or to whom it belongs. The receding tide of battle on one occasion stranded, among a number of other men, a certain young officer, severely wounded in the head. He fell into the hands of some kind people, who nursed him faithfully until he died, and buried him in the village cemetery. About the same time an old woman who was housekeeper in a gentleman's family in the neighborhood fell down-stairs, fractured her skull, died, and was buried near the soldier. Here both rested quietly enough until lately, when the relatives of the former concluded to have him brought back to his old home and buried among his own people. The remains were sent for, identified (as it was supposed) by the wound in the head, and duly carried to his native place, where, partly from his belonging to an influential family, and partly because he had particularly distinguished himself by his gallantry, they were met by various military companies, relatives, friends, and hundreds of the citizens, taken out to the cemetery, and buried with all the honors of war, long speeches from various orators, tons of flowers, and immense flow of patriotic feeling on the part of the people.

Not long after, the brother of the defunct housekeeper determined to move his sister into a lot that he had recently bought in the cemetery, and ordered the body to be exhumed, when it came out that the good old soul, who, it is true, had lived in "stirring times," but had never "whipped" anything but cream, or

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"beaten" other than cakes and omelets, had been dragged off a hundred miles and more and buried with great pomp and circumstance as a dashing young cavalry officer. The brother was furious at the discovery, and threatened to bring suit unless she was immediately returned; so the exchange was effected as quietly as possible. The real hero was laid to rest, as very likely he would have preferred to be, with only a few prayers from those who loved and mourned him, and the worthy woman who had been masquerading as a man of war, and who if she attended her second funeral in spirit must have been properly astonished by all that was said and done, was restored to her indignant relative, and for the third time committed to Mother Earth.

THE late Mayo Watkins, of Virginia, was somewhat noted for his quaint wit. On one occasion a pompous young man, with very high notions of his own importance, consulted him in regard to choosing a vocation for life. He said: "Mr. Watkins, as you have been a very successful man, I am sure you are capable of giving excellent advice to a young man just starting in life. What business would you advise me to engage in?"

"Shoemaking," was the sententious reply.

The young man gazed at him in blank amazement for several seconds, but seeing that he was apparently in deep earnest, he inquired his reason for recommending such a humble occupation.

Without cracking a smile Mr. Watkins replied: "Shoemaking is a good business, a very good business, and it will always remain a good business as long as babies are born barefooted."

CAPTAIN B—— was a gallant officer in the Confederate army, and at the close of the war he went cheerfully to work, declaring that he intended to make a fortune. However, he met with reverses in everything he undertook, and finally he left the county in which I resided, saying to me that he was going out to a heavily timbered piece of land which his father owned in West Virginia, and engage in the manufacture of shingles. I saw him no more for a year, when I casually met him in the city of Richmond. We retired to a neighboring hostelry for refreshments, and to talk over old times. While we sat and sipped our mint juleps I inquired anxiously as to the success of his shingle business. His countenance clouded over at once, and he shook his head.

"Worse and worse," he said. "It is no use for me to try to make a fortune; luck is against me. I went out to West Virginia, hired several hands, and we went industriously to work making shingles. After making several hundred thousand, we took them down the Big Sandy in canoes, and piled them up on the banks of the Ohio River preparatory to shipping them to Cincinnati, where shingles were bringing a good price. Now what do you suppose became of those shingles?"

"Stolen?" I suggested.

"No."

"Got burned up?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Oh! you sold them, and gambled away the money."

"Wrong again."

"Then I give it up."

"Well, then, I will tell you. Did you ever hear of squirrels migrating?"

"Certainly. I have seen them at it once or twice in my life. And now since you have mentioned the subject, I recollect that they migrated in vast droves toward the West last fall. They came through our village, and for several days the boys had rare sport stoning them on the fences and out-houses. I shot several myself in my yard."

"Well, they were the cause of my last misfortune. In fact, they ruined me."

"Is it possible? How so?"

"As I have already told you, I had my shingles piled up on the bank of the Ohio River ready for shipment. I had engaged a boat to take them to Cincinnati on a certain day last fall, and that morning I started down to the river pretty early to have everything in readiness to begin loading as soon as the boat arrived. As soon as I got in sight of the river I thought it had a peculiar appearance; it seemed to be full of little toy boats, with sails spread, and all making for the opposite shore. I could not make out exactly what they were, or what it all meant. Finally, when I reached the point where I had left my shingles the day before, I was amazed to find that they were all gone. I was just in time to see the last squirrel seat himself upon my last shingle, and spreading his tail for a sail, strike out for the Ohio shore. The whole army of squirrels had crossed or were crossing in the same manner, and all my shingles floated down the Ohio River."

Major C—— is exceedingly fond of the game of whist. On one occasion he was speaking of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man, and remarked that he once played a whole season at the White Sulphur Springs and never held a trump. Some one in the company suggested that that was impossible, because he must have held at least one trump every time he dealt the cards. But the major replied, "Every time I dealt it was a misdeal."

He illustrated the same idea in another way. He said he was once in a party where the proposition was made to throw dice for drinks and cigars. He threw several times, and every time the dice came out ace, deuce. He was vexed, and threw them with all his might against the wall of the room. When he went to pick them up from the floor he was confronted with the

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same one and two spots. He went to the window and pitched them as far as he could into the yard.

The next day he felt like trying his luck again, and not having another pair of dice, he went out into the yard to hunt them up. Stooping down and peering closely into the grass, his eyes finally rested upon the ace. He was so mad that he made a mental resolution that if the other die was found with the deuce up he would swallow them. He found it at last, and it was the deuce. He swallowed them both forthwith. Five minutes later he became dreadfully alarmed at what might be the consequences of his rash act, and took a strong emetic. The dice were soon deposited on the grass again. "And as sure as you are alive," said the major, "there lay the same old ace, deuce."

Several years since the writer was a member of the State Senate of Virginia. Hon. A. L. Pridemore, late a member of Congress from the Ninth Virginia District, was also a member of the State Senate at that time, and introduced a bill for the relief of the sureties of H. G. Wax, who was a collector of taxes in Scott County. He made a brief explanation of the bill, and when he sat down Hon. Edgar Allen, familiarly known as "Yankee" Allen, a very bright Englishman, who represented the Farmville District, rose and said:

"I wish to ax
If Mr. Wax
Has been too lax
In collecting the tax.
If such are the facts,
I am willing to relax,
And remit the tax
Which the law enacts
We should exact
Of his securities."

The bill passed by a unanimous vote.

A. W. C. N.

In ante-railroad times, when most of the travel between the Ohio River and the seaboard was in stage-coaches, Western members of Congress, in going to or returning from Washington, would make up parties of six, and charter a nine-passenger coach, so as to have more ample accommodations. Every such party would be made up of personal and political friends, who would be pretty sure to have a good time.

In 1845 a company of this kind was travelling eastward, consisting of Senators Johnson (of Louisiana), Crittenden, and Corwin, and Representatives Vance, Vinton, and Schenck, all except Vinton backwoodsmen by birth and rearing. Johnson was the oldest, having been born in 1783, in the wilds of Tennessee, from which State he went to Louisiana early in the present century. Schenck was the youngest, and is now (1883) the only survivor of the party. He is responsible for the substance of the following story, which, at seventy-three, he tells with as much animation and gusto as he would probably have shown the day the thing occurred, when he was only about half that age.

When the stage was in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, it stopped, just at the dawn of day, to change horses. All the passengers seemed to be asleep except Schenck, who put the curtain aside to take a look at the surroundings, and seeing a man near by, asked him what place it was.

"Smithfield," answered the man.

"Smithfield," said Schenck; "why, that's the place where John Rogers was burned at the stake."

Johnson had got just enough waked up to take in this dialogue, and, with a start, he exclaimed, "What's that, Schenck? Did you say a man was burned at the stake?"

"Yes," replied Schenck.

"A live man?"

"Yes, a live man—burned—at the stake—at Smithfield," said Schenck, with pausing emphasis.

"Is it possible? Why, I never heard of it before."

"But, Senator," gravely rejoined Schenck, "it's as true as that this is Smithfield. And what's more, his wife and children stood by and saw him burned; and it's a curious thing that it is to this day disputed how many children there were. The story goes that she had with her nine small children and one at her breast; and it is to this time a mooted point whether the one at the breast was one of the nine, or was number ten."

"Why, Schenck, how on earth is it that I never before heard of such an outrageous affair as that? A live man burned at the stake here! I swear I never saw a word about it in the papers."

By this time the other passengers were awake, and comprehended the situation, but kept still, leaving Schenck to manage his own case.

"Nevertheless, Senator," he proceeded, "that thing occurred at Smithfield, just as I have stated."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Johnson, "it's devilish strange that I never heard of it. *When* did it happen?"

"Well, Senator"—Schenck paused a little, as if trying to recollect—"upon my word I can't on the instant recall the exact date; but as well as my memory serves me it must have been—let me see—about two hundred and ninety years ago: at any rate, it was some time in the reign of Bloody Mary of England."

Then the others could hold in no longer, and Smithfield heard such a guffaw as it had never before heard from a lot of stage passengers. Schenck says that Johnson didn't join in it, but was grum for three hours afterward; that is, until after he got his breakfast. Whether he subsequently became acquainted with the New England Primer is not known.

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"THE NIGHT'S PLUTONIAN SHORE."

From "The Raven," illustrated by Gustave Doré. Re-engraved by R. Hoskin from his larger engraving.

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HARPER'S
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DALECARLIA.

I.

IT was a yellow apron that beguiled us into Dalecarlia, an apron of deep rich orange-yellow, hanging in soft folds from the waist of a peasant woman who strode sturdily through the streets of Stockholm. She was no artificial peasant, like the Bernese of the summer-café, or the studio Italian girl; she was the genuine article. Her iron-shod shoes clattered over the rough pavement with masculine vigor, and her free, swinging gait was proof of the ease with which she bore a burden that would have filled a wheelbarrow. Her costume was almost gaudy in its combination of bright colors. A brilliant red bodice fitted closely to her body, and a party-colored kerchief was pinned around her neck. But the yellow apron was the color focus of the costume, swinging in simple masses with the rapid motion of her limbs, flashing strongly in the lights, gleaming like liquid gold in the warmly reflected shadows. We followed her until she disappeared in a doorway, and saw her in the court-yard throw down her bundle, take off her kerchief, and prepare to begin her day's work like a man.

"Are there many Swedish peasants who dress like that?" I asked my companion, a somewhat Americanized native.

"The woods are full of them up in Dalecarlia," was his characteristic reply. "The midsummer season is a round of festivals, and the old-time May-pole dance is the commonest of merry-makings."

Therefore we went to Dalecarlia, full of expectation of a fertile sketching tour, our anticipation slightly tempered, I may now confess, with a lingering suspicion that the figure we had seen, the yellow apron we had enjoyed, was the remarkable exception and not the rule. But then the very name of the country was suggestive of beauty in some form. Dalecarlia has a romantic, an antique, a poetical sound. If we had seen a yellow apron from South Smithville I doubt very much if we had followed the trail.

The district of Dalecarlia lies in the heart of Sweden, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Stockholm. It is a prosperous, fertile, healthy part of the country, very rich in minerals, and famous for its manufactures, particularly of iron and steel. It boasts some of the finest scenery of the kingdom, the charms of Siljan Lake having long been celebrated in song and saga. A railway from Stockholm by way of Upsala and another from Southern Sweden unite with the railway through the lower part of Dalecarlia, and carry its iron, its grindstones, and its porphyry to the different trade centres. But although steam and electricity have opened up the country, and facilities of travel have made Siljan Lake popular as a place of summer resort, the Dalecarlians retain many of their primitive characteristics, and a large proportion of them still cling to their original costumes. Swedes always speak of Dalecarlia with enthusiastic admiration. It has been the scene of some of the most notable events in the history of the country. The germs of civil and religious liberty have developed into maturity among the independent, self-reliant Dalecarlians, and since the beginning of Scandinavian history this people has contributed some of the best brain and blood to the state.

Our first day on the road to the land of orange-yellow aprons was not a cheerful one. Perhaps the indescribable tediousness of a Swedish express train which stops long at every station had something to do

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AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

with the state of mind we were in, or perhaps the excitement of the optic nerve the day before by too brilliant a color had left an after-impression of the complementary hue—certainly our mental vision was shaded by a film of decided blue. As the day wore away, and we saw only an interminable succession of fir forests, cultivated patches, red houses, and rail fences, we fell into that hopeless state of artistic apathy which possesses the traveller in some parts of the United States, where there is plainly written on the face of the landscape that the creed of beauty is there a part of an unknown religion. Toward evening the sight of large, bald, brick, smoking iron-works added to the dreariness of the impression, and we left the train at a small station on the borders of Dalecarlia ready to throw away our colors and materials as so much useless luggage.

Passing through the station, we opened the door into a new world. Crowded around the ticket office was a score of people of both sexes, wearing the distinctive dresses of a half-dozen Dalecarlian parishes. We had stepped from the auditorium into the wings. Old men in buckskin small-clothes and leather aprons jostled pretty peasant girls in quaint pointed caps and many-hued kerchiefs; mothers with leather sacks full of babies on their backs, and workmen with bundles of tools, all clamored eagerly for tickets, evidently too little familiar with railway travel. Here and there flashed among the drapery the orange-yellow aprons of the women, enlivening the color composition of the group with a few strong notes, and cheering us with the proof that we had not lost the trail.

Fortunately it was near midsummer, the vegetation was in its perfection, and the sun shone for nearly twenty hours each day. The people, sun-worshippers in their way, were preparing for the festivities of Midsummer-day—a popular holiday, which is celebrated on the 24th of June, and is perhaps more than any other day the great Dalecarlian festival. From the railway line it is about twenty-five miles to Siljan Lake, and the chief means of communication is by steamers on the Dal-Elf, or river Dal, a shallow stream only navigable at intervals. Wagons, by courtesy called diligences, transport the passengers around the rapids and shoals, and materially add to the discomforts of the journey. The Dal-Elf is so near like the American backwoods stream that it is not remarkable that the Swede who exchanges his small river farm for the extensive woodland tract in America rarely experiences the pangs of homesickness, but settles down to a contented life of diligent toil. The stream eddies are full of timber on its way to the saw-mills below. The odor of pines and spruces fills the air, daisies and buttercups sprinkle the fields, pond-lilies dot the surface of the meadow pools, and a bright sun ripens the grain waving in the large fields redeemed with difficulty from the stony

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slopes or from the dense forests that cover the hill-sides.

Shut your ears to the sound of men's voices, and you can not believe you are in Sweden. That little gray log house in the distance with its shingled roof, the cattle sheds and barns, the well sweep and curb, the stone walls and post-and-rail fences, might be transported bodily and set down in the backwoods of many a State, and never be noticed for the difference of a single stick of timber or the fashioning of a single stake. Let the door open, and the geography changes by magic. A little child totters out into the sunlight. It is dressed in a single long garment of yellow homespun wool as bright as the petals of the buttercups or the dandelions. From under a close-fitting cap of vermilion hue straggles out a mass of flaxen hair. A stout leather apron tied under the arms and over the shoulders protects the dress from the chin to the toes of the clumsy little shoes. A half-dozen other children dressed exactly the same troop out after it, and following them, the mother, with a curious poke sun-bonnet of bright red rivalling in brilliancy the crimson of her homespun apron, carries a pail on each arm to milk the cows lowing at the pasture bars. The father comes to the door of the barn to say a word as they pass. But for his leather apron shining with wear you would take him for a New England farmer of Continental times, with his low shoes, knee-breeches, long waistcoat, and felt hat. The ever equalizing influences of modern science have not yet reached them, and they live and feel much the same as their great-grandfathers did before them.

The first stage of the river journey is usually made on a steamer which is little more than a large boiler with just enough boat under it to float it and the few passengers who can find room around it. The tide of travel was at its height the day we were on the Dal-Elf, and at the starting-point of the boat a great crowd of people stood ready to charge aboard the moment the steamer came to land. In tow of the steamer was a great flat-boat, piled up with freight to be carried up stream. When the gang-plank was put out the left flank of the army of travellers swarmed into the little steamer and filled every inch of room there. The centre and right wing hesitated a moment, and then rushed aboard the flat-boat, and covered the pyramid of freight with a wriggling mass of humanity, which gradually settled itself on the boxes, the bales, and along the rail. The apex of the pyramid was formed by a buxom servant-girl returning home with her green trunk, her birch basket, and her bandbox full of Stockholm finery. In the confusion my friend, who had in his possession nearly our whole stock of Swedish words, had been swept aboard the steamer, while I, in momentary expectation of being crushed by the tottering pile of freight surmounted by the robust servant-girl, sat on the rail of the flat-boat. Before we could get together the steamer whistled, and we were towed rapidly up the stream. There is nothing more disappointing than to be in the midst of a hilarious company and to understand only half the fun. If it had not been for the exhaustless patience of the peasants, who insisted upon explaining everything, and in this way materially increasing my vocabulary, the farce would have been a very one-sided affair. Jerked along by the puffing steamer, the inert mass in tow swung from side to side, and now and then struck a raft of floating logs, broadside on, shaking the passengers together in a very democratic way. On one occasion the shock was more severe than usual, and the servant-girl's green trunk began to slip, and then slid down, striking heavily against a large chip basket. There was the sound of breaking glass, and the sudden odor of spirits, followed by a groan from the owner of the basket. He was on his way home for the holiday, and had, in anticipation of a rigid enforcement of the liquor law, taken a store of bottles with him. It was found on clearing up the débris that there was still some liquor left in the bottoms of the broken bottles. This, of course, had to be drank to be saved, and it was handed around as far as it would go. Those who got none pulled out from mysterious corners tin canteens full of holiday entertainment, and the orgy began. Luncheons of dried fish and black bread were shared generously, and the merry party rivalled the jollity of an old-time Ohio flat-boat crew, until it separated at the landing.

It was past noon of this the second day after leaving Stockholm when we reached the first parish of Dalecarlia whose inhabitants wear a distinctive dress. It was the parish of Gagnef, and there in the solemn old church on Sunday will be seen

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SUNDAY MORNING.

not a single modern garment among the two thousand souls who come there to worship. The antiquity of the style of costume is apparent to the most casual observer in the cut of the short-waisted coats of the men, the projecting lace caps and large shoe-buckles of the women. We walked across the parish, hesitating whether to linger and paint the yellow-clad children or push on to the home of the yellow aprons. The generous hospitality of the peasants and the gentle manners of the children would have weakened our purpose to advance had it not been for the hideous every-day jackets of green baize with red plaid sleeves which spoiled for us every kindly office, no matter if the garment covered the warmest heart that ever beat. We were fairly driven away, shamefacedly I must acknowledge, by these green baize jackets with plaid sleeves, which occurred so often against a background of crude red architecture or harsh green grass. Even Madonnas and angels would be hideous with such accessories.

Beyond the parish of Gagnef lies the parish of Leksand, one of the largest in Dalecarlia, situated at the southern end of Siljan Lake, at its outlet into the river Dal-Elf.

A friend in describing the peculiarities of the Dalecarlians had told me that they whittled, whistled, and chewed spruce gum. I was quite prepared then to see a type of face not unlike that of the down-East Yankee, for I could not connect these characteristic habits with any other people. When we touched the wharf in the village of Noret that afternoon, the boat was welcomed by a motley assemblage of people, with such quaint and peculiar costumes that we quite forgot to notice whether the type or language even was national. The most gorgeously dyed caps, aprons, bodices, and gowns combined to make a kaleidoscopic mass of color which rivalled any Oriental combination imaginable. Little children ran around, spots and flashes of yellow in the strong sunlight. Men in sober black made the colored costume of the women all the more brilliant by contrast. Pretty silver-blonde girls in the daintiest of caps shyly stood in groups to welcome home their friends on the holiday visit; and everywhere the superb orange-yellow aprons of the women came out like masterly touches in some noble

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scheme of color composition. Later, when the first impression had weakened a little, we saw that the people were quite different in type of face and figure from the Swedes of the south, with something of the Yankee sharpness of contour, and an intelligent, shrewd expression in the eyes, which was not unaccompanied by a gleam of good humor and kindliness.

Noret, the centre of the parish of Leksand, is a typical village of the interior, with neatly painted houses, and avenues of birch-trees, and possessing no architecture either imposing or picturesque except the large church with its turnip top tower, and the characteristic wooden belfry in the church-yard. Like all Swedish villages, the houses are of hewn logs, often painted bright red, sometimes with white trimmings, and sometimes with black, either way making a harsh spot in the landscape. Occasionally the outer walls are covered with mortar, and cornices and corners are fashioned out of the same material. Around most of the houses in Noret cut birch-trees had been stuck in the ground or tied to the fences. Boughs had been nailed to the windows and porches, and mats, neatly plaited, of birch twigs, stood before every entrance. Inside the houses there was much scrubbing and sweeping, for the following day was the midsummer festival.

We had left Stockholm with no guide-book. This was part of our scheme. We agreed to follow our instincts and inclinations, trusting to the information gathered as we went along. While we were resting at the inn in the shade of the temporary birch grove, my companion let fall, quite carelessly and as if by chance, this sentence: "The younger members of the community while away the long twilight with dances around the richly decked May-poles." It had a suspicious sound, a Baedeker rhythm, to it. I couldn't help thinking I had heard it somewhere before; but his placid countenance betrayed no sign, and I charged my suspicions to oversensitiveness on the guide-book question, and credited the rolling sentence to a sudden flash of literary fire. But that sentence proved to be our torment, for it began to ride us the moment it was uttered. We inquired of the landlord if there was any twilight festival that night. He had heard there was to be. The boys and girls usually trimmed the May-pole, and he believed they danced around it at midnight. For his part, he never sat up all night; he always turned in at eleven o'clock, summer and winter.

The possibility of a pastoral festival at the romantic hour when the golden hues of dawn meet and mingle with the sunset red was too tempting for us to resist, and instead of experimenting with sleep we strolled villageward from the inn at about eleven o'clock. The sun had disappeared behind the trees an hour or more before, but there seemed to be no diminution of his light. The glare was gone, but not the illuminating power. In the west a line of red and orange clouds, recalling the splendors of a Venetian sunset, changed slowly in form, but never lost its brilliancy of coloring. A strong diffused light, casting no shadow, came from the whole dome of the heavens, giving an unnatural color to the grass and to the masses of foliage. The strangeness of the effect seemed almost portentous, as if some great convulsion of nature were about to take place. It was like that glow of late sunset which in other climates is always rare and always evanescent. No dew had fallen, but across the meadows rose a thin mist, floating lightly on the breath of the evening, drifting into fantastic, ghost-like shapes.

Across the valley the distant hill-sides were harmonized by the softness of the light into broad masses against the sky, but still all details were visible as in the delicate haze of an afternoon in Indian summer. There were no signs of night in the village. Doors and windows were open, and children were playing around the prostrate May-pole. Perched on the fences sat rows of men and boys quietly chatting. We sat on the fence also, and, in order to feel more at home, began to whittle little sticks like some of the men, and tried to look as careless and contented as they did. We sat there a half-hour or more, then changed to a fence of another shape and sat another half-hour, and still nothing particular took place. Then we began to think it was only a kind of open-air watch party to welcome the midsummer sun on St. John's Day. But while we were meditating a return to the hotel there was a stir in the street, and a party of stout girls appeared upon the scene, bearing great bundles of birch boughs, grass, and field flowers. Throwing these in a fragrant heap upon the steps of a house, they all set to work in a

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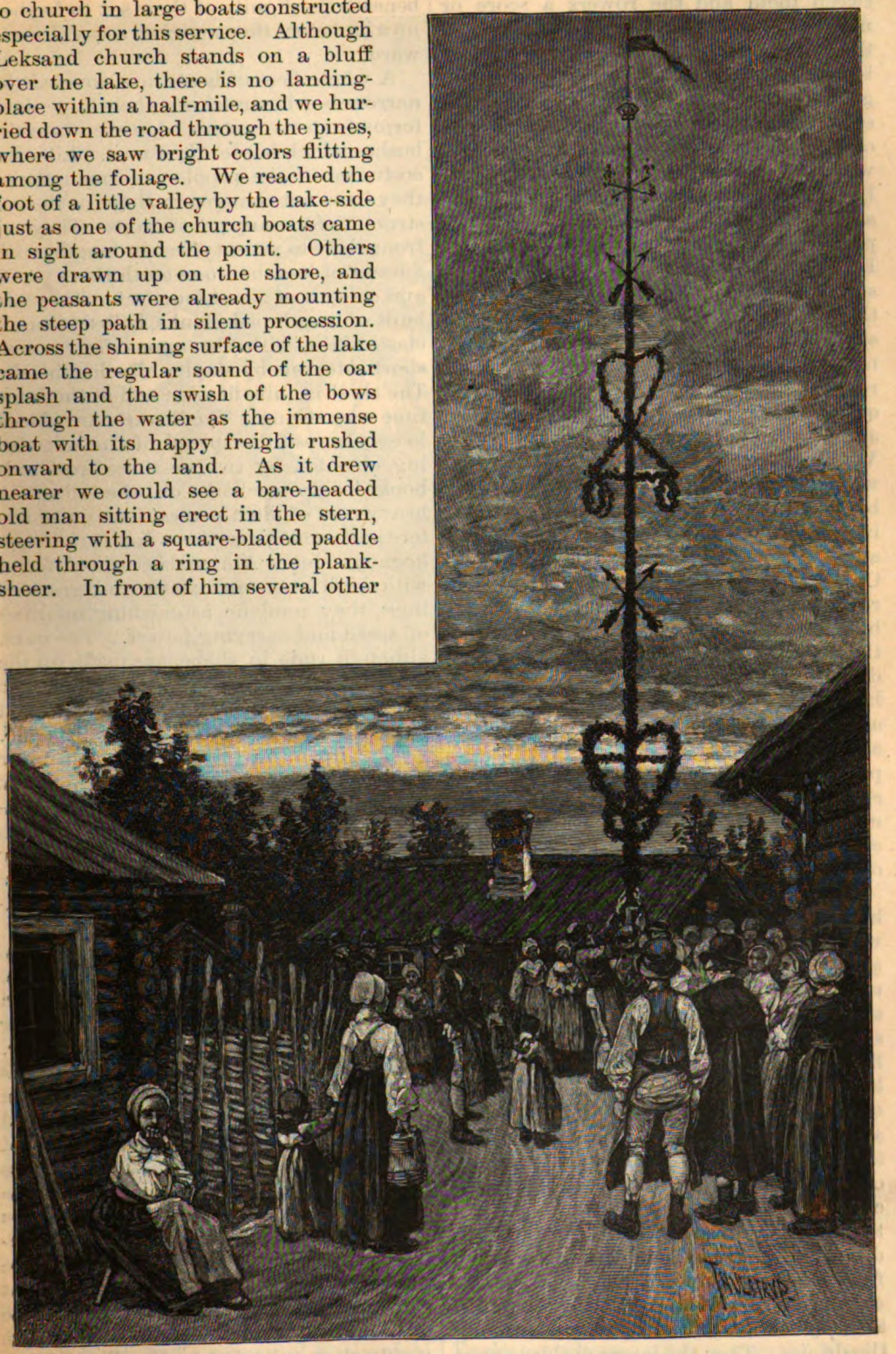
ARRIVAL OF THE CHURCH BOATS.

busy crowd, and in a short time had woven wreaths and garlands and were decorating the striped pole. No loud words were spoken, scarcely a laugh broke the stillness of the night. It was a solemn, almost religious ceremony. From the red of the sunset sky a delicate rosy reflection touched the white sleeves and kerchiefs, and harmonized the harsh colors of the caps and aprons. Even the crudely painted architecture was modified into unobtrusive quality of tone by the soft light. One by one the busy workers ceased their labors as the ugly pole grew into graceful shape, and spread long arms with trailing wreaths and tufts of flowers. The men watched on in silence, the tired children stopped their whispers and sat in ranks on the curb-stone. Now the cool draught of night only stirred the leaves at intervals, the mist settled low upon the meadows, and the weird forms melted away. A new light from some mysterious quarter gradually spread itself over the landscape, and even while scarcely visible changed the general tone. The rosy reflection from the west lost its delicate quality, faded into a cooler light, then changed to the faintest tinge of gold. It was the charm of sunset changing to the beauty of sunrise. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, came the transformation. The glory of the east rivalled awhile the splendor of the west, until the first rays of the sun shot across the sky, and it was day again. At that moment the pole was put in its place by the strong arms of a score of men, and fastened to the post where it stands the season long, shedding its dried leaves and grasses with every wind that blows. As if by magic the crowd disappeared and we were left alone.

We were not so accustomed to the midnight sun that we could sleep in its full light as the natives do, and therefore, having no means of darkening the rooms at the inn, we found little difficulty in rising early enough on Midsummer-day to see the arrival of the country people. From the villages across the arm of the lake

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and down the river the peasants come to church in large boats constructed especially for this service. Although Leksand church stands on a bluff over the lake, there is no landing-place within a half-mile, and we hurried down the road through the pines, where we saw bright colors flitting among the foliage. We reached the foot of a little valley by the lake-side just as one of the church boats came in sight around the point. Others were drawn up on the shore, and the peasants were already mounting the steep path in silent procession. Across the shining surface of the lake came the regular sound of the oar splash and the swish of the bows through the water as the immense boat with its happy freight rushed onward to the land. As it drew nearer we could see a bare-headed old man sitting erect in the stern, steering with a square-bladed paddle held through a ring in the plank-sheer. In front of him several other



THE MAY-POLE.

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aged peasants sat on the thwarts, and between them and the rowers a score or more of children sat huddled together in the bottom of the boat, their little heads bobbing up over the gunwale, eager to get to land. Next to them sat the rowers, forty in number, pulling ten pairs of oars. On the outside, next the rowlocks, were the strong young girls, each sturdily tugging at the oars held by the men, and the spaces between them were occupied by women perched on the gunwale. From the bow oars to the high pointed stem old men and women occupied the thwarts. Thus from stem to stern the slender, graceful craft was one living mass of human beings. The backs of the rowers fell and rose in perfect unison; the quick short strokes made the boat quiver and spring as if it would break in two. Within a rod or so of the shore the oars were lifted out of the water, seemingly by instinct, for we saw no one turn, heard no word of command, nor noticed any sign given by the old Palinurus. Crunching and grinding, the slender stem ran upon the shingle, the old people hobbled ashore, the rowers sprang out, and the children scrambled over one another down upon the rocks. A score of strong hands seized the boat by either gunwale, and walked it bodily up on the shore far above the water's edge, where it was propped upon an even keel, showering crystal drops from its tarry sides. Every movement had been the perfection of discipline—no noise, no confusion, and no one out of place.

Each woman, as she landed, held in her hand a small bundle wrapped up in pure white linen. Some sat on the bowlders along the shore, some sought a boudoir under the shade of the fir-trees, others stood beside the boat. All occupied themselves with their Sunday toilet. The girls, flushed and heated with rowing, tied fresh kerchiefs around their necks, and assisted one another to arrange the prim caps and adjust the brooches. Mothers unfolded their bundles, and found, besides the precious prayer-book—the heirloom of generations—the whitest of homespun linen to fold across the shoulders of the children, and the daintiest of caps to exchange for those they wore themselves. One after another the nursing babies were put in Sunday trim, and laid upon grass among the daisies. Then the larger children were caught, and every fold of their dress laid in order. The men, too, thought it not beneath the dignity of their sex to freshen up a bit before they marched away churchward.

A whole fleet of boats now covered the narrow beach, stretching their huge dark forms from the water's edge even into the bushes which border the forest. Like the costumes of the people who man them, they have not changed in shape or in construction for many generations. They are from sixty to seventy feet in length, with a beam of less than one-tenth this extent, and a depth of about four feet. They are built of long broad planks, bolted to small elastic ribs, with the seams fastened at short intervals by staples clinched inside. The shell is quite flexible and at the same time very strong. The thwarts are placed loosely across, the spread of the sides being obviated by two or three iron rods hooked into eyebolts on the ribs. A heavy coat of pitch makes them quite water-tight, and gives the wood a rich mahogany color. Almost barbaric in form, with high stem and stern and graceful lines, they combine astonishing qualities of speed and carrying power. The oars, although rude in shape, are made on the same principle as those in use among the Oriental peoples, with a heavy enlarged handle to balance the length of blade. Every village on the lake has a number of these boats, which are built and kept in repair by groups of families, who contribute for this purpose. Well-used boats will last a generation or more, for they are only launched in the summer months, and even then only on Sundays and holidays.

The irregular procession of church-goers filed along the sandy road to the village, and the boats were left quite deserted on the shore. The landscape was familiar and New-England-like in character. Feathery pines and slender spruce-trees shaded the path until it came out between the grass and grain fields, where it wound along, bordered by daisies, and disappeared in the straggling outskirts of the village beyond. Even the gorgeous reds of the young girls' caps and the flashing yellows of the children's dresses could not interrupt the religious harmony induced by the time, the place, the tolling of the distant church bell, and the solemn bearing of the men and women. Neither could these vivid colors quite destroy the illusion that this was the counterpart of the church-

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LAKE-SIDE TOILETS.

goings of the early settlers in New England, for the men as they stalked along in solemn black had a prim and Puritanical aspect. The long full-skirted coat, the pointed hat, and clumsy shoes suggested, if they did not accurately reproduce, the Puritan costume. But a man in black, carrying a bright yellow baby on one

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CHURCH DOOR, LEKSAND.

arm, and dragging with the other a red carriage holding two more children dressed in brilliant saffron woollen, occasionally disturbed the retrospective flow of the imagination, and brought us back to Sweden again.

When we emerged from the side street and came out into the market-place we entered, as it were, from the wings upon an immense stage crowded with supernumeraries. The background was the screen of quivering foliage of the birch-trees, half hiding the quaint belfry and the spire of the church beyond. Down the avenue in the dense shade the peasants stood in rows and groups, counting three or four thousand souls, the men on one side, the women on the other. Among the men there was no variation of dress. A line of hats all alike; a line of short-waisted black coats; below, a line of white stockings and thick-soled shoes—a repetition of the same forms as if painted on the background with a stencil. On the women's side could be distinguished a scheme of costume invariably indicating the age or condition of the wearer. All children up to the age of nine years wear the birch-dyed yellow dresses, the girls with red caps, and the boys with black. After this age the boys are clothed like miniature men, and the girls from this period up to their wedding day wear red caps covering all the hair, red bodices confining loose linen chemises closely to the waist, striped aprons, and black petticoats. When married they exchange the red woollen cap for one of white linen, and the striped apron for the plain yellow one. The widow wears over her cap a nun-like linen head-dress, and hides her bodice with a black jacket, and often covers her bright yellow apron by one of a more sombre hue.

It was with some diffidence that we, almost the only modern characters on the scene, moved down the market-place between these armies of peasants to the church-yard, where white caps were gleaming among the trees, and there was a turmoil of red and yellow aprons. The evening before we had watched some female grave-diggers trimming the newly built mounds, and preparing the ground for the reception of a body. It is the custom of the peasants to keep their dead to be buried on Sundays or holidays, and the women evidently enjoy a good funeral, and look forward to a half-hour of sympathetic weeping as one of the sensational entertainments of the fête-day. A dense mass of people, mostly married women, was so closely packed around the open grave that the sturdy bearers of the bier could with difficulty find room to deposit the coffin. A mournful service followed, and weeping relatives and friends wailed long hymns in a minor key, impressive but wofully dismal. We were glad enough to escape to the church, which was crowded to overflowing, and we patiently stood through the long service.

The church is a large nondescript edifice, said to have been planned and built by Russian prisoners captured by Charles XII., the origin of the parish dating probably from the evangelization of the Dalecarlians by the missionary Anskar in the ninth century. The present edifice was doubtless rebuilt on walls of an early construction, but it now resembles, both in general form and in the character of its turnip-shaped tower, the churches of Eastern Europe. The lines of the roof are long and steep, and on either side immense ladders

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of heavy timber reach from the ground to the ridge-pole—a precaution against fire. The interior is uninteresting except from the arrangement of its spacious galleries, which half fill the nave and transepts, and break the lines of columns and arches. A florid altar and crucifix, and here and notonous succession of round forms. Children swarmed by hundreds. The pews, almost too narrow to sit and bend the knee, were crowded with them. Those who were not tall enough to stand and look over the top were perched on the corners or on the doors. In the aisles troops



FEMALE GRAVE-DIGGERS.

there painted coats of arms in relief, give it the appearance of a Catholic church. The rough stone floor is completely hidden by high-backed wooden pews, except where narrow aisles lead down to the chancel.

The left side of the church is reserved for women, and the right is entirely occupied by men. On Midsummer-day not a seat was vacant. One snowy phalanx of white caps succeeded another far under the low galleries, where the reflection from sun-lit foliage tipped the linen with a tender light, contrasting with the cool gray of the whitewashed walls. In another direction the pews were filled with red caps, and occasionally the classical folds of the widows' head-dress broke the mo- of little figures huddled together at the pew doors or clung to the garments of the mothers standing there, each one occupied with a bit of hard bread or holding a flower. On the other side of the church what a contrast there was! Rank after rank of shaggy brown heads followed one another to the remotest angles of the interior. On candelabra and rude hat trees were clusters of hats like so many huge flies seen black against the whitewash. In the galleries regiments of urchins peeped over the railings, apparently quieted for the time by the solemnity of the scene. During the long hours of the Lutheran service this great multitude scarcely stirred, except to rise at long intervals or to bow the head in

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prayer. Occasionally the cries of the children would rise above the pastor's voice, but the disturbance was unnoticed. Never did service of song or gorgeous church pageantry seem so truly worshipful and so solemn as the quiet devotion of this assembly. In the honest faces of the peasants there was the calm of religious faith. The sun-browned skin and knotted finger-joints showed that their lives knew nothing but toil. Sabbath to them was a day of complete change from the monotonous labor of the week. Midsummer-day, their greatest holiday, was only another Sabbath.

The funeral, the church service, and a quiet hour of gossip constituted the celebration of the festival. It was not hilarious, neither was it gay, but it was diverting and interesting to us as strangers, and doubtless seemed to the peasants quite a dissipation in the busy season of summer. A few urchins peddling simple sweetmeats among the young people made the market-place a little more lively after church was out, and the young man who generously bought and distributed one and four-fifths cents' worth of caramels was the admiration of the small boys. Up to the unlucky moment when we ventured to ask a peasant if he would sell a certain embroidered coat he had on, our faith in the perfect naïve simplicity of these people was unshaken. They had appeared quite unconscious of any difference in their dress, and never had been disturbed at our curiosity. Of course we attributed their quiet behavior to their perfect naïveté, and only after a good deal of hesitation did we venture to suggest the possibility of their parting with certain attractive articles of attire. However, the old peasant with the embroidered coat cheerfully doffed the desired garment, and to our surprise disclosed the counterpart of it underneath. An old woman dropped off her yellow apron and a black petticoat, and stood in a similar costume. In her bundle with her prayer-book she carried a spare bodice, a chemise, caps, kerchiefs, and embroidered mitts, so that she could furnish a complete costume to any purchaser. Another man had his pockets full of silver wedding rings and brooches, and with the eagerness of a Yankee trader urged us to visit his house, where, he assured us, we could buy a whole outfit. The first purchase inoculated the crowd with the epidemic of trade, and the hotel veranda was transformed in a few moments into an old-clothes shop. Children's dresses, aprons, and caps of florid pattern and hideous hue, buckskin breeches and leather aprons, woollen stockings as stiff as canvas and worn shoes of the past generation, were spread out before us. Everything that was old was thought to be precious in our eyes, and a miscellaneous collection of worthless bric-à-brac was produced from under aprons and from church bundles.

We had been laboring under a delusion. We had forgotten that the agents of the ethnographical museums had been for years scouring every hamlet in Dalecarlia for antiquities of all kinds and specimens of costumes and manufactures. We did not know that these parishes had been long a show place of peasantry, where the summer visitors habitually purchased costume as souvenirs. We did not know that native artists had accustomed the people to being stared at and sketched. What we had taken for unconsciousness was only experience. Some of them, indeed, had worn American "store clothes," and had adopted the parish dress again on their return from abroad. Many of them, both men and women, had passed a large part of their lives in the cities. One at least of the dignified elderly peasants had been for several years in the national House of Representatives, where he wore the costume of his parish. None were so stupid or so ignorant as not to recognize the convenience and economy of modern dress, and the certainty of its adoption in the near future, for within the memory of the present generation the neighboring parishes had, with one or two exceptions, entirely discarded the peasant garb. But parish pride is no empty power in Dalecarlia. Its influence is stronger than the feminine love of novelty and masculine vanity, for few, even at this late day, openly declare their preference for modern attire, even if they strongly feel it. It is this parish pride which insists upon a rigidly uniform holiday dress, and demands a luxurious wealth of clothes even where there may be a poverty of life's necessities. This same pride forbids intermarriage between the parishes around Siljan Lake, although it does not greatly discourage alliances with people outside the zone of distinctive costumes. If by force of circumstances a peasant of one parish comes to live within the borders of another, he conscientiously wears his own pe-

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FARM-YARD SCENE.

culiar costume every holiday to his dying day. External influences have not weakened this pride to any great extent. There is, to be sure, an appreciable degeneration in the every-day dress. In the holiday costume modern stuffs and machine-work are gradually creeping in. The women are now not rare who do the family sewing on an American machine, and iron the homespun linen with an improved self-heating flat-iron. The change is coming surely, but very slowly, and the picturesque Dalecarlian will soon be found in the museums alone.

The dinner at the inn was to us no small part of the day's entertainment. The company was large, and quite filled the dining-room, where only a half-dozen chairs stood by small tables between the windows. In the middle of the room was a large round table covered with dozens of different dishes, and surmounted by a silver urn with four faucets drawing as many kinds of spirit. This was the Swedish smörgåsbord, the first peculiar institution which attracts the traveller's attention when he enters the country, and the one he will probably remember the longest. In Leksand we found on the table lobster from Maine, caviar from Russia, sardines from the Mediterranean, dried reindeer flesh from Lapland, anchovies from Denmark, smoked goose breast from Norway, and sausage from Germany. Every guest, plate and knife in hand, butters slices of bread from a decorative mountain of fresh butter, and selects the morsels of fish or flesh which best stimulate his appetite. A small glass of strong spirits taken at a swallow always follows the sandwich, and quite a hearty meal is eaten before the dinner is fairly begun. After the smörgåsbord, a filet of beef was served, which the guests ate as they stood and chatted, selecting wines from a list of fifty brands, or drinking country beer served in patent American bottles. Salmon succeeded this course, and two or three kinds of soup ended the dinner. The feast was quite in harmony with the surroundings.

If we had followed our own inclinations we would have passed the remainder of Midsummer-day among the Leksand

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THE SCRAMBLE FOR GATE-MONEY.

people. But that single mite of information of guide-book flavor poisoned our pleasure, for we felt that we must see all we could of the characteristic festivals at this particular season. Having satisfied ourselves thoroughly that "the younger members of the community" did not "while away the long twilight with dances around the richly decked village May-poles," we took a *skjuts*, or posting cart, for the village of Karlsvik, in the neighboring parish of Rättvik, following the advice of several people who were sure that there the old custom still prevailed. Our watches showed the hour of six, but the sun was still nearly four hours high, and we had only a dozen miles before us. It was a perfect summer's day. A warm haze veiled the hills across the lake, and gave a delicate gray tone to the sombre monotonous evergreen forests which covered the country. Along the road-side companies of peasants strolled homeward from the solemn celebration of the festival; cows came lazily to the barn-yards lowing to be milked, and sheep cropped the grass along the ditches. The grass-land was yellow with flowers, and great fields of rye, already as high as a man's head, waved in the gentle wind. At intervals along the road we came to high gates which kept the sheep from strolling. Here were gathered troops of happy children, ready to swing the barrier open, and afterward scramble and roll in the dust for the smallest copper coin which the traveller might throw. Two of these gates were but a short distance apart, and the children could almost throw a stone from one to another. The boys and girls swinging on one gate were all in Leksand costume, while those who showed their perfect teeth in a smiling crowd at the other were rigorously clad in Rättvik dress. What a bloody battle-field that interval would have represented in a country with less peaceably disposed children! The villages on the road were all log-built, some houses having more or less pretensions to architectural aspect, with overhanging stories and ornamental porticoes. At the cross-roads in every village stood the May-pole, supported by great arches of bent birch-trees, hung with wild flowers. Doorways and farm-yard gates were ornamented in a like manner, and almost every window was full of potted plants. Through open doors we

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could look into cozy interiors, with white scrubbed floors sprinkled with birch leaves, and the household wealth of embroidered towels and party-colored coverlets hung along the walls. Comfort there certainly was under every roof, though luxury of anything but dress was a stranger there.

When we drove into the shady yard of the lake-side inn at Karlsvik, the peasant girls were gathered in tittering groups watching the men, hilarious over a game of ten-pins, which the enterprising landlord had just added to the attractions of his establishment. Across the little bay the square tower of the great church came up in a dark mass against the hill-sides beyond, and in the foreground numerous boats, rowed by singing girls, shot across the clear water. On a little grassy point that projected into the lake a beautifully trimmed May-pole had been set up, and around it was a clear spot of fresh green-sward. In imagination we already saw the pointed caps whirling and the red stockings twinkling in the rapid dance. The evening advanced, and a few girls pirouetted in the stuffy dining-room to the music of a squeaky fiddle, but the men did not leave off their game, and no one made a move toward the May-pole. We few strangers at the inn wandered together along the lake-side, and I caught the last words of the baneful guide-book legend repeated to one of them by my friend as we walked. We waited at the May-pole until past midnight, and then returned to the inn, sighing that the good old days of dancing on the green were probably gone forever. Two tall, noble-looking peasants came to the inn, ordered with perfect sang-froid the finest brand of champagne, and under its influence fell into a poetical rhapsody on the charms and peculiarities of life in Dalecarlia. While we sat and talked on this fertile theme the boats one by one left the shore, the sound of the balls battering the pins grew fainter, and finally ceased altogether. The copper on the church tower glistened in the sunlight, but the grass around the May-pole was still untrampled. The phantom festival had fled still farther.

PRISONERS!

Part I.

JAMES WENTWORTH, the most active individual in the occurrences of the following narrative, had lately arrived at the sea-port village of Blue Harbor, on the coast of Maine; and he was walking forth toward the long beach, partly to catch the best view, but chiefly to be on the alert for any better pastime that might be available. It was impossible for Wentworth to be lazy; to miss an opportunity from indifference had always been, in his opinion, an incredible blunder.

He observed everything: the blended colors of air and water in the smooth harbor, and all the other picturesque effects of the scene, including the irregular outlines of the climbing or descending village houses. He heard the rippling of the gently approaching tide upon the narrow strip of beach, and wondered in an amused way that he had ever thought, as he had, that the world was a rough contrivance for holding some delicate matters, when here was mile after mile of quiet and tender beauty stretching to the nearest city, and underlying all the turmoil of that artificial life which the city had built upon the land's prior calm.

The low, sweet sounds of water and breeze were all at once hushed by the louder accents of a voice singing, which came from a cottage he had just passed, and he stopped for a moment to listen to the melody. It was sad and stern, and so was the voice that uttered it.

"It is the tone of a monk, and a devout one," Wentworth mentally exclaimed; "but in the throat of an old sea-salt! *Ergo*, the sea is as grim as religion, for I never heard a more melancholy intoning. It is as if a gladiator should subdue himself to sing hymns upon his knees—'*Integer vitæ!*' By-the-way, how should an old salt know anything of '*Integer vitæ*'?"

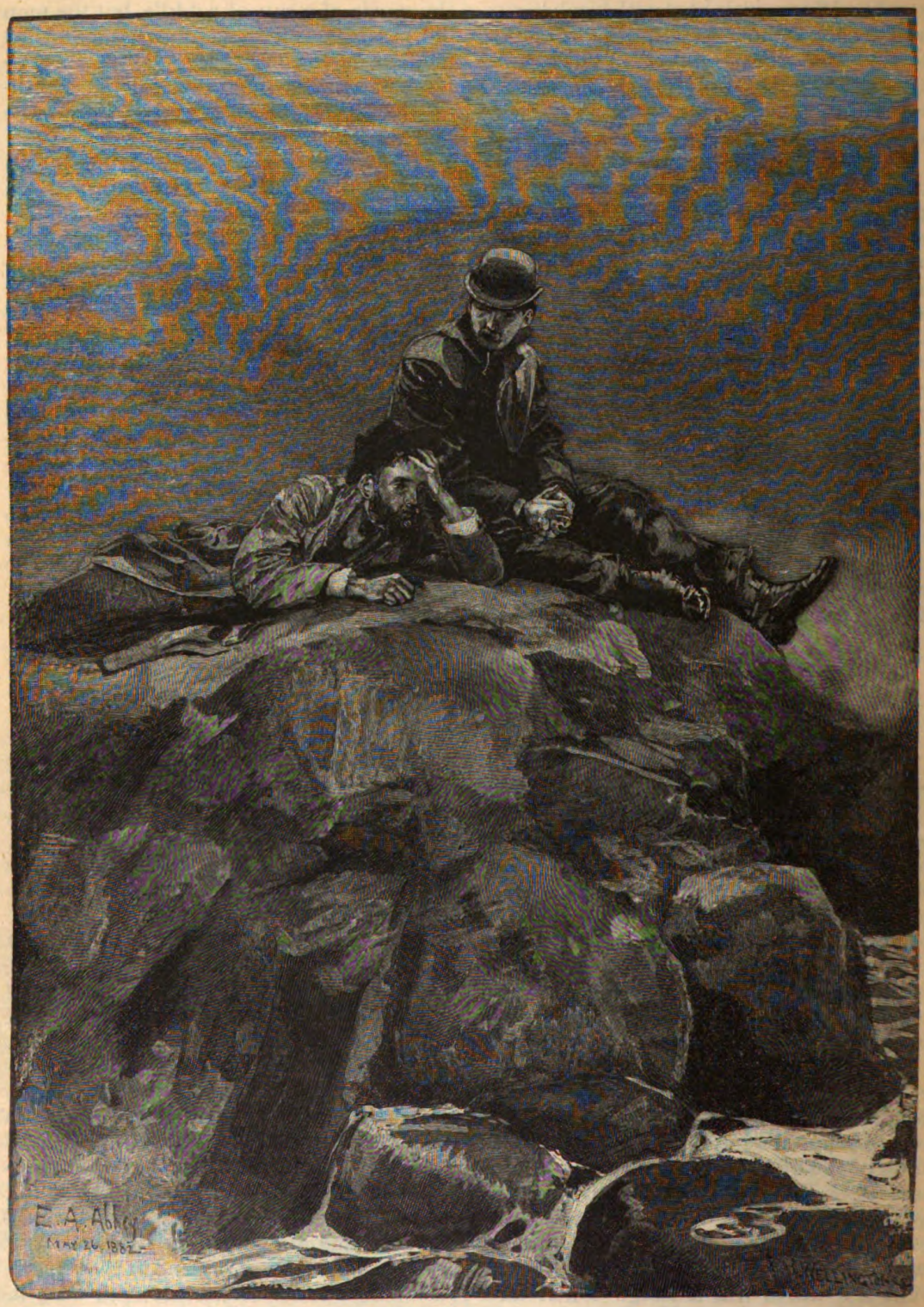
He turned back and listened more attentively as he slowly repassed the house. He looked up. There was a start at the window, and a face beside it was brought nearer to the fading afternoon light.

"Wentworth!" cried the man within, in the same deep accents with which he had given voice to the college air, and he stretched out his hand over the sill.

"Stein!" cried back Wentworth, in amaze. "You here!"

"I don't know," answered Stein, with

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"THE SUFFERING MAN'S GAZE AGAIN SOUGHT THE DARK WATERS."

his patient but forcible utterance. "I hardly feel as if I were."

"How you talk!—what's come to you?" Wentworth blustered, wringing the man's hand, which, by-the-way, he noticed had not its usual grasp.

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"I'm ill, Wentworth."

"*You!*"

"It's a foolish matter, but a fact." Stein moved his head sharply within the gloom of the window, in momentary rebellion. "I'm well enough to walk, though, and I'll go over to the rocks with you, and we'll find out how it is we come to meet here. Wait a moment."

His face quite disappeared from the dim frame of wood-work, and Wentworth stood very still, smiling with surprise. When he heard his friend's step approaching the door to come out, his expression changed with a rather unlovely suddenness to that of deep concern. He was composed of subterfuge and dramatic feeling, as a Gothic structure is developed with rising curves and useless loop-holes. He was infinitely clever, and infinitely inhuman.

But Stein knew what his value was, and justly rated it very high; for it is seldom that we find an artificial man who has the lasting impressiveness of one of genuine qualities; yet Wentworth positively deserved as much admiration in the capacity of a creature of artificial civilization as we give to men endowed with natural beauties of character. Stein took him by the arm and led him to a point of rocks up which the tide was creeping more and more vigorously.

"You tread like a lost man," said Wentworth, tenderly, although his words were rough. The other sank down upon the rock, and leaned his head on his hand, not so much from weakness as because plunged into deep reflection, or rather an overwhelming sense of his circumstances.

"Is it the family disease?" asked Wentworth, after a short pause.

"Yes. I courted it. I won *that*."

Wentworth smiled over Stein's head as he exclaimed in response, "Oh, I seem to guess everything. You are love-sick?" And soon changing the smile to a sad apprehensiveness of expression, he went on: "There's no free girl under heaven whom you need lose, if you want her."

The invalid smiled himself, fixing his gaze upon the rising tide. "I don't believe in using artifice, or brute force, or servility, for my ends. In fact, I think there are few men less able to win a woman than I am, unless I can do it by the means of instinctive preference. Of course I thought she was mine. Did you ever meet Miss Guerrinar? She is the woman."

"Clover Guerrinar? I've heard of her. A great belle."

Stein answered with short breaths, heralding a coughing fit. "I hardly think of her beauty, having felt for so long that her face is life to me, from some power beneath the surface."

"Well," thought Wentworth, looking at his friend's pale bent profile with profound regret, "you won't live long if you don't have very much of her face, and very soon."

"We were engaged," Stein went on, turning more broadly toward his unexpected visitor; but as he spoke he shrank together, and held out his hand as if for help. Wentworth took it, and tears burned his eyes. He was astonished by his own emotion.

"This is abominable!" he blustered, angrily. "*You*, who used to look as if Death himself could not kill you, and your eyes had a white fire of health in them that never sank a moment! If my life would save you from this plight, old chum, I sincerely believe I'd give it."

"Thank you; you're a good fellow, when you're once touched, Wentworth." The suffering man's gaze again sought the dark waters leaping higher and higher, and his hand fell to the rock from his friend's. Soon, as he himself reflected, even those deadly waves would be less terrible to contemplate than his own form, and their cold touch less chilling than contact with his death-frozen cheeks. How strange it would be when the time came that Clover Guerrinar's truest lover should be dead!

"What refined reason was there for all this?" asked Wentworth, suddenly, with the flavor of a sneer. "You could not love a frivolous woman. What turned up?"

"It was a matter that might have been mended, perhaps, if treated with care," answered Stein; "but a mended crisis is not worth much. For one thing, she thought I looked down upon her with superiority, because I felt as if I encompassed her as a man would grasp a surpassing treasure. She said I wished to deprive her of the fresh air of untrammelled impulse; that she saw command in my glance, and perceived solicitous criticism in the tones of my voice. But if she rebelled against the laws of love, what could I do? I could not fawn upon her."

"And would fawning have brought

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her round?" asked Wentworth, after a thoughtful pause on his side.

"Yes. She wished my native pride to turn to fear and lowliness before her. But, on the contrary, as you may well understand, I was more proud and elated than before I met her. I had too much money, moreover, which is a fault usually pardoned, for she is not to be an heiress, and thought our fortunes ought to be more equal. She wished to confer as many benefits as she received. I think a poor limp devil might possibly catch her in her present mood; but if she remains unmarried more than a year, I doubt if she ever falls in love again. When strong girls like her get to thinking of absolute freedom, they seldom turn upon their steps. It is like a day sleep, which misses all that is bright, but is heavier than sleep at the proper time. I don't see what is to be done with these beautiful mutineers who grow so thickly now. They will cause trouble in the world."

"A poor limp devil might possibly catch her!" repeated Wentworth below his breath, and he looked out to sea with his mouth drawn down by his odd and frequent smile. "She might be almost fully punished, if any one would take the trouble."

"She is so proud herself, to an extent which is unjustifiable, that, having defied me, she would not yield a tithe of tenderness," Stein proceeded. "When we are made weak-armed as women, we may yield to them, but not yet. It is like expecting a general to withdraw from battle, and a battle which is to be decisive in benefit to his country. His country is honored by his stern patriotism, and he by his nationality. Both are disgraced by his passivity. You see I am dealing out to you some recluse thoughts."

A female voice close at hand put a stop to Stein's monologue. Wentworth looked up hastily, and Stein slowly. A dark-clad girl, with a round face full of expression, but from which the mobility which brought the expression seemed to have vanished, and with rippling waves of light hair upon her low forehead, stood listlessly upon the rock. But though her attitude was, as if from habit, almost somnolent in its calm poise, her eyes were fixed keenly upon the disappointed lover.

"You know you'll be worse after this," she said, her face, all but her lips, remaining immovable as a picture while she spoke. "It's getting so raw now." She turned away abruptly, and moved down the rugged side of the point until only her head and shoulders could be seen. Wentworth thought her a remarkably pretty creature for the place, and judged that she was probably the one charming exception to rough surroundings which almost always exists if we can but discover it.

"Thank you, Lina," answered Stein, with a gracious smile. "I shall come to the house like a good child." He got up, shaking his shoulders from the cold. His face looked white as the rim of foam around the creeping water, which nearly lapped Lina's feet. She turned her head again and looked up at him in the prettiest position imaginable, and with a still, dreamy expression, as if she was looking at a star—a thing as unattainable as the dead.

"I shall be ready with your whiskey and milk," she exclaimed, after the manner of an amateur physician, and went slowly to the cottage.

"Who is she?" asked Wentworth. "She's wonderfully complete."

"She is the daughter of my landlady," Stein answered. "They are all hugely kind to me."

"I wish I boarded here," muttered the visitor, slyly.

"Lina would be as difficult to flirt with as a statuette," Stein remarked, deprecatingly. "Did you observe her immobility? She has tremendous hidden impulses, however, and will perhaps make her way up to a high level. Her beauty certainly has great value when set off by this country region."

He invited Wentworth to his room, and as the evening was chilly, lighted some wood lying ready in the fire-place. Lina came, in a moment, with a steaming mug for the invalid, who was bending before the flames. The fire-light touched the rim of the girl's face, encircled by her pale rippling hair, and gave long flashes to her eyes. She stood behind Stein's chair, and handed the mug round to him from that humble vantage-ground.

"There's a fog coming to-night," she said, curtly.

"Ugh!" shuddered the sick man, "and the bell will keep me awake. The fog-bell," he added, turning from the fire to Wentworth, "is a horrible thing to hear. It sounds every minute, and seems to re-

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proach one for not being ready for burial."

A funereal silence followed Stein's complaint. As soon as he had taken his draught, Lina stooped over the chair and took the empty mug from his hand. Then she quickly left the room.

"My dear fellow, how came you in this place?" asked Wentworth, seating himself on the opposite side of the hearth. "Isn't the sea the worst medicine you could take for consumption?"

"At first I was better for coming here. If I am dying," said Stein, "it is because nothing can save me. I risked death, in my rage, after Clover threw me aside, and if I regret it now, that's all I shall get for my rashness. As for going to the tropics, it would be a death-like forfeit to pay for living, you know, to vanish forever from one's native shores."

"Good heavens, Stein! why don't you forget that girl, with all her notions and affectations? I'll allow she may be a goddess, but, pardon me, a goddess waterlogged with selfish fancies is of no more use than an old punt."

"You need to be pardoned," Stein murmured. "Well, what is the use of overawing one's weakness of heart when awake, if a dream can shake the bulwarks of determination apart at night? Miss Guerrinar appeals to me in dreams."

"That is rather unfair," cried Wentworth.

"Yes. But one is not surprised by any trickery or ill luck," the other severely answered, "after the trickery of death has laid hands upon one's youth."

"But what brings you here?" Wentworth ejaculated, endlessly, appalled at the whole situation. "Did you wish to try getting out of the world before you were compelled to? Excuse me again—but did you also wish to try small quarters? I am really provoked with you, my dear fellow, for slipping off like an old dog in this way."

Stein lifted his head, and stared at Wentworth with his large and luminous but weary eyes.

"I was yachting along the coast," he answered. "I had been off by myself for some days, when I had a storm to deal with that sent me on shore and smashed my yacht. Why should I drift on? These people picked me up, and I think they'll have to bury me. I came to land with as much money as will last me till I die. You are at the hotel, I suppose?"

"At the hotel. And as it's two miles from here, perhaps I'd better be on the way back. But I shall come to-morrow to see how you are. That girl predicted trouble from your being out in the wind." Wentworth spoke shortly, because despairing.

"Yes. But I shall try and throw off the ice incasing me. Hear the bell!" he added, with a shrinking start.

"Stein!"

He smiled in his quiet way. "You can not recall me to my old self, Wentworth. I am as easily flustered now as a partridge," he laughed, and his laugh ended in a coughing fit. The bell struck again.

Wentworth threw his hat out of his hand, and sat down in angry discomfort.

"I must stay here, old fellow," he exclaimed.

"Oh no," answered the sufferer, panting. "You see, I may not live through the night. I am no companion."

"I can not go."

"Do you feel so?" said Stein, looking round the room with knit brows, while the immitigable bell struck. "I'm afraid there's a meaning in it. How far off, and yet clear as a reflection in crystal, those college days of ours look now! If I'd only been to the theatre, Jim, and a little wild overnight, this would wear off, and my prime remain untried, as in the strong halcyon years we have just left."

Wentworth came quite simply and knelt down by Stein's chair.

"My dear friend, there is hardly a man of us better off than you are," he said, kindly uttering one of those truths which we ordinarily try to conceal from ourselves.

"It's good of you to cheer me in such a cheerless state," said the sick man, faintly; and the bell thrust his voice aside as if it were but the wind in a bough.

They grasped each other's hands for a moment. Suddenly Wentworth's sterling sympathy brought a change to the invalid's condition of mind. The tears which he saw in the eyes of his friend reminded him of those which Clover Guerrinar would have shed at seeing him this night. He seemed to see her with the marvellous distinctness with which love remembers. He looked longingly into the empty air, he heard her voice, he knew again their fitness for each other,

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which only a fatal accident of thought had hindered. The original courage of his demeanor and nobleness of expression returned with these earlier feelings.

"I shall not fear the night," he said. "My cowardice has gone. I was afraid to die an ignominious and obscure death, one of disease and desolation; but if I die with good cheer, it matters not from what cause or in what cause. My cough may try to unman me, the bell may toll, and the fog roll its winding-sheet against the window, but I shall not be overcome by them: I am more terrible than they! By-the-way, you wonder why I hid myself here. Because I would not have the woman I love surrender through pity for all life is worth. So even my family do not know my whereabouts of late. They are fortunately abroad."

"You think she loves you, then?" asked Wentworth.

"Oh no; but she will, when it is too late."

"Good God, Stein! no woman is worth your death. You were the bravest fellow of us all, the dearest companion we had, the purest example we knew. I hate her! What is she, who could learn your value, and then turn you off to the clutches of tragedy?" Wentworth sprang to his feet, and shook his tall, slender body, and clinched his hands as if grasping a knife and an enemy. His eyes shone with a fury of anger and hate which was the signal of the casting of a great epoch in his life. From that moment his forces for evil were gathered together in form and discipline. The man had reached the climax of his development according to his inborn proclivities. He was to be, for a period at least, an active instrument in the iconoclasm of wrong and despair. And his life would no doubt be the more flourishing for dealing wholly with savage instincts, since ingenious retaliation was one of his sturdiest inclinations.

"How can you speak so?" Stein said, in quiet tones of reproof.

Wentworth stamped his foot, and drew his head up like a stag's.

"As much as you love her, so I loathe her!" he cried, his lips white with the intensity of his passion. "But come, I must forget my own feelings, if I can, and see what is to be done for you. In all this fog and beating of a dismal bell and provincial destitution, can't I find some one who understands your case? Whom do you employ?"

Stein's dreamy gaze came back to the moment with a smile. He lifted his hand slightly from the table, pointing upward.

"God."

"And He kills!" was Wentworth's bitter comment, as he thrust his hands into his pockets with a mundane air of revolt.

Stein died, Wentworth having remained with him faithfully and devotedly to the end. The scheme of seeking Clover Guerrinar, and wreaking such punishment upon her as he could devise, grew in Wentworth's mind to engrossing proportions while he watched Stein fading out of existence. It was according to his calculations to conceal the death as much and as long as possible. He left the lonely village, the stretching beaches, the noble ocean, and hurried inland. It was a relief to him to get back to city life, for though his attention was wholly employed with a decidedly unconventional plan, yet the turmoil of a metropolis sanctioned the sophistication and cruelty of it far more easily than the broad light and sinewy honesty of Blue Harbor had done.

It took some time to discover the whereabouts of Miss Guerrinar, and during the interval the avenging friend went through an elaborate preparation for their meeting. He was practicing the part of an interesting man of weak nature—a nature which Miss Guerrinar was to be made to wish, overpoweringly, to round and strengthen. Of course Wentworth knew that he might fail of his object in every respect, but the very difficulty of the thing charmed him.

Some of his friends who happened upon him at this time, although it was naturally his wish to keep clear of them, asked him if he were in bad business luck, because he seemed so woe-begone. To this solution of his altered demeanor he readily gave sanction. They also sometimes took upon themselves to decide that the change in him came from disappointed affection. But as for him, he cared not what was thought, so long as Miss Guerrinar did not learn that he had once been noted for self-sufficiency and action.

Strange to say, an hour before he met her, and while anticipating with triumph the opening of his intercourse with the woman who, in his opinion, belonged to Stein still, he experienced a tremendous sensation. His knees shook, his shoulders seemed to be drawn back, and his

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chin sank upon his breast. He felt as if some one stronger than he had seized him in a powerful grasp, and was thrusting him away from the path he had chosen. He began to tremble from head to foot, and his heart shook his side; but at this point he smiled in his peculiar way, explaining his emotion to himself thus, "I thought you were after me, Stein; but it is only that my revenge is coming, and I love it like a bride."

He was introduced to Clover Guerrinar. And as he was a natural actor, the hesitation and embarrassment which he felt, and which suited his rôle well enough, since he was trying to cut a limpish figure, were genuine, and not due to stage fright. He was startled into eagerness at finding her the very remarkable person she was, but pretended admiring perplexity.

She looked at him in a kindly way, as if she noticed his embarrassment, and thought it came from awe at standing face to face with a young woman of so much beauty and well-known power. Wentworth rallied.

"You would make no mean adversary, Miss Guerrinar," he said. "I should almost be glad to have a conflict with you, mind to mind." He thought with zest of the actual warfare which he was intending to wage with her. He gazed upon her admiringly, and even allowed himself to measure her height.

"What an extraordinary sentiment!" she said, in surprise. "Why do you address me in this manner?"

He shrugged his shoulders, looking round the room, which was full of guests, and then answered:

"I have heard a great deal about you, but I was not fully prepared, nevertheless. I had been given to suppose that you were sometimes cruel, and you look to me like a generous woman."

She blushed, evidently displeased with his brusqueness, but he quickly added,

"I never can hold my tongue, and it is a bad weakness for me, since I am full of odd fancies."

These words arrested her attention, and she looked at him from under her bent brow, expecting to catch sight of some bravado in his aspect; but Wentworth played his chosen part to perfection, and looked as innocent and puzzled as a straying child.

"Who has told you that you have odd fancies?" she asked, condescendingly.

"I infer it: no one seems to understand me any better than you did just now."

"But I do not like them," she said, opening a large fan, and moving it with a grand motion, suggesting that she wished to ward off absurdities of all sorts.

"That is no news to me. I am snubbed by people, and they turn away from me mercilessly. I should be glad if some one would tell me the popular thing to say."

"I have snubbed you already, I am afraid," said she, laughing, "but I will not give you up in despair quite yet. You may call upon me, if you will, and I will be as lenient as I can possibly manage to be, whatever fancies may assume shape in your brain."

Wentworth colored, but merely because he was overjoyed with this opening to success. Miss Guerrinar set him down in her estimation as very emotional, and took a feminine satisfaction in finding him so, for however unreliable emotional men may prove to be after long trial, they serve to pass the time with piquancy, if they have any worth at all; and those of them who have real worth are both charming and rare.

Fortunately for the proper development of their acquaintance, as Wentworth would have termed it, she was making a winter's visit in Boston, which was foreign to them both, so that there were, on this account, no inquisitive and overzealous friends to remark upon the vast difference observable in the once efficient Wentworth, no one to alarm Miss Guerrinar by comments upon the incredible alteration in his manners and facial expression. Impecuniosity was one of his chosen cards; and another wise provision which he had made was never to talk about himself to her, unless by accident. But then he constantly created the accident which was necessary. Her own stability of character and pioneering spirit of quickly reaching to the roots of matters with a fearless interest made Wentworth's occasional bursts of confidence and the attitude which he at once assumed of looking to her for enlightenment and imagination seem to her reasonable, especially as she was accustomed to having her friends lean upon her greater mental and moral strength. She had been nurtured with all the discipline of a motherless only child. Pretty girls hung about her and tried to imbibe larger views of life, and

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elderly ladies consulted her seriously as to the styles of their caps and the propriety of their mantillas. Her lovers always told her that she had an ennobling effect upon them, and the heads of families exclaimed, "Ah, here comes Miss Clover; she is a model for all sensible attractiveness, girls!" There had been a time when Miss Guerrinar seemed to threaten to pass beyond the horizon of everybody's comprehension by preparing for college, but the terrible danger had been tided over by her engagement to Stein.

The young lady to whom Miss Guerrinar was making the winter's visit, on the occasion of her father's having temporary business in the city, was very much surprised to hear her call Wentworth her moral "pensioner," and laugh over him, in the early stages of their acquaintance, as a "boy man" who had not been taught the A B C of self-development.

"He strikes me," said Miss Dike, "as a person of considerable self-development. Just think how well he plays the piano, and how delightfully he tells a story! He appears to know a great deal too, upon all sorts of subjects, and in all sorts of languages. The trouble is, Clover, he is so much in love with you already that it makes him seem to you vapid."

"I don't believe even love can make a man of innate power vapid," answered Clover. "Sometimes it makes them altogether too domineering."

Miss Dike looked at her friend shyly, having no doubt that she bore Stein in mind.

"Well," she said, in a moment, "I only wish some of the others were as entertaining as your 'pensioner,' although he does have fits of the blues. And I have been told often, by my married friends, that it is wonderful to see how many young men can have the blues when you *come to discover!*"

"There is something in your argument," Clover replied, checking a laugh. "For I consider Mr. Wentworth to be particularly ingenuous, and I am sure that he turns his worst traits to view."

Miss Dike sighed.

"It is so dreadful," she said, "to know that I am so small and unoriginal that I shall always be patronized. If I should marry, I am quite certain that I should even ask my husband what color I must wear."

Clover moved her head with a weary dignity, and responded encouragingly.

"You will escape all the anxiety," she said, "of making great decisions for yourself. It is the law of my nature to make them, but it is an arduous fate." Her eyes filled with tears. She was more sensitive since the breaking of her engagement with Stein, and mourned the loss of him as though he were a dead lover, instead of, as she thought, a disappointing one.

The difference of opinion concerning Wentworth which the two young ladies revealed to each other was wholly due to his own efforts. He was afraid to have them agree about him, for in that case they would soon weary of referring to him at all; but if he could but manage to interest them both in different ways, there would be all the aid of pique, the love of argument and generous defense, and contrite admonitions of too much severity upon his side in their feminine conclaves. To Miss Dike, therefore, he ventured to exhibit more of his actual character than to Miss Guerrinar.

One of his frequent calls was upon a bracing, sparkling day in November, in which he found it difficult not to gush forth into all the vivacity and keenness of his temperament. Miss Guerrinar was more genial toward him than ever before, and looked so gentle as well as beautiful that as Wentworth sat himself down he was obliged to groan in a plaintive manner, or else give up to a flow of spirits altogether too good for his part.

"What is the matter now?" asked Clover, in concern.

"That I am alive now," he muttered. "This day makes me almost mad with energy, and yet it does not seem worth while to do anything. I've been marching through Boston looking at the statues of great men. Well, even their greatness could not prevent these motionless effigies of them from assuming their names, and playing a perpetual joke upon them for having lost their 'go.'"

"You know, I have no doubt, that these statues are due to the defective memories of the public, who must have something before their eyes in order to keep the thought of a great man before their minds. But I don't wonder you are discouraged, if you have been looking at monuments. I never look at them if I can help it."

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"You will not always be able to escape them," said Wentworth, with a keen glance.

"And shall I be paralyzed with regret by them?" she asked, smiling.

"We shall see."

"You speak as if you had a hidden meaning," she said. "Perhaps you expect to serve yourself up as a hero for my private destruction when I behold you in marble. You don't seem to have made much headway against your fancies, although I have given you so much good advice as to the necessity and means of doing so."

"I have taken all that you have said to me to *heart*," replied Wentworth, raising his eyebrows sadly, and looking upon the carpet in front of Clover's feet as if he longed to find himself prostrate there. "You have certainly led me to see what I need. If I had but been nurtured in an atmosphere of courage and faith!" He started up and went to the piano, and played some fine selections in a masterly manner. His musical performances were always welcome, because he had thoroughly cultivated himself in that line. It was an indication of fine elements in him that his taste was so good, and his touch so delicate as well as strong. At last, after a couple of futile attempts to get through a song of Schubert's without sighing, and putting his hand to his forehead as if in pain or perplexity, Wentworth whirled round on the piano-stool and stared at Clover stolidly.

"Have I given you pleasure?" he demanded.

"A great deal. I particularly like to hear the piano at home, and as I can not play well myself."

He slapped his gloves upon his knee as if applauding himself, and smiled with a gay toss of the head.

"I'm a lucky dog after all," he murmured, his eyes sparkling. "Do you know, I really am repaid for all the years I have filled with labor over my music. But when I play to myself alone now I seem to be trying to make some one listen who is not with me, and I play ever so softly to try to cheat the very atmosphere into carrying the notes through space to you; and if I grow very happy, and feel truly glad that I am playing, then I know that I have quite made myself believe that you are listening. I say 'you' because you are the only person to whom my music has ever been of value."

"Are you sure of knowing that no one valued it?"

"At any rate, I am sure I did not care as to that until now. And if any one had really approved I suppose I should have been thankful. Approbation is so sweet."

"You think I approve of you, then?"

Wentworth looked frightened.

"Just stop there, please," he said, concisely.

"Why?"

He turned his face, thinned and pale with low diet, away from her glance. At last he answered: "It is sometimes better to think than to know. Are you generous enough to let me be?"

As if crushed and terrified at the near possibility of an avowal that she did not care for him, he hurried away.

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF HAWAIIAN HISTORY.

FROM 1838 till 1843 the Hawaiian Islands were a bone of contention. Intrigues were constantly set on foot by agents and subjects of France and England, having for their object the subversion of the native government and the seizure of the islands. In 1839 the French compelled the king, Kamehameha III., to comply with certain unwarrantable demands, and as a security for future good behavior to deposit $20,000. It was thought that the demand was made in expectation that the king would be unable to comply, and that thus the French would have an excuse to seize the group. The American merchants came forward and raised the sum, and the peril was for the time averted.

But the plots continued, and in 1842 the British consul, Richard Charleton, a coarse and illiterate man, incited by an ambitious adventurer, one Alexander Simpson, endeavored to involve the native government in difficulties that would result in hoisting the British flag over the group. In the same year Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company's territories, visited the islands. An English gentleman of liberal views, he would not lend himself to the intrigues of

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his countrymen, albeit one of them was his nephew, and by his advice the king, harassed on all sides, decided to send commissioners to the United States, England, and France to try to obtain, if possible, a definite acknowledgment of his kingdom and sovereignty.

To this important embassy were appointed Rev. William Richards, formerly one of the American missionaries, but who had been for some time acting as adviser to the king, and Haalileo, a native chief. They quietly embarked in a small schooner for Mazatlan, and crossed Mexico to Vera Cruz. As soon as it was known that they had left the islands on this mission, the British consul, Charleton, also secretly embarked for London, *viâ* Mexico, to lay his complaints before the British government, leaving Simpson as deputy to carry out their joint designs, whom, however, the Hawaiian government declined to recognize.

On the Mexican coast Charleton fell in with Lord George Paulet, commanding her British Majesty's frigate the *Carysfort*, and made his lordship, as his course afterward showed, a convert to his schemes, and by his formal and plausible complaints against the king induced Rear-Admiral Thomas, commanding the British squadron on that station, to order the *Carysfort* to Honolulu for the purpose of investigating the alleged grievances.

On his arrival Lord Paulet, a hot-headed young nobleman, readily lent himself to the designs of Simpson, without inquiring into the merits of the case, dazzled by the idea of so early in his career making a brilliant stroke for his country, and extending her drum-beat round the world by one more station. Making outrageous demands upon the king, at the cannon's mouth, compliance with which he knew would be impossible, he required, as an alternative, the immediate cession of the kingdom to England, or he would open fire upon the city and declare war in the name of Great Britain.

In this terrible crisis the proclamation issued by this native king to his people is so touching and so king-like that I will quote it here:

"Where are you, chiefs, people, and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands!

"Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficulties into which I have been brought without cause; therefore I have given away the life of our land. Hear ye! But my rule over you, my people, and your privileges, will continue, for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct is justified.

"Done at Honolulu, Oahu, this twenty-fifth day of February, 1843.

"KAMEHAMEHA III.
"KEKAULUOHI."

Lord Paulet took formal possession of the islands, installing himself as governor of her Majesty's new dominion, destroyed every Hawaiian flag he could get hold of, and placed an embargo on every native vessel, so that no one could go out and carry the news.

An American man-of-war, the *Boston*, Captain Long, had come in a few days before the cession. Captain Quackenbush, late of Norfolk, Virginia, was then a midshipman on board of her. The Americans were very indignant. They had their guns double shotted in hopes of an opportunity to interfere, but, being on a cruise, could not go out of their way to carry the news, and could only remain neutral.

Lord Paulet would thus have cruelly prevented the king from communicating with his ambassadors who were abroad successfully working for the acknowledgment of his independence, hoping to commit the home government to an acceptance of this "voluntary" cession at the cannon's mouth before the other side of the story could be represented to it. His young lordship and Simpson chuckled over the success of the stroke by which they had, as they supposed, closed every avenue of egress for Hawaiian vessels, and secured the arrival of their own dispatches in England in advance of every other version of the story. Yankee shrewdness was, however, too much for his lordship's plans.

It happened that the king had chartered his own yacht *Hoikaika* (Swift Runner), previously to the cession, to an American house for a voyage to Mazatlan and back. Lord Paulet, anxious to get possession of the only creditable craft at the islands in order to send Simpson as his bearer of dispatches to England by the speediest way, and being prevented by its charter from seizing the vessel without the consent of the American house, offered, in case they would relinquish their charter, to allow them to send an agent on the ship to attend to their business on the coast, and to bring down any freight

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on the return trip, thereby saving them the whole expense of the charter.

It must be remembered that in those days communication between the islands of the Pacific and the coast was very infrequent, depending on merchant ships that came from Boston twice a year, except for occasional chance vessels.

Lord Paulet rightly conjectured that the Yankee merchants would jump at the offer to have all their business transacted at his expense, but he little dreamed of all the use that might be made of the opportunity he was giving them.

The officers of the *Boston*, who would have been glad of an excuse for a forcible interference with his lordship's plans, not being allowed that pleasure, consoled themselves by giving a ball on board, to which the officers of the *Carysfort* were not invited.

I was then a young merchant in Honolulu, and attended the ball with many other of the American residents. At its height I was quietly invited into the cabin of the *Boston*, where I found Captain Long, Dr. Judd—previously a prominent American missionary, then acting as the king's minister—and other influential citizens and warm friends of the king. Here I was told of the king's desire to send an envoy to England to present his protest against Lord Paulet's act of violence, and his answer to the charges against him, and to demand the restitution of his sovereignty. I was informed also of the opportunity offered to the firm of Ladd and Co. of sending a messenger to the coast in the yacht.

Ladd and Co., who were warm friends of the island government, had proposed that the king should send a secret ambassador, in the character of their commercial agent, thus turning Lord Paulet's master-stroke against himself in the neatest possible way.

I was asked if I would go in this double capacity of ostensible supercargo and actual minister plenipotentiary.

Mr. Charles Brewer, who was one of the council, a noble-hearted man, with whom I was about associating myself in business—now enjoying a green old age in Boston—not only gave consent to my going, but agreed to advance for the king the necessary funds, and take his pay in *fire-wood*, all the king's other revenues having been cut off.

I readily accepted the commission. No time was to be lost. Lord Paulet had rechristened the *Hoikaika* as "her Majesty's tender *Albert*," and was fitting her out with all possible dispatch.

The king and his premier, a princess almost equal in rank, without whose signature none of his acts was valid, had left the island of Oahu immediately upon the cession, and in sullen dignity of despair buried themselves among the mountains of the adjacent island of Maui, leaving Dr. Judd, his minister, to represent and protect his interests—a man of indomitable courage, unusual ability, and unflinching devotion to his sovereign.

Those happy isles in that day did not boast a lawyer. My credentials were copied verbatim, except necessary variations, from an old Blue-book containing the credentials of John Adams as the first American minister to England. Mine were a commission as "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of St. James, from the *Native King* of the Hawaiian Islands," the title Kamehameha was allowed by Lord Paulet to retain, with some half-dozen other blank commissions signed by the king and premier, to be filled out by myself for other countries as occasion might require. These were rendered necessary by the uncertainty of my finding the king's other ambassadors, Haalileo and Richards, with whom, in case I did find them, I was to associate myself.

The papers were drawn up by Dr. Judd and a confidential clerk at midnight, in the royal tomb in Honolulu, with a king's coffin for a table. So secret was it necessary to keep the transaction that even this clerk was not trusted with the name of the ambassador, which was left to be inserted by myself after I had sailed. The papers prepared, a canoe with picked crew of Kanakas was dispatched from a distant point of the island to summon his Majesty and his suite to a midnight council. Crossing the boisterous channel in this frail conveyance, they landed at midnight on the shores of Waikiki, a suburb of Honolulu, and in its cocoa-nut grove, by the light of torches, my credentials received the signature and seal of the king and his *kuhina-nui*—"great minister"—Kekauluohi, the "big-mouthed queen." Then, the king and his attendants returned to their mountains, without Lord Paulet having a suspicion that they had ever left them.

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The American consul at Honolulu took advantage of the opportunity also to make me the bearer of his dispatches to Washington, with details of the cession, which would, of course, have momentous interest to the American government, and the protest of the American residents against the act of Lord Paulet.

All the hurried preparations being completed, "H. B. M.'s tender *Albert*" sailed on the eleventh day of March, 1843, for San Blas, commanded by a midshipman from the *Carysfort* and two old men-of-war's men, with a crew of eight Kanakas, and two passengers, one of whom was Mr. Alexander Simpson, late "deputy consul," now special bearer of dispatches to her Majesty from the "Governor of the Sandwich Islands," the other one myself.

After a thirty days' voyage we landed at San Blas on the 10th of April, and engaged our mules and guides for Tepic, the city, thirty miles inland, of which San Blas is the sea-port. It is a handsome city, healthy, and pleasantly situated on high ground. We reached it the following day, and were received with princely hospitality by the British consul-general, Mr. Barron, a wealthy merchant who had married a Mexican lady of rank, and was a very influential citizen. I had been his guest three years before, on my first trip across Mexico to the United States, and had received many attentions from him.

All the way over Mr. Simpson had been pouring out upon the young midshipman commander, who had plenty of time to converse while his old tars took care of the ship, his expectations of the lionizing he should receive at Tepic. He lost no time to inform the consul-general, with no little self-complaceny, of the glorious news that the Hawaiian Islands were under the British flag, through their "voluntary" cession by the king. Mr. Barron listened in unconcealed amazement to his startling and excited statements, appearing to notice from time to time the utter silence which I maintained all the while. When they were finished he rose and invited me into his private office, as if on the business of Ladd and Co., whose agent he was.

Arrived in his private office, Mr. Barron requested me to give him a full statement of the remarkable affair, which, he was convinced, must have another side from that which Mr. Simpson had so fluently set forth. Knowing that I was speaking to an honorable man with the Briton's love of fair play, I did exactly what I was asked to do, explaining the facts of the case, and that the king, far from having made a voluntary cession of his domain, as stated by Mr. Simpson, had made one under protest to save bloodshed. I showed him my own commission from his Majesty, and his protest against this outrage to the Queen of England, and request for redress and the restoration of his sovereignty. I told him that the officers of the Hudson Bay Company and other leading Englishmen in Honolulu disapproved of the outrage, and that any fair tribunal would dismiss as baseless the charges against the king upon which the demands had been made. I explained that, under this pressure, the king had made the cession under protest, relying upon the justice and magnanimity of England for investigation, restitution of his rights, and restoration to his throne.

Mr. Barron thanked me for the information I had given him, and assured me that he would take the same pains to forward me on my way to England that he did to send Mr. Simpson, promising at the same time to keep my secret from him.

Returning to the parlor, he said to Mr. Simpson: "This is indeed very great news that you have brought, and much as I should be pleased to have you stay and partake of our hospitalities, it is of the utmost importance that you reach England without delay. I will have your mules and muleteer and guide in readiness for you to start early to-morrow morning." Turning to me, he said, in a way not to excite Simpson's suspicion: "As you will have plenty of time here, would you not like to take a trip to the city of Mexico? If so, you can go with Mr. Simpson, and I can furnish you with the animals." I replied that I should be very glad to go. The *ci-devant* British consul and prospective Governor of the Hawaiian Islands looked somewhat dashed at being so speedily turned off. It was not so much like being lionized as he had expected.

In those days the travel on the west coast of America was by horses and mules, with pack-saddles for the baggage; there were no public conveyances. We left Tepic April 12, reached Guadalajara on the 16th, and on the 21st arrived at Lagos, where we took the diligence for the city of Mexico, where we arrived on the 25th.

The next day I called on the American

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consul, Mr. Black, and with him on Hon. Waddy Thompson, the American minister, telling them the news I had brought and my own errand. On the 28th Simpson and I started in the diligence for Vera Cruz.

The same day we reached the beautiful Puebla de los Angeles (City of the Angels), where we passed the night. The next day we arrived at Perote, where I met Mr. Southall, bearer of dispatches from Washington to our minister in Mexico, and learned from him my first tidings of the Hawaiian ambassadors, Richards and Haalileo, with whom I was to be associated, they having gone to Washington with him.

On the 30th we passed through Jalapa, a beautiful town in a healthy situation, a place of resort for citizens of Vera Cruz in seasons of *vomito*, which I learned was then raging with great violence in that city. But I heard that a vessel was about to sail from there, so kept on my way with Mr. Simpson, and reached Vera Cruz on May-day.

Mr. Simpson at once embarked on the English steam-packet for Havana. I, having dispatches for Washington, was to take the schooner advertised to sail for New Orleans. Imagine my dismay at learning that her destination had been changed! Here was a situation—vomito raging, my beloved friend the consul on his way to England, and no vessel up for any port! The prospect was not cheering.

On May 10 I sailed for New Orleans in the brig *Architect*, and after a most vexatious delay at the Balize, waiting for a tow-boat to cross the bar, we reached New Orleans on the 22d—two hours too late for the daily train for Mobile.

Here I was told that I might possibly reach Boston in time for the steamer of June 1, provided no accident occurred to the mail train. To do so would, however, be to make the quickest time ever made, while delays were the rule rather than the exception.

My arrival with the news of the seizure of the islands caused great excitement in New Orleans, where there was already strong feeling against England, on account of real or supposed interference with the affairs of Texas, then fighting for her independence. An interesting circumstance of my brief stay in the city was the accidental discovery of the fate of the first California gold-dust ever brought to the States.

On May 23, at 3 P.M., I started in the cars for Lake Pontchartrain, the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune* accompanying me to interview me on the sensation of the day. After three years' absence from my native country I found myself hurrying through it, with no time to visit a *fiancée* in Mobile, or a father and mother in Boston. Arrived at Mobile, however, I found that we had to wait over six hours. Fortune was but mocking me—the young lady had sailed the day before for Boston.

On May 27 I found myself in Charleston, greatly elated at having got so far without serious delay. In fact, we reached Charleston two days ahead of the mail which left New Orleans when I did. I felt sure, therefore, of reaching Boston in time for the steamer of June 1, as there were seldom delays north of Charleston.

For the first time in the season the Charleston steamer failed to make her appearance on time. This blasted my hopes of reaching Boston in time, and compelled me to spend the Sabbath in Charleston, somewhat consoled by the thought that the delay would give me fifteen days with my family while waiting for the next steamer. I left Charleston May 29. An alternative still existed of taking a sailing vessel from New York instead of the steamer from Boston, and, to miss no possible chance of proceeding on my mission, I passed through Washington without stopping to deliver my dispatches in person, intrusting them to the care of my naval friend Lieutenant Brodie, who pledged himself to deliver them from his own hand to Mr. Legaré, then acting Secretary of State, which he did in due time.

I reached New York June 1—too late, by *a quarter of an hour*, for the London packet ship *George Washington*. I tried, like my indomitable antitype Mr. Phileas Fogg, to charter a steamer to put me on board of the ship, but was told it was of no use, as she had a fair wind, so refrained from going to his lengths of seizing the steamer and putting her captain in irons, but gave it up and went on to Boston, reaching home June 2, to the astonishment of my parents, who, having had no warning of my coming, thought I had dropped from the clouds, and were almost as much astonished as if I had, when told of my rank and my mission, extraordinary and plenipotentiary.

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Learning that Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, was then at his Boston residence, I called upon him, June 4, with James Jackson Jarves, the well-known art critic and historian of the Sandwich Islands, and Henry A. Pierce, afterward American minister to Hawaii, whose place in a business firm I was about to take on my return to Honolulu. My object in calling on Mr. Webster was to consult him as to my mission, and to engage the interest of the United States government. I well remember his majestic presence and deep, cavernous eyes. He said unequivocally that the United States would interfere if the British government did not disavow the acts of Lord Paulet. To use his own language: "We will await the result of your mission. If England does not then disavow the acts of Lord George Paulet and restore the group, *we'll make a fuss.*" Mr. Webster gave me strong letters to our American ministry at the court of St. James, the Hon. Edward Everett.

On the 14th of June I embarked at last, on the steamer *Acadia*, of the Cunard Line. As we passed down the harbor she fired a salute of twenty-one guns for President Tyler, just coming into Boston.

We landed at Liverpool June 28. June 30 I called on our minister, Mr. Everett, in London. I told him of my errand in England, laid my papers before him, and learned that Mr. Simpson had arrived only seven days before me. If I had not missed the steamer, I should have been a week in advance of him. As Mr. Everett examined my high-sounding credentials his habitually grave countenance relaxed in a smile. My papers made me actually outrank himself, as I was made ambassador not only to England, but to any other country of the world. He said, "You are very young to have such an important mission," to which I replied with becoming modesty that his Majesty depended on the justice of his cause rather than on the experience of his ambassador.

I learned from Mr. Everett that Mr. Richards and chief Haalileo were in Paris, but expected to return soon to London, and he advised me to notify them of my arrival, and wait for them there. I did so, taking lodgings at No. 1 Bury Street, St. James, paying the moderate sum (for a royal ambassador) of three shillings and sixpence per day.

Mr. Everett had already, I found, had an interview with Lord Aberdeen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister, on the Hawaiian question, on behalf of the United States; and though England had not officially disavowed the act of Lord George Paulet, we had some intimations that such might be the result. She was waiting to hear the whole story. My first interview with Mr. Everett left me much encouraged with the prospects of my mission.

On the 12th of July, not having heard from my associates, with Mr. Everett's advice I addressed a note to the Earl of Aberdeen, inclosing a copy of my credentials, and requesting an interview. The same evening a flunky in full livery, with a letter for me bearing the seal of the Foreign Office, called at the lodgings of the "minister plenipotentiary," evidently exalting him greatly in the astonished eyes of his landlady, which were beginning to look with some suspicion upon a lodger of modest bearing without apparent occupation or visible means of support.

The note was from the Under Secretary, and read as follows:

"Mr. Addington presents his compliments to Mr. Marshall, and, by desire of the Earl of Aberdeen, requests that Mr. Marshall will call on Mr. Addington at this office on Friday next at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Foreign Office, 12 *July*, 1843."

I found Mr. Addington very affable in manner. He courteously offered me a chair and a wet blanket, saying that Lord Aberdeen desired him to say to me that the English government could not recognize me as "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary" of the King of the Sandwich Islands, as they knew no such person, the late king having ceded his islands to Great Britain, and having therefore no power to appoint an envoy to that government.

I replied that by the terms of the cession his Majesty Kamehameha III. had retained the title of "Native King," by which title I had designated him in my communication to Lord Aberdeen; that I had no anxiety to be, nor much expectation that I should be, recognized as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary, but had forwarded my credentials to him simply to show that I was fully empowered to represent the "native king"; that if Lord Aberdeen would recognize me as the king's accredited agent, and afford me the opportunity of presenting his letters

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and the proofs which I had of the injustice with which he had been treated, and the manner in which he had been compelled to cede his kingdom, my object would be accomplished.

Mr. Addington said that the English government had not been desirous of assuming any jurisdiction at the Sandwich Islands, or interfering with the king's sovereignty, but that the charges against him were very serious, and must be disposed of, or the king must grant redress. I expressed my full confidence that a thorough investigation would dispose of them to the satisfaction of the English government. We had a long conversation on the subject of the cession and the circumstances which had led to it, and I left much encouraged by the candid way in which Mr. Addington seemed disposed to consider the matter.

Almost as soon as I reached my lodgings after this interview Mr. Richards and Haalileo arrived there. They had come post-haste from Paris on getting my second letter from London, which was the first to reach them. We spent the rest of the day in discussing the startling events which had occurred at the islands since they left, and in laying out our plan of attack upon the British lion. I took up my quarters thenceforth with the other members of the embassy, at St. Paul's Coffee-house, St. Paul's Church-yard, from which we laid siege to Downing Street.

I called with Mr. Richards at the office of the Hudson Bay Company, all of whom favored the cause of the king, and expressed indignation at the outrages brought about by one who had been in their employ, and who was a nephew to so prominent a member of the company as Sir George Simpson.

On the 21st I commenced copying for presentation to the Foreign Office through Mr. Addington, who had agreed at our interview to receive my statements, the long letter of Dr. Judd to the ministers, and portions of the charges brought by the Hawaiian government against Simpson for having violated all the rules of diplomatic courtesy.

On the 22d of July we were agreeably surprised by the arrival of Mr. Peter A. Brinsmade from Belgium, full of his scheme, the then famous Belgian contract, for establishing a Belgian colony at the islands.

Mr. Brinsmade was one of the partners of Ladd and Co., the American firm at Honolulu, as whose ostensible agent I was enabled to leave the islands, as I have related. Before that event the king, feeling his inability to cope single-handed with intriguing powers, had given authority to Ladd and Co. to form a company of capitalists in Europe and the United States to develop the agricultural resources of the islands, and be as a barrier between him and the designs of any foreign nation upon his sovereignty. Mr. Brinsmade, a gentleman of good education and address, had been for a year or more in Europe working for this project, and had finally succeeded through the "Belgian Company of Colonization." A company had been formed with ample capital, and with King Leopold as president. The Belgian government had favored the scheme in the hope of finding a new market for Belgian manufactures, making investments at the islands, and establishing profitable business there, sugar-growing, etc. The contract was drawn up by which all the unsold government lands at the islands were to be placed under control of this company, and the stores and warehouses and sugar plantations of Ladd and Co. were to be purchased by them. Mr. Brinsmade had informed his partners, Ladd and Co., of his success, and it was to meet him and bring him back to the islands with the first installment of the purchase-money that they chartered the king's yacht to go to San Blas. Just as the contract was ready for the signatures the news of the seizure of the islands came like an extinguisher, and stopped all proceedings. The firm were under pecuniary embarrassments from which they would have been relieved by this negotiation, and Mr. Brinsmade realized that for them, as for the islands, everything was at stake. His talents had been at the service of Messrs. Richards and Haalileo from the time of their arrival, and he had been of very great help to them, having written nearly if not quite all of their dispatches to the governments from which they were seeking recognition of Hawaiian independence. He immediately entered heart and soul with us into the work of presenting our case to the British government.

We had also the advice of Sir Henry Pelly, home governor of the Hudson Bay Company, who had promised to see Lord Aberdeen personally, and urge upon

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him the prompt consideration of the case. All our dispatches were submitted to him before being sent to the Foreign Office.

An amusing dilemma embarrassed us verdant diplomatists at the outset of our proceedings. As I had now, according to my instructions, become associated with Messrs. Richards and Haalileo, the dispatches were to be signed by all three of us. We pondered long over the momentous question as to how the Earl of Aberdeen should be addressed in them. The ordinary phrase "My lord" seemed *singular* for a *plural* signature. The native chief suggested that "*Our* lord" would be proper. Our missionary associate thought that savored of irreverence. Another proposed "*O* lord," which was open to the same objection. We finally surmounted the difficulty by considering that our three signatures together meant Kamehameha III., and began it "My lord," which passed muster with our Hudson Bay House censor.

Our method of concocting this momentous document, upon which, as we believed, hung the fate of a nation, was on this wise: All four of us, sitting round a large table in our lodgings, under the shadow of St. Paul's, would take up the points one by one, and each write what he thought was the best thing to say, and the best way to say it; then each would read aloud his own production. But we almost invariably adopted the language of Mr. Brinsmade, who proved himself a born diplomatist, and to whom for his services in drawing up these dispatches, which were complimented by the Earl of Aberdeen as being "remarkably strong and well written," the Hawaiian government owes a debt it has ill repaid.

Going in one day to the office of the Hudson Bay Company to leave one of our dispatches for the perusal of Sir Henry Pelly, I found that Mr. Simpson had been in the day before and left one of his —"a weak presentment of a weak case," in Sir Henry's estimation.

On the 24th of July we finished our dispatches to Lord Aberdeen, transmitting with them copies of all the documents relating to the cession which had passed between Lord George Paulet and the Hawaiian government. On the 7th of August we sent him a dispatch presenting the defense of the Hawaiian government against the charges made by Lord Paulet, and its appeal to the British government and to British love of justice and fair play for redress. This was acknowledged by Lord Aberdeen to be a very strong document. It took up all the charges against the government *seriatim*, answered and disproved them.

Three days of suspense followed, one of which, my twenty-fourth birthday, I spent at the White Hart Inn, and visiting Windsor Castle and Hampton Court. We were invited to dine with the great philanthropist Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who was at that time engaged in her noble efforts for prison reform. I anticipated the meeting with great pleasure, but the sudden illness of Haalileo prevented the fulfillment of our engagement. Mrs. Fry, however, sent us a very elegant Bible, which was to have been given us at the dinner, for presentation to his Majesty Kamehameha III. During my stay in London the Hawaiian embassy declined all invitations to public receptions, both from the court and the American Legation, having no time or money to spare for such occasions.

I was in nervous anxiety to conclude our negotiations and get away. There was no Pacific Railroad or Isthmus route in those days, and if I missed the fall trading ship from Boston to Honolulu, *viâ* Cape Horn, I might have to wait six months. On the 9th of September, not having heard from our document, we sent an urgent note to the Earl of Aberdeen, requesting an early decision, "as Mr. Marshall, one of the commissioners, was compelled to return soon to the islands." Hearing nothing by the 12th, I addressed a note in my own name to Mr. Addington, requesting a private interview with him, and received a prompt reply, appointing Monday the 14th. At my interview, I explained my personal reasons for desiring to know as early as possible how far the representations which, with my associates, I had had the honor to make to the Foreign Office had exonerated the king from the charges made by Lord Paulet, and whether the decision of the British government could not be given before I returned to the islands.

Mr. Addington replied somewhat coldly that our statements had been received, but whether they had had the effect we expected he could not say; that the opposing statements were so contradictory that it was very difficult to decide between the parties; that the facts seemed to be that the government of the islands was administered by foreigners, and that there

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was a continual struggle between two parties bitterly hostile to each other to obtain the control. All he could tell me at present was that a person had been appointed as consul-general; that he would leave as soon as possible for the islands, and had been instructed in relation to the adjustment of the difficulties. He said, further, that the Foreign Office had just been informed that the King of the Sandwich Islands had granted to an American blank assignia which gave him power to dispose of all the lands at the islands. If such were the case it showed a weakness on the part of the king which demonstrated his unfitness to rule.

I replied that I would at once deny the truth of any such charge, not from my present knowledge of the facts, but from my knowledge of the king's character, and that I would pledge myself to disprove the charge within twelve hours. I then made an urgent appeal through him to Lord Aberdeen to allow the commissioners to be heard, and to have the case settled in London, in order that their pending negotiations with other powers might not be embarrassed. Mr. Addington promised to repeat our conversation to Lord Aberdeen, and to let us know the determination of the government in regard to the proposed reference as soon as possible.

On my return from this interview I related its substance to my fellow-envoys, and they approved of the views I had urged upon Mr. Addington, that it would be for the interest of both nations to have the new consul-general begin his career unembarrassed by all these old claims which had brought the Hawaiian government to the brink of ruin—and agreed with me that strong effort should be made to have the troubles all settled before he should leave for his post. Mr. Brinsmade was justly indignant at the charge made against the king in regard to the blank assignia of power to sell Hawaiian lands, and laid before me the king's contract with Ladd and Co. and all the documents relating to the organization of the Belgian Company under that contract. They were as complete an answer as I had supposed to Lord Aberdeen's charges. I wrote immediately to Mr. Addington, requesting another interview, and permission to bring with me the American referred to by the charges. I received a prompt reply appointing an interview at two the next day, whereupon we prepared another letter to the Earl of Aberdeen.

On Tuesday, the 15th, punctual to appointment, Mr. Addington received us at the Foreign Office. I introduced Mr. Brinsmade as the American who held the contract which had been so misrepresented to the Foreign Office, and who would read it and explain to Mr. Addington the steps which had been taken under it. Mr. Addington was evidently taken by surprise by my prompt production of the contract and its holder, and still more so on seeing for himself its nature and terms, which were simply to the effect that the king granted these lands and privileges on condition that a joint-stock company should be formed, the stock of which should be offered for sale in England, France, and the United States, providing that the king's sovereignty should be guaranteed, and his rights amply secured. This, of course, was complete disproval of the charge that the king had sold his sovereignty or shown any partiality to the United States.

Mr. Addington on reading the contract and hearing Mr. Brinsmade's report of his action in furtherance of it, expressed his satisfaction that the matter had been misrepresented.

I followed up this advantage by urging the equal falseness of the other charges of national partiality on the part of the king, and stated that the appointment of Dr. Judd, of the American mission, as the king's prime minister, an appointment which had been instanced as proof of such partiality, had, in fact, been made at the suggestion of an Englishman, Sir George Simpson. Mr. Addington asked me how it was that the Americans seemed to prefer French occupation to that of the English. I replied that the Americans did not fear French competition, but that they felt that if the English took possession their trade would be ruined. This idea seemed rather gratifying to British pride. Mr. Addington requested a copy of the king's contract with Ladd and Co., for the satisfaction of Lord Aberdeen, and informed us that the council was then deliberating upon the Sandwich Islands question, and that we should know its decision at as early a period as possible.

I returned to our rooms, copied the contract, and sent it to the Foreign Office the same evening. We felt that the end of our warfare was at hand.

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On Wednesday, August 16, we sent another dispatch to the Foreign Office, urging in the strongest possible terms that the decision of the government should be made there in London, so that its new representative at the islands might enter upon his duties with a clean-swept field. We thought that Lord Aberdeen would by this time be glad to decide the matter to get rid of us, and that on receiving this last dispatch from "St. Paul's Coffee-house, St. Paul's Church-yard," he would exclaim,

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."

We formally proposed in this letter to submit the whole matter to the decision of the law advisers of the Crown, confident of British love of fair play.

The same day I received a note from Mr. Addington, appointing an interview for the next. The interview was a most satisfactory one. Our proposal was accepted, and we received from Lord Aberdeen, through the Under Secretary, very satisfactory assurance that we had made out our case, that the Sandwich Islands had been misrepresented, and that the British government would do it justice.

My own share of the work was accomplished. Leaving my associates to receive the formal announcement of the government's decision, which was rendered in accordance with its pledges, I caught the first steamer—*Britannia*, April 20—to Boston, where I took unto myself a wife, and embarked with her for the Sandwich Islands, November 12, on the good ship *Congaree*. Our "wedding journey" of five months at sea, without sight of land, I commend to all young married couples as the most efficient method of getting acquainted with each other.

After the usual perils and pleasures of a Cape Horn passage, we arrived, April 8, off Diamond Head, the whole cost of my embassy to the court of St. James and return having amounted to $1995 95—in firewood—an account which would compare quite favorably, I imagine, with those of other royal ambassadors.

Neither the king's finances nor my own private means justified any display on the occasion of his ambassador's successful return, but he sent his own double canoe to bring my bride and myself on shore, where we were received with open arms and cordial greeting by the king and all loyal to his cause. The news of the success of my embassy had, of course, been anticipated by the overland mail which bore my dispatches. My own emotions were unutterable on again seeing the Hawaiian flag floating over the palace and the shipping.

On landing, the first news I learned was that Admiral Thomas, in command of the English squadron in the Pacific, had hastened down immediately on receiving Lord Paulet's dispatches, and the urgent letters of his old friend Mr. Barron from Tepic, and had restored the islands on the 31st of July, 1843, to the sovereignty of their rightful king, with imposing ceremonies.* Amidst the boom of cannon from all the vessels in the harbor, including the *Carysfort*, the British flag was lowered, and the Hawaiian colors hoisted on every available flag-staff in the city, the British landing and saluting them.

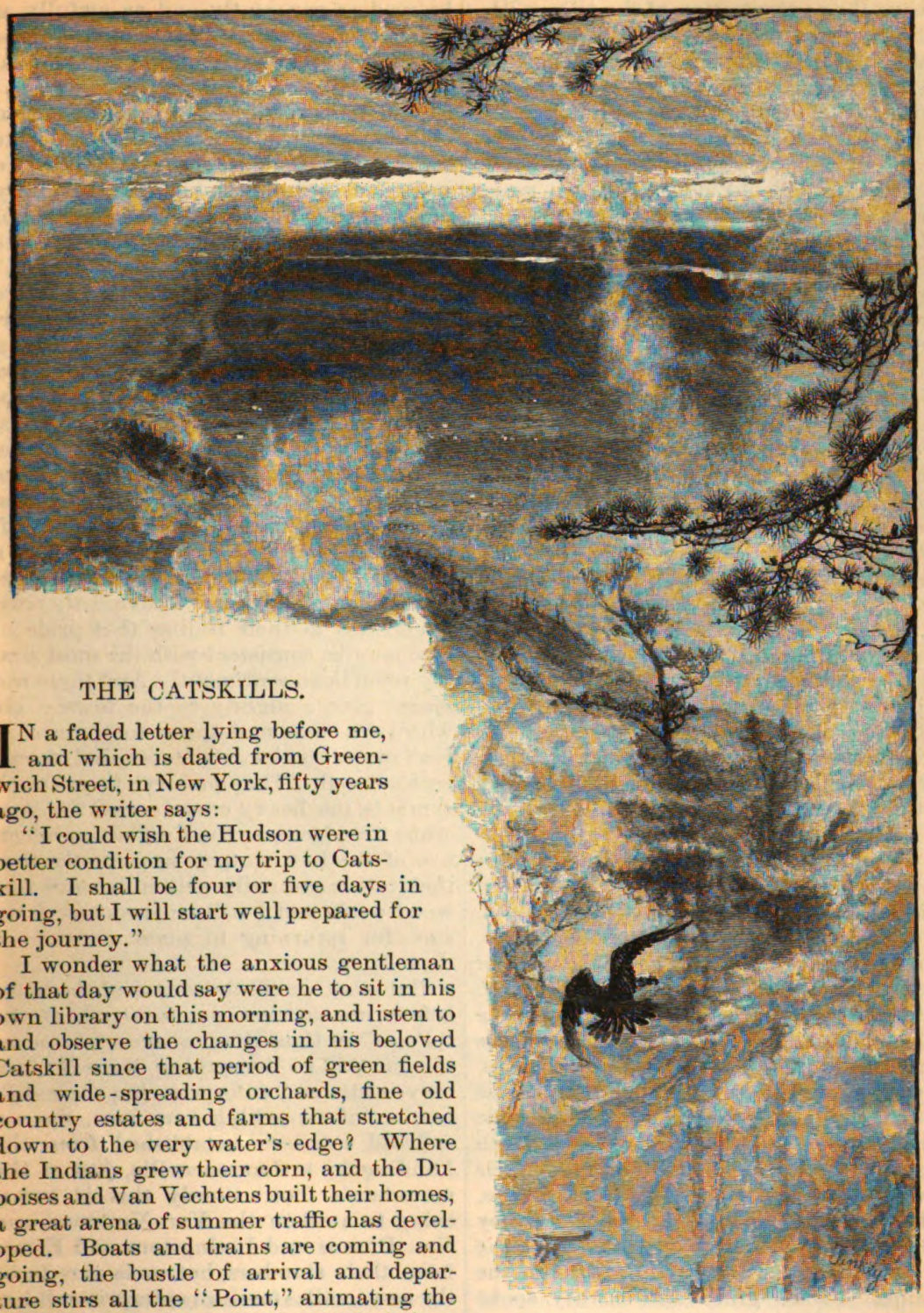
Admiral Thomas was, however, too careful of British interests and his own position to give up the islands except as "pending the decision of the British government," and meanwhile took up his residence in Honolulu, ready to seize them again if such should be his orders. England herself lingered over the negotiations, chiefly to make time to assure herself that France would not run off with the *bon morceau* if she dropped it.

The consul-general appointed by England, General Miller, arrived in due time at the islands, and succeeding events amply proved the wisdom of our desire to have the questions in dispute settled before his coming. The one point left open by the decisions of the Foreign Office took years to settle, roused much ill feeling, and was not finally adjusted according to the facts, in the opinion of those longest conversant with them, though the consul-general did the best that could be expected of a stranger in his position.

Mr. Alexander Simpson retired, after the failure of his magnificent schemes, into the Highlands of Scotland, and there disappeared from public view after writing a book of bitter denunciation of the British government for letting this brilliant prize slip through the fingers into which he had drawn it, and, as he said in a letter to the London *Times*, "putting more faith in the representations of a Yankee shop-keeper than in those of a British subject."

* See Jarves's *History of the Hawaiian Islands*, Second Edition, p. 188.

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A RIFT IN THE MIST.

THE CATSKILLS.

IN a faded letter lying before me, and which is dated from Greenwich Street, in New York, fifty years ago, the writer says:

"I could wish the Hudson were in better condition for my trip to Catskill. I shall be four or five days in going, but I will start well prepared for the journey."

I wonder what the anxious gentleman of that day would say were he to sit in his own library on this morning, and listen to and observe the changes in his beloved Catskill since that period of green fields and wide-spreading orchards, fine old country estates and farms that stretched down to the very water's edge? Where the Indians grew their corn, and the Duboises and Van Vechtens built their homes, a great arena of summer traffic has developed. Boats and trains are coming and going, the bustle of arrival and departure stirs all the "Point," animating the village in the way peculiar to American towns near a "resort," and the whole community to a new-comer seems to be on the alert for signs of travel.

But to the right of this provincial crowd and clatter one sees, directly on landing, a vista of very fair and quiet country. The river curves about the greenest of banks, the sky shines above a rim of close dark foliage, and the flight of the bird is across a peaceful stretch of land and water. But this is not the Catskill of Indian romance and one's imagination. One longs to

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leave the concentration of the village life, the bustle of the wharves and station behind one, and be up and away to the hills, whose everlasting beauty is the background for this picture of activity, thrift, and speculative lounging.

I recall my first visit twenty years ago to these grand old mountains. It seems only the other day, yet such trips were then matters of much more calculation as well as duration. We took the night boat, and though it was a rather poor affair, I am afraid, to my childish eyes it seemed a floating palace, and the ladies' cabin a mingling of the fascination of the theatre with the luxuries of real life. The cabin was presided over by a colored woman, portly and affable, and full of a rather weird sort of anecdote which charmed me greatly. She impressed me as being about as old as people ever were, but I presume she was not over fifty. And she told me stories of slave times in the Northern States, which seemed to me ghastly traditions, I remember, for that peaceful moon-lit country.

She had been brought up in the mountains, and loved the suggestions of old Rip and of the Indian period with a fervor worthy of a larger intelligence than she owned, and from her I first heard any of the romance of the region about which I am writing.

When our boat landed we took a large lumbering old coach, which stopped at all the public houses and various private ones, deposited and took up letters, packages, and messages. Our driver was a man of amiable though meagre physiognomy, and he idled over his employment in a way that gave the child beside him ample opportunity to fill her eyes and heart—indeed, perhaps, to touch some glimmerings of her soul—with the majesty, the gigantic wonders, of the scene before her. High upon every side rose the mountains, their pathways cleft with gorge and ravine, their indomitable silence broken only by the rushing of their many waters, or the quiet summer wind moving through the pines. God's grace and bounty spoke through it all, in the green splendor of their height and depth, their width and vastness.

Those old days have passed away. Progress has come sweeping over the country, setting much at defiance, but it can never destroy what nature has reared there. To this hour the message of the Catskills may be read as reverently and as awfully as when their depths echoed Indian voices, or their waters carried the Indian's canoe.

And herein I find the greatest charm of this country. Nothing seems to take away the fearless beauty of the hill. No intrusion seems to disturb the solemnity of the peaks and gorges, the sweetness of the mountain streams, the innumerable brooks and torrents.

The Catskill of to-day is a large, active place, characterized by the usual appearance of the American village. A long main street with shops and hotels and idly speculative loungers, and almost nothing to indicate what the place once was, unless it be in the names which have descended through many generations since Dutch and colonial and provincial times. Around about, in a sort of stately indifference to the activity of the place as a "resort," are the houses of olden time, belonging to families who have authorized Americans in their feeling that pride of race may be consistent with the most simply republican sentiment. And these old places give a dignity to the town. He who runs may read their story, since in few instances have the original forms been altered. They preserve their Dutch symbols, the heavy cross-beams, the generous fire-places, or the English architecture of the last century so perfectly that their tale is assuredly written in stone and wood work, and I will be pardoned, I am sure, for returning to some mention of these later.

But what would the writer of the letter before me say were he to arrive at the "Point" in Catskill on a summer's morning of 1882? Everything bespeaks not only bustle and enterprise, but the exhilaration of something very new, since a railroad has been established from the Landing up to Laurenceville, just at the mountain's foot. Surely this is something to awaken the Van Vechtens and Van Dusens and Livingstons and Fieros from their slumbers, but, as is sure to be the case in all American enterprises, it has been received with the most matter-of-course thankfulness and patronage. Is it, we question, possible to overcome the American tourist with any contrivance for his comfort or luxury? I believe he is not to be moved to surprise in any such direction, and certainly the manner in which the travellers leave the boat and

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HAINES'S FALLS.

step on to the brand-new little train awaiting them is worthy of study.*

The train rushes down into the placid loveliness of the shore where the boat lands, with little shrieks and starts and various signs of its being new to this existence, and I think it is disappointing to most people to be met with so much bustle and crudity when their destination is such an old and grand region. But once away from the bank and you will find that the trip can include the romance of the hills, for the route is well chosen, and leads you away over a country full of richness and peace, of idly growing things, great fields

* The first trip on the mountain railroad was made in July, 1882.

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LEEDS BRIDGE.

of corn, stretches of buckwheat with the bloom of August on it; into ravines where the water rushes, with an ancient melody in its movement, and out and over a plain beyond which the mountains rise, relegating all smaller things to insignificance.

I think nothing can be more perfect than the slow evolution of the dusk and change to moonlight over this country: then arises some understanding of the lore which all old Catskillians cling to, and which, let us hope, no strength of enterprise, no congregation of the "summer boarder," can ever take away.

The train takes us up around Catskill proper and into Leeds, and Leeds was really old Catskill—in very truth the place which gave this part of the country a name. Whence comes the name, I believe the most faithful chronicler can not say. It is found in various old records. In a letter dated over one hundred years ago, and which the present owner kindly allowed me to read, "Catskill Village" is mentioned, but the place now known by that name was then referred to as the "Strand," or the "Landing," for, as I have said, the village of Leeds was then Catskill proper.

I think it nurtured in men a curious feeling of permanence, proprietorship, of desire to keep Nature unchanged, glorious, and true to her first, best impulses, for there at Leeds one finds so few marks of the impress of destroying man, so little which could jar the student of form and color as God has laid it upon His earth. Whether this has come from jealousy, listlessness, or perhaps the appreciation of vastness, one can not say. All that can be reduced to fact is that Leeds village, the old Catskill, lies simply embosomed by the hills and vales which the Indians and Dutch must have known, and it seemed to me a most perfect relic of the past, which is fast becoming too traditional to seem our own.

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In 1678 a solemn company of Dutch gentlemen, at the Stadt Huis in Albany, effected the purchase of Catskill. They bought the "plain and land" for four miles around.

I think the picture of that morning an intensely significant and American one. There was the old room in that quaint Dutch town, and there were his Majesty's humble though enterprising and shrewd servants, Robert Livingston and Marten Gerritsen Van Bergen and Sylvester Salisbury, Esquires, and with them the magistrates of the jurisdiction, and those strongly pathetic figures of the time, Mahak-Neminaw and his six head-men, representatives of an Indian tribe who were, as they had been for years, in possession of the solemnly beautiful Catskills, where their corn grew, and their camp fires burned.

The Dutch and English gentlemen bought the Indian country; the deed was executed with writing and hieroglyphics. If the Indians were stoical, the purchasers cared but little for tradition, since we can find no records of the original occupants of old Catskill valuable enough to give them a place. They disappeared, wandering we know not where, and the only tradition worth preserving is of a handful of the tribe who sometimes came quite peacefully to the new settlement, simply from a desire to visit their forefathers' ground. They never lingered long; finally they disappeared entirely; and then descendants of that 8th of July, 1678, woke up to the fact that the Indians' idea of the hills must have been picturesque and colored strongly enough by romance to bear comparison with the print and canvas of their own more varied, progressive period.

I think no one is quite certain what was at first done with the new purchase, yet this last example of enterprise, the mountain railroad, leads past the very houses which were built by the sons or grandsons of the earliest Dutch and English owners. In those days Albany was a thriving town, and certain smaller settlements had gained reputation as being habitable, sociable, and "worthy of domicile"; but this new settlement in the country of the Indians must have had its origin in the merest speculation, since the few who gathered there seem to have made almost no effort to found or encourage a community.

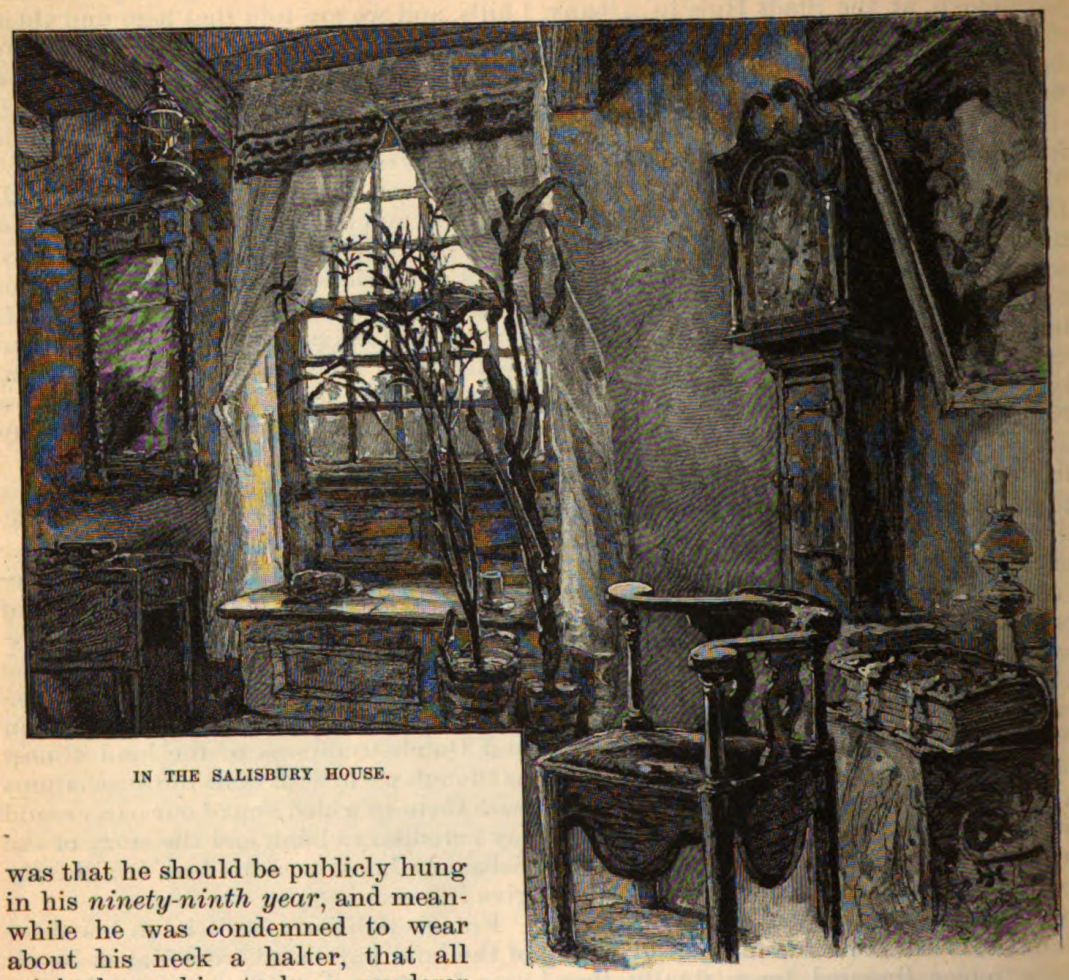
Francis Salisbury built in 1705 the fine house still standing. One of the Van Vechtens had a dwelling deeper in the hills, and we are told that here and there houses were built, but there could scarcely have been anything like the feeling of an active community in a region that was all wilderness, silence, and the impenetrable grandeur of mountain, clove, and forest.

Gerritsen Van Bergen's house is still upright, and one can not but wonder what was the story of those early buildings. Tiles and bricks imported from Holland, wood-work put in with slow and patient hands—what a picture one can conjure up as the train goes rushing by, past Leeds, into the dim silence of the real mountain country, where one waits for the stages up the grand old hills!

Of all the old landmarks just at this point, the Salisbury house is, I think, most interesting. We drove to it one sunshiny day when the mountains were like great purpling monuments ahead of us, the greener country looking strangely fresh and young for that old country; and as we went past corn fields and buckwheat meadows we talked of the Indian and Dutch traditions of the land almost as though we had all of us the associations with them to which one of our party could lay hereditary claim, and the story of the Salisbury house was told as I faithfully give it here.

Francis Salisbury built it, on his share of the land purchased from Mahak-Neminaw, in 1705, when it must have been a very stately dwelling. After his occupancy there lived in it a man whose life included a romance which Hawthorne would have illumined with his weirdest fancies. He was a person of strange and arbitrary temper, and so ill-used a slave or bound girl in his service that she fled from the old house, aided, it was supposed, by her lover, a young Dutch settler. Infuriated by her escape, her master rode up the mountains in search of her, discovering the girl at night-fall. He tied her to the tail of his horse, and started furiously back to Catskill. As might be expected, the horse dashed the unfortunate girl to pieces on the rocks; and slight as was the law of the land, it found means to arrest the murderer and put him on public trial. His family united political power with great wealth, and when the man was brought to trial, and justly condemned to death, they obtained a respite of the sentence. But herein lies the curious part of the story. The decree of the magistrates

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IN THE SALISBURY HOUSE.

was that he should be publicly hung in his *ninety-ninth year*, and meanwhile he was condemned to wear about his neck a halter, that all might know him to be a murderer doomed to death.

From this time forth the criminal lived in a strange and gloomy seclusion, rarely coming into the village of Catskill, isolating himself from his fellow-creatures, but doggedly wearing his halter, which on certain occasions had to be shown in public. Until quite recently there lived in Catskill aged people who could remember having seen this strange recluse wearing his halter, and, singular as it seems, he actually lived to complete his hundredth year! But times had changed. King George's rule gone, the new order of things seems to have swept into oblivion the curious decree of that colonial magistrate, and the unhappy owner of the Salisbury house was left to die in his bed; but his singular story affected the neighborhood, as might be expected, with a belief that the house was haunted, and strange tales used to be told of a spectral horse and rider, with the shrieking figure of a girl flung from it. One old lady told me that when a child she used to live in terror of the peaceful spot where the Salisbury house stands, firmly believing that its ghostly occupant, with a halter about his shrivelled neck, could at any moment appear.



DATE ON THE SALISBURY HOUSE.

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Certainly any such ideas were dispelled by the sunny look of things about it the day we spent at the old house. It is a large two-story building, with walls of sandstone and regular windows, and the date 1705 in iron letters along the upper ledge of stone. There is not much shade about it, yet enough to shut out all glare, and the garden and orchards are a pretty tangle of growing things, which give it an air of homely comfort rather than any ghostly dread. Within, on entering, is a hallway running the length of the house, with a quaint staircase to the left, and on either side doors open into living-rooms which are treasures for the antiquarian. The ceilings are supported by heavy beams, the windows are deep, and the panes of glass small and old, while the fire-places are the deep caverns of the early eighteenth century. At present these rooms, the scene of much festivity in the early Salisbury days, are furnished quietly, but in quaint enough style to suggest the origin of the house: a suggestion of lavender and dried roses lingers in the drawing-room as of summers long gone by; and the low footed chairs, the old brass and Chippendale book-cases, might have been there when the Salisbury house was very young, and the orchards without mere striplings. Our hospitable hostess showed us a genuine old Dutch Bible, which stood on a table near one of the fire-places, and there was nothing in the house to my mind more pathetically suggestive than that book—the queer characters, the bits of faded writing interspersed, the pages thinned by use and age, and the heavy binding, all conjured up pictures of by-gone Van Dusens, or Van Bergens, or perhaps Salisburys, who sat in the long low room with the book held open before them, dreaming, let us wonder of what, as they read, or perhaps looking out across the rich and silent country which they had just entered upon, foreseeing so little —oh, let us hope so very little—of what the æsthetic development of the present hour were to demand of this lovely uncultured region.

When we had wandered about the house, and in its many suggestions of calmer lives forgotten its period of horror, we went out around the sleepy garden to the rear, where we looked at the little loop-holes pierced in the walls in days when the tribes of Iroquois were considered dangerous. From these quite a stout resistance could be maintained, and the Catskill region abounds in Indian stories which show that such fears as our ancestors entertained of certain tribes were not groundless. Not far from Salisbury there is a house where a most daring capture was once made by the Indians, and nearer to the present village of Catskill is a small stone cottage which was the scene of a cruel invasion one moonlight night by a party of Indians who crossed the river for the purpose.

Yet how all this has been changed! The only recent traditions of fear are of wolves found not so many years ago in the bosom of the hills, and some tales of hunters thirty years ago are fresh in the minds of many. But now, "Trains for Laurenceville to connect with the stages," etc., are the announcements eagerly scanned by the new arrival. Paterfamilias with his wife and daughters, and perhaps (how often, alas! it is perhaps) sons, who intend to sojourn for a time in the mountains before resuming their customary occupations. The summer boarder has descended upon that fair tract of country so solemnly sold and purchased in 1678, and we have only to watch the arrival and departure of the stages to understand what to expect on reaching the mountain's summit.

A curious scene presents itself at the railway terminus. Although nothing is finished yet, the traveller demands swift locomotion, and so things have been put in working order in advance of their actual completion. With High Peak rising grandly at his back, with the rush of a mountain torrent in his ears, with a stretch of richly rolling country to right and left, silent with the silence of majestic supremacy, the ticket agent of the railroad sits out-of-doors, with a little pine table before him whence he distributes tickets. And round about are the travellers: young ladies in the latest style of summer costume, young men with alpenstock and Knickerbockers, elderly people in search of health or quiet, or amusement for their younger ones—all either waiting for the mountain stages or the train down to Catskill Landing; and the fragments of conversation at this point in the journey are keenly interesting. I wonder if the day will ever come when the American summer boarder in all of his and her phases will have been entirely written out! Here is one party, consisting of an easy-going, good-looking

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man, with a mixture of the soldier and the merchant in his bearing; not distinctly *bourgeois*, and yet decidedly not patrician; rich, one may judge by his wife's apparel and his own contented air, but in no special way ambitious. His wife is handsome, and thin, and if not exactly cross, yet habitually complaining, and superbly dressed, and fine in her manner; and with them is "Georgie," the inevitable small boy, who ought to be bottled, or casked, or buried, while the family are at summer resorts.

In the stage there are, of course, the dumb, awe-struck people new to the journey, and who seem to wonder what they came for; the people who have been so often before that at every point they are able to give accurate information about everything to every one else with endless repetitions of the pronoun "I"; and the gay young people who are wondering whether the hotel band is good, and who there will be up there to dance the racquet and play at tennis.

The stage is well enough now and again, but for a genuinely happy journey up the eternal hills I think one should have one's own conveyance, starting from Catskill village itself, and taking the journey slowly enough to know the country at least by sight, and appreciate in some fashion its sublimity.

There are many roads up to the mountain's summit, and all are worthy of experience. The Clove Road shuts in the more delicate variations of tree and shadow, of brook and ravine, and its history is full of romantic interest. Twenty-five years ago few pedestrians really knew anything of this country, and a story is related of an ardent New-Yorker who visited the region with an old Catskillian, and who was thoroughly enchanted by all he saw. The guide, though loving his rugged, beautiful native land, was rather bored by the visitor's enthusiasm, especially when he was forced to wait while nobly sounding verses rose to the tourist's lips. Finally he turned upon him with, "Come from New York, don't you, sir?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Wa'al, I'd like t' know what *you'd* say if I went down thar and *gawked* around like you do up yere."

The Cloves are many, and I think that known as the Platterkill is the wildest and most picturesque, but only hardy walkers should attempt its ascent. Eighteen water-falls may be counted in a walk up this Clove, and the wild grandeur of the scene has defied almost every pen and pencil. The Kaaterskill and Stony Cloves are more frequented and less hazardous than the grand old Platterkill, and almost as beautiful, yet with the latter we must feel the sympathy that one gives a defiant conqueror. It rests—captive if you like by the present day in one sense, but boldly suggestive of the days when its first inhabitants lived in it without touching one stone or curve, one stream or angle, that nature had set there, and the steady stream of progress, or perhaps I should say tourist, may go on another fifty years before the Platterkill will succumb to the imperious claims of man.

The Kaaterskill Clove still carries with it the fascination of Indian story and tradition, and I think the legend which dear old Diedrich Knickerbocker gives of the stream bearing its name is sufficient to make one feel that the great depths of the mountains, the ravines and gorges, belong to the region of fable and Indian lore. In olden times he tells us there existed a spirit, or, as the Indians called it, Manitou, who inhabited the very wildest recesses of the mountains. What he was like none knew, yet the charm of his life or existence seemed to be in playing endless pranks upon the red man. An Indian patiently ascending the mountain in search of game would find him moving as a bear, or panther, or wolf. A chase would ensue, and suddenly the wild beast would disappear, leaving the hunter wearied and torn in some most forlorn part of the hills.

Now in the mountains there is shown at this time a great rock, high in air, and with its base softened by the growth of vines and wild flowers,* and this in those days was known as the place where the Manitou dwelt. It is even now looked upon as lonely and inaccessible, and before Mahak-Neminaw sold the ground to the white man the Indians of his tribe feared to approach this place. It is said that the most venturesome hunter never pursued his game so far as this lonely, defiant, flower-grown height.

There is, however, always a break in such persistency. We always find in such traditions one lonely figure uprising against a background of doubt and dread,

* This is now called the "Garden Rock."

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ON THE KAATERSKILL.

of superstition and perhaps romance. So in this story comes the picture of a young hunter who penetrated the Kaaterskill Clove beyond this awful point, and there to his amazement he beheld ranged in the trees a number of gourds. They seemed to him to indicate some special, subtle meaning, and, impressed only by the spirit of his enterprise, he pressed forward and grasped one of them, turning to make his retreat quickly. But the fatal moment had come. The gourd burst open; from its orange source rushed a stream which beat upon the rocks and carried him headlong, and speedily dead, with it, and leaping and falling, turning the still ravine into movement and the poetry of dropping water, it goes on to this day, known as the Kaaterskill.

I have taken no liberties with this curious old story but to put the simple legend into my own language, and, I think, as one leans over the bridge above the eddying torrent, one feels assured that somewhere or somehow a romance must lie within its depths, perhaps in the great solemn heights of mountain that form its horizon.

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At all events, who can regret contributing to the legendary lore of our country? No one can, I think, who takes one journey up that mountain path, and sees the vague-eyed conventional summer boarder enjoying himself or herself on the piazza of every house, or along the roads dividing the sumacs and the fair "sweet parsley" that border all these vagrant, wandering hedge-rows. Be it known, however, that not always is the animate creature an incumbrance, for there are to be found any number of eager, active pedestrians of both sexes who love the fresh pure air, the green fields, the blue sky, and the grand old hills, and who spend their summers inspired by all these elements, content to feel America may have a Switzerland wherein health of body and vigor of mind are to be obtained from the simple sources of out-door active and even *dolce far niente* life. Such tourists one meets all along the journey, dressed in the garb that befits them—the young women in charming red petticoats and blue flannels, the young men in the stoutest Knickerbocker suits—and one may prophesy bloom and vigor therefrom for the coming season of balls and racquets. But the people who painfully emphasize one element in the country are those who insist on taking it in its ultra-fashionable meaning—those who occupy the farm-houses along the road, and who are to be found straying among some beautiful wilderness of ferns and bramble, of tall sumac and stateliest oak, in muslins and laces, high-heeled boots and gossamer parasols! The horrible incongruity of such pictures makes one glad to turn away, continuing our journey by clove or level road up toward the high peak of the hills.

The word *clove*, we know, means only *cleft*, and these clefts occur frequently in the mountains, never marring their grandeur, rather adding to it, like deep inflections of some rich and sonorous voice, emphasizing the heights beyond or about each deep ravine. Names, of course, have been given to every point—Overlook, High Peak, Grand View, Mountain Summit, Round Top—these occur, while the lesser points have their own dignity of cognomen; and one learns, I think, to cherish certain places in such a region all the more when a name has seemed to characterize it, or usher it, as it were, into the world of title and familiarity.

The Kaaterskill Clove winds in and out and up and down with every variety of mountain and forest scenery, breaking off where the roads somewhat sternly divide, going up to the various points or peaks occupied by hotels, and here and there forcibly reminding the most casual tourist of the land he is in by such breaks as occur at the Rip Van Winkle house.

It seems to me that the early spring and late autumn are the seasons when this mythically historic spot should be seen to its best advantage, for the shifting elements of the summer-time force upon it too business-like an aspect. In the very mildest part of one October I remember driving up the hilly curve that brings on to the brief sweep of land which is a sort of halt before the mountain's final ascent. There, to the right, stands the dilapidated old house, bearing a historic picture of Rip and his flagon, and to the left is a terrific gorge, crowded by trees and ferns, and which in its lavish break westward shows one of those rich and smiling valleys which meet one at every opening in this luxurious country. Dale meets forest, and the sweep of meadow-land is broken by beltings of darkest foliage, while here and there purpling shadows lie dense and close, almost to the brink of the waters that seem to catch every gleam of the sunlight pouring down from a universal, joyous heaven. The rush and feeling of the air seems to speak only of the mountain height, while all about are those unfathomable, cool, dark recesses either of stone or impenetrable greens where one can pause, fancying the mystery of the hills to be borne on here finally to be forever hidden. Nothing seems to indicate change, yet all is variety, and the human voice of gayety and laughter seems only to stir some outer atmosphere, some thin vapor inclosing what is essential and real in the scene before us. I think that in spite of all that is done to pervert this region into a speculative country, nowhere can one feel so entirely, wholly, and undividedly a humble worshipper of nature. It confronts us in forms that defy man and decay, and it is for us to behold and revere in honest silence.

The Rip Van Winkle house, it seems to me, is only a shell to bear on its outer side the cracked and worn picture of the dear old sleeper of these hills. Turning away from the gorge, we asked a man lounging about where the picture came from, and he informed us it had been there

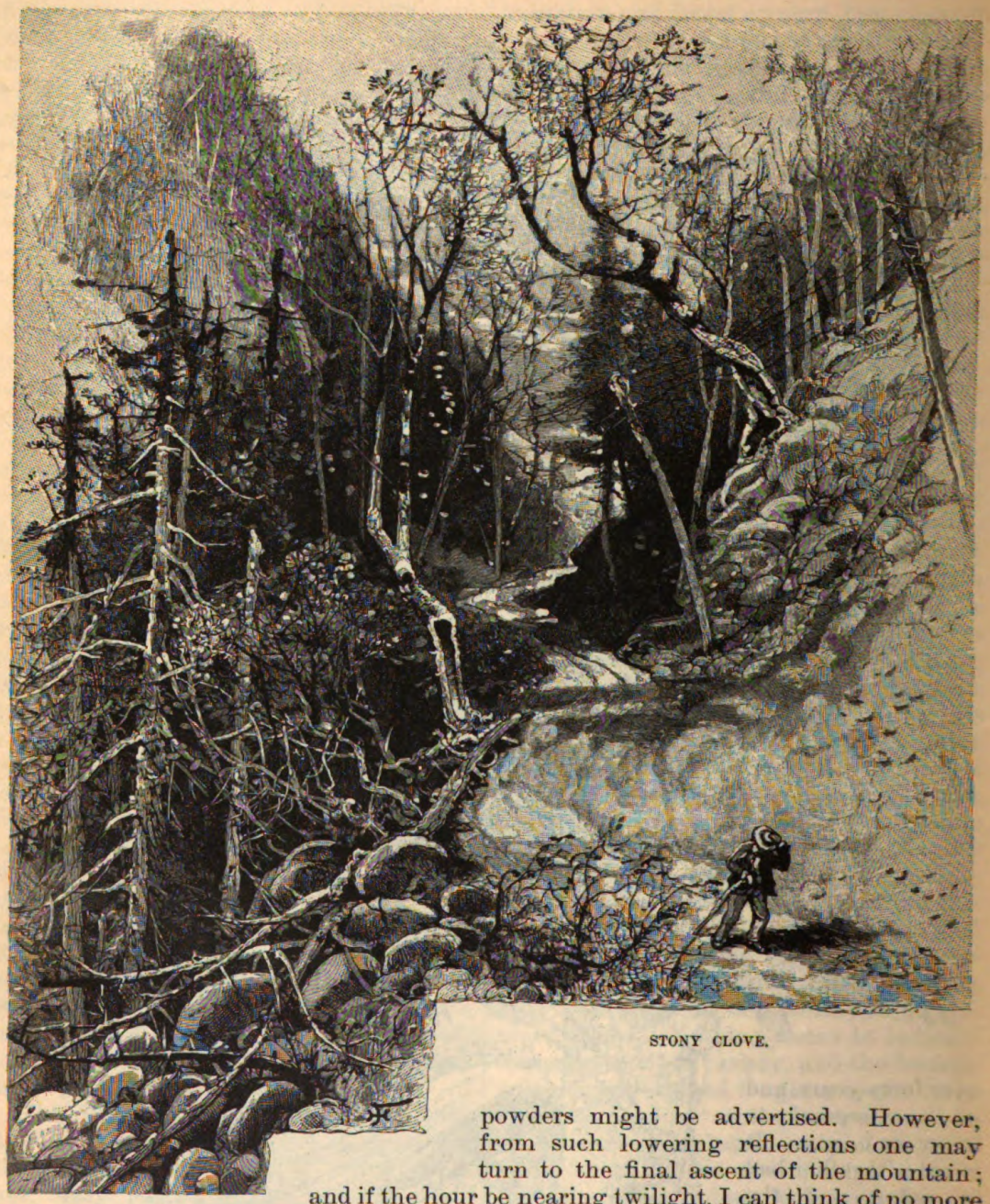
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SLEEPY HOLLOW, FROM THE ROAD.

over forty years, and no one seemed to know its origin. It is not altogether bad in color, and the drawing is not worse than the best sort of a sign-board, while it has a certain charm of antiquity which gives it character. It hangs just above the tumble-down little doorway of the house, and to the left, high up among the rocks and their underbrush, is the spot where Rip was supposed to take his sleep of twenty years. I do not like to profane so sacred a place by an idle jest, yet I must own the inscription which blazons forth this fact might be mistaken anywhere for that of any patent medicine, and gave us the uncomfortable feeling that Rip and his doings had degenerated into the medium whereby some one's pills and

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STONY CLOVE.

powders might be advertised. However, from such lowering reflections one may turn to the final ascent of the mountain; and if the hour be nearing twilight, I can think of no more enchanting drive. From the moment the real heights are entered upon there comes a new feeling in the air—a consciousness, dim at first, but fast growing into exhilaration, that we are reaching the final uplands of the world. The roads are now almost perfect, and the tales of overturned stages and runaway horses are fast growing mythical. These last miles up the mountain are at twilight full of melancholy charm; and I think that as we go on and upward the sense of isolation even from humanity so grows that the darkness falls as though a shrouding of nature were only what one might expect. Sounds are few; movement is, as it were, only part of the still-life about one, and the green to right and left darkens into impenetrable night. Then suddenly comes a revelation. Here on the very summit of the highest mountain-peak we come upon a great lawn and terrace illumined by electric light, a hotel all doors and windows and vivid animation. A band is playing; there is a vista of a long room with whirling figures, while everything round and

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about is suggestive of youth and brilliancy, fashion and luxury. What a surprising change is this! and yet nothing could be more characteristic of this country. Here we find the young and old who desire to make their summer flitting profitable in various ways—fashionable, diverting, and piquant with the piquancy of novelty and easily adjusted change. The idea of a hotel set on these mountains, with electric lights, two elevators, gas, steam heat, and the usual every-day luxuries of civilization, is, we must admit, repellent until we learn to appreciate the creature comforts offered; for man must be sustained in various ways, and woman needs more than a comprehension of the divine side of nature to make even the Catskills enjoyable.

Once up on the mountain-top, the traveller feels impelled or urged on into the ordinary stream of summer action at a summer resort. Before one stretches a view of hill and dale, of valley land, which is beautiful enough to bear every analysis, but the ordinary impulse of life, once the mountain height is reached, is toward humanity, and I must say, at a house accommodating very comfortably eleven hundred souls, humanity may be diversely studied. The occupations are dressing, dining, and flirting, of course; the amusements, tennis, croquet, the delicious racquet of evenings, and reading the newest novels and magazines. What spice is lent to the day by gossip one dares not ask, but there is the usual "I hear," or "Would you believe it?" or "I was saying to my husband," which is the floating coin of all summer hotel piazzas, and each new-comer is scanned as critically as if he or she were of real importance, instead of being only one of the moving, gayly colored, eager eleven hundred. And just here I want to comment on one fact, brought to my mind by a somewhat lengthy experience of hotel life. Let any one study the first appearance of new guests. They descend from the carriage or stage with an indescribably nervous consciousness of the eyes that are upon them, and this sense of being intrusive usually lingers until late the next day, when a new stage-load of passengers is deposited, with the same sense of timidity, and last night's arrivals rise into a consciousness that they are masters of the field. I like to observe the gradations of this change from the first walk down the dining-room to the period, twenty-four hours later, when the guest fairly flutters with a consciousness of having become quite at home even with the subtleties of the hotel existence. Being up unusually early one morning, I studied with great interest the gathering together of one family party who had come by the late train the night before, and who were evidently uneasily conscious of the exact hour for breakfast. They were of the class which even in America one may denominate as *bourgeois*, since no word, I think, can so well express the elements of comfortable, half-educated, good-humored commonplaceness which make up this character, and there was an elderly lady rather loudly called "grandma" by all the others, and about whom there was much openly expressed concern, a mother with a very handsome black silk dress and perfectly dull expression, and three daughters growing to womanhood, and one thin, clean-looking little girl, whom all the family commended or reproved, or pushed or jostled, as they stood about discussing breakfast.

"Well, I guess grandma's ready to go in," was suggested by the oldest daughter. "Ain't you, grandma?" in a louder key.

"Well, yes. Well, yes, I am," came slowly from the old lady.

"Well," said the mother, with a little sigh, "I don't see as there's any use in our standing about, then."

But another pause of indecision occurred, during which grandma gathered her spectacles and handkerchief together, first in one hand, then in the other, and looked out patiently at the lovely stretch of country below the cliff.

"Well," one of the girls said, in a moment; "come, shall we go in?"

"I'd as lief," said grandma.

"Well," said the mother, "we may as well. I don't see but what we'd better."

And the party carefully entered the house, passing with anxious regard to right and left down the hall, and into the dining-room, where superb Mr. Johnson seemed to frighten them into their seats.

One wondered if all the events of the day were as timidly undertaken, or subject to as many halting remarks. The girls seemed to enjoy themselves. They had a great many fine dresses, and went out most conventionally equipped for the mountain rambles, which, in spite of fashion and luxury within-doors, still retain their charm for all visitors to the hills.

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The variety seems almost endless, and new pathways are opening on every side. For a time we hesitated about revisiting the Kaaterskill Falls, dear to our childhood, since they are so completely under business management; but, after all, we were entirely repaid even for the laborious climbing up and down the cleft, at the foot of which one can see the falls in all their glory leaping and tumbling over the finely irregular rock; and in spite of the business-like manner in which the visit must be made, there is some interest and amusement to be derived even from the spirit of speculation and "sight-seeing" of the native and the visitor. There is a little summer-house at the entrance to the falls, where you pay your twenty-five cents, and may invest still further if you like in candy—the real old-fashioned sticks of candy—or such beverages as root-beer, lemonade, or soda-water, and there are always interesting and entertaining fragments of conversation floating about. A country couple came there one day, evidently desirous of seeing something of the wonders of nature, yet also prudent about the investment of their money.

"Could we have lemonade if we didn't see the falls?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Oh yes," he answered, quite cheerfully, and we could see a suspicion of relieved feelings in his glance—"oh yes, of course we could."

"Well," she said, after a brief reflection—"well, I think I'd rather have lemonade, or perhaps root-beer."

And we left them to the placid enjoyment of this drink while we slowly made our way down the gorge to the rocks below the falls. It certainly is not inspiring to have the falls "turned on" to order, but those in authority declare that this is done by no means simply from speculation, for there has been long felt a danger of the water giving out if not held in check.

Soon, however, the scene itself dispels the commonplace feeling which came first. Surely this might well be the scene of that old tradition of the hunter and his gourd. And upon the rocks, even in the noisy waters, high up on either side, seems the spell of the mountain's magic—the peculiar loneliness and sense of each rock, each stream, each tall fir, communing with itself, repeating over and again the strange stories of the past.

The various scenes worthy of many days' journey in the mountain seem to stretch like an irregular chain down through clove and valley land to the "new" Catskill once again, and here and there, against the background of sociable, fashionable summer animation, start up one or two genuine mountain characters. It was a deep satisfaction to me to find near Stony Clove an old friend, a man whose habitation has been so long in the very heart of the hills that something almost fantastically like old Rip seems to tinge his whole bearing—his shrewd, weather-beaten countenance, his kindly faded blue eyes, thin flowing gray locks, and dress half corduroy, half a sort of rough cloth which is discolored by the suns and rains of many a season. His little dwelling looked so precisely as we remembered it, except that its dimensions seemed dwarfed since our childish eyes had rested upon it, but the windows were decorated as before with rows of glass jars in which were sticks of striped candy, the half-moist peppermint and the brown sugary squares just such as he used to sell nearly twenty years ago. It was a slight dash to our friendly spirits to find the old man had not even the vaguest sort of recollection of us.

"But, dear me, miss," he said, with his smile like a net-work all over his face, "such a crowd comes and goes, and some say they're *sp'ilin'* the mountain. There! I do think so myself sometimes. But I don't see as they're much account," he said in a moment. "I say let 'em come if it suits 'em. They want a change, I don't doubt, and let 'em come."

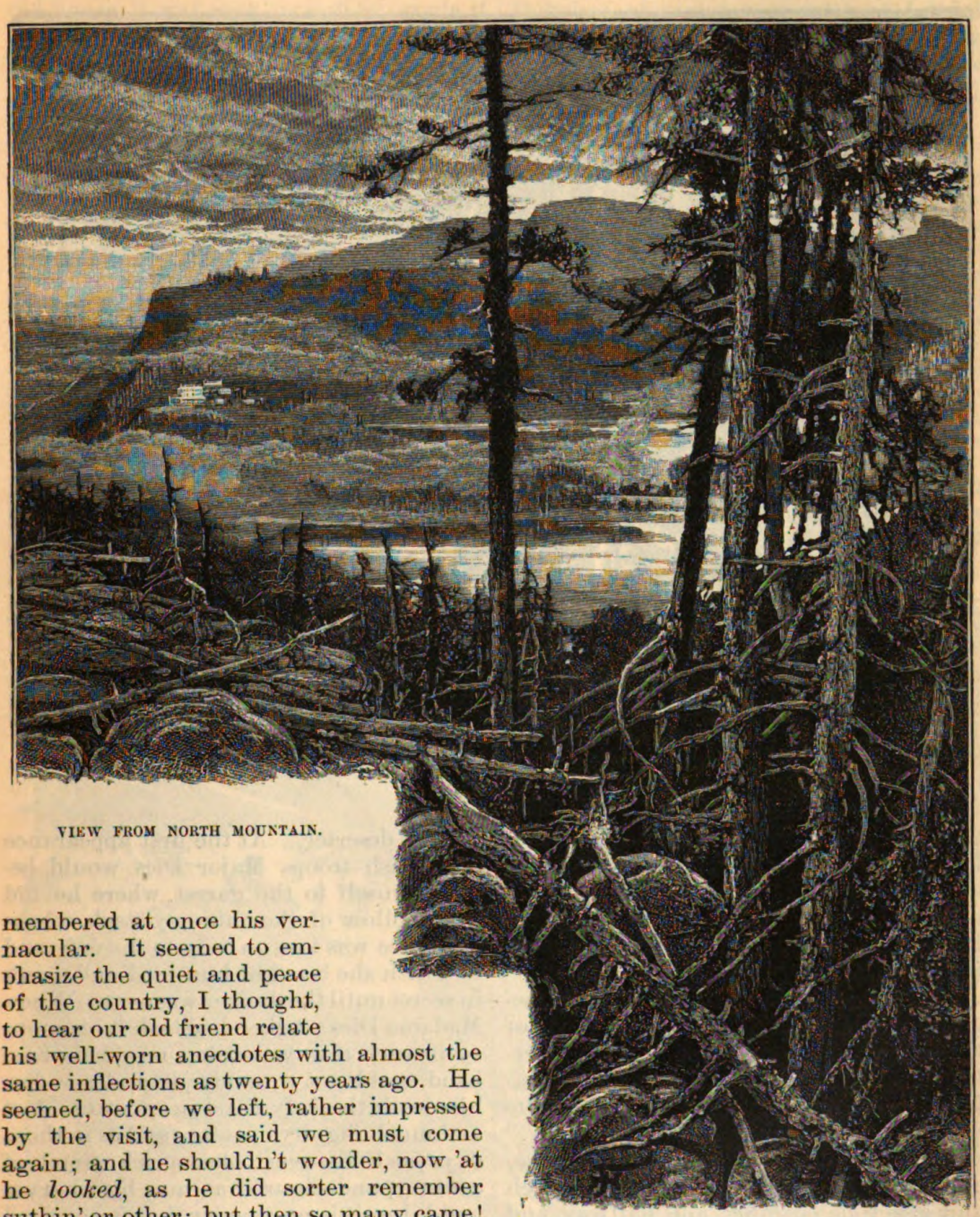
We asked him if he remembered telling us once that when he was young he had always religiously believed the story of Rip.

"Oh," he said, "there's some as does now, some as believes it all, and I d' know myself just what to think—just what to think; I railly don't."

He looked forth from his door with a curiously speculative gaze, and it seemed possible that as old age descended he was going back to the simpler faiths of his childhood, as he repeated, "I d' know now just what it *railly* all come from."

Then he settled down to some of his favorite traditions. He retold the story of a house lower down in the hills where in the last century a daring capture was made by the Indians; and if he had forgotten our chats in the old times, we re-

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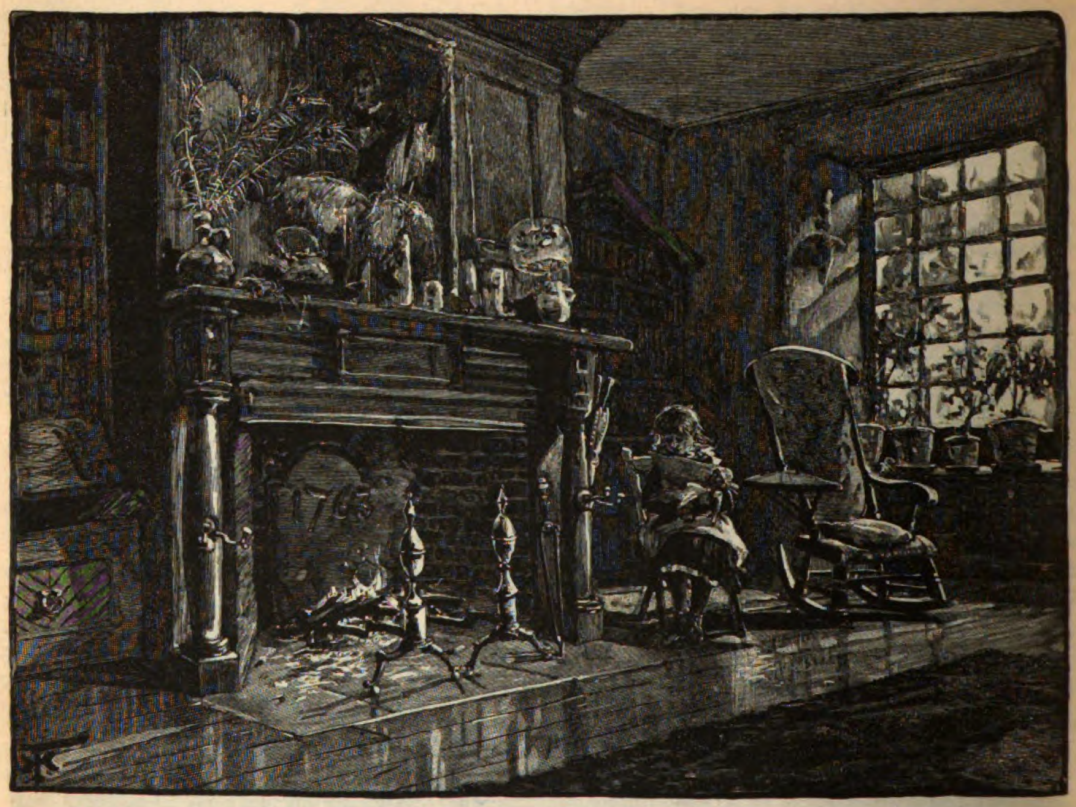


VIEW FROM NORTH MOUNTAIN.

membered at once his vernacular. It seemed to emphasize the quiet and peace of the country, I thought, to hear our old friend relate his well-worn anecdotes with almost the same inflections as twenty years ago. He seemed, before we left, rather impressed by the visit, and said we must come again; and he shouldn't wonder, now 'at he *looked*, as he did sorter remember suthin' or other; but then so many came! Well, he wouldn't forgit agin anyhow, even ef times changed more'n they had, and things got the wuss for wear, which somehow never seemed as if they *did* up yere: wa'n't it so? And standing in his doorway looking up at the arch and strength and fierce grandeur of the hills about us, it seemed as if no, they never could. Wear, time, change, what do they mean to those rugged mountain heights?

I shall always be glad that just before we left I remembered a little patient dog he used to have, named, so far as I could understand, "So-so." And speaking of it brought a quick smile to the man's face, and he said, in a most happy though low key of voice, "Why, yes, did we remember little Yoeyoe?"—it was named by a Spanish gentleman who gave it to him—"why, yes, of course, little Yoeyoe, who died blind and lame with old age." I doubt not that memories would have crowded

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INTERIOR OF THE "STONE JUG."

thickly about the chance mention of this long-ago little favorite, but we had to go away, leaving our old friend in the twilight, still standing in his doorway, speculating over the clouds that were darkening the hills.

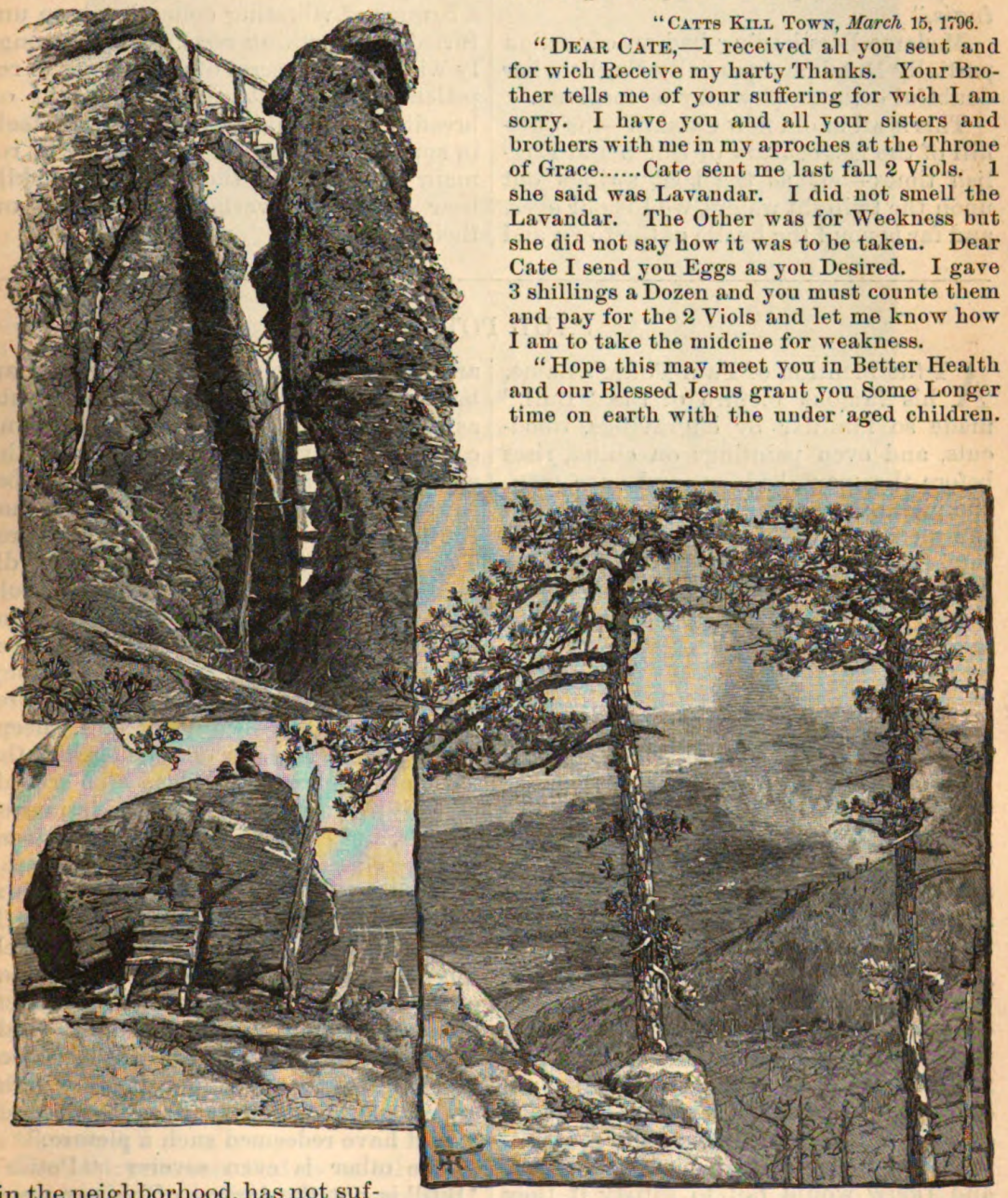
Nearer to the Point, as I said in the beginning, there are many fine old relics of the early architecture of this region, perhaps no house more romantically interesting than the fine stone mansion just at the water's edge, known as "Dies's Folly," or the "Stone Jug." The house is large, and built of gray stone, with a fine porch and generous entrance and hallway, and although so near the town and the varying elements of the shore, it seems set in a certain seclusion of its own, and gives a tinge of dignity to its surroundings. The story of the house begins in the last century, when Major John Dies, a British officer, married Miss Jane Goelet, and at the same time deserted and "fled" to Catskill. Here he spent lavish sums upon the stone mansion still known as "Dies's Folly"; but in spite of his gay and reckless life, he lived in constant fear of being arrested as a deserter. At the first appearance of British troops Major Dies would betake himself to the garret, where he hid in a hollow of the chimney-stack, whose existence was known only to his wife, and to which she brought him food and drink in secret until the danger was over. When Madame Dies's father died he left his money in such a way that her reprobate husband could not squander it, and so after his death the lady lived in quiet comfort and much dignity of state; and as in those days the Folly overlooked a rich stretch of country, undisfigured as now by wharves and kilns, it is no wonder that it acquired a solid reputation of elegance and luxurious seclusion.*

Madame Dies lived until 1799, and I was told by a resident of Catskill that in his boyhood he well remembered talking to old people who had known her, and who spoke of her elegant accomplishments, her piety, and the stateliness of her manner.

* I am indebted for the history of this old house to Mr. Henry Brace, whose family now occupy it, and in whose possession is the old mill of Jacob Goelet, Madame Dies's father.

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Wandering about the fine rooms of the old house, it was easy enough to people it with figures of the dashing major's period; for it, like many other famous dwellings in the neighborhood, has not suffered much from change. The heavy rafters are untouched, the walls and windows unchanged, and one has only to regret the very curious old tiled fire-place which once occupied the southwest parlor, and which has been described to me as representing Bible characters with the most amiably patriotic Dutch symbols!



BITS ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Madame Dies's descendants were the Duboises, of varied memory, and I think that I may be permitted to give here portions of a letter written by the old lady to her daughter Catherine, and which is still in the possession of the Duboises:

"CATTS KILL TOWN, *March* 15, 1796.

"DEAR CATE,—I received all you sent and for wich Receive my harty Thanks. Your Brother tells me of your suffering for wich I am sorry. I have you and all your sisters and brothers with me in my aproches at the Throne of Grace.....Cate sent me last fall 2 Viols. 1 she said was Lavandar. I did not smell the Lavandar. The Other was for Weekness but she did not say how it was to be taken. Dear Cate I send you Eggs as you Desired. I gave 3 shillings a Dozen and you must counte them and pay for the 2 Viols and let me know how I am to take the midcine for weakness.

"Hope this may meet you in Better Health and our Blessed Jesus grant you Some Longer time on earth with the under aged children. Inclosed you have 5 Dollers wich with the Eggs for which I was obliged to give 3 shilling a dozen please to pay the post for the 2 Viols and send twelve shilling Kag corn Hams and Buiskets. Mark it J. D. and the Remainder send in Sugar Candy and Candied Oranges.

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My Cate joins me in tender Regard to self and all the family and after my best wishes for your better healt Believe me your sinciar Frind
"JANE DIES."

And in a postscript the old-time lady adds a request for "5 *pound Pepper mint Lozingis.*"

Madame Dies having had an education partially Dutch and partially English, her doubtful orthography may be forgiven.

This is all in old new Catskill—the Catskill of the last century of Dutch and English times—but as the boat swings out upon the twilight waters, we lift our eyes, and far beyond the bustle of the town and wharf, the stately quiet of the old houses, rise the hills of Mahak-Neminaw's old possession, from North and South Mountains to the Overlook, their eternal heights speaking, as it were, some solemn tale to the sky that meets them, and across which a banner of vibrating colors has been unfurled. Something rests there so strongly willful in its secret of olden time, so repellent of all that can take height or breadth or solemnity away, that we feel, in spite of all that is new, the old will remain forever, and the hills of Catskill bear always "Everlasting" written on their brow.

PAUL POTTER.

AT the mention of Paul Potter's name, his famous picture of the "Bull," made so familiar by engravings, woodcuts, and even paintings on china, rises before the mental vision, and once seen, the picture remains indelibly stamped on the memory: whether on account of its intrinsic merit, or because it has been so often copied and so much written about that it is a well-known subject to all who take even the faintest interest in art matters, is "the question." It is with the general sight-seer rather than with the critics, however, that the picture has found such favor, for one well-known German authority, after bestowing merited praise on Potter's works, speaks thus of this picture: "There is but one fault—the legs of the bull and the bent fore-leg of the cow are a little stiff. But, independent of these slight demerits, this picture, in spite of its perfections as a work of art, proves how just was the feeling which led the Dutch painters, as a rule, to treat their subjects on a small scale. Apart from the portrait, which demands, above all, the faithful representation of nature, an object should only be as large as life when fraught with decided intelligence. Even the most attractive subjects chosen by Metsu, Steen, and Douw would fail to satisfy if they were the size of life, and yet they always deal with the human figure and with human interests. But here, where cattle are the chief object, and presented, too, in their mere passive existence, the intellectual interest excited is disproportionate to the space occupied, and we become aware of something huge and uncouth."

Two French critics, differing ordinarily, are of the same opinion with their German brother. One writes: "One can dispute as to matters of taste, but there are some canons more rigorous. Animals of the size of life in a picture fail to attract, because they are so very close to us that they can not bear comparison with nature. To render even tolerable such colossal dimensions, in a subject where the sole claim is fidelity to nature, only Rembrandt's genius would have been competent. This monster picture, which they exhibit at the Hague as a marvel, representing a bull, a recumbent cow, sheep, and a man of life size, does not justify the immense celebrity which has been accorded to it in works of art, in descriptions of travels, and criticisms, mostly made from scissors clippings. Without question the touch is firm, the animals faithfully painted, but the picture as a whole lacks warmth and interest. The eye is offended by such huge proportions, and the precise manner of Paul Potter, so admirable in his cabinet-pictures, is here insufficient and cold. One feels the need of a freer brush, of more fire, of those grand displays of light and shade by which Cuyp or Rembrandt would have redeemed such a picture."

The other is even severer: "Potter's 'Bull' is not the largest of his canvases, but it is, at any rate, one of his most ambitious works. The 'Bull' is beyond price; no one doubts that if put up for sale it would bring a fabulous amount. Yet it is not a fine picture; leaving out the bull and the sky, the rest is so far from being praiseworthy that it could be cut away, not only without regret, but to the advantage of the picture—a brutal criticism,

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PAUL POTTER.

perhaps, but true. The conception of the artist is much higher than his work, and the power of perceiving infinitely superior to the result."

The last criticism that is at all noteworthy is by De Amicis, who answers all the objections of the former fault-finders: "On entering the Hague one confronts the finest animal painted—Paul Potter's 'Bull'; this immortal animal, which, in accordance with the idea of classing pictures in a hierarchy of celebrity, deserves to be placed in the Louvre by the side of the 'Transfiguration,' by Raphael, the 'Martyrdom of St. Peter,' by Titian, and the 'Communion of St. Jerome,' by Domenichino; this 'Bull' for which England would gladly pay a million of francs, and which Holland would not sell for double that amount. On the subject of this picture certainly more pages have been written than the painter gave strokes of his brush, and writings and disputings are carried on about it as if, instead of being a picture, it was a living creature, a new creation.

"The supreme merit of the 'Bull' can be expressed in a single word: he is 'living.' The fiery eyes, which betoken a vigorous vitality and a savage ferocity,

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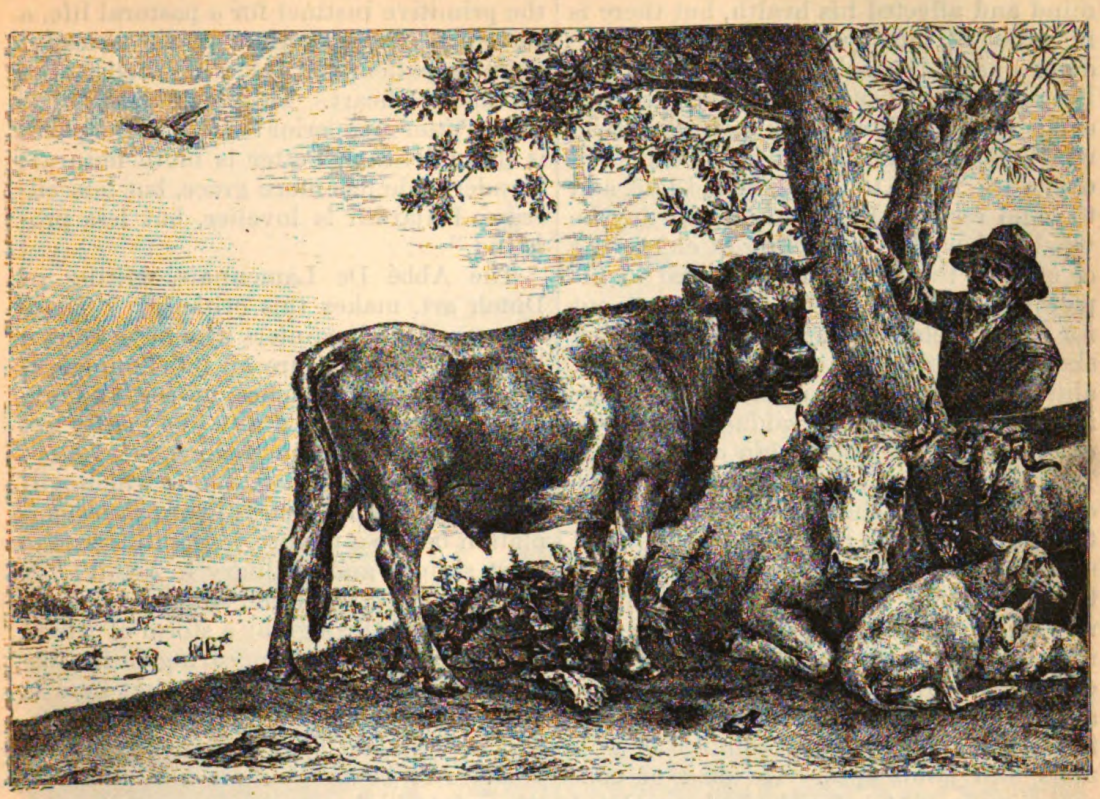
are so well depicted that involuntarily one glances from right to left, as would naturally be done if the animal were met on the plain. His black humid nostrils seem to absorb and send forth the air with his deep breathings. The hairs are painted one by one, with all their wavings and creases; one can see the traces of rubbing against the trees and the ground; one might almost swear they are real hairs attached to the canvas. The other accessories are not inferior; the head of the cow, the wool of the sheep, the flies, the grass, the leaves and the stems of the plant, the moss—everything is reproduced with wonderful exactness. But whilst rendering ample justice to the infinite skill of the artist, one does not realize the patience and labor of the reproduction; it seems almost as if the work must be the result of inspiration, of a passion, during which the painter, seized with a sort of fury for truth, had no moments of hesitation or fatigue. Innumerable judgments have been passed upon this marvellous work of a young man only twenty-four years of age. The dimensions have been criticised, and they have been judged to be excessive for the vulgar nature of the subject; the absence of luminous effects, because the light is everywhere, impartially, and throws all objects into relief without the contrast of shadows; the rigidity of the bull's legs; the coloring, somewhat hard, of the plants and animals in the background; and the heaviness of the shepherd's face. Notwithstanding all these fault-findings, Paul Potter's 'Bull' remains crowned with the glory of being one of the great masterpieces of art in Europe, and will probably always be ranked by the public as the most renowned work of the prince of animal painters. 'With his Bull,' said a discriminating writer, 'he has written a true idyl of Holland.'"

The preponderance of criticism by modern art critics, however, is against the picture. Still, De Amicis is right when he asserts that every one who cares at all for art has heard of, desires to see, and will examine the "Bull" the instant he enters the picture-gallery at the Hague, where it holds *the* distinguished place.

Potter was, according to Descamps, allied to the family of Egmont on his mother's side. His grandfather Potter had been receiver of Upper and Lower Swaluire, and his ancestors had always held positions of trust in the city of Enkhuisen, in which place Paul was born in 1625. His father, Peter Potter, was a painter of very mediocre talent, and soon after the birth of his son decided to move to Amsterdam, where he desired to acquire the privileges of a burgher. His father was the only teacher the son is known to have had, but the pupil soon surpassed the master, for Descamps writes of him: "He was a genius of whom there is hardly a counterpart. At the early age of fourteen he was a skillful artist, and his pictures painted at that time will rank with those of famous masters." When not quite of age Potter left his father's house to care for himself, and went for a while to Delft, where he painted some of his best pictures, and finally, about 1648, removed to the Hague. Here he made the acquaintance of Nicolas Balkeneude, a celebrated architect of that time, and occupied lodgings in the same house. Balkeneude had a lovely daughter, Aduerine, with whom the young artist, as was to be expected, fell desperately in love, but when he asked permission of the father to speak of his affection to his lady-love, that worthy contemptuously replied that he should not give his daughter to an artist who could paint nothing but animals.

The artist, nothing daunted by this lack of appreciation, went on painting his "beasts," and it is to this time that the "Bull" belongs, which was originally executed as a sign for a butcher's shop, and brought the modest sum of only 1260 francs. Potter's pictures soon gained the attention of art lovers, the painter became the fashion, and Balkeneude, hearing that a rival architect had expressed the opinion that "he should feel honored by having such a son-in-law," repented him of his error of judgment, and graciously consented to the painter's suit and his daughter's wishes. On his marriage Potter moved into a new house, which soon became the rallying-point for artists, literary men, and distinguished strangers at the Hague. Prince Maurice was a constant visitor, and Potter was esteemed not only for his pictures, but also for his conversational powers, which were declared to be remarkable. Surrounded by the rich and cultivated, he was enabled to aid materially his father-in-law in his profession, and thus nobly to avenge the slight put upon him when he was comparatively unknown. He was an indefatigable worker, never going out without his sketching-

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PAUL POTTER'S "BULL."

book, and his studies were so accurately made that often all that was necessary to change a study into a picture was to add a background. Kugler, in criticising his pictures, writes: "Of all the masters who have striven pre-eminently after truth he is, beyond all question, one of the greatest that ever lived. In order to succeed in this aim he acquired a correctness of drawing, a kind of modelling which imparts an almost plastic effect to his animals, an extraordinary execution of detail in the most solid *impasto*, and a truth of coloring which harmonizes astonishingly with the time of day. In his landscapes, which generally consist of a few willows in the foreground, and of a wide view over the meadows, the most delicate gradation of aerial perspective is seen."

These pictures it must be remembered were painted in a studio which was almost always crowded with visitors, with whom the artist chatted gayly as he worked. "It may be considered strange that a man who, from his pictures, one would judge to be calm, self-contained, reserved, should be able to work surrounded by a lively crowd of amateurs and talkers, lack nothing of his precision, and have his works lose nothing of the tranquillity of spirit which breathes from every line; but if the temperament of a true artist is attentively studied, these apparent contradictions will be easily reconciled, for a naturally melancholy disposition in solitude, when surrounded by sympathetic friends is apt to become very gay and expansive. Paul Potter's was one of these mobile temperaments; he spoke readily, and was the leading spirit in his circle."

The social success which he gained proved the ruin of his domestic happiness, for his wife's head was turned by the admiration she excited. After a few years' sojourn, Potter quitted the Hague in 1652, and went back to Amsterdam, ostensibly to join the rest of his family, and to comply with the solicitations of the rich Burgomaster Tulp (who craved the privilege of having the first right of purchase of his pictures, and into whose collection the major number of the artist's works went as soon as finished), but in reality to withdraw his wife from the gay circle at the Hague.

It has been insinuated that grief at his

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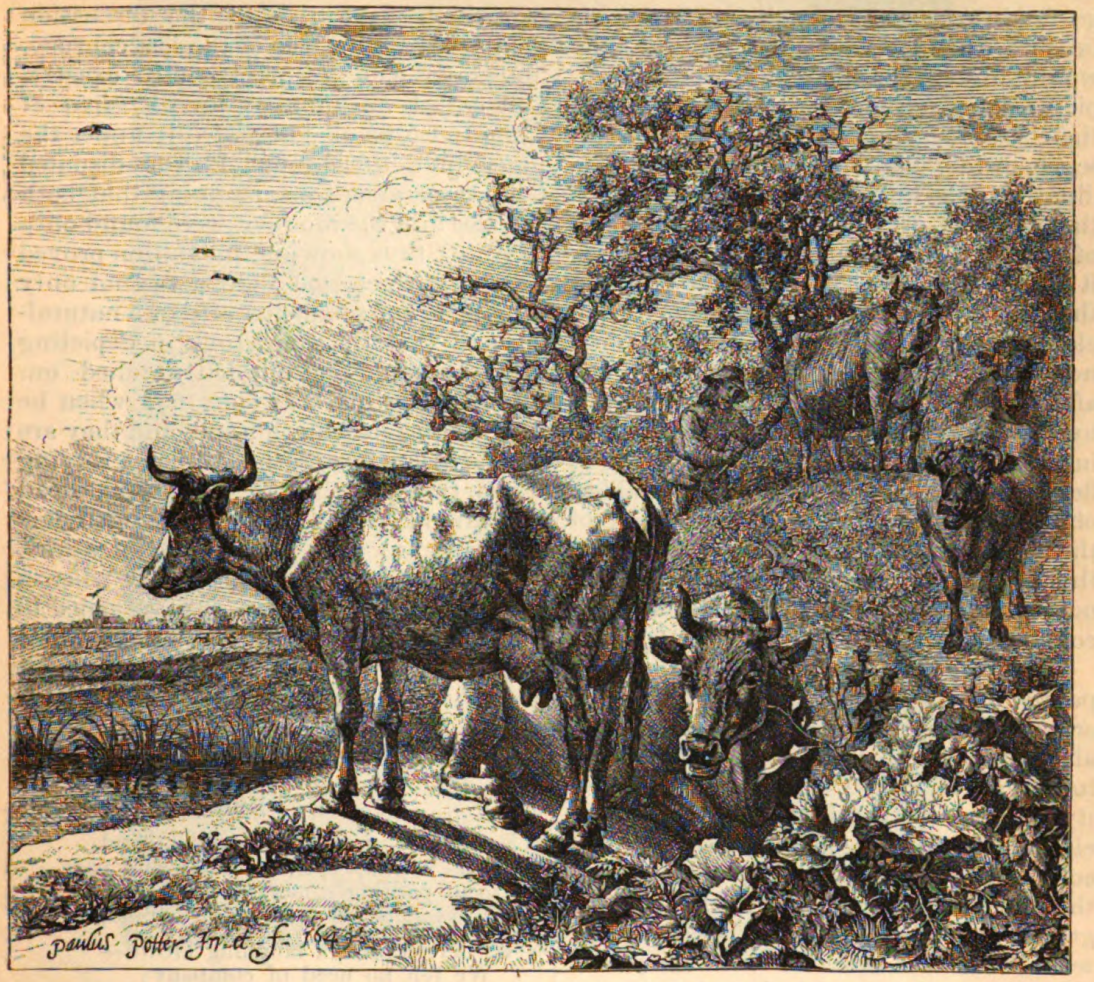
wife's misconduct weighed upon Potter's mind and affected his health, but there is no proof of this, because there is no evidence of any alienation between them, and Potter showed from youth the germs of early death. Many writers have attributed his premature death to his excessive overwork, for he toiled early and late, and took no rest. After painting all day he would labor all the evening at engraving or etching the studies he had used in his pictures by day, and he never went out for pure relaxation, invariably taking sketch-book and pencil. This constant, almost feverish application, for which he is blamed, and which is said to have shortened his life, was but the law of his being. This restless need for activity was a phase of his disease, for those whom fate destines to a short life, who have in them the fatal seeds of consumption, are often impelled to undue haste (as it seems to outsiders) in order to be able to accomplish the task they feel set them to perform; they are compelled to burn the candle at both ends, and this was the case with this great artist, this patient, faithful admirer of animals and landscapes. He died of consumption in 1654, before he had completed twenty-nine years, was buried in the great chapel in Amsterdam with all due honors, and left behind him a reputation, which has been steadily increasing, as a conscientious, truth-loving artist.

De Amicis writes of Potter: "He has not only represented animals, but he has made visible and celebrated by the poesy of colors the attentive, delicate love, almost maternal, that the agricultural people of Holland have for them. He has employed animals as the interpreters to disclose the poetry of rural life. By them he expresses the silence and peace of the plains, the pleasure of solitude, the sweetness, repose, and contentment of tranquil labor. One might almost say that he made them understand this, and had them pose expressly to be painted. He knew how to give them all the diversity and attractions of human beings. The sadness, the quiet content which follows the satisfying of wants, the feeling of health and strength, love and gratitude toward man, all the lights of intelligence and the germs of affection, all the diversities of character, he has understood and interpreted with affectionate fidelity, and has succeeded in communicating to others the sentiments which animated him. In looking at his pictures one feels by degrees arise in one the primitive instinct for a pastoral life, a certain desire to work with these useful animals, patient and fine, which delight the eye and the heart. In this domain of life Paul Potter is superior to all. If Berghem is more delicate, Potter is more natural; Vandervelde has more grace, but less energy; Dujardin is lovelier, but less profound."

The Abbé De Lamennais, writing of Dutch art, makes this criticism: "There are some Dutch painters who have known how to lend to nature an indefinable expression, which touches, moves, and excites to dreams, and draws one gently yet irresistibly into the realms of fancy. What is the mysterious magic which will keep us for hours lost in dreamy contemplation before a picture, in appearance the most simple, and ordinary in detail? A plain with a stream and some old oaks, a valley swept through by a storm of which the last traces are disappearing in the distance, do you not recognize that here is the soul of the artist, his interior life, which, thus laid bare before you, charms you? Art bears you on her powerful wings into higher regions than the senses can attain to. Do you not discover under the external form of Paul Potter's animals the real life of each of them, a manifestation of their typical essential nature? The pose, the look, the step of each one tells the individual story."

Commenting on this comment, Blanc writes: "A hundred years ago such appreciation would not have been understood, or rather such ideas would never have occurred to critics. Amateurs see only in Paul Potter a copyist faithful to nature, a true artist even to simplicity, and skillful in portraying everything that he carefully observed. It was reserved for our century, imbued with pantheism, to be able to seize in the pictures of Dutch masters this fleeting charm, this delicacy of sentiment, which shows itself in their most trifling productions, in the landscapes of Ruysdael as in the animals of Potter. Between inferior natures and our own there must always be an interpreter, a simple nature, which by reason of its simplicity can understand the secondary nature, and by reason of its genius rise to the level of its compeers. It needs a poet or a painter living in the heart of, to us, this unknown world, to understand its obscure idioms and translate them for us into the

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"LE VACHER" (THE COWHERD).—From an etching by Paul Potter.

language of the soul, make them sensible to us by color or pen. It needs a St. Pierre to reveal to us the secrets of nature; a Ruysdael to move us by the representation of a stormy sky and the groaning of the great trees struggling in the wind; a Potter to make us hear the plaint of the lamb and all the lowing of the pasturage. Yet that same nature which they depict, and which we understand through the interpretations of these men of mark, in her turn teaches us how to appreciate their genius: she has served for the expression of their sentiment, and by her aid we read their souls."

The beautiful wood on the outskirts of the Hague, which even Philip II., in 1574, had not the heart to destroy, and bade his officers leave intact—the only time when either to animate or inanimate objects he was known to have shown any clemency—was one of Potter's favorite places of resort during his residence at the Hague, and he made many sketches there. One of his most famous pictures, which sold for twenty-seven thousand livres at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, represents the entrance to the wood of a crowd of dogs led by a servant, eager for chase; among the trees are to be seen huntsmen and some cows a herdsman is driving before him.

For a painter of animals there could be no better place to live in than Holland, for nowhere will such fine specimens of cattle be found in such profusion. The humidity of the atmosphere tends always to keep the fields covered with rich, tender herbage, over which the large herds wander at will, their coloring contrasting

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yet harmonizing with the green verdure. It was not necessary for Potter to go far in order to find subjects fit for his brush. Just outside the city limits he would find more than enough to copy, picturesque in their repose, their slumber, their size, form, and coloring. The landscape, unlike Berghem, he always subordinated to the humanities, and in regard to the remarks criticising his management of light as being somewhat monotonous, it must be remembered that in Holland the sky is obscured almost all day with clouds, dense or light, and the sun does not "rise," so to speak, till near four in the afternoon, after which it shines brightly until it sets. At this hour the light coming from the horizon stretches over the fields, glorifying all it touches, making objects stand out in relief by reason of their lengthened shadows, and this was the favorite time for sketching chosen by our artist, as it gave bright effects to the coloring of his animals.

Two centuries have passed since the painter's death, yet his pictures rank higher every year. Amateurs and professionals strive after his etchings and engravings, now very rare. Barsch, an authority, writes: "Paul Potter has engraved eighteen prints which are the delight of connoisseurs. When it is remembered that he was only eighteen when he engraved the 'Cowherd' (No. 14), and nineteen when he executed the 'Shepherd' (No. 15), one is astonished at the extraordinary genius of this master, and can hardly realize that at this youthful age he was able to execute works which would redound to the fame of the most skillful and practiced artist in the profession."

One of these prints (No. 18), called the "Zubacaia," called forth an interesting discussion. Not only did Potter understand animals, but in the Berlin gallery there are four sets of studies by him: one of landscapes in pen, pencil, and India ink, with heads of animals; one of landscapes, chiefly trees and trunks; one of animals and all kinds of farming implements; the last, of flowers, plants, and birds. Had this been alone, one might almost have believed Potter to be a flower painter. Now the print No. 18 is one of the finest and the rarest of the set. It represents a large tree, such as is found in Brazilian forests, at the foot of which, engraved in the most finished manner, is a monkey sitting on the ground, and holding in his paws a fruit of the tree, which resembles a large nut. It was the monkey which gave rise to the discussion among the naturalists of the last century. Margrave had the print copied exactly, and called the monkey an *exquima* of Congo; Linnæus designated it under the name of a *diana*, but Buffon disputed both these assertions, claiming that both the tree and the monkey were found only in Brazil, thus showing, for Buffon proved he was correct, that Potter was not only a painter, but somewhat also of a naturalist, and that his exactitude in depicting animals could be implicitly relied on. His latest prints bear date 1652, when he himself was nearing his end, and they are a suite of five horses, the last being a dying horse turning placidly toward his dead companion. This M. Dumesnil considers the most touching of all Potter's works, but M. Blanc declares that even when a youth, before his attention was turned to art, the print of Potter's Friesland horse impressed him powerfully, and subsequent years and knowledge have not led him to modify the opinion then formed.

ON THE BEACH.

I CLASPED in mine her tender hand,
And side by side, with loitering pace,
And pausing sometimes, face to face,
We wandered slowly on the strand.

We left behind a laughing crowd—
We felt no need of company;
Ourselves, our thoughts, the beach, the sea,
The clear blue heavens that o'er us bowed,

Made us a perfect solitude,
Where all with peace and joy was filled,
Where jarring fears and cares were stilled,
And speech were interruption rude.

So on we wandered, hand in hand,
O'erglad to be to each so near,
So heart-content, so fond and dear,
Alone upon that pleasant strand.

And when our footsteps we retraced,
The comrades we had left behind
Exclaimed: "Well, what's upon your mind,
Old boy? What fancies have you chased

While wandering slowly and alone?
You are not wont to stroll away:
What do the wild waves say to-day,
By us unfancied and unknown?"

I smiled. They could not see the hand
I clasped in mine, the upturned face;
Their duller eyes beheld no trace
Of little foot-prints in the sand.

But that sweet hour along the sea
Will never vanish from my heart,
When, silent, from all else apart,
I walked with unseen company.

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FRANCIS MARION.—From an old print.

HAUNTS OF "THE SWAMP FOX."

GENERAL ORDERS.

1775 Nov. 3d. Ordered that a man from each Compy with a Sergeant do go under Inspection of Cadet De Treville to cut Parlmeta Trees for the Service of the Country.

—*MS. Order-Book of Captain F. Marion.*

When this order was issued Francis Marion commanded a company in the Second Regiment Provincial Troops of Carolina, who were quartered in "the new barracks," then standing near the present site of the Charleston College. He was a quiet, reserved man, with a saturnine face, already past the heyday of his youth, with a character seemingly suited only for the dullest routine of military duty; yet he was destined to fill a pre-eminent place in the romantic literature of America.

The Carolinians threw themselves into the war of independence with a gay *insouciance*. The bold young spirits of the day, without forecasting the probable magnitude of the task before them, hailed the epoch as a break in the monotony of a long peace. Not so, however, with Marion. No Crusader whose exploits have been the theme of minstrel and troubadour ever carried to the holy wars a heart more single than his; no life was more impressed with solemnity by a sleepless fixedness of purpose.

Four manuscript order-books of his lie before us, embracing this period of his term of service, and which, while throwing valuable light on his character as an officer, afford an admirably clear picture of the soldier's life in those early days.

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Here, for instance, under order of June 20, 1775, we learn the kind of figure which a military gallant made as he took his "breathing time of day" in a stroll down Meeting Street, or stood on Sundays under the white porch at St. Michael's:

"Every officer to provide himself with a blue cloath Coatie faced and cuffed with scarlet cloath, and lined with scarlet; white buttons, and white Waistcoat and Breeches." If we add to this "black half-gaiters," and of course white stockings, a short cut-and-thrust silver-mounted sword in a leathern scabbard, and a resplendent "gorget" pendent from the neck, we have a formidable object to contemplate, whether his intents were wicked or charitable, whether he meant love or war.

No man was more scrupulously exacting as to dress and personal appearance than Marion. Here is an order which has the true flavor of red tape and pipe-clay about it:

Reg^{tl} Orders } On Saturday [June 23,
Col. Marion } 1777] 10 O C in the morning, divine service will be perform'd by the Chaplain [Mr. Purcell] in St. Michal Church. All off^{rs} and men are desired to parade with their side arms at the new barracks at 9 O.C. in morn^{g}, from which the regiment will be marched to the Church. It tis expected the men will be clean & neat as possible, with their hairs powder'd.

The way his soldiers wore their hair was a torment to him, and one of his many orders on the subject shows that there was a humorous side to his very grave character. We copy it in full, under date Fort Moultrie, 1778.

Parole, Egypt. Count S^{n} Elbert.
Orders 23^{d} Jan^{y} } As long Hairs Gather
by Lt. Col^{o} Marion } much filth and take a Great deal of time & trouble to Comb & keep it Clean & good Order—the Lt. Col^{o} recomends to every Soldier to have their hairs Cut short to reach no further down than the top of the shirt collar and thinned upwards to the Crown of the head, the fore top short without toppee & short at the sides; those who do not have their hairs in this mode must have them platted and tied up, as they will not be allowed to appear with their hair down there Backs & over their forehead & down there Chins at the sides, which make them appear more like wild savages than soldiers.

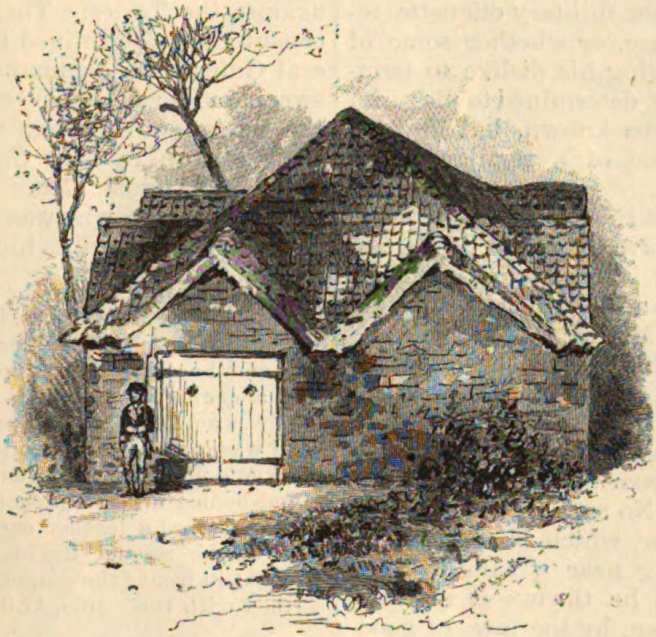
The Major will please pick out three men to be regimental Barbers, who are to be excused from mounting guard or do fatigue duty; they are daily to Dress the mens head & shave them before they mount guard, the men to pay them half a crown a week each man. Any soldier who comes on the parade with Beards or hair uncomb'd shall be dry shaved immediately and have his head dressed on the parade.

To a man of Marion's active temperament and singularly unsocial habits his term of duty in Charleston must have been inexpressibly irksome. To look after his men's clothing and beds and arms; to turn them out at six o'clock in the morning, and in at six o'clock in the afternoon; to attend to their drilling, and see that they went through "the manual Exercise as it is directed by a book printed for the use of this Colony as agreed to and Establish'd By the field officers in the service of this Colony, with Instructions for young officers by Coll^{o} Wolf"; to sleep in his turn at the new barracks, and keep the mutinous "raw recruits" in order; to serve on a court-martial, and condemn John Burke for drunkenness and insolence, or Gabriel Martin for absence without leave; to visit as "Captain of the Day" the Blue House Tavern ("a Great Nuisance") and see if any men were there; to go on his round to the old magazine and note if the guard were properly mounted. Such was the regular routine. The visit to the magazine, however, must have been a very interesting duty; it was, in fact, a tremendous affair. The directions for it occupy three entire pages of the order-book, and the punctilios were to be observed by at least the captain of the day with his attendant guards, one subaltern, two sergeants, two corporals, and twenty-five men. This old magazine still stands in Cumberland Street, within a few feet of the passer-by, on the south side. When it was built is not recorded. The massive walls and the symmetry of its groined arches are of themselves worthy objects of study, apart from the fact that it is a relic of colonial days. First mentioned in act of Assembly, 1768, its use was abandoned by act of Assembly, 1770. From 1775 and up to 1780 it was again used as a magazine, when a British 12-inch shell exploded within ten yards of it. The powder was then removed, and the magazine closed for all warlike purposes. At the time when Marion used to visit it the powder stored under its ponderous arches amounted to three thousand nine hundred and five pounds.

In February, 1776, he was "Appointed to the Majority in the 2^{d} Reg^{t}, and Ordered to take the command of Sillivants Island." Here was a grateful change to him. In-

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stead of the outlook over tiled roofs and down narrow sandy streets, instead of the city's noisy hum, the cries of street venders of potatoes, poultry, and eggs, his eye now took in one sweep of down and level beach, the ocean's "melancholy waste," and his ear welcomed the sharp clink of the workman's hammer on the fort, or, under some group of palmettoes in the wild March morning, heard the rustling of their leaves sound like the flapping of a silken banner.



THE OLD MAGAZINE, CHARLESTON.

One of his first orders on taking command of Fort Moultrie was to stop the illicit sale of all "spirituous liquors or Beer"; another was for the men "to Exercise the Cannon every day from 11 to 12 o'clock in the forenoon," an exercise which told with famous effect when on a certain blazing day, then not far distant,

> "The rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam."

But hurrying over these records, let us give our attention to the account which the order-book for 1776 affords of the battle of Fort Moultrie. It was written on the day of the fight, and the writer, apparently Marion himself, crowds into twelve lines his description of an event which for more than a hundred years has, on each successive 28th of June, exercised the rhetoric of Carolinians in oration, toast, and song.

In an almost illegible note written in pencil under the list of killed and wounded, and attached to the names of Luke Flood, Richard Rogers (the poor fellow who "would not fight the King's Troops"), and Isaac Edwards, we read as follows:

"These three men were on one side of an 18-pounder in the flag bastion in the act of hand-spiking up the Canon into the embrasure after it was loaded when a ball entered it and cut them *all three* down at once. It was so dead a shot they none of them said a word, and after a few gasps on the platform they expired."

Another entry for the same period enlightens us as to the manner in which cowardice was punished. On the 2d of July four men "for absence from duty on the Day of Engagement received 200[d] Lashes dress'd in Petticoats & Caps."

We pass over the long interval of rejoicing which followed the battle of Fort Moultrie; how its first anniversary was celebrated by the firing of cannon, and "a feu de joye" both in the town and at the fort; how certain ladies had ordered for the Second Regiment "a genteel dinner" in memory of their heroism; how Colonel

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Marion (he had been promoted) "hoped that the men would behave themselves with sobriety and decency in honour to those Ladies who had been so kind as to give them so genteel a treat," etc. We pass regretfully over these things, and turn to an event which had a very important bearing on the subsequent war in Carolina.

Early in 1780 a dinner was given in Charleston at which Colonel Marion was a guest. Whether military etiquette required his presence, or whether some of his friends, knowing his dislike to bumpers and heel-taps, determined to play him a trick, can not be known, but he here found himself one of a regular "stag party."

After the repast the host rose and said: "Gentlemen, I have a few bottles left of the old '32,' and in that wine I propose a toast—Health and happiness to the defenders of Fort Moultrie! Are you all charged?" At this instant every eye is fixed on Marion. "Are you all charged, gentlemen?" Colonel Marion simply touches his glass to his lips. Instantly there is an uproar: "Bumpers all!" "Heel-taps!" "No retreat!" There is a rush for the door, which is locked, and the host, standing near a window with the key, says, as he throws it into the street, "Gentlemen, by the laws of good-fellowship no man leaves this room till all the liquor is drank."

The result is too well known to need repetition. Marion, to escape a carouse, leaped from the window, and alighted in the street with a dislocated ankle. In this condition he was, of course, disabled from service, and a timely order from General Lincoln, commanding all supernumerary officers and officers unfit for duty to quit the garrison and retire to the country, sent him to his home in St. John's, Berkley. Meanwhile the darkest days of the Revolution settled down on Carolina. Charleston fell, and set free the terrible sword of Tarleton on its mission of devastation and death. The only forces left in the field were two hundred infantry under General Huger and Washington's horse; these were speedily scattered by the enemy, and no armed patriot remained between the Salkehatchie and Santee—a distance of two hundred and twenty miles. Marion, who was yet to be the hope of all this region of country, was a wounded fugitive, moving from house to house along the Santee, or hiding in the woods to escape wandering parties of Tories. The gallant soldier, however, long before his hurt was healed, sought service with Baron De Kalb in North Carolina, where for five months he is lost to history.

Marion's Brigade sprung into existence by one of those odd chances which seem to set circumstance at defiance. Six companies, drawn chiefly from Williamsburg district, organized for common protection against the Tories. Their officers upon consultation determined to apply to General Gates for a commander, and the answer came through Governor Rutledge in the person of Marion, who arrived at their post on Lynch's Creek on the 10th or 12th of August, 1780.

Judge James, who was a member of the brigade, thus describes him at this time:

"A man rather below the middle stature of men, lean and swarthy. His body was well set, but his knees and ankles were badly formed; and he still limped upon one leg. He had a countenance remarkably steady; his nose was aquiline, his chin projecting, his forehead was large and high, and his eyes [were] black and piercing. He was dressed in a close round-bodied crimson jacket of a coarse texture, and wore a leather cap, part of the uniform of the Second Regiment, with a silver crescent in front [the gorget, we presume], inscribed with the words, 'Liberty or Death.'"

The Judge afterward tells us that Marion was accoutred with the short "cut and thrust," and not with the huge broadsword which artists have given him; that only once during the war did he try to draw his sword, and then failed because of rust on the blade. He was, indeed, no athlete, but trusted to an inexhaustible store of sagacity—a prototype of the modern general, an illustration of the triumph of mind over matter.

The brigade was composed of men who were born hunters and woodsmen. The traveller by the Northeastern Railroad may even now see a fair type of the men they were as he passes Kingstree, or St. Stephen's Depot, or Monk's Corner. Tall, lank fellows, clad in homespun, with slouched hats, offering a deer or wild turkey for sale, a world of woodcraft in the gleam of their eyes, and of patient hardihood in their sallow faces. It was in those days, as it is in these, no uncommon thing for a boy of ten years to point you to a noble pair of antlers once on the head of a buck which his childish hand

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MARION IN CAMP.

and keen eye had stopped on the leap. Nor even now is it difficult to find a mere child who could lead you unerringly, with the stealthiness of the panther, an hour before the dawn, to where in some deep swamp recess the first flicker of the day shall reveal to you high overhead on some towering pine or poplar that shyest of American birds, the wild turkey. Knowledge of the forest in every aspect of day or night, under cloud or sunlight; familiarity with every sound of nature in its wild estate, and which in the semi-tropical tangled wildernesses bordering our rivers so often inspires the stranger with wonder if not alarm; the unearthly smothered roar which comes from the alligator at sunrise, or the weird scream which breaks from the great crane as the twilight settles down, not to speak of the still more oppressive stillness which at strange moments falls on woods and river, lagoon and swamp—these to Marion's men were but the sounds of home. And if we add that they carried with them that hard-bought faculty of the hunter—steadiness of nerve under intense mental excitement, we will have a pretty fair idea of the capabilities of the brigade. Of arms there was a mixture. The shot-gun

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and musket predominated—things which would carry both buckshot and ball—terrible weapons at the short range of a swamp fight; but McCottry's company, the sharp-shooters of the brigade, carried the long small-bore rifle, the touch of whose breech to the cheek and poise of the barrel in the hand were as pleasant to the owner as were his violin and bow to Paganini.

With the exception of two companies, the brigade acted throughout the war as mounted infantry, and superbly mounted they were for the most part. A passion for the turf had long inspired the Carolinians to rear thorough-breds, and for the benefit of sportsmen we may mention a few imported horses that just before the Revolution are known to have left descendants in the region of Marion's Brigade. They were such as Cade, Nonpareil, Pharaoh, Tarquin, Abdallah (an Arabian), Tartar, Moro, Mask, Flimnap, etc. —names to kindle enthusiasm. To show how extensively they were bred it may be noted that one gentleman alone, Mr. Peter Sinkler, near Eutaw, lost by the British sixteen blooded horses and twenty-eight blooded mares and fillies. If we remember, too, that the safest place for a favorite horse was in the camp of the Swamp Fox, we may reach one element of Marion's success so far as it lay in rapid movements and long marches.

A military critic would, perhaps, characterize the warfare of our partisan as a system of surprises, and proceed to analyze it thus: an admirable corps of scouts, a country favorable to secret movements, a thorough knowledge of its topography, a night attack, a feigned retreat, or an ambuscade in a swamp.

Yet, true as this may be, the careful student of Marion's campaigns will close the record with a feeling of wonder that in the use of means apparently so simple, against men who, after nearly two years' encounter with just such stratagems, ought to have been prepared to meet them, he never failed to create a surprise. Nor will this wonder be diminished by a visit to the scenes of his exploits. Why he abandoned one swamp here to strike his blow in another, seemingly identical in feature, miles away; why he crossed a river in this place, only to recross it a little higher up; why he attacked one foe at midnight, another at mid-day; why, with victory in his hand, he should suddenly retreat; or why, when his policy was to fight in ambush, his patience should seem suddenly to give way in an offer to fight his enemy in equal numbers on an open field; most of all, why, amid all these apparent caprices, these whimsical wanderings, he was so invariably successful, why he so often fought "the tearless battle" of the ancients, which inflicted no loss upon himself—are questions which may only be resolved by reference to the fact that either he was guided in his movements by a secret intelligence almost unerring, or that his combinations were subtle and effective chiefly as they were based upon a profound knowledge of human nature.

A week after taking command of the brigade, Marion, having already attacked and dispersed two formidable bands of Tories, was proceeding up the north bank of the Santee, when one of his scouts brought news of Gates's defeat at Camden. Keeping this knowledge to himself, he continued his way to Nelson's Ferry, which lies directly on the road from Camden to Charleston. As Marion neared the ferry, another scout coming in reported a party of the British with prisoners from Camden as then at Horse Creek, within a mile and a half of Nelson's. This intelligence was brought at night, and before dawn our general detached Colonel Hugh Horry with sixteen men to take possession of the pass over the creek, while he himself made arrangements to cut off the enemy in the rear. The plan very nearly miscarried, for Horry in the darkness going too near a British sentry was fired upon before Marion was in a position to aid him. The gallant colonel, however, whom desperation made audacious, rushed single-handed into the house where the enemy were quartered, and secured their arms. By this brilliant dash twenty-two British regulars, two Tories, one captain, and a subaltern were taken, while a hundred and fifty prisoners of the Maryland line were liberated.

The fall of Camden soon bore its unhappy fruits. Marion was forced to retire with his brigade, now dwindled to sixty men, into North Carolina, where he encamped near the Waccamaw.

But Tory atrocities soon aroused the Carolinians to resistance again, and recalled Marion to active service. After a forced march the brigade entered Black Mingo Swamp at night, and defeated a largely superior body of the enemy. In

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TARLETON'S MEN CHASING "THE SWAMP FOX."

this fight the general captured the famous horse, a noble chestnut, which he always afterward rode, and whose splendid qualities were the admiration and talk of the whole country. The next day the brigade with reversed arms stood around the grave of the brave Captain George Logan, who to rejoin his command had risen from a sick-bed and ridden eighty miles the day before the action, only to fall dead in the dense cane-brakes of the Black Mingo that night.

In November, 1780, Marion heard that Colonel Tarleton was to cross Nelson's Ferry with a body of cavalry on his way to Camden. He accordingly posted himself in the river swamp on the edge of the road, having cut down bushes and planted them so as to secure a close and deadly fire. After remaining here for the greater part of two days he learned that Tarleton had passed up the road before his ambush was laid. He instantly, however, set off in pursuit, and by night-fall had ridden some ten miles, reaching the Richardson neighborhood, and was about to go into camp, when the light of a great fire caught his eye, from which he at once assumed that Tarleton was in the vicinity. At this critical moment Colonel Richardson came in and informed him that Tarleton was here with double his own numbers and two field-pieces, while almost at the same instant an officer reported that a man of the brigade had deserted to the enemy.

Marion, quietly summoning his men, struck off at once in utter silence from the main road, and plunged into the thick darkness of a miry swamp which skirted the road on the east; nor did he draw rein

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or speak a word until he had placed six miles between himself and his enemy. Then he called a halt, and, James informs us, lay down for the night, saying, "Now we are safe."

Tarleton, meanwhile, with the rapidity and resolution which marked all his movements, guided by the renegade American, approached Marion's supposed camp with the utmost caution, determined that at least this time the engineer should be "hoist with his own petard." He pursued as far as the first deep swamp (the Woodyard), and stood craning there, very sensibly refusing to take such a leap in the dark until daylight.

Marion, after enjoying a refreshing sleep on the bank of Jack's Creek, arose betimes, and headed straight for Benbow's Ferry, on Black River, nine miles above Kingstree. On the same morning Tarleton found his trail across the first swamp, but preferred to go round it (thereby losing, *perhaps*, much valuable time), and again gave chase. The British colonel was a bold rider, and had doubtless led the field in many a hard day's run over double ditch and bank, sunken fence and broad canal, but there was now cut out for him as rough a piece of cross-country work as man ever saw. At length he came to Ox Swamp, a wide and pathless bog, densely overhung with vines, each mesh of which looked like a man-trap, and here he drew rein. "Come, my boys," he said, "let us go back, and we will soon find the Game Cock" (meaning Sumter); "but as for this —— old Fox, the devil himself could not catch him."

It was from this incident that Marion won his *nom de guerre* of the Swamp Fox.

Meanwhile, where was he? At about the hour when Tarleton gave over the chase, Marion lay on the east bank of Black River, nine miles above Kingstree, ready at length to lift the gauge of battle, even with a greatly inferior force. McCottry's unerring rifles guarded the ferry, while in his rear, within a circuit of nine miles, were three deep swamps with dangerous passes.

Our general's most remarkable campaign took place in 1780, calling out every quality of the brigade and its commander. General Greene having been obliged to retreat before Cornwallis, Sumter and Marion were left alone in Carolina, two hundred miles apart, with Rawdon between them. Rawdon thought this a good time to crush out the Swamp Fox; and he came very near doing it, or at least driving him from his haunts.

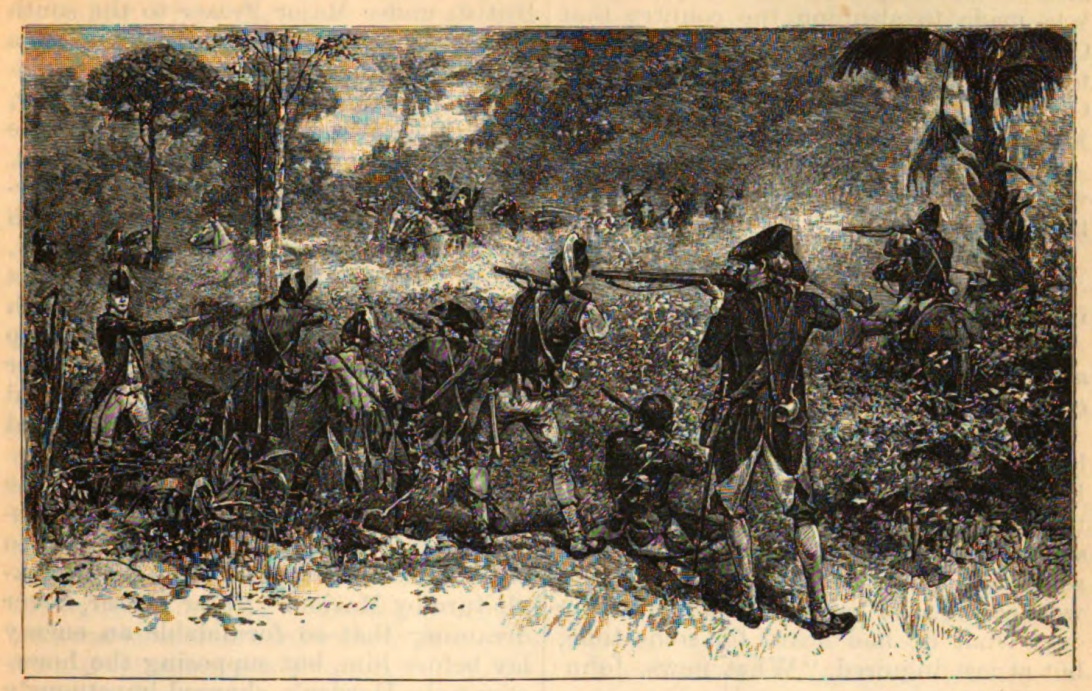
Marion being then at Snow's Island, just at the confluence of Lynch's Creek with the Great Pedee, Rawdon ordered Colonel Watson, a skillful partisan officer, to proceed down the Santee toward Snow's Island with five hundred men, while Colonel Doyle with another British regiment was to march down Jeffer's Creek, and unite with Watson on the Pedee road, when they were together to run the Fox to earth and make a finish of him. Marion, however, through his scouts, which were placed from Camden down with relays of horses, soon learned of this movement and by a rapid march met Watson at Wiboo Swamp, on the Santee, a few miles below Nelson's Ferry. There now began a series of swamp fights which were without a parallel even in the history of Marion's Brigade.

Watson was too strong for Marion, and accordingly the latter sent forward a small body under Colonel Peter Horry as a decoy. The British colonel fell greedily into the trap, and detached an ample party of Tories in pursuit. These Colonel Horry skillfully led into Marion's ambuscade, where they were immediately charged and dispersed. Captain Conyers, of the brigade, who, it seems, was a perfect paladin, here killed Major Harrison, of the British, in a hand-to-hand encounter.

It suited Marion now to disappear from before Watson, intrusting to a few picked men the task of shooting his sentries and cutting off his pickets. At Mount Hope Swamp Colonel Watson, pursuing his way down the Santee, found that he had to build bridges under fire from a party under Colonel Hugh Horry. It was at this point apparently that he determined to try a *ruse* on Marion. He passed the Kingstree road on his left, but, wheeling off some four miles below, began his march on the lower bridge, only twelve miles away, which, could he have crossed, must have placed Williamsburg at the mercy of the invaders. But he was too closely watched for this to succeed. Marion instantly selected seventy men who belonged to Williamsburg, thirty of whom were McCottry's riflemen, and sent them by a shorter route to destroy the bridge and defend the ford.

When the British occupied the high bluff which constitutes the western side of the stream, they found the low bushes on

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IN AMBUSH.—[SEE PAGE 554.]

the other side lined with riflemen. These Watson endeavored to dislodge with his artillery; but as soon as a cannoneer's head would appear above the bank it became the target for a dozen rifles. Only a few random shots from the British guns were fired, which served but to cut down some pine limbs from the further edge of the swamp. After vainly trying a *coup de main*, during which his charging column was badly cut up and a valuable officer lost, Colonel Watson retired a mile from the ford, and took up his quarters at Mr. John Witherspoon's, where he was heard to say that he "never saw such shooting in his life."

Watson soon broke up his camp, and proceeded down the Georgetown road as far as Ox Swamp. Here he was headed off by Marion on a narrow causeway, across which trees had been felled and three bridges broken down. The British colonel accordingly wisely wheeled his men off to the right, and made for the Santee road, some fifteen miles away, through open pine woods. When our partisan came up with him his men were proceeding at the double-quick. Sending out parties on either flank, while he himself hung upon his rear, Marion availed himself of every swamp and thicket to harass the enemy. Watson, however, still with a largely superior force, encumbered by his wounded, and laboring to save his guns, thought now only of retreat. Their last skirmish took place at Sampit Bridge, where the Swamp Fox gave over the pursuit, and Watson passed on to Georgetown with two wagon-loads of wounded men. Marion now turned in chase of Doyle, who in the mean time had captured Snow's Island from the weak guard left there, and compelled the destruction of all arms and ammunition, and was in rapid retreat on Camden. Fortunately he failed to overtake him, and returning, found that Watson had in the interim hastily recruited and refreshed his men, and stood ready to confront him with a force of nine hundred, while he himself had barely five hundred. His only resource now seemed a retreat to the mountains of North Carolina; but he had the hardihood to encamp at this juncture at the Warhees, only five miles from Watson. How desperately he was situated is told with dramatic effect by Judge James. We can fancy the gigantic cypresses and the pallid soil of the Pedee Swamp swept bare of leaves by recent freshets, with here and there ghastly piles of drift-wood giving their own peculiar character to the

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scene. It was just after the resolution was made to abandon the country that Gavin Witherspoon met Marion, and said to him, "General, had we not better fight Colonel Watson before any more Tories join him?"

"My friend," replied he, "I know that would be best, but we have not ammunition."

"Why, general," said Witherspoon, "here is my powder-horn full," holding it up.

"Ah, my friend," said Marion, "you are an extraordinary soldier, but as for others, there are not two rounds to a man."

Witherspoon passed off in silent sorrow, but as soon as he reached his camp, met Baker Johnson, an old tried Whig, who begged him for God's sake to give him something to eat, and he set before him some cold rice in a pot. While Johnson was eating, Witherspoon sat pondering over what he had heard for some time, but at last inquired, "What news, Johnson?"

"Fine news," said he. "I saw a great number of Continental troops, horse and foot, crossing at Long Bluff."

"Come and tell the general," said Witherspoon.

"No," replied the other; "I am starving with hunger, and if the general wants the news he must come to me."

Witherspoon lost no time in going to the general, who immediately came to Johnson, around whom some hundreds were soon collected. The news was sudden and unexpected, and to men now in a state of desperation nothing could be more transporting. Scarce was there an eye that was not suffused with tears. But while Johnson was still communicating his intelligence it was confirmed by the sound of a drum in the rear, and soon after by the arrival of Major Conyers and Captain Irby, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lee's legionary infantry. On learning of this junction Watson rapidly retreated on Georgetown, while Marion and Lee, proceeding up the Santee, captured Fort Watson, just above Nelson's Ferry.

Our space permits us to regard our partisan in but one other engagement where he acted as an independent commander—an action eminently typical of his mode of fighting, and having also an important bearing on the approaching battle of Eutaw. Toward the last of August, 1781, Marion was ordered to the support of Colonel Harden, who was sharply beset by the British under Major Fraser to the south of Edisto. He accordingly detached a small force to engage the enemy's attention at Monk's Corner and Dorchester, while with two hundred picked men he made a rapid march of a hundred miles, and took up a position near Parker's Ferry, in the Edisto Swamp, through which at this point ran a narrow sandy road. About forty or fifty yards from the road a growth of birch bushes, interspersed with clumps of the fan-palm, caught the sharp eyes of the Swamp Fox, and in this cover he posted his men, while he sent forward toward the British a small party mounted on his fleetest horses.

The plot of the tragedy at hand was the very old one of the decoy and the ambuscade—a plot, it seems, which was never so old but that it rewarded some further exploiture by Marion. Major Fraser, never dreaming that so formidable an enemy lay before him, but supposing the horsemen to be Harden's, charged impetuously after them, while they, with every symptom of terror, fled down the road, bringing their pursuers in full reach of the ambush.

Major Fraser, though taken by surprise and himself wounded, endeavored to wheel his men for a charge into the swamp, but before he could complete his formation in the narrow way, embarrassed also by the plunging of terrified and wounded horses, his enemy had reloaded, and another volley at the deadly distance of fifty yards while his men were huddled together, sent him flying toward the ferry along the entire line of the ambuscade.

A large body of infantry with a field-piece was immediately sent after Marion, but found that, as usual, he had utterly disappeared. Judge James tells us that a party of patriots the next day visited the battle-ground, and "counted twenty-seven dead horses; the men had been buried." He was evidently unacquainted with Marion's order-book of the brigade, from which we quote the following entry, written apparently by the general himself:

"A Return of the Killed and wounded in the action at Parker's ferry the 30th Augt, 1781.

"Colo Stafford's regt, three privates wounded and one killed. The loss of the Enemy, 18 men killed and one neagro taken, 23 horses do [killed] and five wounded and seven taken —Majr Frazer wounded and Capt Campbel; by the best accounts they had Eighty men wounded."

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We must now, however, follow Marion to Eutaw, where the most important battle in the far South was fought, and where the most picturesque battle-ground still invites exploration. A beautiful spring, limpid as "the diamond of the desert," apparently gives name to the surrounding region. In a valley some thirty feet below the general level of the country, and through narrow fissures in a white basin of coralline, a bold stream wells upward, passing swiftly off in many a smooth curve and shining eddy. Pursuing its way thus for a hundred yards or more, it disappears with a hollow murmur through a low coralline archway under a hill about twenty feet high and two hundred feet in thickness, which here crosses the valley nearly at right angles. On the opposite side of this hill the stream, augmented in volume and force, once more emerges to the light. Standing on the top of the hill with our faces westward we look down into a white limestone basin varying in diameter from five to eight yards, and in depth from four to six feet, the water in which is so clear that we can trace the most delicate shades in the rock at the bottom, and even the minute shadows of the leaves from overhanging trees. Flowing out of this basin the stream forms Eutaw Creek, which winds its gentle way in a northwesterly course through groups of solemn cypresses and under the gloomy shade of cedars, to Nelson's Ferry, distant two miles. Looking down Eutaw Creek to where on its left or southern bank the trees shut out the view, we see the spot occupied by the right flank of the British army on the memorable morning of September 8, 1781. Here in a dense thicket of cedars and young pines crouched three hundred riflemen under Major Majoribanks, their right flank slightly advanced to form an obtuse angle with the main line, which extended southward across a broad road and into a wood on the opposite side, until it "hung in air," protected only by Coffin's cavalry. This last was, of course, the point which invited attack. In rear of the British, nearest Majoribanks, was a three-story brick house, while in rear of the left wing, in an open field, commanded fully from every front window and door of this house, lay the tents of the royal army, with all their spoils of rich liquors and gaudy clothing. With his artillery in this road, while his columns were equally deployed on either side, Greene moved down from the west upon the enemy, whose guns were similarly placed. The Americans were disposed as follows: Marion, with the militia of South Carolina, on the extreme right; Pickens on the left; Malmady, with the militia of North Carolina, occupying the centre. This constituted the first line, with which also moved two three-pounder guns. The second line was composed of regulars under command of Sumner, Williams, and Campbell, and were men drawn from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. With this line were two six-pounder guns; the cavalry of Lee and Henderson respectively covering the right and left flanks. Colonel Washington and the Delawares formed the reserve. It is hard to reach any definite statement of the numbers engaged in the battle, but three thousand on each side, with a preponderance of cavalry in favor of the Americans, seems the general estimate.

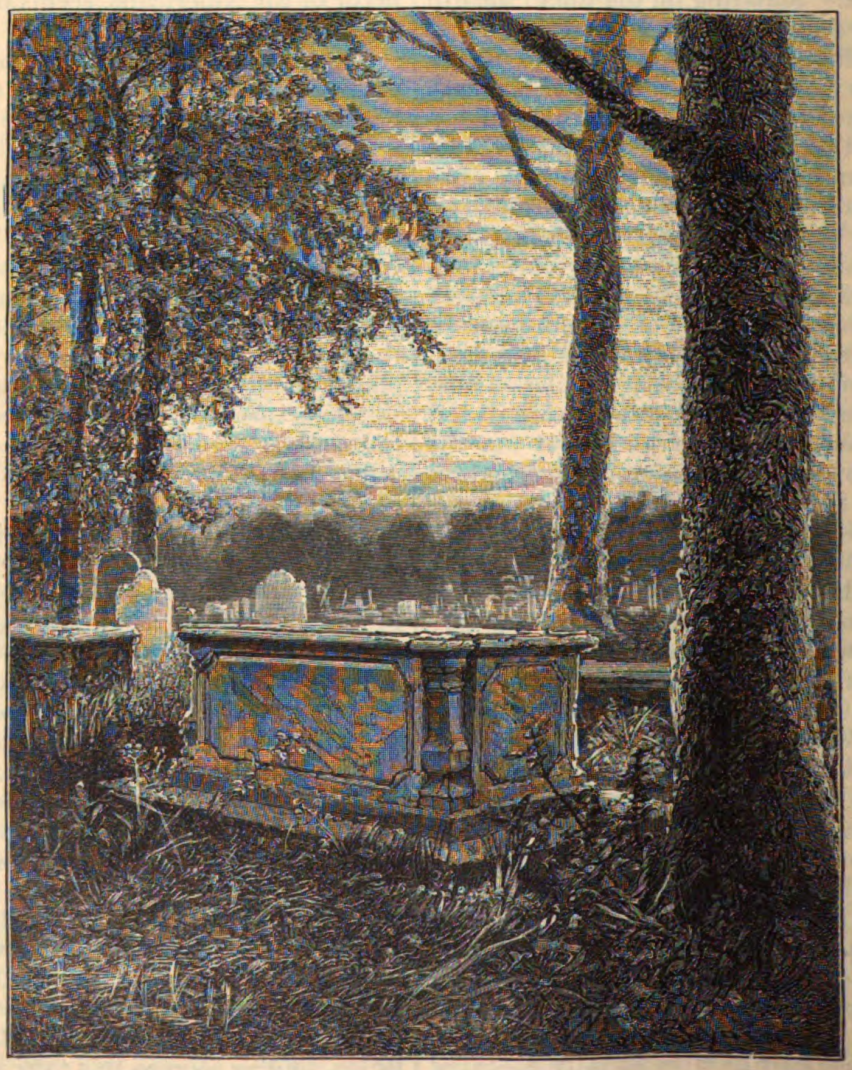
The first serious opposition was encountered about a mile from Eutaw, the enemy having sent forward a force to delay the Americans until his line could be formed. In this encounter the North Carolina militia, according to Marion, gave way "at the third fire," while the South Carolinians on the extreme right and left continued to advance. Colonel Williams thus writes: "It was with equal astonishment that both the second line and the enemy contemplated these men steadily and without faltering advance with shouts and exhortations into the hottest of the enemy's fire, unaffected by the continual fall of their comrades around them."

It was certainly a new experience with Marion's Brigade—their first pitched battle. For the space of a mile these gallant fellows moved forward, their progress slow and trying, for in that distance they fired no less than seventeen rounds. We do not say that it took them fifteen minutes to load—which Hallam intimates was the time required to charge a mediæval musket—but in these breech-loading days we should remember that they had to tear cartridge, draw rammer, return rammer, open, prime, and shut pan before they could present their pieces. As our brigade neared the British position it of course developed the entire fire of the main line immediately in their front. Now for the first time did they exhibit any sign of hesitation, and as soon as this took place Marion, acting under orders, withdrew his

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men to the right, and displayed the American second line of battle.

We do not propose to follow the fortunes of the field, and will only briefly sum up what followed. By a singular chance, apparently, the American right flank overlapped and turned the British left, bringing our men into an open field and the seductive camp of the enemy, while our left now learned the meaning of Majoribanks's obtuse angle in a withering enfilading fire from his three hundred riflemen. This was the critical moment of the battle; for now, instead of employing Marion's sharp-shooters—the swamp fighters of the service—the cavalry under the ever-impetuous Washington charged the flower of the British army in an impervious chaparral. The result might have been foretold—empty saddles and a commander lying wounded under a dead horse. Majoribanks now retired to the brick house in his rear, which he reached just in time to almost annihilate Hampton, who was returning from a successful charge on Coffin. The next instant he rushed out and captured the two American six-pounders, which had been moved up in musket range to batter down the house. Surely Majoribanks was the one solitary figure which that day stood between the British and irretrievable disaster. The battle was now over. It only remained for the enemy, securely firing from the windows of the brick house, to dislodge the Americans from the disgraceful plunder of the British camp. Greene retired, doubtless thanking Marion in his soul that, owing to the affair



GRAVE OF MARION.

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on the 30th of August, no more formidable body of horse than Coffin's disabled cavalry could hang upon his rear. The American army encamped that night around a loathsome pool in the road five miles from the battle-field. It was the first water attainable except by turning out of their way two or three hundred yards near the scene of the engagement, where Eutaw Creek could have supplied the army of Xerxes.

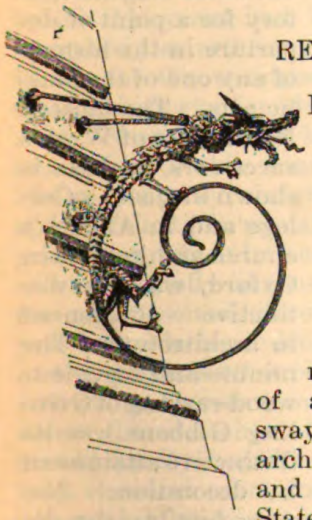
But the battle of Eutaw was technically an American victory, for on the day following the British commandant broke the stocks of one thousand stand of arms and threw them into the spring, destroyed his stores, left many of his dead unburied, and retreated, leaving seventy of his wounded to fall into his enemy's hands. According to the return entered in his order-book, Marion lost at Eutaw two lieutenants and three privates killed, one lieutenant-colonel, two captains, one lieutenant, one sergeant, and twenty privates wounded. Marion received the thanks of Congress for his conduct at Parker's Ferry and at the battle of Eutaw, under date of October 29, 1781.

For some reason, which doubtless had its source in the animosities engendered by the war, the brigade was not allowed to participate in witnessing the evacuation of Charleston by the British, but were held in hand by their general until it was all over, when they were disbanded near Watboo Bridge, in the parish of St. John's, Berkley. Marion served as a vestryman of this parish after the war was over, and married very happily, but left no children.

He lies buried at Belle Isle, on the Santee, and this inscription marks his tomb:

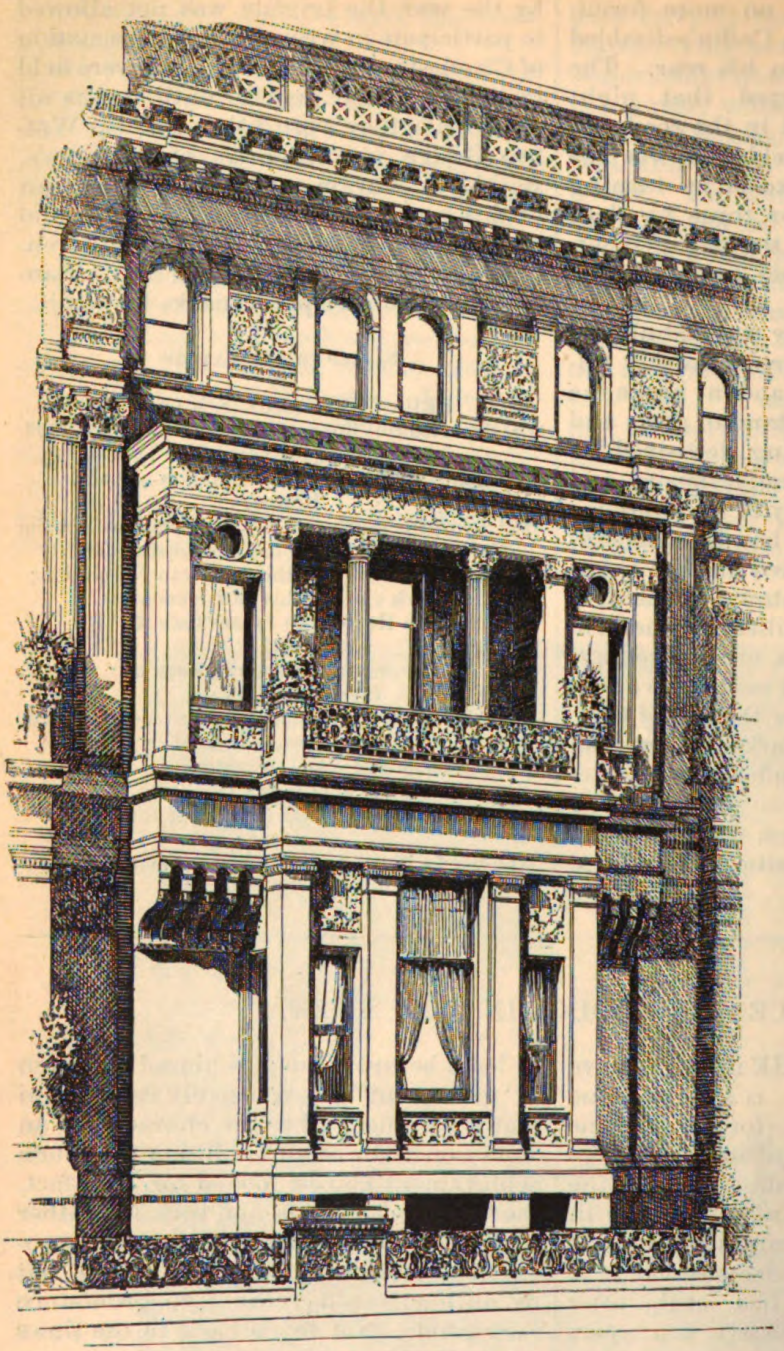
SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
BRIG.-GEN. FRANCIS MARION,
who departed this life on the 27th of February, 1795,
in the sixty-third year of his age;
deeply regretted by all his fellow-citizens.
HISTORY
Will record his worth, and rising generations embalm
his memory as one of the most distinguished
Patriots and Heroes of the American Revolution;
which elevated his native country
TO HONOR AND INDEPENDENCE,
and
secured to her the blessings of
LIBERTY AND PEACE.
This tribute of veneration and gratitude is erected
in commemoration of
the noble and disinterested virtues of the
CITIZEN
and the gallant exploits of the
SOLDIER;
who lived without fear and died without reproach.

RECENT BUILDING IN NEW YORK.



THE new departure is an apt name for what some of its conductors describe as the new "school" in architecture and decoration. It has still, after nearly ten years of almost complete sway among the young architects of England and of the United States, all the signs of a departure—we might say of a hurried departure—and gives no hint of an arrival, or even of a direction. It is, in fact, a general "breaking up" in building, as the dispersion of Babel was in speech, and we can only and somewhat desperately hope that the utterances of every man upon whom a dialect has suddenly fallen may at least be intelligible to himself. From a "movement" so exclusively centrifugal that it assumes rather the character of an explosion than of an evolution not much achievement can be looked for. In fact, the "movement" has not, thus far, either in England or in the United States, produced a monument which anybody but its author would venture to pronounce very good. Not to go back to the times when Gothic architecture was vernacular in England, it has produced nothing which can be put in competition with the works either of the English classical revival, or with the works of the English Gothic revival—with St. Paul's and the Radcliffe Library, on the one hand, or with the New Law Courts and the Manchester Town-hall, on the other. Before the "movement" began, the architects of Europe and America were divided into two camps. They professed themselves either Renaissance or Gothic architects.

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RECESSED BALCONY, W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE.
HERTER BROTHERS, ARCHITECTS.

architect shall build what is right in his own eyes, even if analysis finds it absurd and Vitruvius condemns it as incorrect.

"Queen Anne" is a comprehensive name which has been made to cover a multitude of incongruities, including, indeed, the bulk of recent work which otherwise defies classification, and there is a convenient vagueness about the term which fits it for that use. But it is rather noteworthy that the effect of what is most specifically known as Queen Anne is to restrain the exuberances of design. Whoever recalls Viollet-le-Duc's pregnant saying, that "only primitive sources supply the energy for a long career," would scarcely select the reign of Queen Anne out of all English history for a point of departure in the history of any one of the plastic arts. The bloated Renascence of Wren's successors, such as is shown in Queen's College and in Aldrich's church architecture in Oxford, was its distinctive attainment in architecture. The minute and ingenious wood-carving of Grinling Gibbons was its distinctive attainment in decoration. Nothing could show more forcibly the degeneracy of art at the period which of late years has been represented as an æsthetic renascence than the acceptance of these wood-carvings, which in execution and all technical qualities are as complete, and in design and all imaginative qualities are as trivial and commonplace, as contemporary Italian sculpture, as works

The mediævalists acknowledged a subjection to certain principles of design. The classicists accepted certain forms and formulæ as efficacious and final. They were both, therefore, under some restraint. But the new movement seems to mean that aspiring genius shall not be fettered by mechanical laws or academic rules, by reason or by revelation, but that every

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of art comparable to the graceful inventions of Jean Goujon, and clearly preferable to the sometimes rude but always purposeful decoration of mediæval churches.

The revivalists of Queen Anne have not confined their attentions to the reign of that sovereign. They have searched the Jacobean and the Georgian periods as well, and have sucked the dregs of the whole English Renaissance. Unhappily, nowhere in Europe was the Renaissance so unproductive as in the British Islands. It was so unproductive, indeed, that Continental historians of architecture have scarcely taken the trouble to look it up or to refer to it at all. Not merely since the beginning of the Gothic revival, but since the beginning of the Greek revival that was stimulated by the publication of Stuart's work on Athens, in which for the first time uncorrupted Greek types could be studied, what contemporary architects have ransacked as a treasury was considered a mere lumber-room, and fell not so much into disesteem as into oblivion. During two generations nobody any more thought of studying the works of English architecture, from Hawksmoor to "Capability" Brown, than anybody thought of studying the poetry of Blackmore and Hayley. The attempt within the past ten years to raise to the rank of inspirations the relics of this decadence, which for years had been regarded by everybody as rather ugly and ridiculous, is one of the strangest episodes in the strange history of modern architecture.

Mr. Norman Shaw has been the chief evangelist of this strange revival. Mr. Shaw is a very clever designer, with a special felicity in piquant and picturesque groupings, which he had shown in Gothic work, especially in country houses, before the caprice seized him of uniting free composition with classic detail, and the attempt at this union is what is most distinctively known as Queen Anne. Whoever considers the elements of this combination would hardly hope that the result could be a chemical union, or more than a mechanical mixture. Classic detail is the outcome and accompaniment of the simplest construction possible, which was employed by the Greek architects in the simplest combination possible, and precisely because it was so simple and so primitive they were enabled to reduce it to an "order," and to carry it to a pitch of purity, lucidity, and refinement to which the most enthusiastic mediævalist will scarcely maintain that more complicated constructions have ever attained. But this very perfection, which was only attainable when life was simple and the world was young, this necessary relation between the construction and the detail of Greek Doric, makes it forever impossible that Greek detail should be successfully "adapted" to modern buildings. The latest and strongest of the writers on the theory of architecture has said of Greek architecture: "As partisans of its historical glory we should desire that it remain forever in its historical shrine." We laugh at the men of two generations ago who covered Europe and America with private and public buildings in reproduction as exact as they could contrive of Grecian temples. But, after all, if the Greek temple be the ultimate, consummate flower, not only of all actual but of all possible architectural art, were not these men wiser in their generation than their successors who have taken the Greek temple to pieces and tried to construct modern buildings out of its fragments? There is even something touching and admirable, in this view, in the readiness and completeness of the sacrifice to beauty which the reproducers of the Greek temples made of all their merely material comforts and conveniences, something that we miss in the adapters. The Romans can scarcely be said to have attempted this adaptation. They built Roman buildings for purposes and by methods which had never entered the minds of Greek architects to conceive, and they built them with no more thought of art than enters the mind of a modern railway engineer in designing a truss bridge. After they were designed according to their requirements the Roman engineer overlaid them, or, according to some conjectures, employed Greek decorators to overlay them, with an irrelevant trellis of Greek architecture, debasing and corrupting the Greek architecture in the process. And it is this hybrid architecture, which analysis would at once have dissolved into its component parts, that was accepted without analysis as the starting-point of "the new departure" of the fifteenth century, and the ultimate English debasement of which in the eighteenth is taken by the contemporary architects of England and America as the starting-point of the new departure in the nineteenth. It can not be said that Mr. Norman Shaw and his followers have

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succeeded in the task of combining free composition with classic detail, which the Romans forbore to attempt, and in which the French architects of the sixteenth century failed. Every attempt to fit antique detail to a building faithfully designed to meet modern requirements shows that it can not be so fitted without being transformed, and—since the sole excuse for the attempt is that it can not be bettered—without being debased. What the Queen Anne men have done is virtually what the Romans did. They have shirked the impossible problem they unnecessarily imposed upon themselves, and have either overlaid or inlaid their buildings with their architecture. Of course the result of this process can no more be accepted as an architectural organism than if they had hung water-proof paper on the outer walls instead of decorating them with carving, or moulding, or what not, built in the walls, but no more architecturally related to them than the paper-hanging. But this is precisely what has been done in every "free classic" building, with more or less skill and dissimulation of the process. It is seldom done with the winning candor with which it has been done in the house of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, in New York, which is officially described as a specimen of the "Greek Renaissance," possibly because its architectural details are all Roman. In that edifice two bands of exquisite carving—exquisite in execution, that is to say—which girdle the building, simply occur on the wall at levels where they are quite meaningless in relation to the building, where, consequently, they would not help the expression of the building, if the building could be said to have any expression beyond that of settled gloom, and where the irrelevant carving, not being framed by itself, would contradict the expression of a structure which was architecturally and not alone mechanically a building. How much this carving would gain by being framed away, so that if it did not help, it should at least not injure, the architecture to which it is attached, may be seen by comparing these Vanderbilt houses with a brown-stone house, in formal Renaissance, in upper Fifth Avenue, near Sixty-ninth Street, where the carving is neither better cut nor more abundant than that of the Vanderbilt houses, but where its disposition at least appears to be premeditated and not casual.

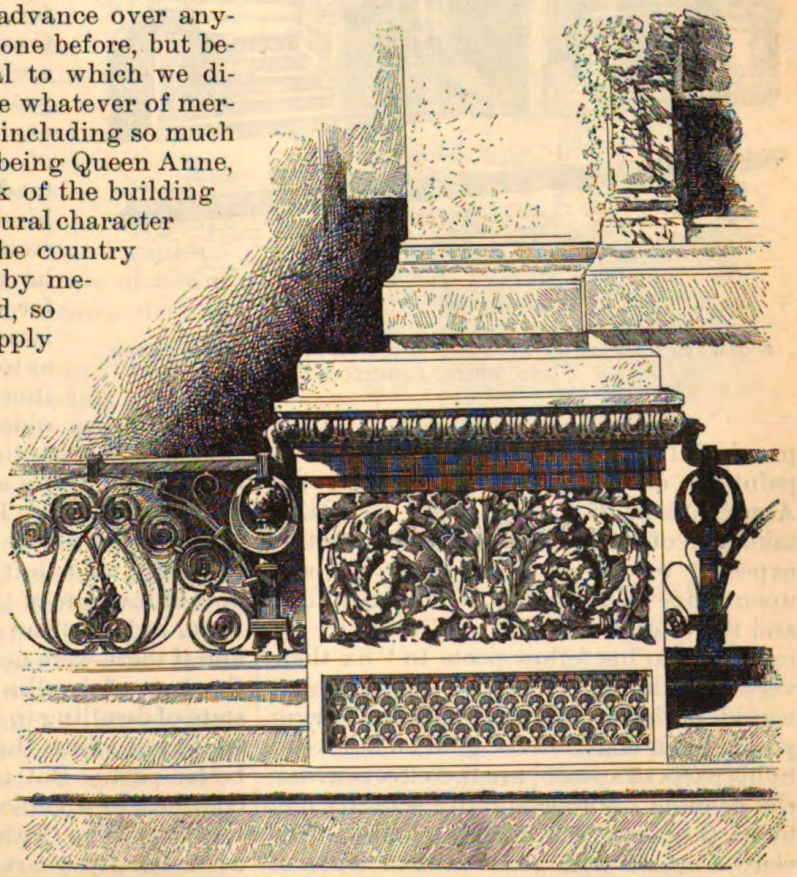
It would scarcely be worth while to point out the faults of designs, if they can even be described as such, so generally disesteemed as those of the two houses built for Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, "those boxes of brown stone with architecture *appliqué*." But it is worth pointing out that the radical error, which in these appears so crudely and naïvely as to be patent to the wayfaring man who has never thought about architecture, is latent in all the works of the Queen Anne movement—to which these houses do not specifically belong—and must vitiate every attempt to adjust classic detail to free and modern composition. Classic detail can not grow out of modern structures faithfully designed for modern purposes, as it grows out of antique structure, or as Gothic ornament grows out of Gothic structure, like an efflorescence. It must be "adjusted" as visibly an after-thought, and to say this is to say that in all Queen Anne buildings the architecture is *appliqué*.

However, to disparage Queen Anne is not to explain its acceptance. It looks like a mere masquerade of nineteenth-century men in eighteenth-century clothes, and with many of its practitioners it is no more. In England it seems to have originated as a caprice by which a clever and dashing but by no means epoch-making architect misled the younger and weaker of his brethren. In this country, which has never been much more architecturally than an English colony, there seemed special reasons for following the new fashion of being old-fashioned. American architects, and American builders before there were any American architects, had been exhorted, as they have lately been exhorted again, to do something distinctively American. The colonial building, which was done by trained English mechanics, was of the same character as the contemporary domestic work of England, and showed in its ornament the same unreflecting acceptance of a set of forms and formulæ bequeathed as a tradition of the trade and part of the outfit of a journeyman. Although Jefferson complained that in his time and in rural Virginia it was impossible to "find a workman who could draw an order," it is evident that there was no difficulty of that kind in other parts of the country. These trained workmen, it is to be noted, were all carpenters, and there is probably no work in stone which shows an equal pre-

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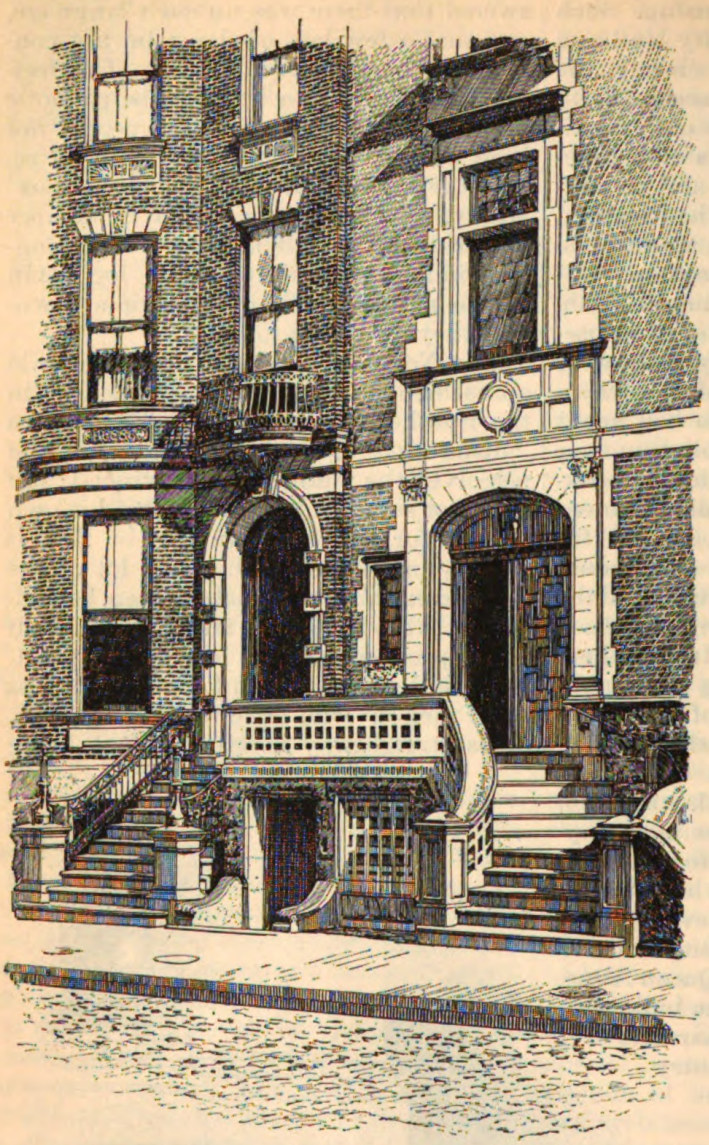
cision and facility in workmanship. Such buildings as the New York City Hall and the Albany Academy were clearly the work of architects of culture according to the standard of the time. The only architectural qualities of the works of the mechanics were the moderation and respectability of detail, which they had learned as part of their trade, and it is quite absurd to ascribe to these buildings any value as works of art. It is particularly absurd to assign the degradation of house-building which undoubtedly followed, and which made the typical American house, after the Greek temple had spent its force, the most vulgar habitation ever built by man, to the substitution of book-learned architects for handicraftsmen. People talk as if the middle part of Fifth Avenue, the brown-stone high-stoop house with its bloated detail, which displaced the prim precision of the older work, had been done by educated architects. In fact, there was probably not a building put up in New York after the design of an educated architect between the works we have mentioned and the erection of Trinity Church by Mr. Upjohn in 1845, which not only marked a great advance over anything that had been done before, but began the Gothic revival to which we directly or indirectly owe whatever of merit has been done since, including so much of Queen Anne as, not being Queen Anne, is good. But the bulk of the building which gave its architectural character to New York and to the country continued to be done by mechanics, who continued, so far as they could, to supply the demand of the market, who gradually lost the training their predecessors had enjoyed, and who lost also all sense of the necessity for that training in the new demand that their work should be, above all things, "American." As the slang of to-day puts it, they were exhorted, as the architects are still sometimes exhorted, to "talk United States." They might have answered that there was no such language, and that a few bits of slang did not constitute a poetical vocabulary. The feeling which urges an artist to be patriotic by being different from other people not long ago led Mr. Walt Whitman to resent the absence of an "autochthonous" poetry, and has lately led a newspaper writer to call the attention of a New England building committee to the log cabin as the most suitable motive for a town-hall they are going to build.

The Northern reader notes with mild amusement the occasional resentment in the Southern press of the absence of a "distinctive Southern literature," and perceives the plaint to be provincial; but he is not so quick to perceive that his own clamor for an American this or that is equally provincial. The hard lot of the American painter has lately been bewailed, in that, when he has tried to rid himself of his provincialism by learning to paint, and has learned to paint more or less as other men do who have learned to paint, he is straightway berated for not being



POST AND RAILING, W. H. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE.

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DOORWAYS ON MADISON AVENUE.—G. E. HARNEY, AND McKIM, MEAD, AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

selves as architects. They undoubtedly attained difference, and their works did not remind the travelled observer of any of the masterpieces of Europe. It is quite conceivable and not at all discreditable that the wild work of Broadway and of Fifth Avenue should have led architects of sensibility to cast many longing, lingering looks behind at the decorum of the Bowling Green and Washington Square, and to sigh for a return of the times when the common street architecture of New York was sober and respectable, even if it was conventional and stupid.

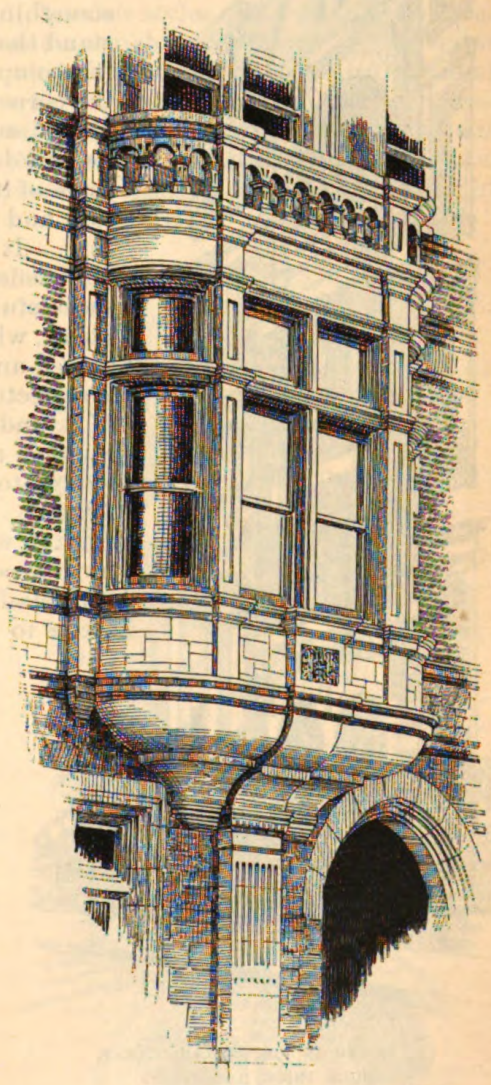
This justifiable preference for Bowling Green and Washington Square and St. John's Park over Broadway and Madison Square and Murray Hill, for an architecture confessedly colonial over an architecture aggressively provincial, is no doubt the explanation why so many of our younger architects made haste to fall in behind the Queen Anne standard. What we really have a right to blame them for is for not so far analyzing their own emotions as to discover that the qualities they admired in the older work, or admired by comparison with the newer, were not dependent upon the actual details in which they found them. To be "content to dwell in decencies forever" was not considered the mark of a lofty character even by a poet of the time of Queen Anne. If virtue were, indeed, "too painful an endeavor," and if there were no choice except between the state of dwelling in decencies and the state of dwelling in indecencies forever, we could but admit that they had chosen the better part. But they were not, in fact, confined to a choice between these alternatives. The Gothic revival in England, after twenty years, had succeeded in establishing something much more like a

provincial. If American literature or painting or architecture is good, the Americanism of it may safely be left to take care of itself. But a man can not be expected to innovate to much purpose upon usages with which he is unfamiliar; and the effects which Mr. Whitman's admonition to his fellow-poets to "fix their verses to the gauge of the round globe" would probably have upon an aspiring young poet, conscious of genius, but weak in his parts of speech, are the effects which the demand for aboriginality actually had upon the race of builders, whether they were content with that title, or without any sufficient provocation described them-

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real vernacular architecture than had been known in England before since the building of the cathedrals—an architecture which, although starting from formulas and traditions, had attained to principles, and was true, earnest, and alive. It was quite inevitable that it should be crude in proportion as it was alive, according to the frankness with which it recognized that we live in times unknown to the ancients, and endeavored to respond with changes in its organism to changes wrought in its environment by new requirements and new knowledge, with forms necessarily rude, inchoate, embryonic, as beseems the formative period of letters and of arts as of life, in contrast with the ultimate refinement which is the mark of a completed development. But that these crudities would be refined was also inevitable; that they were in process of refinement was apparent. Another generation of artists as earnest as those who began the Gothic revival might have brought this rough and swelling bud to a splendid blossom. But in an evil hour, and under a strange spell, the young architects of the United States followed the young architects of England in preferring the refinements of a fixed and developed architecture to the rudenesses of a living and growing architecture. Because they did not see their way at once to "supply every deficiency and symmetrize every disproportion," they did not leave this for their successors, but abandoned the attempt at an expression of the things they were doing for the elegant expression in antique architecture of meanings which have grown meaningless to modern men.

They have had their way in New York for seven or eight years, during a period unprecedented in building activity, and out of all comparison in the profusion with which money has been lavished upon building and decoration. What have they gained for architectural art? They have, indeed, subjected many miles of sandstone to the refining influence of egg and dart mouldings (the designer of a house in Fifth Avenue has so much faith in the efficacy of that ornament that he has belted his street front with three rows of it, one above the other), and triglyphs (faithfully to have contemplated which softens the manners nor suffers to be rude) have been brought within the reach of the humblest in the decoration of tenement-houses. They have built so much and so expensively that they have produced in minds—like some of their own—which do not reflect much upon these things, the impression that if luxury and art are not synonymous, they are at least inseparably connected, with the latter in the capacity of handmaiden. But will any educated architect assert that the characteristic monuments of the last five or six years, great-

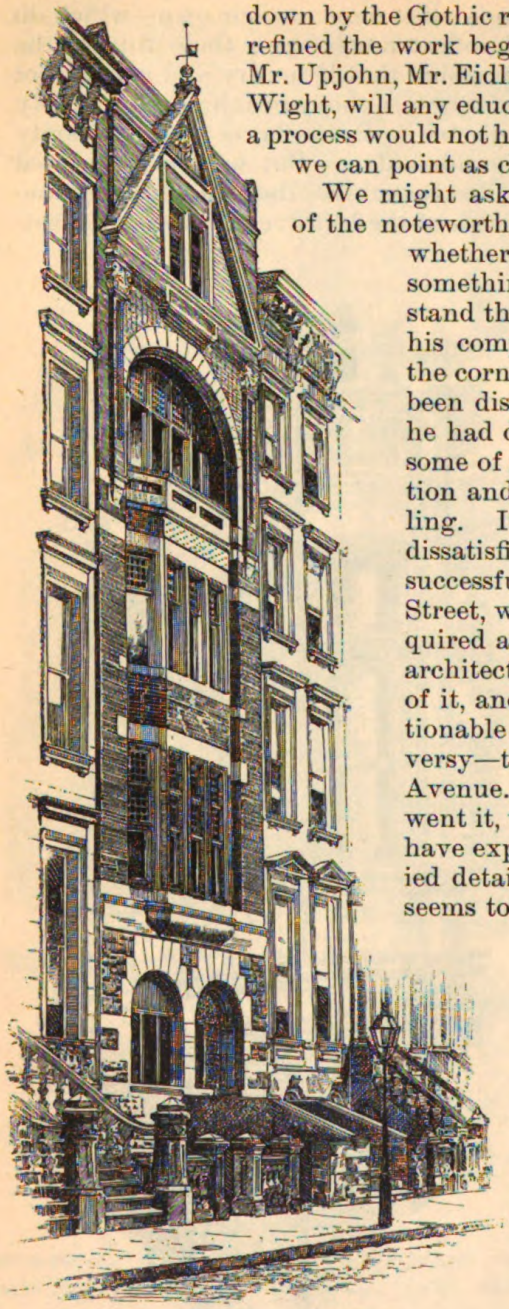


ORIEL OF HOUSE IN FIFTY-FOURTH STREET.
C. C. HAIGHT, ARCHITECT.

ly superior in quantity, and superior by a great multiple in cost, are equal in architectural value to the work of the decade preceding? Suppose that Mr. Norman Shaw had not bedevilled the weaker of his brethren, and that this unprecedented building activity and this unparalleled spending of money that have fallen un-

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der the control of architects had been directed along the lines laid down by the Gothic revivalists, and had extended, consolidated, and refined the work begun and carried on here by such architects as Mr. Upjohn, Mr. Eidlitz, Mr. Withers, Mr. Cady, Mr. Potter, and Mr. Wight, will any educated architect maintain that the result of such a process would not have been nobler monuments than any to which we can point as characteristic products of the later movement?

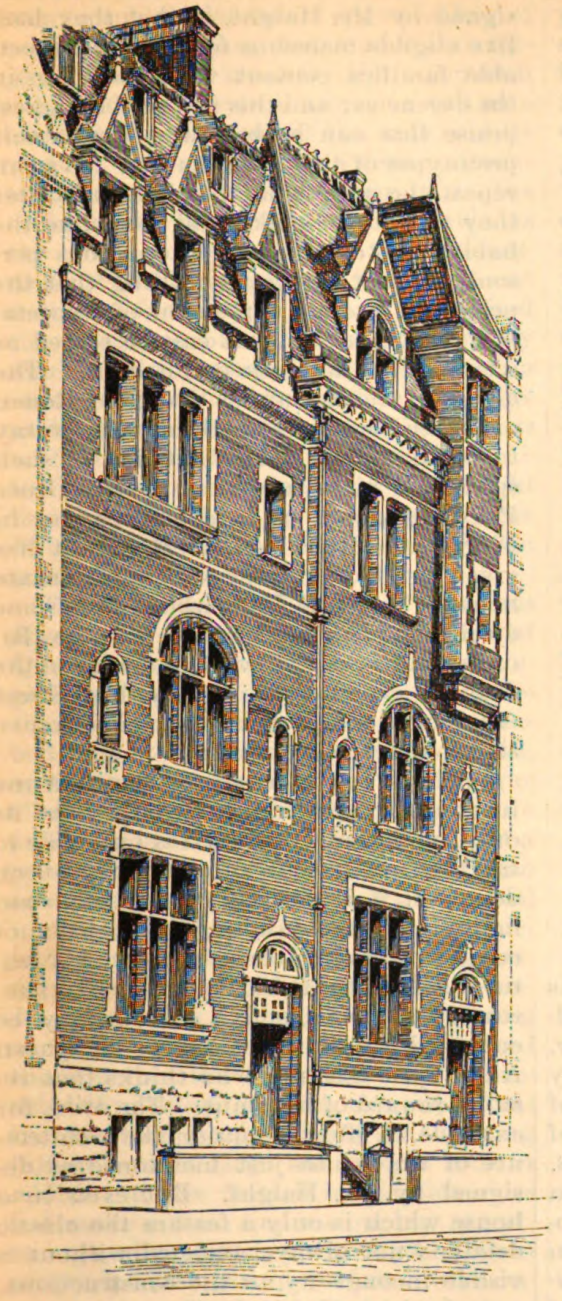


(A) HOUSE IN FIFTY-SIXTH STREET. BRUCE PRICE, ARCHITECT.

We might ask Mr. Harney, for example, who has been one of the noteworthy contributors to the works of both periods, whether in falling to "grace" he has not fallen from something more important. One can readily understand that Mr. Harney, in contemplating the effect of his completed work in the respectable warehouse at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway, should have been disappointed in the effect of much of the detail he had designed for his building, should have found some of it rude, some of it disproportionate to its function and position, and none of it exquisite in modelling. It is also intelligible that he may have been dissatisfied with some parts even of his still more successful house at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, which, always a grateful object, has lately acquired an air of additional distinction from the eager architectural competition which has set in alongside of it, and the results of which give an air of unquestionable animation—the animation of excited controversy—to Fifty-seventh Street from Fifth to Sixth Avenue. This dissatisfaction, if the architect underwent it, was a wholesome discontent which we should have expected to see allayed by more thoroughly studied detail in Mr. Harney's succeeding work. But it seems to have been a morbid sensitiveness to the defects of his work which led Mr. Harney to abandon altogether and in despair the practice of architectural design, and when he had another commercial building to do to erect in Wall Street an entirely ineffectual structure, of which the architecture that one carries away with him consists in a crow-stepped gable, an irrelevant entablature *appliqué* which crosses the building half-way up, and windows covered with flat arches, the key-stones of which are "shored up" by the mullions; and, when he had another city house to do, to depute the design of it to some unknown carpenter who died before he was born, and to reproduce accurately in Madison Avenue a Vandam or Charlton Street house built out of due time, with a familiar "old New York" doorway, in the jambs of which quoins intercept sheaves of mouldings. This confession that a carpenter of 1825 was a better-trained designer than an educated architect of 1880 is very possibly creditable to the personal modesty of the latter; but Mr. Harney's own earlier works sufficiently testify that it does not do him justice.

Mr. Cady, one of the most important and distinguished of the contributors to the Gothic revival in New York, has also of late years become a convert to the new movement, and seems from our point of view to have thrown himself away with even less sufficient cause than that which impelled Mr. Harney to his rash act. For we have distinctly admitted that Mr. Harney had reason to be dissatisfied with his

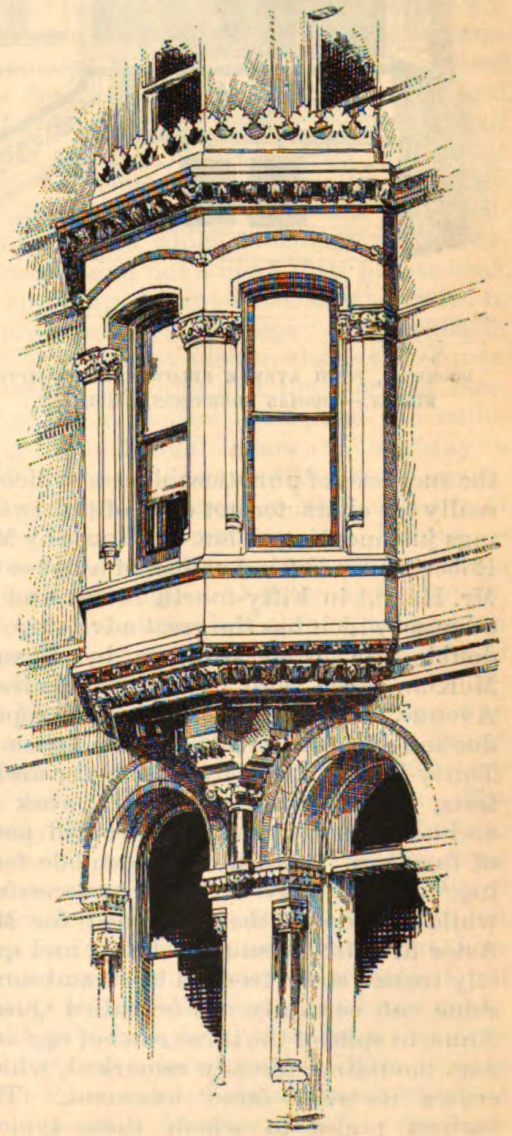
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(B) HOUSES IN MADISON AVENUE.
R. M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

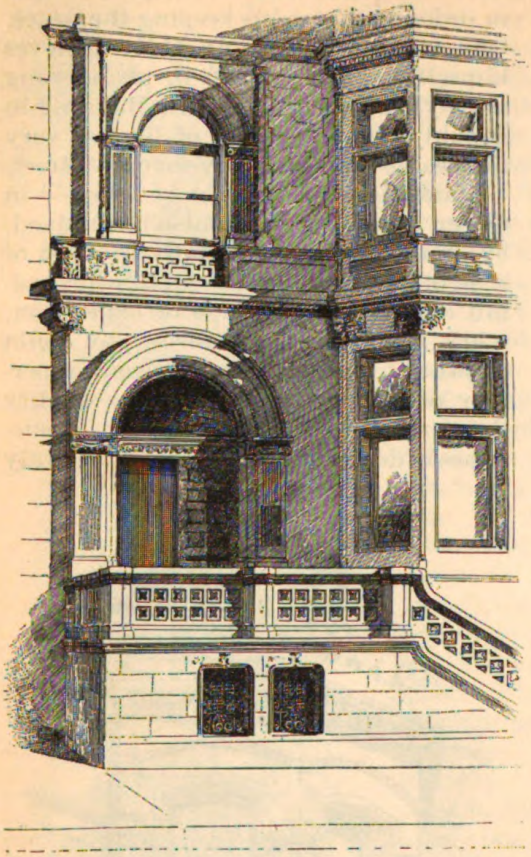
Gothic detail, while we can not make that admission in behalf of Mr. Cady. Mr. Cady's newer work is shown in a house of red brick and brown sandstone, which he contributed to the architectural competition just noticed. This edifice shows a desire to live at peace in the midst of very quarrelsome neighbors. Mr. Cady, indeed, could scarcely design a vulgar and vociferous work if he tried. At any rate, he has never tried, and does not in the least need to be put under the bonds of a style in order to insure his keeping the peace. One wonders what Mr. Cady believes himself to have gained in abandoning the style of his brilliant Art Building in Brooklyn for the style of his not very noticeable house in Fifty-seventh Street.

Quietude can no doubt be attained in Queen Anne, but it can also be attained, by architects who are really in quest of it, in other styles quite as well, which admit a much wider range of expression, while the student is forced to doubt whether by means of the meagre repertory of Queen Anne any other quality than quietude can be expressed. Its successes in domestic architecture are mainly



(C) ORIEL OF HOUSE IN SIXTY-THIRD STREET.
C. L. W. EIDLITZ, ARCHITECT.

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DOORWAY, FIFTH AVENUE BELOW SEVENTY-FIFTH STREET.—THOMAS ROBERTSON, ARCHITECT.

the successes of unnoticeableness, which is really the character not only of the dwellings just mentioned, but of a house by Mr. Robertson in Fifth Avenue, of a house by Mr. Haight in Fifty-fourth Street, and of a house, which has the great advantage of double the usual frontage, by Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, in Madison Avenue, adjoining Mr. Harney's reproduction; for the tall red brick house in Thirty-fourth Street, by these latter architects, which looks less like a work of architectural art than a magnified piece of furniture "with the Chippendale feeling," can scarcely be called successful, while the house they designed for Mr. Astor in Fifth Avenue, a simply and quietly treated street front in brick and sandstone, can certainly not be called Queen Anne, in spite of the three rows of egg and dart moulding, already remarked, which crown its rock-faced basement. The highest praise to which these typical Queen Anne houses can aspire, in spite of some thoroughly studied detail, such as the treatment of the oriel in that one designed by Mr. Haight, is that they look like eligible mansions for highly respectable families content with dwelling in the decencies; and this is also the highest praise that can be bestowed upon their prototypes of the Georgian era. We can repeat the admission that it is far better they should look like that than like the habitations of vulgarly ostentatious persons, without thereby admitting that the prim and prosaic expression of respectability never so eminent can be scored as a triumph in domestic architecture. The domestic architecture of Venice or Rouen or Nuremberg has something more to say to us than that. And a touch of such spirit and picturesqueness as Mr. Bruce Price has given us in a brick house in Fifty-sixth Street (A), as Mr. Hunt has given us not only in the elaborately ornate house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, but in some dwellings in upper Madison Avenue (B), or as Mr. Cyrus Eidlitz has given us in the detail of some houses in Sixty-third Street (C), is more to be desired than a mere omission to outrage decorum.

Such as the successes of Queen Anne in domestic architecture are, they are its only successes, although it is only fair to say that much interesting work has been done in it, if not strictly of it, in suburban houses and sea-side cottages, which do not come within our present scope. A "feature" suffices for the architecture of a narrow street front, and a feature may be compiled out of the repertory of Queen Anne by a designer who thinks that result a reward of his pains. The oriel, for example, in effect comprises the architecture of the house just mentioned as designed by Mr. Haight. But even in a house which is only a feature the classic detail is not always adjusted without a visible incongruity to the constructions, out of which classic detail can not spontaneously grow as it grew out of classic constructions. The doorway, for example, of the house designed by Mr. Robertson, which is virtually repeated in the window over it, is a moulded round arch standing upon pilasters of its own width, and thus apparently making of the jamb and arch a complete and detached construction. That is to say, the pilasters seem to carry the arch. The architect of the New York Post-office has done the same thing in a much ruder way. But the elegance of Mr. Robertson's detail can

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not rid even the spectator who does not stop to analyze the source of the feeling of an uneasy sensation that what is thus elegantly expressed is not the fact. An arch does in fact exercise a lateral as well as a vertical pressure, and if the arch and its vertical supports formed a detached construction, as they here appear to do, the arch would be unstable. Insensible as the classical Romans were to considerations of artistic expression, they were not so insensible as this. They recognized the existence of a lateral pressure by marking the impost of the arches with a continuous moulding, thus allying the arch with its lateral abutment as well as with its vertical support, and here the architect of the Post-office, wiser, or, if thought be not predicable of his architecture, more fortunate, than Mr. Robertson, has been content to imitate them.

The buildings in which these solecisms appear, we repeat, are the successes of Queen Anne. For structures more complicated most of its practitioners have shrunk from invoking it. Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, indeed, took the ground, when they designed the Union League Club House, that a "feature" supplied a sufficient idea for that edifice, and that a portico of four large Roman Corinthian columns in front, subdued to an equal number of brick pilasters on the side, would meet the architectural requirements of the case, if they let their consciousness play freely over the remaining surfaces without reference to this central thought; but the result has scarcely justified this belief, and the spectator finds that the building, in spite of the unifying influence of a large and simple roof, in addition to the feature in question, does not make a total impression, but is scattering and confused, while its parts, taken singly, are feeble in spite of their extravagant scale. This, indeed, is not even a sacrifice to the architectural or social conventions, but a specimen of what can be achieved by gentle dullness gone rampant. If tame Queen Anne is a somewhat ineffectual thing, what shall be said of wild Queen Anne? There is nothing wild about two other public buildings in which architects have ventured upon Queen Anne—one a hospital, in Park Avenue, by Mr. Haight, and one an "institution" of some other kind, in Lexington Avenue, by Mr. Fernbach. Both of these, indeed, are tame, and whatever the differences of detail may be, both have much the same expression, so that one carries away from either, as from one of the commonplace faces which we are always confounding, an impression which may be that of the other—in either case of a centre with projecting wings separately roofed, and the whole wall overlaid with a shallow trellis of brick-work, too shallow to be serviceable as buttresses, and serviceable only as the badge of the alleged "style." It seems hard upon an owner that he should be required to pay money for rectangular applications of brick which can scarcely strengthen his building appreciably, and can hardly be held to beautify it, by way merely of labelling it, "This is Queen Anne." And this resemblance, be it noted, which is not so much a specific resemblance as the expression of an amiable characterlessness common to both, is not all to be imputed to the architects, except upon the ground of their choice of a style. The works of both of them have character, and not at all the same character, when they are working in a style which is a real form-language in which meanings can be expressed, and not a mere little phrase-book containing elegant extracts wherewith to garnish aimless discourse. Mr. Fernbach, as is testified by such works as the *Staats-Zeitung* building and the German Savings-Bank in New York, and the building of the Mutual Insurance Company in Philadelphia, is one of the most accomplished practitioners in this country of academic Renaissance. Mr. Haight, as we shall presently see more at large, is a highly accomplished designer in Gothic. It is not their fault if Queen Anne, when spread over an extensive façade, spreads thin.

Mr. Robertson is the only architect who has had the temerity to attempt a Queen Anne church, and the success of his essay is not such as to invite imitation. The essay itself is a little church in Madison Avenue, with not much of Queen Anne in the main walls, which are of a rugged rusticity, with the needful openings left square-headed and unmodelled; but these walls are crowned with a clere-story faced with yellow shingles, under a broad gable, and its openings united under a thin ogee canopy of painted pine. There is here and there a little classic detail, which, if it pleases the designer, certainly hurts nobody, but it is the interior that is dedicated to Queen Anne. Here one may see

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what the German critics call the "playful use" of forms devised for one construction and one material in another material and with no visible construction, and the result of this pleasantry is what a German professor celebrated in recent fiction describes as "an important joke." In the main features of this interior, however, the treatment passes a joke, for the mahogany nave arches, with their little protruding key-woods, and their supporting posts incased in boxed pedestals, are actually doing the work of carrying the clere-story, unless, indeed, there is a concealed system of iron-work, although their function is so far sacrificed to their form that they are doing the work in the most ungainly and ineffective fashion. Above this, as the repertory of Queen Anne contains no forms that can be even tortured into the construction of an open ceiling, the architect has omitted design altogether, and left his ceiling a mere loft, sheathed underneath with yellow pine. Elsewhere, as in the fittings of the chancel, the use of forms is entirely playful, so that the interior of the church seems to be a collection of pleasantries. In a dining-room, for example, we should pronounce them good jokes, but really in a church a discussion of their merit as jokes seems to be ruled out by the previous question as to the admissibility in the sacred edifice of levity even of the highest order. It is perhaps fortunate for the appliers of Queen Anne to ecclesiastical uses, and indeed for the designers of "cozy" churches in general, that there is no official censorship of church architecture as there is of church music, and that no rubric makes it the duty of every minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in architecture, to suppress all light and unseemly architecture by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary. We may ask Mr. Robertson, in the spirit in which we have been asking other architects, what he has gained by abandoning such an effort as he made some ten years ago in the Phillips Memorial Church to develop a composition out of his subject in favor of these scraps of quotations, and of quotations neither fresh nor very pregnant! He might answer that the church in which we admire at least the effort was a somewhat untamed and obstreperous fabric, and that the present edifice is much more chastened and subdued. It is tame, no doubt, and Mr. Robertson's talent, when he works in Queen Anne, is subdued—

> "subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;"

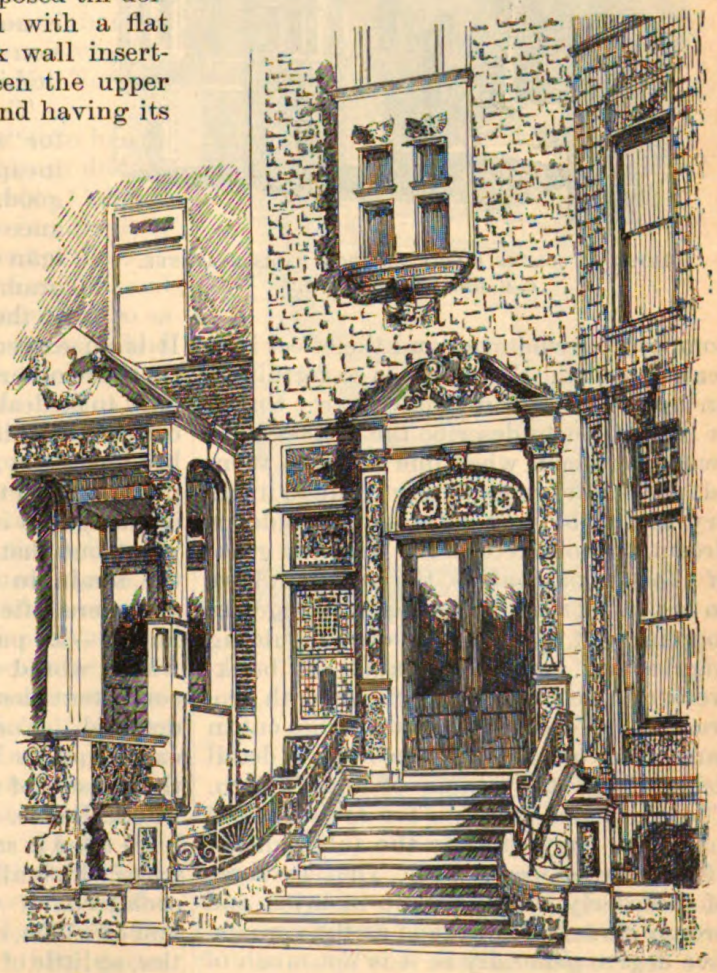
but upon the whole it is difficult to see how the architect, comparing the earlier with the later work, could fail to feel that the attempt to express something, however crude and so far unsuccessful the attempt might have been, was a more manly and artistic employment than this elegant trifling, in which the highest attainable success has an element of puerility. In truth it is gratifying to remark that the argument by which we have supposed the architect to have solaced himself for the result of his ecclesiastical labors in Queen Anne does not seem to have convinced himself, and that a later work still, a sandstone church further down the same avenue, is a much more serious piece of design, being an attempt to develop the architecture out of the structure itself. It would be especially unjust to misapply to Mr. Robertson's Queen Anne church the saying that the style is the man, for the church last mentioned shows that Mr. Robertson is a man of talents, when he gives his talents a chance. But a beautiful house in West Fifty-fourth Street, completed too late for illustration here, is an admirable expression in design of domestic peace and domestic seclusion. And it also shows that it is not necessary to repeat the old houses of New York in order to more than reproduce their attractiveness.

Thus far we have been speaking of the respectable and conservative element in the new departure, of the extreme Right, so to speak, and generally of works which were seriously designed, and so are entitled to be seriously considered. It is not so pleasant to turn to the extreme Left, a frantic and vociferous mob, who welcome the "new departure" as the disestablishment of all standards, whether of authority or of reason, and as an emancipation from all restraints, even those of public decency, and who avail themselves of the remission of them from academic restraints to those imposed by their own sense of propriety by promptly showing that they haven't any. The tame decorum of one phase of the new departure is supplemented by the violent indecorum of another. Sometimes the same designers march now with one wing and now with

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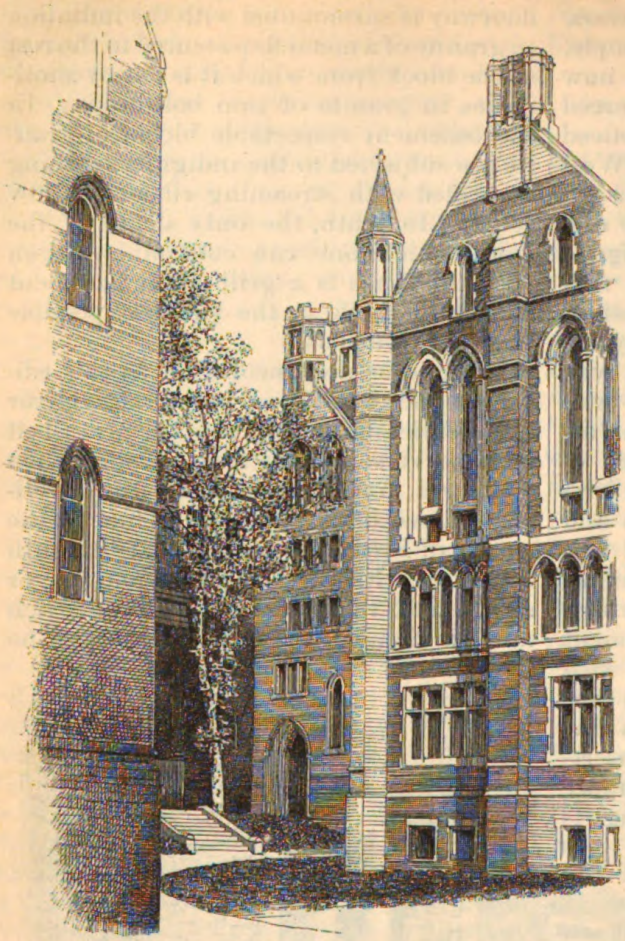
the other of the divergent host. Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, for example, have consoled themselves for what now almost seems to have been the enforced sedateness of the houses we have noticed by a mad orgy of bad architecture in West Fifty-fourth Street. The scene of this excess almost immediately adjoins the dignified and respectable dwelling designed by Mr. Haight, and almost frights that edifice from its propriety, and the designers seem to have been led into it by the baleful example of older persons who ought to have known better, and who committed the maddest freaks in the artistic quarter of the London suburb of Chelsea while in a condition of total irresponsibility alike to any convictions and to any conventions of architectural art. The present indecorum has been committed in the design of two dwellings which consist of a ferociously rugged basement and parapeted cornice in granite, with two or three irregularly disposed tin dormers emerging above, and with a flat and shallow screen of brick wall inserted between them, as between the upper and the nether millstone, and having its thinness emphasized at all the angles by shallow incisions forming a series of brick weather strips, as it were, a square reticulation of which traverses the plane surfaces also. It is quite conceivable that rugged simplicity may have suggested itself to a designer as a desirable character for a city house, but it seems scarcely possible that squareness and flatness and thinness should have appeared desirable, and quite impossible that beauty should have seemed to dwell in a building the top and bottom of which were characterized by rugged simplicity and the middle by squareness and flatness and thinness. The details, whether in brick or granite or tin, are as preposterous as the conception of a building with its parts thus swearing at each other. The round-headed doorway is surmounted with the imitation in granite of a metal flap secured to the rest of the block from which it is cut by similitudes in granite of iron bolt-heads. In the basement respectable blocks of granite are subjected to the indignity of being decorated with streaming ribbons in low relief. In truth, the only detail of the work which one can contemplate even with tolerance is a grill in the basement doorway which is the simplest possible trellis of iron rods.

Indecorous and incoherent as this edifice unquestionably is, it has yet the air of a gentleman taking his pleasure, albeit in a perverse and vicious fashion, when compared, for example, with the dwellings in red brick and brown stone at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, of which a placard announces, or announced, that Messrs. Lamb and Rich are the designers. In these there is no



DOORWAY AT FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET.
LAMB AND RICH, ARCHITECTS.

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GLIMPSE OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE FROM MADISON AVENUE.
C. C. HAIGHT, ARCHITECT.

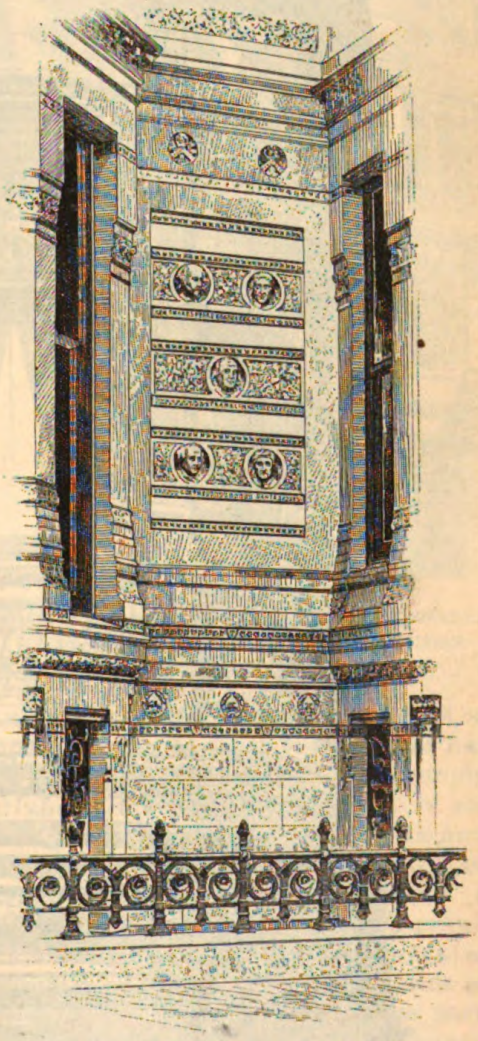
composition whatever, and the effect is so scattering, and the whole is so fortuitous an aggregation of unrelated parts, that it is impossible to describe the houses or to remember them when one's back is turned. Their fragments only recur to memory as the blurred images of a hideous dream. So one recalls the Batavian grace of the bulbous gables, the oriel-windows so set as to seem in imminent danger of toppling out, the egg and dart moulding niggled up and down jambs of brick-work connected by flat openings with protruding key-stones, the whip-lashes cut in sandstone blocks, the decorative detail fished from the slums of the Rococo. These are not subjects for architectural criticism; they call for the intervention of an architectural police. They are cases of disorderly conduct done in brick and brown stone. Hazardous as the superlative degree generally is, it is not much of a hazard to say that they are the most thoroughly discreditable buildings ever erected in New York, and it is to be noted that they are thoroughly characteristic of the period. Such a nightmare might perhaps have entered the brain of some speculative builder during the wildest vulgarity of the brown-stone period, but he would not have had the effrontery to build it, being deterred by the consideration that nobody would face public ridicule by consenting to live in it. Some speculator is, however, convinced that there is now a market for a house which stands upon the street corner and screeches for people to come and look at it when there is nothing in it worth looking at; and we must take shame to ourselves from the reflection that the speculator may be right in counting upon this extreme vulgarization of the public taste, and that, at any rate, there is no police to prevent the emission of the screech upon the public highway.

This is the result of a demand for "something new" upon a mind incapable of producing anything good. The screech is the utterance of the Sweet Singer of Michigan exhorted not to mind about grammar, but "to fix her verses to the gauge of the round globe." It is an extreme instance, to be sure, but there are others only less discreditable, and only to be dealt with in the way of what is called "slashing" criticism, which probably never yet served any more important purpose than to ease the critic's mind. It is enough to indicate these things, and to point out that they are all produced by the strain in the minds of incompetent designers after originality and aboriginality — a purpose essentially vulgar, which would vitiate the work even of a competent designer wherever it could be detected. For although the pursuit of excellence is sure to result in novelty, the pursuit of novelty is sure not to result in excellence. The extreme instance we have cited is still an instance of a tendency to which all the younger generation of architects, of whom so much was hoped, and of whom, considering their opportunities, so little of value has come, have more or less yielded—the tendency to take themselves too seriously and their art not se-

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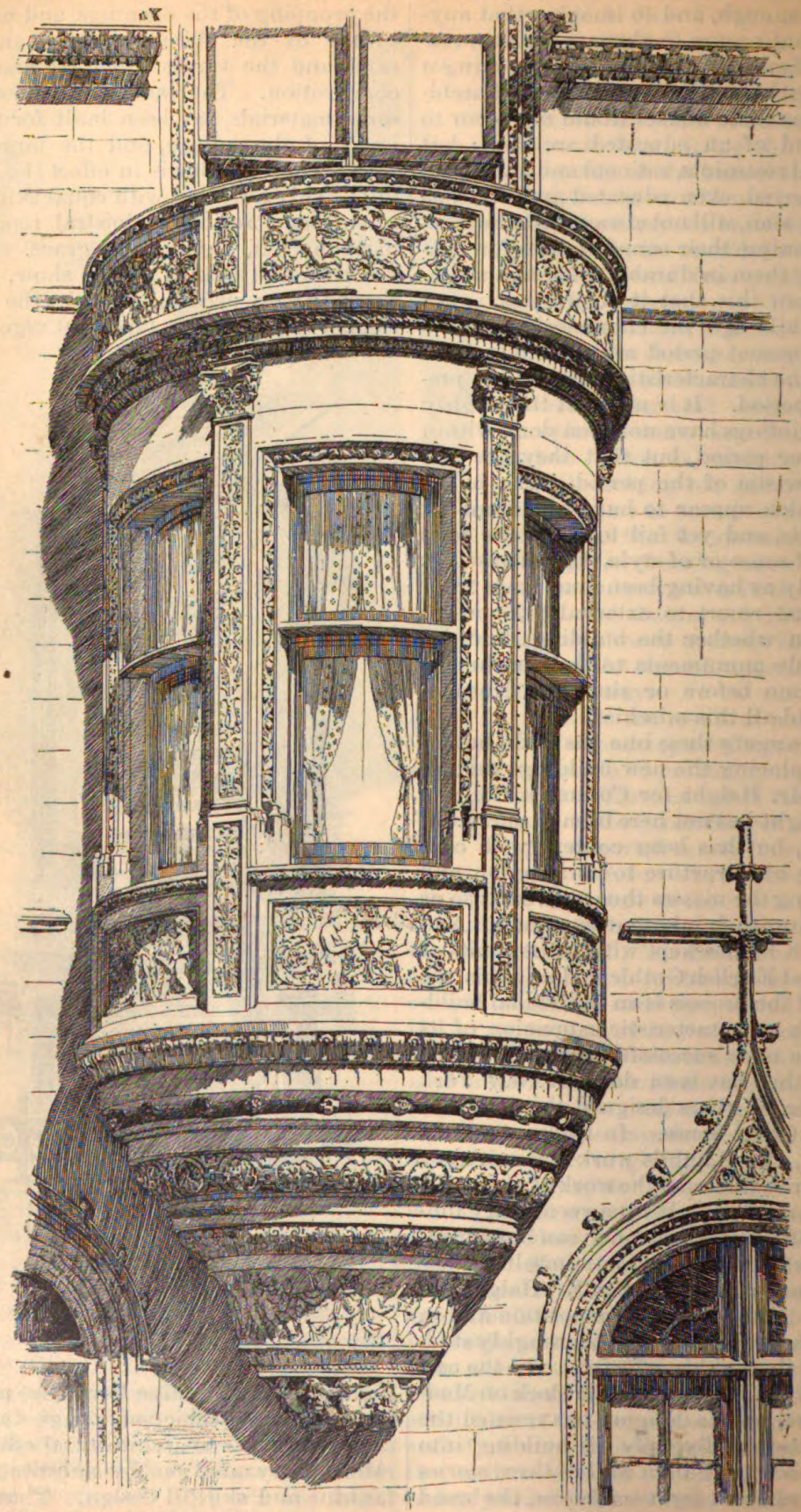
riously enough, and to imagine that anything that occurs to them is for that reason good enough to build without asking it any questions. Such caricatures of architecture as these houses would not occur to the mind of an educated architect; but when all restraints, rational and academic, are removed, even educated architects, as we have seen, will not always take the trouble to analyze their conceptions before embodying them in durable brick and stone. It is from this that it comes that, as we said awhile ago, the characteristic works of the present period are distinctly inferior to the characteristic works of the preceding period. It is not that thoroughly good buildings have not been done within the latter period, but that they are not characteristic of the period. The buildings which appear to have been done by architects, and yet fail to stand the tests either of sense or of style, date themselves infallibly as having been done since 1876. One must resort to external evidence to ascertain whether the buildings that are honorable monuments to their architects were done before or since Mr. Norman Shaw did all this mischief.

First among these one has little hesitation in placing the new buildings designed by Mr. Haight for Columbia College. Mr. Haight has not here been in pursuit of novelty, but has been content with conforming his structure to its function, and modelling the masses thus arrived at so as to heighten their inherent expression. And although he has kept within the limits of historical English Gothic in doing this, the result of the process is an individual building with a characteristic expression of its own, the most successful piece of Gothic design that has been done in New York since Mr. Withers designed the Jefferson Market Court-house. In Queen Anne, as we saw, Mr. Haight's work was not very distinguishable from the work of a very different architect. With a vocabulary limited to fifty words, not much can be expressed. But when he permits himself the use of language, it is seen that Mr. Haight can express thoughts. In composition and in detail these buildings are thoroughly studied and thoroughly effective. In the earlier, a street front of a whole block on Madison Avenue, the designer has resisted the temptation to diversify his building into unrest, but has built a wall of three stories in red brick and light sandstone, the broad and quiet aspect of which is enhanced by the grouping of the openings, and not disturbed by the chimney-stacks and the oriel and the turret which animate the composition. The later building, of the same materials, has been built for the library of the college, and the large hall which contains this is in effect the building. This is treated with equal skill, and to the same result of cloistral repose, of harmony and dignity and grace. These vigorous and refined works show, if the showing were needed, except by the architects of the new departure, that vigor does not necessarily involve bowlders, nor refinement microscopic mouldings, and that these short-cuts to architectural effect are rather sorry and shabby substitutes for faithful and skillful design. That these works of Mr. Haight's are grammatically



FROM EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN'S HOUSE.
CALVERT VAUX, ARCHITECT.

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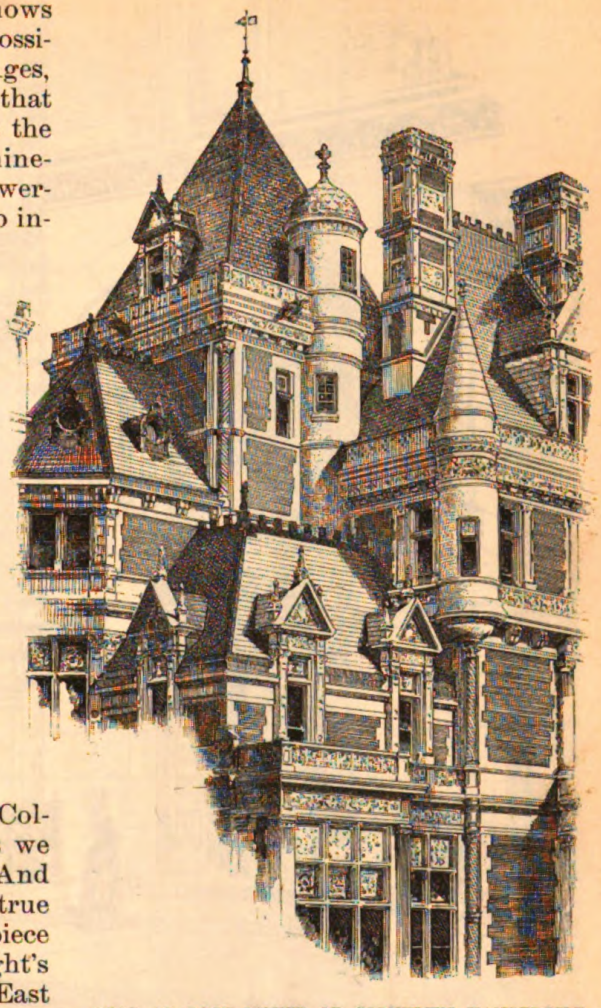


BAY-WINDOW IN W. K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, FIFTY-SECOND STREET.—M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

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"correct" Gothic is not, to our mind, either a merit or a defect. But it shows how wide is the range of expression possible in the architecture of the Middle Ages, and of its pliability to modern uses, that without a departure from precedent the needs of an American college in the nineteenth century can be completely answered in that architecture; for there is no innovation in Mr. Haight's work, unless we include the iron roof, which is partly visible from the floor of the hall. There are one or two "survivals" of forms which have lost their functions, as the unpierced pinnacled turrets at the angles of the library building and the crenellated parapet of the porch in the quadrangle. But upon the whole the result upon which the college and its architect are to be congratulated has been attained by following the advice of the sculptor who informed his pupil that the art was not difficult: "You simply take a piece of marble and leave out what you don't want." Mr. Haight has taken what he wanted in Gothic architecture for the uses of Columbia College, and with the trivial exceptions we have noted has left out the rest. And what is true of this work is equally true of an unpretending and picturesque piece of late Gothic, erected from Mr. Haight's designs for St. Thomas's School, in East Fifty-ninth Street.

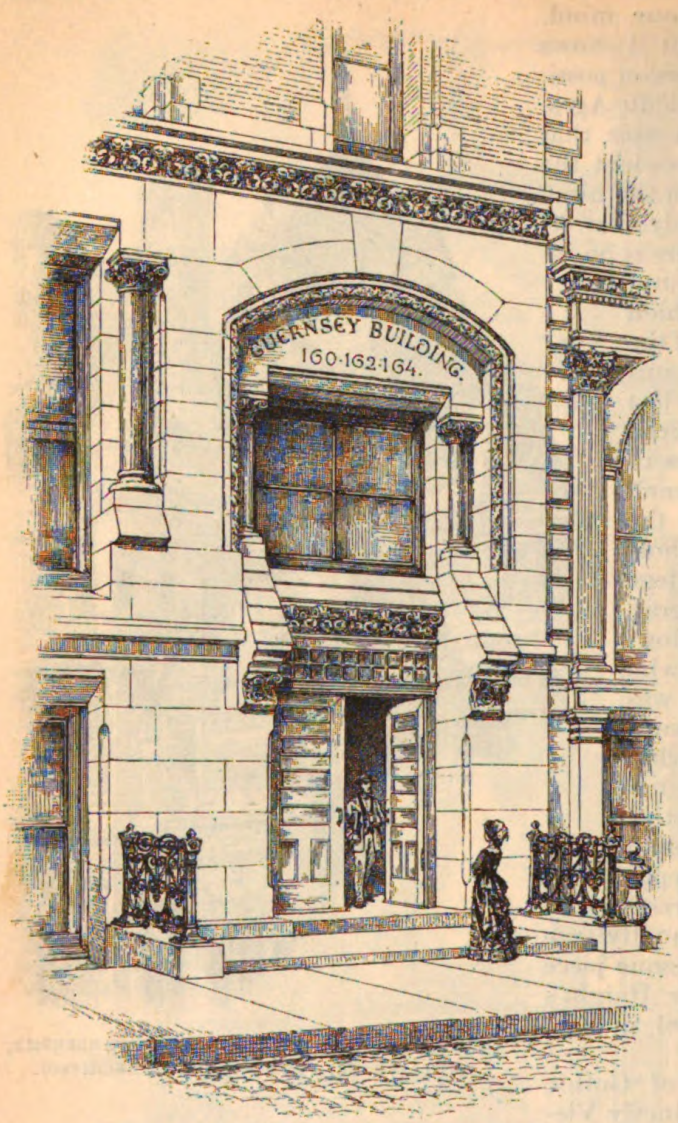
Another interesting piece of Gothic work, though this time of distinctly Victorian Gothic, is the house designed by Mr. Vaux for Governor Tilden. The interest of this, however, is rather in the detail of form and color than in general composition, since the building is architecturally only a street front, and since the slightness of the projections and the lack of visible and emphasized depth in the wall itself give it the appearance rather of a screen than of one face of a building, and the small gables which surmount it too evidently exist for the sole purpose of animating the sky-line. But the color treatment of this front is admirable, and recalls the best work of the most successful colorist in architecture whom we have ever had in New York—Mr. Wrey Mould. It is characteristic that interesting treatment of color, like every other properly architectural development, has been stopped short by the new "movement."



REAR OF ROOF, HOUSE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE.—GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT.

An unusually large variety of colors, and those of the most positive tints that natural stones supply, has here been employed and harmonized; and what is even rarer, they have all been used with architectural propriety to accentuate the construction and to heighten its effect. An ingenious and novel use of dark granite, which when polished is almost black, and which is employed in narrow bands precisely where it is wanted, deserves particular remark. The decorative carving attracts attention chiefly by its profusion, and by the exquisite crispness and delicacy of its execution. In both these respects the only parallel to it is in the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, for, as we have seen, the carving upon the houses of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt does not count. That this carving counts so fully is the result of the skill of the architect in fixing its

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DOORWAY OF GUERNSEY BUILDING, BROADWAY.
R. M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

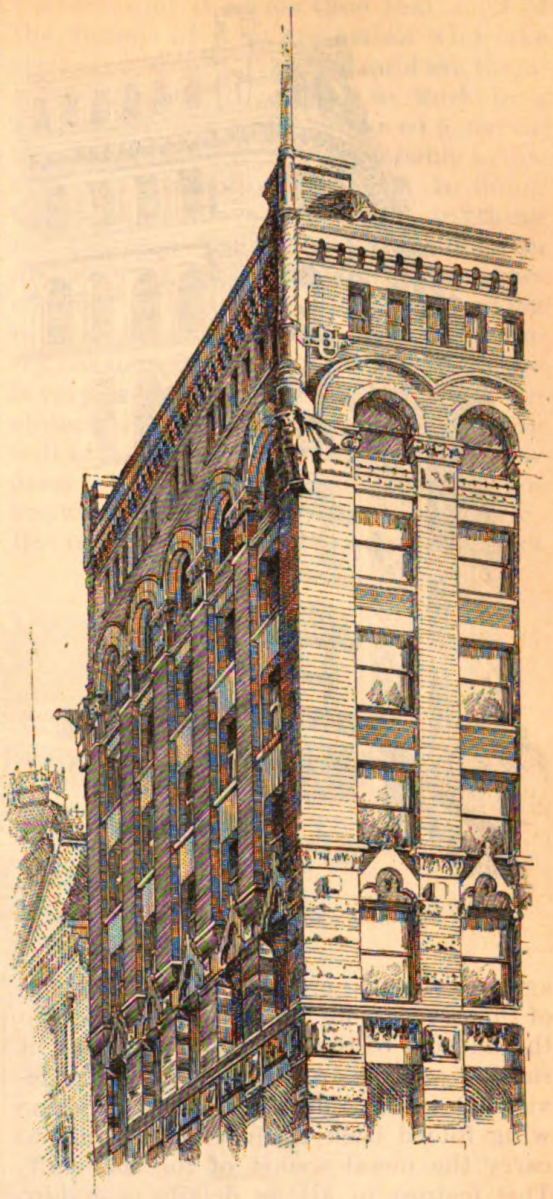
place and adjusting its scale so that it everywhere assists the architecture, and is better in its place than it would be in another place.

These things are equally true of the equally profuse carving in the house designed by Mr. Hunt for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, but this, although in a monochrome of gray limestone, would have a high architectural interest without the least decoration by force of design alone, and in spite of its great richness of detail the impression made by the disposition and the modelling of its masses is the chief factor in its effectiveness. The only serious drawback to the complete success of the composition has been wrought by the architect's desire to introduce an angle turret which, pretty and piquant as it is, did not grow out of the design, and to which the design has not been adjusted without a visible effort. The decorative detail is scarcely so well adjusted to the building in scale as that in the house just mentioned, or in the house designed for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt by Mr. Post, being partly lost by its minuteness, but it has the same merit of being in the right place, and designed for its place, and is cut with the same perfection. Besides the strictly architectural decoration, the sculptural decoration, which in the work of Mr. Vaux is confined to medallions that are not medallions, but detached heads emerging from the wall, is in this work carried much further and done much better than in any other decorative sculpture that can be seen out-of-doors in New York, unless the figures on the pedestal of Mr. St. Gaudens's statue of Farragut be excepted; and the delicacy of the execution in such work as, for example, the procession of cherubic musicians on the corbel of the oriel is less admirable than the grace and movement of the design, and the exquisite modelling of the surfaces in very low relief. In a more recent work of Mr. Hunt's, the Guernsey building, in lower Broadway, a street front in distinctly modern Gothic, there is assuredly no error in scale on the side of minuteness, but the treatment, in mass and in detail, is marked by great vigor and animation, and the architecture of the building is an emphatic expression of its structure.

Another commercial building, at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, is by the architects of the Union League Club, and seems to have been designed under the pressure of a recent discovery that that building would not do. There is no doubt about the discovery; it is only a pity that it should not have been made from the drawings before they were irrev-

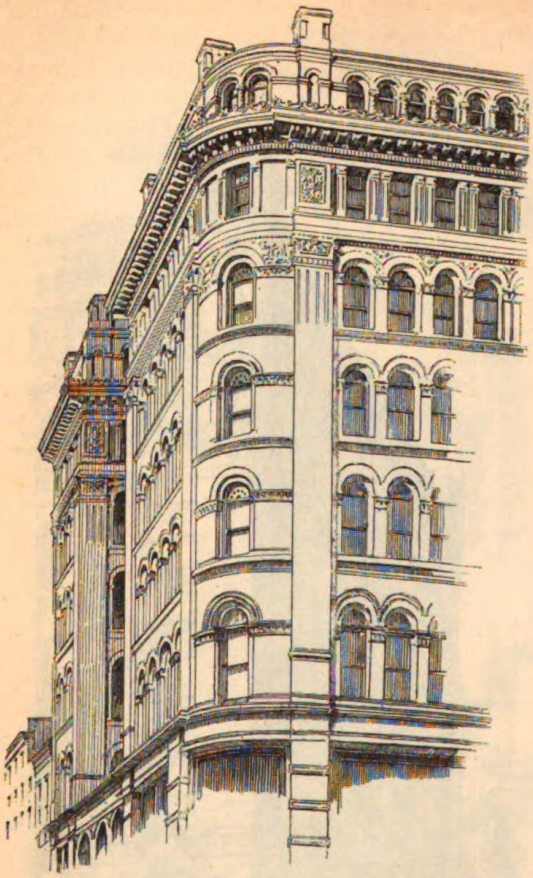
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ocably executed. Clear, however, as the architects were on this point, they were not so clear when they began the United Bank building what would do, and the first two stories look like a series of tentative experiments to find out. They were proving all things, perhaps, with the intention of holding fast that which was good. The practice of projecting bowlders, especially in soft sandstone, has already been mentioned as a somewhat slovenly substitute for the expression of vigor by modelling. Bowlders are projected from the piers of this basement in the most ferocious and blood-curdling manner—so ferocious, indeed, that the architects repented them of their bullying behavior. It is like the fear that came upon Snug the joiner of the consequences that would ensue if ladies took him for the king of beasts: "Another prologue must tell he is not a lion." And so the architects seem to have taken the counsel of Nick Bottom: "Half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner"—that is to say, Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, architects. The "other prologue," which is calculated to re-assure the most timid, is the treatment of the first floor, where not only the asperities of the sandstone are much mitigated, but where a disclaimer of any offensive intention is made in the insertion between the openings of pairs of banded pilasters, between the capitals of which is inserted the novel and pleasing ornament of a key-stone. In order to make sure that they are not strong enough to do any harm, they are not only designed with much feebleness, but they are projected from the face of the wall they might otherwise be imagined to strengthen, and set upon a bracket. Between these Renaissance pilasters are Romanesque entrance arches, in which there is a return to truculence of demeanor; but these are seen to be not entrances at all, but only innocent windows of bank parlors, and the real entrances under them, covered with trefoiled gablets in cast iron, are obviously harmless. It is quite fair to say that up to the top of the first story there is no design in the building, nothing that betrays any evidence of a general intention. But having built thus far in futile search of a motive and of a style, they came upon both, and built over this aimless and restless collection of inconsistent details a purposeful, peaceable, and consistent brick building, a series of powerful piers connected by and sustaining powerful arches, defined by a light label moulding, and enriched at the springing with a well-designed belt of foli-



UNITED BANK BUILDING.—PEABODY AND STEARNS, ARCHITECTS.

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"POST" BUILDING.—GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT.

age. It seems incredible that the authors of this respectable building should be also the authors of the basement on which it stands. At the angle is the ingenious device of a griffin "displayed," and with one wing folded back against either wall, to carry the metal socket of the flag-staff. This feature in all its details is designed with great spirit and picturesqueness. But the architectural impulse fails in the attic story, which should obviously be here the richest part of the building, and which is the baldest, being only a series of rectangular holes, without either modelling or decoration, and without relation in their grouping to the openings immediately under them.

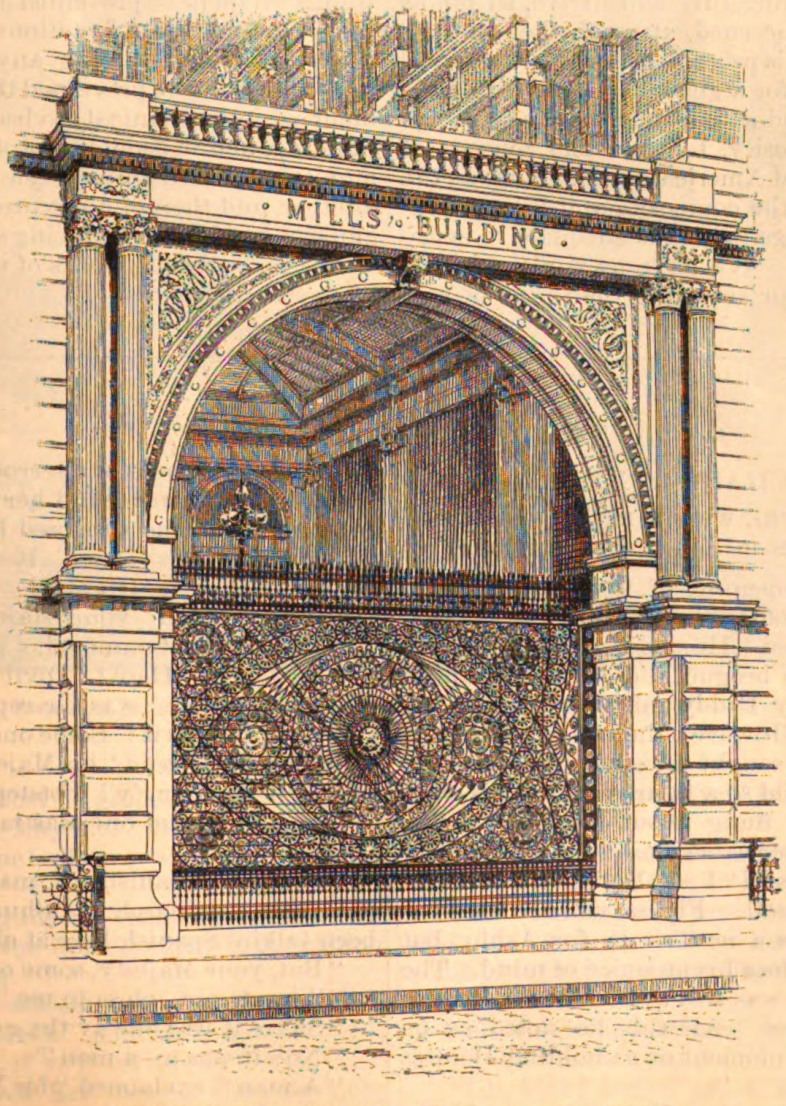
By far the most successful, however, of all the recent commercial buildings is the Post building, designed by Mr. Post, and executed, above the blue-stone basement, in yellow brick and yellow terra cotta. The site is an irregular tetragon at the intersection of three streets, and the court made necessary by the depth of the plot, instead of being a well sunk in the middle of the building, is made a recess in one of the long sides. This arrangement is not only practically convenient, but, like every arrangement obviously dictated by practical convenience, is capable of becoming architecturally effective, and here becomes so. The openings are admirably well grouped between the powerful piers, and, what is a rare attainment in "elevator architecture," there is abundant variety in their treatment, without the look of restlessness and caprice which generally attends an effort for variety in a many-storied building. The detail enhances the effect of this disposition. It is well adjusted to its function and position, nowhere excessive in quantity or in scale, and nowhere meagre, and it is in itself rich and refined. It is designed in "free Renaissance," that is to say, the designer has undertaken to model the building faithfully according to its plan and construction in Renaissance architecture, leaving out all that he does not want. Mr. Haight, as we saw, was able to achieve that result without transcending the lines of academic Gothic. Mr. Post has put his academic Renaissance into the alembic of analysis, and where the analysis has been complete his Renaissance architecture has volatilized and disappeared. We are very sure that he had no real use for the imitations in terra cotta of protruding keystones, for example, and these are almost the only badges left his building of the style with which he started, except the capitals of the pilasters, and the Ionic capitals of the very pretty shafted arcade which forms the attic. But for these comparatively trivial incidents of his work Mr. Post's free Renaissance would have to be classified as Gothic, if it were really necessary to classify it at all except as good architecture. Mr. Post, in fact, has done on his own account what the Romanesque builders did. They too were doing "free classic." They began with classical Roman architecture, and steadily leaving out what they did not want, they arrived at Westminster and Amiens and Cologne.

It is strange to see so thoroughly studied a performance as this succeeded by so thoroughly unstudied a performance as the Mills building by the same architect. But possibly ten-story buildings which must be built in a year will not wait for architects to mature designs which would make the buildings of interest to students of

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architecture as well as to investors. Whatever the cause may be, the result is unfortunate, for after the grandiose and somewhat swaggering Roman gateway and the portcullis which it incloses have been taken out, the rest of the Mills building may safely be thrown away. The portcullis is really an interesting piece of iron-work both in design and in workmanship, although in both it is distinctly inferior to such a piece of work as the nondescript beast in cast iron that performs the humble office of holding a sign in Cedar Street, and that might have been wrought in the thirteenth century, so grotesque, so skillful, so charged with the spirit of artistic and enjoyed handicraft it is. [See initial letter.]

So the new departure is still but a departure, and it seems time that such of the victims of it as are artists who take serious views of their art should ask themselves why they continue to work in a style which has never produced a monument, and in which it is impossible to discern any element of progress. In doing Queen Anne have they done anything but follow a fashion set, as fashions in millinery and tailoring are set, by mere caprice? The professional journal which is the organ of the architects in this country has indeed declared that "architecture is very much a matter of fashion," and architects who take this view of their calling will of course build in the fashion, as they dress in the fashion, in spite of their own knowledge that the fashion is absurd. But it is impossible to regard an architect



GATEWAY OF MILLS BUILDING.—GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT.

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who takes this view as other than a tradesman, or to discuss his works except by telling what are the latest modes, in the manner of the fashion magazines. It seems impossible for architects who take this view of their art to take their art seriously, anything like so seriously, for example, as they take their incomes. But for architects who love their art and believe in it, the point of "departure" is much less important than the point of arrival, and by such architects the historical styles of architecture will be rated according to the help they give in solving the architectural problems of our time. We have seen that an architect who starts from Renaissance architecture and an architect who starts from Gothic architecture, if they faithfully scrutinize their precedents, and faithfully discard such as are inapplicable, in arriving at free architecture will arrive, so far as style is concerned, at much the same result. If this process of analysis were to be carried on for a generation, it would be as difficult, and as purely a matter of speculative curiosity, to trace the sources of English and American architecture as the sources of the composite and living English language, which is adequate to every expression. We have been blaming the architects for accepting the forms of past architecture without analyzing them. But, indeed, if architects had been analysts, they would generations ago have recognized in their work that we do live in times unknown to the ancients, whether of Athens in the fifth century before our era, or of Western Europe in the thirteenth century of our era; that within the limits set by fact and reason there is ample room for the exercise of all accomplished talents, and verge enough for the expression of all sane temperaments, while without these limits nothing can be done that will stand the test of fact and reason, which is the test of time; that "effects" can not precede causes, and that the rudest art which is sincere is living and in the way to be refined, while the most refined art that has lost its meaning can never be made alive. The recognition of these things would have prevented a vagary like the frivolities and affectations of the new departure from attaining any vogue, but it would also have prevented the establishment of any technical styles in modern building, and instead of reproducing "examples" of one historical style and then of another, and then of a mixture of two, architects would be producing and writers would be discussing works of the great art of architecture.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH THE WHOLE PARTY FIND THEMSELVES IN A HAUNTED CASTLE.

AT the opening of the door and the sound of the voice, Ashby started back and retreated. He was very much puzzled at the Irish brogue, and could only think that a stray Paddy might be among the Carlists. However, there was no time to wait, so he sought to regain the fire-place. But as he did so a figure came in his way, arms were flung about him, and a low faint whisper came close to his ear:

"Oh, Assebi! I am Dolores; that other is Mrs. Russell. Fly, or you are lost!"

Here was a new shock for Ashby, but he did not lose his presence of mind. The new-comer was still at the door. He was not followed. All this he noted as he stood for a moment or so holding Dolores in his arms.

As for Mrs. Russell, nothing could exceed her amazement and terror when "his Majesty" came in behind her at the very moment when she supposed herself to be in "his Majesty's" arms. It was unintelligible—nay, even frightful.

"Weren't you—your Majesty—here—just now?" she stammered.

"Me? Us? Here? Divil a bit av us! We've just come," was the reply.

"But who was it? Some one was here."

"Some one?" said "his Majesty." "Oh, maybe it was our r'y'l footstep."

"No—but some one was talking Spanish."

"Walkin' Spanish, ye mane," replied the august monarch. "Shure nobody's been talkin' Spanish here at all at all."

"But, your Majesty, some one was here—talking to me—close to me."

"Shure it was one av the gyerruls."

"No; it was a—a man!"

"A man!" exclaimed "his Majesty," in surprise.

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"Yes."

"What! here in this room?"

"Yes."

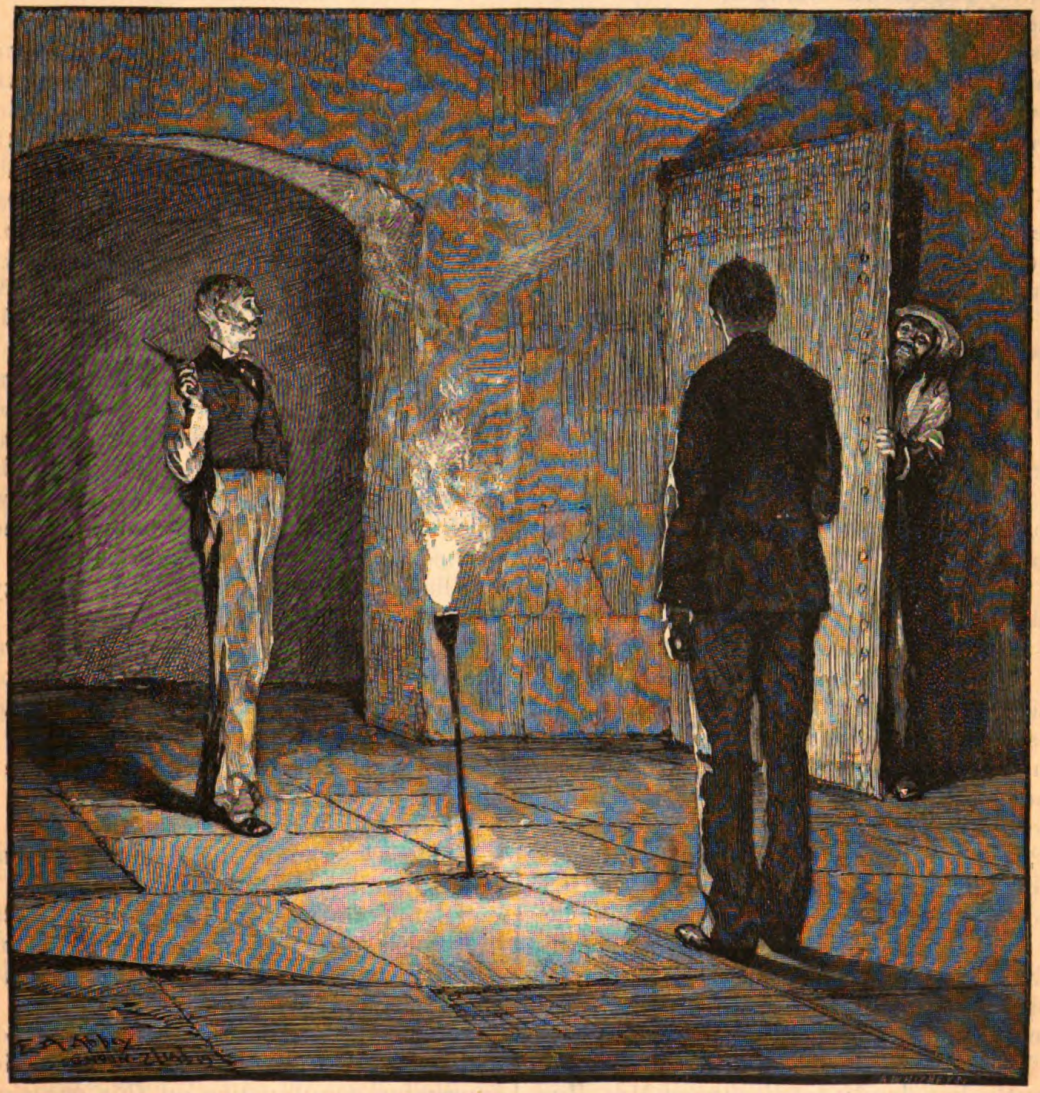
"Shure ye've been dramin', so ye have; or else—maybe it was the castle ghost."

"What?"

"That noise."

"What noise?"

"I heard a wow-wow-whisper!" sobbed the lady.



"WHOROO, LADS! THIS BATES THE WORRULD, SO IT DOES."—[SEE PAGE 587.]

"The ghost!" groaned Mrs. Russell. "Oh, your Majesty! Oh, my own one! Oh, save me! Don't—don't let it come near me!"

And flinging her arms around the royal person, Mrs. Russell clung to it, sobbing hysterically.

"Shure—whisht, will yez, or ye'll waken up the gyerruls," said the monarch. "I'll protect yez, if ye'll let me, so I will."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Russell, clinging more closely, "do you hear that?"

"A whisper—nonsinse!" said "his Majesty."

"Oh, listen!" said Mrs. Russell, holding him tightly, so that he could not get free. At this "his Majesty" remained perfectly still, and listened. There certainly were some low, indistinct sounds, among which were whispers.

"Shure it's the gyerruls," said "his Majesty." "That's what it is."

"Oh, look! look!" cried Mrs. Russell. "The ghost! the ghost!"

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And with a loud cry Mrs. Russell fell back. "His Majesty" encircled her with the royal arms, and gently deposited her on the floor, standing by in deep perplexity. But at this instant a sight caught his eye which made him start. It was Ashby's figure traversing the room through the moonlight. He had waited up to the last moment, and had just taken his departure, but as he moved along the floor toward the chimney the royal eye saw him.

"Be jabers!" said "his Majesty," "ghost or no ghost, I must see to this. The castle's haunted as sure as a gun, but that isn't the figure an' farrum av a maydoiaval ghost, so it isn't."

Mrs. Russell now revived, and struggled up to her feet.

"Is—is—it gig-gig-gone?" she asked, with a shudder.

"Sorra a one av me knows," said "his Majesty." "I'm goin' to invistigate."

"Oh!" wailed Mrs. Russell, "leave me not—oh, your Sacred Majesty, desert me not!"

"Shure I'm only goin' to get loights," said "his Majesty."

"Oh, forsake me not! Be not so cruel!"

"Crool! Ah, be off wid yer nonsinse!" said "his Majesty." "Whisht, now, jool—shure I'll be back in a jiffy. If it's anny one that's got in, I'll find him whin I come back; an' if it's a ghost, why, it's jist as well to know it."

"Oh, your Majesty," cried Mrs. Russell, "do not forsake me! Without you it is too—too—too horrible."

"Shure ain't I telling yez," said "his Majesty," "that I'm only goin' to get loights, an' that I'll be back in a jiffy? Be quiet, now, an' it 'll be all right."

With these words "his Majesty" tried gently but firmly to disengage Mrs. Russell's clasped arms from about his neck. This he found much difficulty in doing, but at length he succeeded in getting free. After this he went out, locking the door behind him.

After about five minutes he returned with a blazing torch, followed by half a dozen men, who remained outside awaiting his summons, while "his Majesty" alone went in. The moment that the door opened to admit him, some one came rushing into his arms with such violence as almost to extinguish the torch and upset the royal person. "His Majesty" recovered himself, however, and uttered several ejaculations which in any less distinguished person would certainly have sounded like profanity.

"Be aisy, now, will yez?" he said, in a milder voice, "an' howld away yer arrums, jool, till I invistigate the primises. If it's a livin' man, I'll fix him; an' if it's a ghost, begorra, I'll—let him go."

With these words "his Majesty" succeeded in extricating himself from the clutches of Mrs. Russell, and, holding aloft the torch, began to walk about the room, looking closely everywhere, while Mrs. Russell followed at his heels, entreating him to take care of his royal person.

"Arrah, shure, now," said "his Majesty," "we're accustomed to danger. We don't moind throifles like this—not a bit av it."

By this time the noise and the flaming torches had seemed to rouse up Katie and Dolores. Both of these now stood up, blinking and shrinking, clinging timidly to one another, and looking like two frightened children just awakened. They seemed so surprised, so confused, and so terrified that the heart of "his Majesty" swelled with pity and compassion.

"Ladies! jools!" said he, "don't, don't give way. Shure it's all over now, so it is, an' yez needn't be a bit afraid anny more."

"What's all over?" asked Katie, in a tone of alarm.

"What? Why—shure nothin'."

"There was some one in the room," said Mrs. Russell, in frightened tones.

"Some one in the room!" cried Katie, in a voice so full of terror that it became a positive shriek. "Oh! oh! oh! Who? who? What? what?"

Never was terror more eloquently depicted on any human face than on Katie's expressive countenance on this occasion. She flung herself into Dolores's arms and clung to her. Dolores said nothing, but clung to Katie in silence.

"Alarrums av this sort," said "his Majesty," "isn't shuited to their dilicate narvous systems—so they ain't. I've got a dhrop av whiskey about me, if— But I suppose they wouldn't care for it."

With these words "his Majesty" approached Katie for the purpose of soothing her, or of paying her some delicate compliment, but Katie contrived to keep Dolores between herself and the royal wooer till the latter felt baffled.

"Shure it's very disthressin', so it is,"

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"BEAUT'FUL! OH, LOVELA!"—[SEE PAGE 589.]

said he, as he turned away. "But I'll take a luk round."

He looked all around, walked by the walls, gravely peered into the fire-place, and at length came back.

"There's no one here," said he.

"But I saw some one," said Mrs. Russell.

"Shure, thin, it was no livin' man ye saw, an' there ye have it."

"No living man!" screamed Mrs. Russell.

"Shure no. How could it have been? Wouldn't I 'a seen him, an' me wid a loight?"

"Then it's a ghost!" said Mrs. Russell, with another scream.

"Divil a one else!" said "his Majesty." "It's the castle ghost—only I don't see why he came in modern coschume. But perhaps it isn't the castle ghost. It may be the last prisoner that was shot."

This last suggestion was unspeakably horrible to Mrs. Russell. Well she knew who that *last prisoner* was! The *last prisoner!* Oh, horror! and the apparition was *It!* And *It* had come to *her!*—embraced her!—spoke words of love! It was *He!*—her once loved but now lost Johnny!

The thought was too much. With a wild yell she flung her arms around "his Majesty," and fainted.

"It's meself," said "his Majesty," placidly, "that 'ud be the proud man to shtay here an' watch wid yez agin the ghost, but juty calls me elsewhere." As he said this he tried to detach the arms of Mrs. Russell, who now clung to him with rigid and death-like tenacity. This, however, he could not do, and as her weight was considerable, he gravely seated himself on the floor, and implored Katie and Dolores to help him. This they did, and their united efforts succeeded in loosening Mrs. Russell's grasp. The stricken lady gave a gasp and raised her head, but "his Majesty" was too nimble for her. By a des-

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perate movement he withdrew from her reach, and stood for a moment at a respectable distance.

"Ladies," said he, "it's meself that 'ud be the proud man to shtay; but there's no danger in the worruld—not the laste in loife, an' this lady requires your care. So I'm thinkin' I'll be off, an' if annything happens agin, you sing out."

Saying these words, "his Majesty" left the room, somewhat more hurriedly than he had entered it. His departure completed Mrs. Russell's prostration. For the remainder of the night she refused to be comforted, but remained terrified, lamenting bitterly, and exclaiming incessantly, "Oh, why did he leave me!—why, oh, why did he leave me!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH HARRY MAKES AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

HARRY had been the first to escape from the room. He had waited long, fearing lest others might be in the chimney; but at length, as the actions of the new-comer did not seem consistent with those of a pursuer, he had concluded to risk it. He had then entered the chimney, and was able to reach his own room in safety. Ashby had not left until the very last moment, when the door had already opened to admit "his Majesty," so that the two had not met. But Harry, on reaching his own room, stood for a long time in the fire-place listening; and as he listened he felt sure that he heard sounds, and these sounds seemed as though made by pursuers. Upon this he flung himself upon his bed, where he lay motionless for nearly an hour, until it seemed scarcely possible that there could be any further danger.

He now thought of returning to the room, but after a little consideration decided not to. No doubt they would all be awake, perhaps also others might be there, and to go back might lead to discovery, and destroy all further chances of seeing Katie. Still, the thought would not be dismissed. Sleep was impossible, and he lay awake, recalling the events of the night.

At length there occurred to his mind the thought of those Spanish bonds which he had found and hidden away so carefully. He had not visited the place since, or rather he had not looked at the hiding-place. He determined to do so now, merely for the sake of assuring himself as to the safety of those precious papers.

He provided himself with his torch, and found that he had matches enough. He then climbed up into the passageway, and lighted his torch; after which he proceeded onward until he reached the chink where the package had been deposited. Here he stooped down and held the light close.

The first sight showed nothing. But the string which he had left hanging out was, as he knew, not very perceptible, so he held the light closer and felt for it. Even then he found nothing.

He now thought that perhaps the package had fallen by its own weight a little farther in, drawing the string after it. In order to find whether this were so or not, he reached his hand into the chink.

No sooner had he done this than he snatched it away, and sat there staring.

The chink was very much larger than it had been before.

There was no doubt about this. Then it had been barely wide enough to admit the package. Now he could easily thrust his whole arm into the opening.

It was utterly unaccountable. By some incomprehensible means that crevice had been enlarged. The whole stone, he now saw, had been thrust forward several inches into the passageway. It seemed as if nothing short of an earthquake could suffice to move from its place such a stone as that. In itself it appeared to be of vast size and weight, and below it and above it and on either side were others equally vast. How was it possible for such a rock to be thus dislodged? By an earthquake? But nothing of the kind had occurred. He was a light sleeper, and was easily aroused by anything unusual. Could the castle have "settled"? Impossible. It was too old. It had long since shaken down into its deep bed. Still, old buildings do often settle, and in default of any better explanation he was compelled to adopt something like this.

In any event, there seemed very great danger that the package had been lost. Again and again he thrust his arm far in, but found only vacancy. Then he put his hand downward as far as he could. It touched something which felt like a stone pavement. This pavement was about

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eight inches lower than the one upon which he was. All this made the matter still more incomprehensible.

For what seemed a long time Harry examined that stone. In vain. The wall arose before him impenetrable. The stone was immovable. Yet that stone seemed now to him to hold within itself the secret not only of the package, but also of escape, and of liberty and life.

Harry at length felt like giving up. Once more, however, though now quite hopelessly, he examined the stone in every direction, pressing with all his strength upon every part. And now in this, the very moment of his utter hopelessness, as often happens, at the very time when not expecting it, he found what he sought.

At the extreme end of the stone, more than six feet from the crevice where he had hidden the package, he pressed upon it, and found that it gave way. The pressure was not at all strong; yet to that slight effort the apparently massive rock yielded like a door, and moved inward.

In unspeakable amazement and intense excitement Harry pushed it in farther, until he saw the whole move in, at his pressure, for about two feet. An opening was disclosed. He stepped in and looked around.

He found himself in a kind of chamber which was about four feet wide and eight feet long. At the end of this was a stone stairway which went down. Harry looked around, and took all this in at a glance. His first thought was about his package.

The package was not there.



"RUSSELL FOLLOWED, NOT WITHOUT DIFFICULTY."—[SEE 596.]

He had been prepared for this, yet the disappointment was bitter. Still there was consolation in the discovery which he had made, and his excitement and curiosity were yet strong.

Suddenly he was roused by some one rushing up the steps. He darted back into the passageway, and banged the stone door after him. Too late. In an instant the pursuer was upon him, and had caught at his coat collar.

But Harry was not the man to give up

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THE HUNGARIAN COUNTESS.—[SEE PAGE 597.]

at the first attack. Quick as lightning, he drew forth a revolver from his breast pocket, and hastily cocking it, turned to confront his assailant.

One look was enough.

"Ashby!" he cried.

"You scoundrel!" cried Ashby, in a fury. "Scoundrel! villain! traitor!"

His face was white, and his voice hoarse with passion.

Harry was confounded.

"Hang it, Ashby! don't you know me? Are you mad?"

"Know you!" cried Ashby, bitterly. "Thank Heaven, I do know you! I've found you out, you infernal sneak, you! Know you? Good heavens! yes, I know you for a scoundrel, and a contemptible, double-dealing interloper and villain!"

Harry stood aghast.

"What in the name of Heaven is the meaning of all this?"

"You've been in that room," cried Ashby, pointing up the passageway.

"Well, what if I have?"

"What if you have? You know what you went there for."

Thus far Harry had been too much amazed to understand anything. But now he began to see what it all meant.

"Oho!" said he; "so that's it!"

"That's it! of course that's it!" cried Ashby. "Isn't that enough?—sneaking after that girl, when you know that she is mine."

At this Harry began to rouse himself. He didn't feel like defending his conduct, and now, as was natural, took refuge in blustering.

"Confound you!" he cried; "what do you mean by such insults as these? Who are you? What business is it of yours?"

"She's engaged to me. I took you into my confidence, and you've turned out a traitor and a sneak."

Harry drew a long breath, and instantly recovered his usual coolness.

"My dear sir," said he, "you have a pretty talent for scolding. Nature evidently intended you to be an old woman;

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but doesn't it strike you that this sort of thing isn't customary among gentlemen, and that you are making an infernal fool of yourself? Do you suppose I'm to ask your permission where to go in this castle? I found this passageway myself, and hope to find others also. And, by Jove!" he continued, as at this moment the thought of the lost parcel came to him, "there's one matter I should like to settle with you before we go any further."

"We shall have to settle several matters."

"I left a parcel in this place a short time ago. It was a very valuable one. I should like to ask you if you have it."

"I? I, sir? I have your parcel?"

"I don't mean to say that you took it knowing it to be mine."

"Oh! you don't, don't you!"

"Mr. Ashby, will you give me a frank answer to a fair question? Do you know anything about that parcel?"

"Parcel? Pooh!" said Ashby, who thought that this was some transparent trick of Harry's to account for his presence here. "Confound you and your parcels! I know nothing about them. I—"

"I ask you, did you pick up that parcel?"

"And I say, confound your parcels!"

Harry was growing quite as furious as Ashby. He now felt certain that Ashby had found it, and had it in his possession. He considered Ashby's answers as palpable evasions of a direct question.

"Well, then," he said, "I say that if you still keep that parcel, after I claim it, you are keeping property that is not yours, and you know what that means."

Ashby gave a bitter laugh.

"That is a hint that I am a thief," said he.

"And a pretty strong one too, I rather think," said Harry. "Do not imagine that you have any claims to that package arising out of any previous relations to a certain young lady."

"A certain young lady!—a package! What do you mean? I neither know nor care. I only know that you and I must settle accounts with one another."

"By Jove, that's one sentiment in which I agree."

"If I hadn't found you here, I might have only suspected; but now that I've found you, I do not merely believe, but know that you are a—"

"Confound you! if you begin your infernal abuse again, I'll blow your brains out! I haven't got your talent for scolding. If you want to settle accounts with me, come along like a man, and don't stand here jawing like a fish-wife."

"By heavens! that will I, and here!"

"Here! pooh! Come along to my room."

"Lead on, I'll follow."

At this Harry led the way, and in a short time, followed by Ashby, he once more reached his own room.

And so it had come to this! The friends who a few days before had been so intimate, so confiding, and so affectionate, now stood face to face as foes, glaring at one another with defiance in their eyes and bitter hate in their hearts. Each thought he had received sufficient provocation to seek the life of the other, and each thought that he had received from the other insults which could only be wiped out in blood.

Harry felt sure that Ashby had found the package which he had concealed so carefully, and was holding it on the ground of his engagement to Katie. Such a right Harry might possibly have conceded to Russell as Katie's guardian, especially as he had been the one who last had held it; but to Ashby he never would surrender it. As for Ashby, his bitterness and jealousy have already been fully set forth, and they were now more intense than ever.

Harry stuck the torch in a hollow stone in the floor, which appeared to have been drilled for that purpose. Then he turned to Ashby.

"Now, sir," said Ashby, "you have already heard my accusation."

"No more, I beg," said Harry; "not a word. Let's fight like gentlemen, not jaw like bullies. Have you a pistol?"

"No."

"That's unfortunate. There's no knowing at what time a pistol may be needed."

"No," said Ashby, bitterly. "If I had known that you would prove a scoun—"

"By heavens!" roared Harry, "if you don't shut up, I'll put a bullet through you! Do you hear? Come, now," he continued, growing cooler; "we've both said enough—more than enough. Remember that when two gentlemen meet in mortal combat the time for insult is over. We have no seconds. Let us try to imitate the punctiliousness of seconds in our treatment of each other. Do you consent?"

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Ashby bowed.

"And now, Mr. Ashby," continued Harry, "as you say you have no pistol, is there anything else that you can suggest? Have you a knife?"

"Nothing but a penknife."

"Ah, that's very unfortunate. If we could only get hold of a couple of rifles from our friends here outside, we should be all right, but there's no use in hoping for that. Our ransom is too high for them to risk losing it. And so, as far as I can see, the only thing left is for us to use this one pistol of mine."

"One pistol? How can both of us use one pistol?"

"We must. There's nothing else to be done."

Ashby shook his head.

"I don't see how," said he.

"It's plain enough," said Harry. "We can take it turn about."

"But the man who fires the first shot has an immense advantage," said Ashby.

"Pardon me," said Harry; "that does not necessarily follow. He may hit his foe, of course, but the wound may only be a trifling one after all; or he may miss him altogether. It often happens so in duels. Moreover, as you probably know, in a duel it never happens that both fire at the same instant. One always fires a little before the other. So in our case it will simply amount to this, that one of us will fire a little before the other. In that case the first man may miss, and the second man will then come in for his turn."

"But how shall we decide who is to fire first?" said Ashby.

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Harry: "we can toss up."

"Oh, very well."

"Have you a coin?"

"Not one."

"Nor I—not a copper, even. The beggarly Carlists have drained me dry."

"We must find something else," said Ashby.

"Oh, there needn't be any difficulty about that. A button will do quite as well."

And with this Harry cut one of the buttons from his trousers.

"This will do," said he. "The face of the button will be 'head,' and the back of it 'tail.' And now will you try it?"

He handed it to Ashby, who took it without a word.

"If it falls 'heads,' the first fire will be yours; if 'tails,' the first fire will be mine."

"Very well," said Ashby; and then, poising the button for a moment, he tossed it.

It fell head uppermost.

"Heads," said Harry. "Mr. Ashby, the first fire belongs to you. Here's the pistol. It's loaded. I'll take my position here. Shall I measure the distance?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Rivers," said Ashby, "but I can not accept this from one throw. It must be the best out of three times."

"I don't see why."

"I should not accept it under any other conditions."

"Oh, very well. Let us both act so as to satisfy one another," said Harry. "In that case, you had better toss again."

Ashby now picked up the button, and tossed a second time. This time it fell face downward.

"Tails," said Harry. "Once more, and that decides it."

Ashby picked up the button and gave a final toss. The button fell. This time it was in Ashby's favor. It fell face upward.

"Heads," said Harry. "It's yours, Mr. Ashby. Will you take the pistol?"

Ashby hesitated.

"I think," said he, "we had better arrange our places."

"Very well. At what distance?" said Harry. "Shall we say twelve paces?"

"I should think so."

Upon this Harry began by the fire-place and walked twelve paces along the floor. At the place reached, he stopped.

"Will this do?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Very well; and now which place will you take?"

"Either."

"In that case we must toss up again for choice of positions. But, first of all, it will be necessary to move this torch, so that it shall be equally favorable."

Saying this, Harry walked over to the torch, and carried it, together with the stone, to a place which seemed about midway between the two positions. Here he set it on the ground.

"And now, Mr. Ashby," said Harry, "we must toss up for places."

"Very well," said Ashby; "but you had better toss this time, as I did it last time."

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To this Harry made no objection. He took the button and tossed it. This time luck was favorable, and he won the choice of positions.

"Well," said he, "I'm quite indifferent; but, as I have the choice, I suppose I may as well choose the place out there in the room. In that case you will stand here in front of the fire-place."

"Very well," said Ashby, who thereupon took up his place there.

"Have you any plan to propose as to firing?"

"None whatever."

"I've been thinking of one which I will mention. You may have a better one. The unarmed one shall give the word or drop a handkerchief. Will that do? If you prefer for the one who fires to give the word, very well. Only I think the word had better be given."

"Certainly," said Ashby, "and I quite agree to your proposal."

"Very well," said Harry; "and now, Mr. Ashby, here is the pistol."

Saying this, he handed the weapon to Ashby, who took it with a slight bow, but in silence.

Harry now measured off twelve paces once more, and reached the spot which he had before marked out, upon which he turned, and, standing erect, faced Ashby.

"Mr. Ashby," said he, "are you ready? If so, take aim, and I will give the word."

Ashby raised the pistol and took aim. The weapon covered Harry, and he knew it. He knew also that Ashby was a "dead shot." But not a muscle quivered. He stood up there as straight as a ramrod, and then, in a calm, clear voice, with his usual self-possession, said:

"One; two; three. *Fire!*"

For a moment Ashby held his pistol thus covering Harry. Then his arm fell.

"I can not," said he—"I can not fire, in cold blood, on an unarmed man."

Now had Ashby stood thus, with a pistol, in the full heat of his first fury, he would have fired, without stopping to think; but the effect of their enforced courtesy to one another, and more particularly of the somewhat tedious preliminaries, had been to calm and even chill his hot anger, and to subdue all his fierce excitement. As he stood there, with his pistol levelled, and saw Harry's cool, calm face, it seemed like butchery. He could not fire. And so his hand dropped down with this exclamation.

"But my turn is to come."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Ashby. "You may have your turn now, if you choose."

"Oh no," said Harry, "I can't take my turn until after you have fired; and the worst of it is, I don't see how we can settle this difficulty if we don't do it now."

"Other chances will no doubt occur," said Ashby.

"Pardon me," said Harry, "that is hardly probable, and besides, that will not help the matter. In fact, it will only make it worse. For you see, if some time should elapse before such a meeting, the recollection of this affair would be so faint that I could not go into it with any spirit; whereas now I am all cocked and primed. So fire away, my dear fellow, for I really don't want to have an affair of this sort hanging over me the rest of my life. We must have it out, and now's the time."

"Will you not fire first, Mr. Rivers?" said Ashby, earnestly.

"Oh no; that would make all our preparations childish," was the reply. "We have appealed to Fortune, and her decision has been given."

Ashby drew a long breath.

"Mr. Rivers," said he, "I can not shoot an unarmed man in cold blood."

"But what can we do?" said Harry.

"Why, we may be able to borrow a couple of rifles, or even one rifle, from our friends here."

Upon this a voice rang out, full and clear, in the room:

"Begorra, an' that same they'll do. Whoroo, lads! this bates the worruld, so it does. It's meself that's stud by the dure for the last tin minutes, an' I've seen a soight that I won't forget till me dyin' day. It's loike the toime whin the Irish exiles at Fontenoy marched up to the English Gyards an' said, 'Gintlemen av the English Gyards, fire first!' Begorra, it's meself that 'ud be the proud man to lind yez the loan av a couple av guns; but don't be alarrumed, darlints—afther yez pay yer ransom, ye'll have a chance."

At the first sound of that voice Harry and Ashby started in amazement. So intent had they been on their own business that they had heard nothing; and Ashby, though facing the door, had been so intent on Harry that he had not noticed that it had been half opened. Now they saw the Carlist chief come in, followed by half a dozen of his men. Most amazing of all

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was the discovery that he spoke English with an Irish brogue. Katie had already mentioned this to Harry, but he had not thought much about it. Now, face to face with "his Majesty," they were able to look at him with other feelings. Had he entered under other circumstances he would have talked Spanish, but so excited was he that he burst forth in the manner above detailed.

"For ye see," said "his Majesty"—

"'Meself does admire the best
Av all that's under the sun
To stand facin' the friend av me sowl
Wid blunderbuss, pistol, or gun.
The word av command it is given,
The weapon we both av us raises,
Afther which—sure the one laves for home,
An' off goes the other to blazes!'"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW THE VIRTUOUS RUSSELL FINDS A FRIEND IN NEED.

It is necessary here to go back for a brief interval in order to take up the fortunes of one who some time ago disappeared from these pages.

The virtuous Russell was alone. He had passed a night which, considering his situation, had not been altogether uncomfortable. He had slept a refreshing sleep, and in the land of dreams had been able to forget the ills of life. Morning came, however, and with his waking thoughts there returned the recollection of the past, and the full consciousness of his present position. He was a captive in a prison from which he could not hope to escape; at the mercy of a powerful and cunning enemy, who knew his secret, and would use every effort to get his money. If he refrained for the present from exerting violence, it was only too probable that this forbearance was but temporary, and that at the last the prisoner must yield. These were gloomy thoughts, and the good Russell was well-nigh overwhelmed.

But the greatest calamities are often alleviated by comparative trifles; and so it was a trifle which, on this occasion, served to soothe the sorrows of our suffering friend—such a trifle, in fact, as a mere costume. Whether it was that, being a tailor, he was more affected than others by his raiment, or whether it was that a man's dress has, as is claimed, a potent influence which always affects the wearer, need not be discussed; certain it is that just now it was his novel attire which chiefly engaged the thoughts of Russell, and made him less sensible of his misfortunes.

As a dress it was certainly magnificent. The cloth was of the finest quality. Gold was lavished freely upon it—gleaming in the numerous buttons; shining in the profuse lace which glittered over the breast and round the cuffs and round the collar in a flood of glory; sparkling in the hatband; flowing down the skirts like the oil from Aaron's beard. Many a time had his own fancy designed and his own hands fashioned such an array as this for others; but now, as it infolded his own ample person, it shone with new lustre, and threw something of its own lustre around the wearer.

And now, as the actor when arrayed in the robes of majesty assumes a kingly port, and struts about the stage, so our Russell. He took to himself the part which the uniform suggested. He felt like the general of an army. He threw out his chest, stood erect, strutted, admired his figure and his gait, waved in his hand an imaginary sword, and guided invisible armies to the field of battle.

In the midst of all this he was suddenly roused by a slight noise behind him. Turning hastily he saw a woman, who had entered bearing some articles of food for his morning's repast. In a moment Russell descended from the lofty heights of imagination to the dull realities of a cold world, and, in plain language, began to feel rather sheepish at being discovered in such a frame of mind. Nay, this very frame of mind, this new sense of personal dignity as a general, made his chagrin all the greater.

The woman was attired in a picturesque costume, such as is worn by the lower orders in the north of Spain, with the addition, however, of a bright-colored turban. Her face was decidedly handsome, though rather too sharp in outline and expression, while at the same time decidedly the worse for wear. A pair of fine bold black eyes were fixed upon Russell with an expression of undisguised admiration as she stood looking at him. The moment he turned she looked down, and then, dropping a courtesy, said:

"Breakfast, señor."

Upon this she deposited her tray upon a heavy oak table, and then stood looking

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at him with the same expression as before. There was something in all this which was flattering to the vanity of Russell; and he stood regarding the woman with very much complaisance. And as he looked at her he thought to himself that she was a very pretty woman.

The woman then said, still looking at him:

"Beaut'ful! Oh, lovela!"

She spoke in broken English; and Russell, while flattered by her admiration, was delighted at hearing his own language.

"Do you speak English, my dear?" he said, in a tone of affectionate familiarity, drawing nearer to her.

"Oh yes—me speak Inglees—me in Cuba—learn speak Inglees—vara mooch."

"Oh! so you've been in Cuba, have you, my dear? Well, Cuba's a very pretty country, and you're a very pretty woman."

The woman smiled, showing rows of splendid teeth.

"Señor mus' be a gran' nobile—a generale."

Russell smiled a lofty smile, and laid his hand patronizingly, yet tenderly, upon the woman's shoulder.

"You are a very sensible woman," said he, "and as pretty as you are sensible. What is your name?"

"Rita," said the woman.

"Well, Rita, I dare say you and I shall be great friends."

"Friends! oh, señor is too much magnifico—"

"Oh, I ain't proud, my dear—not a bit. I've got plenty of money, Rita, and can help my friends; but I ain't proud, not me. And what may be your particular duties in this establishment?"

"Señor?"

"I say, what do you do here? Are you housekeeper?"

"Señor, I am maid—to the lady prisoners—an' other things—to servar and attendar."

"Prisoners, eh? Do they have many of them here?"

"Oh, sometimes," said Rita, with a laugh; "ladies and gen'l'ms."

Russell looked at her with a benignant smile.

"Well, Rita, all that I can say is, it's a pity that such a pretty woman as you can not have some better fortune than this."

Rita laughed.

"Ah, señor, you a flattera."

"Oh no. I'm a plain, blunt, bluff, honest John Bull. But the fact is, you are very pretty, Rita, my dear."

Rita laughed again at this, and her large black eyes fixed themselves with bolder admiration upon the benignant face and splendid dress of the gallant tailor.

Here a happy thought occurred to Russell's mind.

It was evident that this woman was already an admiring friend. Could he not in some way work upon her so as to attract her to his interests? Her help would be invaluable. She might, if she chose, do much; she might even help him to escape. It was worth trying. To win her over to his side there was nothing which he would not try. But how could he get her help? By bribery? Of course, to a certain extent; but it would be well to be cautious, and not offer too much. Other means might be used. By gaining her good-will she would be more accessible to a bribe, and would be less exacting.

Now Russell was sharp at a bargain, and by no means anxious to pay more than he could help. Even where his own liberty, even where his life, was concerned, he paused to consider the expense. He resolved to bribe this woman, but to name no price, to let it be undecided, to agree in a general way; and afterward, should he succeed in gaining his liberty, to cut the amount down as low as possible. He also resolved to put money out of the question as far as he could, and work upon her good-will and her affections rather than her avarice. The woman's open, undisguised admiration seemed to promise an easy conquest. To him she appeared to have a frank, guileless, impetuous disposition, all of which was a great help to the furtherance of his designs.

Russell looked all around.

"Oh," said Rita, "do not fear—all away."

"Come, my dear," said Russell; "sit down here by my side; I want to talk with you."

Russell seated himself on an oaken bench, and Rita promptly seated herself by his side. She sat by him, and looked at him with a smile, and with the same fervid admiration.

"The pretty child!" thought Russell, as he caught the glance of her glowing eyes. "How she does admire me!"

"So you are an attendant here, are you, Rita, my dear?" he asked.

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"Yes."

"But it isn't good enough for such a pretty woman as you are," he continued.

"Ah, señor, what do you mean?" said Rita. "What can I do better?"

"But you ought to be something better—far better. Would you not like to—"

"Like what?" asked Rita, who was full of excitement.

"Well," said Russell, "to have plenty of money, to have beautiful clothes, to live in a beautiful house, to have jewels, to have amusements, and so forth?"

Rita's dark eyes flashed fire with eager covetousness at this alluring speech.

"Oh, señor," she said, "it is impossible."

"Rita!" said Russell, in a solemn voice.

"Señor!"

"Look at me."

"Si, señor."

Rita had been looking at him all along fixedly enough, but at this invitation she threw additional earnestness into the deep glance of her bold dark eyes.

"You see what I am, Rita, my dear. I am a prisoner—in grief, in despair. Now if any one would help me I could do very much for that one."

"You are a gran' nobile?" said Rita, in an inquiring tone.

"Oh yes," said Russell, in his large way; "and what's more, I can make you happy for the rest of your life. I like you, Rita. I'm quite fond of you. You're an uncommonly pretty woman."

Saying this, Russell took Rita's hand and pressed it with much emphasis. Now, the interpretation which Rita put upon these words and this action was very different from what Russell intended. The benignant Russell merely wished to impress upon Rita's mind that he had very friendly feelings toward her, and that, if she would help him, he was in a position to reward her handsomely. He didn't want to name any sum. He wished, for obvious reasons, to leave the amount unsettled. But Rita understood it differently. Being of a sentimental turn, she regarded this as a sort of declaration of love—in fact, almost an offer of marriage—and, if not so altogether, at least an approach to it. Still, she was a shrewd woman, and waited until Russell had explained himself further.

Russell observed her silence, and was quite satisfied. It showed proper caution, and caution was an excellent quality in one whom he wished to have for a helper in his need. So he went on in the same way, still holding Rita's hand.

"You are so pretty, Rita, my dear. I swear I never before saw such a pretty woman. This isn't the place for you. You must get out of this; and if you will only go away with me, why, there's nothing that I wouldn't do for you. When I like a person, I'm ready to do anything for them. And the first moment I saw you I said to myself, 'There's the woman for you!'"

"Am I really the woman for you?" asked Rita, full of excited hopes, and still continuing to misinterpret his words.

"The very one!" said Russell. "The one of all others! Heaven has sent you to me. Rita, my dear, do what I ask!"

Rita was deeply moved. This brilliant, wealthy stranger seemed to love her. He wanted her to fly with him. But, oh, if he should prove false!

"Ah, señor, you not earnest—you not true!" said Rita, clasping his hand in both of hers.

"True! earnest!" cried Russell. "I swear, Rita, my dear, I will be true to what I say—always, always. Can't you trust me, Rita, my dear?"

"Oh, señor," sighed Rita, deeply moved, "you persuade me too easy. And think on the danger—the life is risk—the death will come if we are captura."

"Rita, my dear," said Russell, "let us not talk of danger. Let us fly together. I will always remember your devotion. I will never forget you as long as life lasts. I am noted for my truth and fidelity. And now, Rita, my dear, if you want one who will always be yours truly—if you want one who will love you and care for you—why, I'm your man!"

Upon these words Rita put, as usual, her own interpretation. The last words especially—"I'm your man"—seemed to her to be the most direct offer yet.

"My man?" she said—"and will you be my man, señor?"

"Of course—of course," said Russell, not comprehending her drift.

Upon this Rita flung her arms around the neck of the astonished Russell.

"Oh, señor—then—I helpa you. I yours—I do all. We fly—you be true—to your Rita."

Russell was so astonished that for some time he said nothing; but feeling how important it was to retain her friendship,

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he did not dare to disabuse her of her false idea; nay, he even felt that it would be better for her to entertain it since she had it. So he put his arm around her and kissed her.

Suddenly Rita started up.

"I mus' go," she said. "I will soon return."

And with these words she hurriedly retreated, leaving Russell to his breakfast and his meditations.

Russell had been very successful in his attempt to win over Rita to his interests; in fact, too successful. His success caused him at first not a little perplexity. Rita, he perceived, had misunderstood him; but then, in making friendly advances to a woman who was not very well up in the English language, it was next to impossible to preserve those nice and delicate shades of meaning which he had intended. Upon the whole, after mature consideration, he concluded that it had all turned out for the best.

After all, however, there were grave obstacles in his way. Could he desert his wife and leave her in such peril? Or, worse, could he leave those precious bonds, which he had so carefully hidden? If he did, he might never see them again.

Was it possible to get them before leaving? Would it be safe to tell Rita, and direct her to get them for him? This thought occupied him for some time, and he almost made up his mind to do so. But the risk was too great. After all, Rita might be a spy in the interest of "his Majesty," and sent to worm his secret out of him. No, it would not be safe. It would be safer to leave the bonds where they were. If he escaped, he might hope to obtain assistance from the government, in which case he might be able to come back with them, to show them the way, and then, when the castle was recaptured, he might be able to regain his treasure. And so he decided finally upon this course.

At mid-day Rita returned, bringing his dinner, a savory *olla-podrida*. She set it down, and then threw her arms around the embarrassed Russell, who was seated on the bench, murmuring words of endearment in unintelligible Spanish. He bore it well, however, and remembering his necessities, he tried to exhibit those feelings which might be expected from him.

Rita this time had a bundle with her, which she gave to Russell, directing him to hide it under the bench for the present.



"HE BORE IT WELL, HOWEVER."

"You mus' disguisar," she said; "this is a woman dress—"

"A woman's dress?"

"Oh, no difficolta. You wait till avenin', then you put him on, ofer your militar coat—just as you stands. Alla right; then you commalong me. I be alla ready. But not you put him on till avenin', or mighta be discovaire. Ha, señor?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH TWO FUGITIVES HAVE A STARTLING ADVENTURE, NOT WITHOUT PERIL.

EVENING came, and Russell, with Rita's assistance, put on the woman's dress over his general's uniform. The skill of Rita

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was exerted to give her companion the appearance of a female somewhat stricken in years, and her success was marked. Perhaps it was this very success that affected the soul of Russell; for no sooner did he look like an old woman than he began to feel and act like one. Away went all his courage, and he would have drawn back, after all, had not Rita urged and almost forced him away.

"Alla righta," she said. "The men all gone insidar, and so ongry they think of ony the eaters. So come, my dear. No one shall see. You be trust to myselfa—an' we go like snake in the grasses."

Russell thus allowed himself to be hurried away by his bolder companion on the path that led to liberty. Rita led the way out into the upper hall, and Russell followed, not without great trepidation and bitter regret at his rashness, expecting at every step to see "his Majesty," and of course to be arrested and flung into some deep, dark dungeon. One or two men were there, who, however, took no notice of them.

After this they descended the stairs and entered the lower hall. Here, to the immense dismay of Russell, he beheld what seemed to be the entire Carlist band. It was their feeding-time. A huge pot was in the middle of the hall, and these men were dipping out of it their respective portions of some savory mess whose odor filled the air. Russell shrunk down almost into his boots at the first sight; but as Rita walked along, he had no alternative except to follow her. Little danger was there, however, of his being observed. All the men were too intent upon their evening meal to notice what seemed like two very commonplace women who probably belonged to the castle. And thus Russell, to his unspeakable relief, passed through this ordeal unquestioned and even unnoticed.

Having passed through the lower hall, they emerged into the outer court-yard. Here as he passed through the door Russell was just drawing a long breath, and thinking within himself that the worst was over, when suddenly, without any warning, he saw approaching them no less a personage than "his Majesty" himself—the very last man, as it is needless to say, whom Russell would have chosen to meet. At that sight the soul of Russell, which had been slowly struggling upward, once more sank down into his boots, carrying with it all hope and all desire, and almost all consciousness.

There was not the slightest chance of avoiding him. He was coming straight toward them. What was worse, his eyes were fixed upon them.

"Ah, Rita," said "his Majesty" in Spanish, "where are you going in the dark?"

Rita paused and made a low obeisance. Russell did the same.

"I'm going over there to see about some washing," said Rita.

"Ah ha!" said "his Majesty," "if you only were going alone, I should say that some brave boy was intending to help you at your washing. But you have a friend with you."

Saying these words, "his Majesty" looked hard at the shrinking Russell, who now felt his courage oozing out at the seams of his boots. He stood trembling, shrinking, expecting the worst.

But Rita was equal to the occasion.

"Oh, this is my aunt," said she, "that I told you about. I asked her to come here and help me. She's a little rheumatic, being old, but she can do a good turn at hard work yet; and she's a good cook, too, and she can spin well—oh, beautifully; and she is a wonder in her way. Oh, we shall have a better *olla-podrida* than you ever tasted when the good old aunt goes to work."

"Your aunt—ah!" said "his Majesty," in a tone that savored of disappointment. "H'm—well, Rita, the next time you want help don't send for any of your aunts, but send for some one of your nieces. They will be far more welcome in a lonely place like this. *Olla-podridas* are all very well, no doubt, but what I should prefer would be some one who could touch the guitar, and sing a lively song."

And with these words "his Majesty" retired.

"Come," said Rita to the almost senseless Russell. "Come."

Again Russell followed her. She led the way toward an archway in the wall on one side of the court-yard. Entering this, they found themselves in a vaulted room, in which it was difficult to see through the dim twilight. But to Rita the way seemed quite familiar, for she walked on, and told Russell to follow without fear. At length she stopped, and as Russell came up to her, she said:

"We descenda—steps does be here—I takes your hand and helps."

She took his hand, and began to descend. With this assistance Russell was

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able to follow without much difficulty. Soon it became quite dark, and continued so for some time, during which Rita led him onward as quickly as possible. At length she paused.

"You mus' be careful," she said; "here is the steps brokes, an' you shall go slow —and not slips."

It was so dark here that Russell could see nothing; but he felt that Rita was descending, so he prepared to follow. The steps here had been broken in places, leaving a rough, inclined plane, with loose stones and mortar. There was no great difficulty in descending, but it was dark, and Russell's long skirts were very much in the way. However, by moving slowly, and by exercising great caution, he was able to reach the bottom without any accident.

Here Rita took his hand and again led him on. It now began to grow lighter, until at last objects were plainly discernible. The light was caused by the moonbeams, which shone in through a place where the outside wall was broken away. Looking through the opening, Russell saw, not far distant, a precipice, with bits of shrubbery here and there. Soon they came to the opening itself.

He found himself on the verge of a deep chasm, the very one already mentioned. Above the opening projected part of what had once been a bridge, but which had long since fallen. On the opposite side was the tower where Brooke and Talbot had found refuge. The bridge had once crossed to the tower, and since it had fallen this opening had been made, from which the chasm could be crossed by descending on one side and ascending the other. The slope was steep and rough. Russell, as he looked down, could not see any chance of further progress in this direction.

"We mus' go down here," said Rita.

"Here?" said Russell. "How? I can't go down."

"Oh, it is easy. You mus' follow. I show the ways," said Rita; and saying this, she stepped down from the opening upon a ledge of rock. Then turning to the right, she went on for a pace or two and turned for Russell. Seeing her walk thus far with ease and in safety, he ventured after her. The ledge was wide enough to walk on without difficulty; and although the chasm was deep, yet the side did not run down steeply enough to make him feel anything like giddiness. The pathway was easy enough when one had a guide to show the way; and thus Russell, following closely behind Rita, reached the bottom. Then crossing the brook, she led the way up on the opposite side by the path already mentioned, and at length both reached the tower, and paused to take breath.

Thus far no alarm had been given in the castle. Every step increased Russell's confidence, and when he gained the tower he felt sure of escape. But to wait here long was not to be thought of; so, after a few moments spent in regaining breath, the two set forth to continue their flight.

At length, after a fatiguing journey, they reached the main road, and here they turned toward the south, in which direction they went for some miles.

They had now been walking for many hours, and Russell, who was quite unused to any exercise of this sort, was greatly fatigued. Nothing, indeed, but the dread of capture and the thought of a merciless pursuer on his track had kept him up so long. He felt that he had reached the utmost limit of his strength.

At last they caught sight of a windmill in a field on the right. The sight enlivened him. Here, he thought, they might hide and obtain rest. He said this to Rita. She acquiesced. To gain the windmill was now their chief desire.

Nearer they came, and nearer.

But now, just when all seemed gained, they saw a number of armed men coming toward them, and in a few minutes they were arrested by the followers of Lopez.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW DANGERS THICKEN AROUND THE DESPAIRING RUSSELL.

THE moon was still shining very brightly, and they could see very well the faces and the uniforms of their captors. The sight of the government uniforms was very re-assuring to Rita, who was only anxious to escape from the Carlists; but the first glance which Russell gave at the captain of the band overwhelmed him with terror. He recognized Lopez, and saw that he had fallen into the hands of one who had no reason, and perhaps no inclination, to show him the slightest mercy. At that sight all Russell's courage subsided, and he fell into a state of

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mental prostration as extreme as that which he had experienced when "his Majesty" had confronted him in his flight.

For, unfortunately for him, Lopez had received at his hands treatment which was sufficient to inspire a deep resentment even in a man less impetuous than this hot-blooded Spaniard. First, he had not only discouraged his attentions to Katie, but had prevented them in every possible way, and in the most positive and insulting manner. Again, but a short time before this, at the railway station at Madrid, he had caused him to be ejected from the railway carriage. For all this he felt that Lopez must cherish a deep desire for vengeance, and would rejoice now if he were to discover that his enemy had become his prisoner. In such an emergency as this, Russell was utterly helpless, and could only hope that his disguise might baffle Lopez, or that the quick wit of Rita might be able to save him from discovery.

After regarding them for a sufficient time, Lopez began an examination of the prisoners.

"Who are you?" he asked.

Rita answered.

"I am a poor woman," said she, "and this lady is a foreigner who does not understand Spanish."

"What are you doing here alone on this road?"

"We are fugitives."

"Fugitives from whom?"

"From the Carlists."

At this Lopez was visibly excited.

"The Carlists?" he asked. "Where are they? Where did you leave them? Tell the truth, woman, and you shall be rewarded. But if you are false, I shall regard you both as spies."

"Noble captain, I am anxious to tell the truth, and glad that we have fallen among friends. We have escaped from an old castle some distance away, and have been flying for hours—"

"A castle!" said Lopez, interrupting her; "where is it?"

"There, to the north," said Rita.

"Oh, very well. I shall be able to find out from you again where it may be situated; but now tell me more about yourselves. What were you doing at the castle?"

"Noble señor, about three weeks ago I was taken prisoner by the Carlists, and they took me to this castle, where they made me serve as an attendant on the prisoners. Among them was this lady."

"Prisoners?" cried Lopez; "have they any others?"

"Two days ago," said Rita, "they brought several new prisoners."

"How many?"

"Six."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know—foreigners."

"Men or women?"

"Three of them were men and three were women. Some one said they were English."

"English?" said Lopez, growing more excited still at this news, which was so much in accordance with his wishes—"English? Tell me more about them."

"Well, señor, of the men one was elderly; the other two were young, quite handsome; they looked rich, noble, proud."

"Never mind. Now tell me about the women. Were they ladies?"

"Yes, señor, they were noble ladies, wealthy, high-born, proud. And one was elderly, and they said she was a great lady. And some said she was the mother of the young ladies, though they did not look like her daughters, nor did they look like sisters."

"Tell me about them; what did they look like?"

"One, señor, looked like a Spanish lady. And she was dark and beautiful and sad, with melancholy eyes. Never did the sun shine on a more lovely lady; but her sadness always made me feel sad."

Lopez interrupted her with an impatient gesture.

"Never mind her. Now describe the other one," said he.

"The other?" said Rita; "she looked like an English duchess. She was light—oh, a wonderful light blonde, with golden hair, and eyes as blue as heaven, with cheeks pink and white, and with dimples dancing on them, and with the smile of an angel that always lurked in her lips and laughed out of her eyes. And she was as beautiful as a dream, and no one ever saw her sad. Heaven does not hold in all its mansions a more beautiful, beautiful angel than this English duchess."

Rita spoke enthusiastically, the more so as she saw Lopez look at her with a deep attention, and a gaze that devoured all her words.

"That is she!" cried Lopez, in intense

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excitement. "That is the one of whom I wished to hear. So you have seen her? Ah, well, good woman, this information is your best passport—more, it is worth much to me. I'll reward you."

"Oh, señor," said Rita, anxious to strike while the iron was hot, and secure her freedom at once, "if this information is welcome and valuable, the only reward I want is to let us go. Let us go, noble señor, for we have urgent business, and our detention here may be our ruin."

"Ruin?" cried Lopez; "what nonsense! You are free now, and safe from the Carlists. As to letting you go, that is out of the question. You are the very woman I want to see. You know all about this castle. You must be my guide back to it. I have been sent to recapture those unfortunate prisoners. I have been unable thus far to get on their track. As to that castle, there is a certain one up yonder which I had an idea of reconnoitring; but if all I hear is true I shall have to get artillery. Now you have escaped, and you may be able to give me information of a very valuable kind. I should like to know how you contrived to escape from a place like that, and I urge you to be frank with me. Remember this, that the quickest way to liberty will be to help me to get those prisoners. You must remain with me until then. The sooner I capture them, the sooner you shall be allowed to depart."

All this was a sore blow to Rita's hopes; but her quick mind soon took in all the facts of her position, and she concluded that it would be best to be frank, as the captain had urged. She also saw that it would be for her interest that the castle should be captured as soon as possible. And she knew, too, that a band of brave men, headed by a determined leader, could have no difficulty in capturing the castle by a surprise, if she should only make known to them the passageway by which she had lately escaped.

Accordingly Rita proceeded to give to Lopez a full account of the way in which she had managed to effect the escape of herself and her companion from the castle. Lopez listened with the deepest attention, making her explain with the utmost minuteness the nature of the chambers and passages which she had traversed, and their position with reference to the rest of the castle; also the track down the sides of the chasm; its height, length, and width, and how far it offered concealment to those passing over it.

"My good woman," said he, "do not object to a little further detention. I assure you it need not be for more than twenty-four hours. After all, what is that? By this time to-morrow I shall have that castle in my own hands. It is of such infinite importance to me to capture those prisoners that I assure you there is nothing I will not do for you if you are faithful to me till I conclude this business of mine. So make up your mind to work for me in a cheerful, loyal, active way; and you will rejoice to your dying day that you ever met with Hernando Lopez."

During this conversation, Russell, standing apart, had watched them attentively. Although unable to understand the words, he was able to gather from the faces, gestures, and tones of the two a very fair idea of their meaning. He could see that Lopez grew more and more excited; that the excitement was most intense, yet altogether agreeable; and that he himself was far, very far, from being the subject of that conversation. He could see that the effect produced upon Lopez was of the most desirable kind, and that the dreaded captain was now in a mood from which no danger was to be apprehended. And therefore it was that the virtuous yet undeniably timid Russell began to pluck up heart. To such a degree was his late terror surmounted that he now became conscious of a fact which had hitherto been suppressed under the long excitement of hurried flight and sudden capture, and this fact was that he had been fasting for a long time, and was now ravenously hungry.

At length the conversation ended, and Lopez was about to turn away, when suddenly he noticed Russell. He raised his hat courteously as if to a lady, and Russell returned this civility with a most awkward bow. But Lopez did not notice this. He was in a pleasant frame of mind, and full of excited hopes.

"I hope," said he, with a polite smile, "your ladyship will not be put out by this slight delay. Otherwise I am at your service."

Russell understood this to be an offer of assistance, and, feeling secure in his disguise, he made a bold effort to communicate with the enemy. And this is the way he did it:

"Me hungry," he said.

"Hungria?" said Lopez. "Ah, a Hun-

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garian lady! Ah, true—I had forgotten. And so, Rita, your friend is a Hungarian lady?"

"Yes," said Rita, delighted at having her companion's nationality so conveniently disposed of. "Yes; she's a foreigner, a Hungarian lady, and no one can understand her language."

"Very good," said Lopez. "It is all the same whether Hungarian or Spanish. She is a lady, and shall be treated as well as possible. And now, Rita, you must rest, for you must be strong and active for to-morrow's work."

With these words Lopez showed them to their resting-place. It was in the loft, where Brooke and Talbot were confined. Here Rita ascended nimbly, and Russell followed, not without difficulty; and soon Rita forgot her fatigue and Russell his hunger in a sound sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH RUSSELL MAKES NEW FRIENDS, AND TALBOT SEES NEW PERILS.

RUSSELL and Rita had thus been brought to the loft of the old mill, in which Brooke and Talbot were prisoners. It was fortunate for these latter that there had occurred this little episode of the arrival of new prisoners, for it served to give a diversion to their thoughts, turning them into a new channel, and relieving them from that intense excitement of feeling by which they had been overcome. It also gave them a subject of common interest apart from themselves; and thus they were once more able to converse with one another, without having that sense of violent self-restraint which had thus far afflicted them. Brooke was able to be lively, without any affectation of too extravagant gayety, and Talbot was no longer crushed into dumbness.

They had seen the arrival of the prisoners from the window, and had watched them closely. The two fugitives had been captured close by the mill by the band of Lopez, just as that band was approaching the spot after a weary and useless day. The examination had been overheard by the two listeners in the loft, who were thus able to understand the meaning of the new turn which affairs had taken. After the prisoners had been brought up to the loft, their character and appearance still formed a field for ingenious speculation; and many were the theories hazarded by each in turn toward the solution of those points.

Morning at length came, and the prisoners awaked. Rita was first on her feet, and Brooke was able to read her whole character at a glance. He saw her to be a common sort of woman, with a bold face, piercing eyes, and ready tongue. He soon entered into a conversation with her, and learned from her exactly what she had already told Lopez. She also informed him that Lopez had detained her in order that she might guide him back to the castle. This much Brooke had already gathered from what little he had overheard of the examination of the previous evening, and it gave him unmixed pleasure. For, although he had refused to violate his honor by acting as guide to betray the castle, he had no objection that others should do so. The fate of the castle and its Carlist occupants was in itself a matter of indifference to him. To be taken there would make an agreeable change for himself and Talbot. If Lopez should take them with him, it would be pleasant to go back with Talbot to that tower and renew the past; and although, for reasons already given, he did not feel like flying with her, still he felt that liberty would be better for both, and was ready to avail himself of any chance that might offer.

Brooke reported to Talbot what Rita had said, and while they were conversing Russell awoke. Suddenly he detected, to his amazement, the sound of English words. The shock was so great that he was on the very point of betraying himself, and it was only by a strong effort that he maintained his self-control. Then, listening quietly, he understood the whole state of the case, as it had resulted from Rita's examination by Lopez.

Unable to sleep any longer, Russell roused himself, and slowly putting himself on his feet, walked to the window. His figure and movements at once struck the notice of Talbot, who drew the attention of Brooke to the strange and eccentric attitude of the "Hungarian countess." Brooke scrutinized the good Russell closely, and expressed his opinions with great freedom, and a severe criticism followed, in which these two, safe, as they supposed, in the ignorance of the foreigner, made very severe strictures upon Russell's whole *personnel*.

Russell, for his part, watched them as

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well as he could, and listened attentively, without being in the least offended. He could perceive easily enough that the priest was English and the other was American. He longed, in his helplessness, to take them into his confidence. He was not at all satisfied with his own relations toward Rita, and thought that if he could only trust these two, who were of his own blood, he might be safe. And yet he felt the need of caution. They might betray him. Like himself, they were prisoners, perhaps in a more perilous situation, and would not hesitate to sacrifice him if they could gain anything by it.

When he heard of the proposed return to the castle he felt at first thoroughly dismayed. Farther thought, however, made it seem less dreadful, for he hoped that if Lopez were to capture the place and deliver Katie, his wrath might be appeased, and he might recover his hidden treasure; while, on the other hand, he perceived that if the worst came to the worst and his disguise was discovered, Lopez even then could not be more dangerous than "his Majesty" had been.

There was something, however, in the tone and manner of these two, as well as in their general aspect, which gradually broke down the mistrust and reserve of Russell. He began to feel convinced that he might trust them, that his secret would be safe in their hands, and that they might give him valuable information and advice, if not assistance. Besides, he reflected that chances of escape might arise, and he thought that he would be safer in their company than in that of Rita. Finally he came to the conclusion to trust them. But here he determined to go only halfway. He would tell them that he was English, but not an Englishman, and would leave further disclosures to the chapter of accidents. If Lopez should discover this much and no more, there would be no danger, and he might conclude that he himself had made the mistake, since Hungarian and English were both alike unknown to him.

After careful observation Russell also concluded that he would be safer if he addressed his confidences to the young priest with the sweet and gentle face. The other one looked less trustworthy, or at least less inclined to pity. Under these circumstances, therefore, and with this design, the good man began his advances, moving in a hesitating way toward them, with furtive glances, and with such very extraordinary gestures that Brooke and Talbot regarded him in great surprise.

"Oh, sir," said he, "I'm not a Hungarian countess at all. I'm a poor unfortunate Englishwoman, that's escaping from the banditti, with the help of this good creature. And I know I can trust you."

At this the amazement of Brooke and Talbot was inexpressible. Brooke, however, held his tongue, seeing that as Talbot had been addressed, it would be better for her to answer. So Talbot, after a few expressions of sympathy, asked Russell to explain farther.

Russell then informed them that her name was *Mrs.* Russell; that she had been captured, along with her daughter, by the Carlists; that she had escaped, hoping to get help to rescue her daughter. All this Russell stated not without much circumlocution and contradiction.

Brooke now interposed.

"But don't you know," said he, "that these people are Republicans—that they're going to capture the castle, or try to? If they succeed, they will free your daughter. So you see you have fallen among the right sort of people, and you may be quite at your ease. It's all the best for you. If I were you I would tell the captain all about it. Get yonder good woman, your companion, to explain."

At this Russell gave a look of despair.

"The very thing," said he, "that I dare not do."

"Why not?"

Russell then, still keeping up the part of Mrs. Russell, and mentioning Katie as her daughter, explained that Lopez was his bitter enemy, and told them about his love for Katie, and his ejection from the railway carriage.

"Well," said Brooke, "you needn't be afraid of him. This matter will settle itself. He'll free your daughter from captivity, and she'll marry him, of course. After that you can take the sweetest revenge on him by tormenting him for the rest of his days as his mother-in-law."

Russell sighed a heavy sigh and turned away. As he did so, he caught the eyes of Rita, which were fastened upon him with a fixed, earnest, eager stare, and there was that in her look which served to drive away every other thought except the one that in this woman there was a new danger, more formidable than any which had yet menaced him. This look made him

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feel like an arrested debtor in the grasp of the bailiff, or like an insane man under the watchful eye of his keeper. In Rita he now recognized his bailiff and his keeper. She was worse. She had designs on him! And for what? For marrying him. Marriage was, of course, impossible, for he had a wife already; but did Rita know this? To tell the truth, he had been fooling her, and he now saw for the first time that he would have to answer for this.

Further conversation between Russell and these new friends was now prevented by the entrance of Lopez himself. He advanced to Brooke, and addressed him with much civility, not without friendliness.

"Señor," said he, "I have been thinking over your case, and I have concluded to hand you over to my military superiors. They may take the responsibility of deciding about your guilt or innocence. But for the present, as I am responsible for you, I must detain you as my prisoner. If you were only connected with some recognized profession I should be happy to accept your parole, and let you follow at your leisure; but as you are considered here a possible spy, I can not think of that. You must therefore come with us under guard. Moreover, as to your friend, this young priest, he must consider himself as bound, for a short time, with us. I expect to have need of him in a few days. I have nothing against him; he is not a prisoner, but is detained merely for a purpose in connection with his sacred office. When that purpose is accomplished he will be at liberty to go or stay."

With these words Lopez retired. He had taken no notice of Russell, at which the latter felt a deep sense of relief.

Far different, however, were the feelings of Brooke, and of Talbot also, when he had translated to her the captain's words.

"He has need of me," repeated Talbot, "for a purpose in connection with my sacred office. Is that what he said, Brooke?"

"Yes," said Brooke, in a low voice.

"But what am I to do?"

Brooke led her away, out of Russell's hearing, and conversed with her in low whispers.

"Don't anticipate trouble, Talbot," he whispered.

"But I must prepare myself for a possible emergency," was the reply. "Now what emergency can possibly arise?"

"The burial of the dead, perhaps," said Brooke. "They are going to attack the castle. Some will be killed. That's natural enough. Have you nerve enough to perform the burial service?"

"I don't know," said Talbot. "I might as well try to command a regiment."

"Oh, I'll show you the whole thing. All you've got to do is to read the burial service out of the breviary. We'll practice it together. You need only pronounce the Latin like Italian. Do you know Italian?"

"No."

"French?"

"No."

"Oh, well, you're an English priest, you know, and so you had better pronounce it like English. These devils will be none the wiser."

Talbot was silent and thoughtful for a few moments.

"Brooke," said she at length, "what were they saying about Lopez going to rescue an English girl, this—this person's daughter? This person—a—Mrs. Russell—said that Lopez was in love with the girl. You spoke about his rescuing her and marrying her."

She hesitated.

"Well?" said Brooke.

"Well," said Talbot, mournfully, "don't you see what I mean, and the use he wishes to make of me in my false character as priest?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Brooke, as Talbot's meaning dawned upon him.

"You see, Brooke, I'm afraid that in my disguise as priest I may be required to marry this English girl to Lopez; and that is sacrilege—it is infamy—it is too horrible. I can not—I will not. Never!"

At this Brooke was filled with consternation. He could only say something about the necessity of not anticipating evil, and express the hope that it might only be a burial. But Talbot felt that her fear was just, and that a new and unavoidable danger now arose before her.

In a short time after this the band set off, guided by Rita. Toward evening they reached a spot about a mile from the castle, where they secreted themselves in a grove, and rested.

Evening came, and the moon rose. Then, as silently as possible, they went to the tower. Here arrangements were made for the security of the prisoners, and Rita prepared to lead the band through the secret way into the castle.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH, AFTER A SERIES OF SURPRISES, "HIS MAJESTY" GETS THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF ALL.

RETURN must now be made to the castle and the two young men whose duel had been interrupted. Captured thus, they stood for a time quite overwhelmed, their intense excitement now followed by a violent reaction, in the midst of which there was the appalling thought of the consequences which might flow from this. For Ashby to be found in Harry's room would surely lead to the discovery of everything —the secret passageway, the sliding door, and perhaps their visits to the ladies. Each one thought of this for himself. Each one had believed that the Carlists did not know about the secret passages. But now all was over.

"Well," continued "his Majesty," speaking in Spanish, "business before pleasure. We will examine you both about this to-morrow. For the present we will leave a guard in this room. Meanwhile, Señor Rivers, you may hand over that pistol; or, stay—no—you have put it to such a noble use that you may keep it: one pistol against six men need not be feared. And now, gentlemen, adieu till to-morrow."

With these words "his Majesty" retired, securing the door behind him, and Harry and Ashby were left with the guards. They stood apart from one another, pale, anxious, and each wrapped up in his own thoughts. For all that had happened each blamed the other, and thus their mutual hate was only intensified.

The cause of "his Majesty's" appearance upon the scene can be easily explained. He had been greatly troubled in his mind by the "ghost" in Mrs. Russell's room, and could not account for it. He had not thought of any secret communication, for, being a comparative stranger here, he had not known of any. Thinking, however, that he might get some light on the subject, he had wandered to the door of Harry's room, and there the sound of voices had arrested his attention. Knowing that Harry was placed there in solitary confinement, he felt that the clew to the mystery might now be here; and so, gathering half a dozen men, he had come in upon them as above described.

Leaving this room, "his Majesty" now went once more to the room of Mrs. Russell, in the hope of gaining more light yet. Upon entering, he was once more nearly overthrown by the impetuous onslaught of the irrepressible Mrs. Russell, who, at this new and unexpected advent of her royal lover, overwhelmed herself and everybody else with her joyous vociferations. This, however, "his Majesty" endured with truly royal dignity, tempering kindness with firmness, and dealing gently with her weak woman's nature. Katie was there, but the royal eye, on wandering about, noticed the absence of Dolores.

"Whativer's become av the señorita?" he asked.

Mrs. Russell gave a startled look around.

"What! Where is she? She's gone!" she screamed; "she's gone! Oh, your Gracious Majesty, the ghost! the ghost! Save me!"

"Whisht! Howld yer tung!" said "his Majesty." "The ghost, is it? So he's come and carried off the señorita! Well, I've found the ghost!"

"Found the ghost!" gasped Mrs. Russell.

"Meself has. Begorra, it's the truth I'm tellin'. Do ye know his name?"

"His name!" gasped Mrs. Russell, once more thinking of her late terrible fancy.

"Yis, his name; ye can't guess it? No? Well, I'll tell yez. It's Ashby."

"Ashby! Mr. Ashby!" cried Mrs. Russell. "Why, how could he get here?"

"Oh, well," said "his Majesty," "he did get here, an' that's no loie. How he got here I'll find out to-morrer. But he did get here, an' he's been here since, an' by the same token he's sperited off the señorita. But there's two av thim."

"Two of them!" repeated Mrs. Russell, in wonder.

"Ay, two av thim; an' the other's that young blade Rivers!"

Katie, thus far, had not said a word. She heard of the discovery of Ashby with surprise, but with no deeper feeling. The moment, however, that the name of Rivers was mentioned, she gave a gasp, and her head fell forward on her hands.

"His Majesty" noticed the action. He put his own interpretation upon it. But he said not a word that had any reference to it; he was too cautious for that. And surely in this "his Majesty" showed a skill and a discrimination which were most politic, and well worthy of the royal ruler of millions. More than this. One glance showed him how the land lay with Katie; so our monarch, not content with abstain-

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ing from all further allusion to Harry, actually carried his complaisance—or, if you please, his diplomacy—so far as to try to appease all possible anxieties that might arise in Katie's mind.

"Shure the two lads meant no harrum at all at all," said "his Majesty." "They happened to find a way to get here, an' they came here, an' begorra they'd have been fools if they didn't. Shure there's no harrum in life in comin' here on a bit av a visit. An' there's no wondher that a young man 'ud come here, wid such charrums as these to invoite him. Shure it 'ud be enough to call the dead back to loife, so it would. An' if they've run off wid the señorita, all I can say is, they can't go far, an' the señorita 'll have to come back agin, so she will."

"And wasn't there any ghost at all?" asked Mrs. Russell, to whom this information had given inexpressible relief.

"Well," said "his Majesty," "there's no knowin'; an' it's best to be on yer gyard, so it is, for sorra a one av us knows whin a ghost may be prowlin' round about, an' there ye have it. As for the other ghosts, Ashby an' Rivers, they won't do yez any more harrum—they undher gyard."

"Under guard!" said Katie, and threw an imploring look at "his Majesty." It was almost the first time that he had fairly caught her eye, so dexterously had she always avoided his glance.

"Well," said "his Majesty," "they're none the worse for that—not a bit. Av all r'y'l atthributes none is so thruly majistic as the atthributes av mercy, an' makeniss, an' magnanimeetee. These are the shuprame atthributes av r'y'lty, an' iminintly characterize our own r'y'l chayracter, so they does. So the young lads may whistle for all av me—an' sorra a harrum shall harrum thim."

At this Katie threw toward "his Majesty" a glance of gratitude unspeakable, which sank deep into the royal soul.

"An' now, ladies," said he, "I must infarrum yez that afther the ayvints av this noight I doesn't considher this room safe for yez at all at all. Shure it's loike a public thoroughfare, an' it's a gathering-place an' rendezvous for min an' angils, ghosts an' hobgoblins, an' all manner av ayvil craytures. So the long an' the short av it is, I have to infarrum yez that I'm goin' to move yez out av this the morrer, an' have yez put in another room where there won't be nothin' in loife to harrum yez, where ye'll have more comfort comboined with safety thin ye've had here."

This remark made Katie reflect. The worst had already happened—the discovery and arrest of Harry. After that she could not hope to see him again. She did not wish to leave the room; but as Harry's visits were now at an end, she could not see that it would make any difference. But Mrs. Russell had a great deal to say.

"Oh, how grateful!" she cried, in lrer most gushing manner. "Oh, how deeply grateful I am to your Gracious Majesty! It's so kind, so thoughtful, so considerate, and so true! Oh, what can I ever say or do to express my gratitude? Only, your Gracious Majesty, do not leave me now. Leave me not—oh, forsake me not! This room is a place of horrors. It is a haunted chamber. When you are here I have no fear; but when you are gone, then I am overwhelmed. Oh, your Gracious Majesty, forsake me not! Leave me not! Oh, leave me not, or—I—shall—die!"

Against such an appeal as this the gallantry of "his Majesty" was scarcely proof. He threw a tender glance at Katie, which, however, was not perceived, and then said:

"Shure, if it's afeared ye are, why that's a different matther, so it is. I didn't intind to move yez away this noight; but if yez are afeared, why there's no raison in loife why yez shouldn't go off now to the other room."

"Oh, take me away!" cried Mrs. Russell; "take me away, your Royal Majesty—take me with you!"

"Shure it's meself that 'll take both av yez, if ye wish it, whiniver ye say the worrud," said "his Majesty." "An' remimber, there's the crown av Spain, an' the power, an' the glory, an' the dignity, an' the pomp, an' the splindor, av the Spanish throne, all to be had wid a wink av one av your lovely eyes, so it is. Remimber that."

"Ah, sire!" said Mrs. Russell, languishingly. "Oh, your Gracious Majesty! Ah, what shall I say?"

She had taken it all to herself, and in the most open way; while Katie didn't take it at all. "His Majesty" saw this, and determined to be more direct.

"Well," said he, "ye see—"

But at this moment a wild yell sounded forth from without, with sudden and appalling fury. It burst upon their ears from the stillness of midnight with terrific violence, chilling the very blood in

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their veins. Then came the rush of heavy feet, the clatter of swords, the explosion of fire-arms, the shouts of many voices:

"Hurrah for the Republic!"

"Down with the Carlists!"

Mrs. Russell gave a long piercing yell, which drowned every other sound, and flung herself into "his Majesty's" arms.

"His Majesty" tore himself away.

"What's that?" he cried. "It's an insurrection av the populace, so it is. We'll go an' mate thim."

With these words he rushed out of the room.

The ladies were left alone, and listened in terror to the uproar. Up from every side there came the shouts of men, the tramp of rushing feet, the clangor of trumpets, and the thunder of fire-arms. Far on high from the battlemented roof, far down from the vaulted cellars, without from the court-yards, within from unseen chambers, came the uproar of fighting men. There was a wild rush forward, and another fierce rush backward; now all the conflict seemed to sway on one side, now on another; at one time the congregated sounds would all gather apparently in one central point, then this would burst and break, and with a wild explosion all the castle, in every part, would be filled with universal riot. Then came the clang of arms, the volleying of guns, the trampling of feet, the hurrying, the struggling, the panting, the convulsive screaming of a multitude of men in the fierce, hot agony of battle.

In the midst of this the door was flung open, and "his Majesty" burst into the room. His apparel was all disordered; his face and hands were blackened with powder and stained with blood. He appeared to have been in the thickest of the fight. He burst in, and instantly banging to the door, he fastened it on the inside.

"We're betrayed!" he cried. "It's the inimy! We'll be captured! We'll be executed! All's lost!"

At this Mrs. Russell flung herself into the royal arms. "His Majesty" had by this time grown so accustomed to this that he accepted it with resignation as part of the misfortunes of the hour, and merely heaved a sigh.

But they were roused by thunderous blows upon the door. Massive though that door was, it would soon be beaten in by such blows as those.

"We're lost!" cried "his Majesty." "Is there anny way out? Shure some av yez knows?" he asked, eagerly. "Ye know," he said, earnestly, to Katie, "the way—the way *he* came—Rivers?"

"His Majesty's" position was desperate. At such an appeal Katie could not be unmoved.

"Save me! Show me the way!" repeated "his Majesty."

Katie said nothing. She hurried toward the fire-place. "His Majesty" followed. Mrs. Russell still clung to the royal person. Katie pointed up the steps to the opening.

"Is it there?—begorra, meself never knowed it or suspected it!"

He seized a torch that lay in the fireplace, and sprang up into the opening. Then he lighted it!

"Aren't you going to take me, your Sacred Majesty? Oh, leave me not!"

"Be jabers!" cried "his Majesty," "I'll baffle thim yet! Yis, ladies, I'll help yez. Come along, thin."

Mrs. Russell came first; Katie then followed. Katie's motive in following was nothing in particular, but several in general. In the first place, she was afraid of the fighting men bursting into the room; in the second place, she naturally clung to the fortunes of "auntie"; and, finally, she had a vague idea of meeting with Harry.

Thus the two ladies followed, while "his Majesty" went ahead, carrying the torch. At length he came to a place where the stone opened into the passage-way. It had been left open by Ashby. This place seemed to "his Majesty" to lead in a more favorable direction, and accordingly he turned in here. Then he descended the steps, and finally reached an opening. He stood here and listened. The room below seemed empty. He descended, requesting the ladies to wait a few moments. On reaching the room he perceived that it was closed. The door had not been opened. Ashby was not there, of course, as "his Majesty" knew; but "his Majesty" was not a little surprised at seeing Dolores. There was no chance for her to hide, so she stood looking at him. But her face was pale and sad and frightened.

Before a word could be said Mrs. Russell scrambled down, and came clinging to "his Majesty." Katie followed, and, in great amazement, saw Dolores. She at

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once ran up to her, put her arms around her, and kissed her.

"I might accuse this señorita of high traison," said "his Majesty"; "but what's the use?"

"Oh, sire, spare her!" said Mrs. Russell. "Remember that mercy is majesty's darling attribute."

"Bedad it is," said "his Majesty." "Whoiver says it isn't? And you, señorita," said "his Majesty" to Dolores, in Spanish—"you seem to know the secret ways here."

"Yes."

"Why did you come here?"

"I fled here."

"Will you help me to escape?"

Dolores hesitated.

"You need not hesitate; if you don't help me I'll kill you. No, I won't kill you—I'll kill Ashby. He's in the hands of six of my guards. I've only to give the word, and he'll be shot. Quick, now—what do you say?"

"Will you let me go free?" asked Dolores.

"Well," said "his Majesty," "under the circumstances, I think I will consent to let you go free. Oh yes; only show me the way out, and you may do as you choose."

"Then I will show you," said Dolores. "But, first, will you tell me in what room Señor Ashby is confined?"

"No," said "his Majesty"; "get me out first, and then I will let you know all you wish."

"Very well," said Dolores.

She led the way up into the passage which they had left. Mrs. Russell followed close upon "his Majesty's" heels. As for Katie, she did not move.

Follow? Why should she? It was quiet here, and the immediate fear of the armed men no longer impelled her away. Should she leave the castle? Not she. The castle seemed to be captured by some enemy. This enemy must be the soldiers of the government. In that case, she ought by all means to stay. Besides, she knew that Harry was still here, and to escape without him was not to be thought of.

The consequence was that Katie remained behind. It was very dark; but that made no difference, as she had grown accustomed to the darkness since she had come here. True, the moonbeams glimmered through the narrow windows, but the greater part of the room was sunk in gloom. She thought for a moment of trying to persuade "auntie" to remain, but the next instant she reflected upon "auntie's" infatuation about "his Majesty," and concluded to say nothing.

Dolores led the way, followed thus by "his Majesty" and "auntie." At the top they came to the stone doorway, which was still open. This Dolores closed carefully. Then she pressed against a stone which was on the opposite side of the chamber. It yielded, and opened in just like the other. Passing through, they all found themselves in a chamber like the last, only it ran in a different direction. Dolores closed this door as before.

From this chamber another passageway led. It is not necessary to detail here the way by which Dolores led them. Suffice it to say that it was long, tortuous, and constantly descending by means of many steps. Several stone doors had to be opened. To one less familiar than Dolores all passage through would have been impossible, and "his Majesty" came to the conclusion that he could never find his way back, if ever he wanted to come. He said as much to Dolores.

"It's easy to learn," said she. "The plan on which it is arranged is so simple that a child can understand it when once it is explained; but you never could find it out for yourself."

"Very likely," said "his Majesty." "It's the way with most riddles."

They continued on, until at last they came to a place at which Dolores, after pushing the rock, stood and listened. There was a sound outside of rushing water.

Then, pushing at the rock again, it opened. The torch-light shining out disclosed a cavern, at the mouth of which this passageway thus opened. A brook bubbled along in front. Opposite was a precipice. Above was the sky, where the moon shone. They were at the bottom of the deep chasm.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW LOPEZ AGAIN MEETS WITH KATIE, AND HOW KATIE SHOWS NO JOY AT HER DELIVERANCE.

KATIE remained, as has been stated, in the lower room, which had been Ashby's place of imprisonment. She was not long

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left alone: soon she heard the noise of footsteps. There was nothing in this sound to alarm her, however, and so she waited quite calmly, thinking that the new-comer might be more friendly than the last, and that this new turn of affairs might improve her position. The door opened, and a man entered in the dress of an officer, while behind him there were visible soldiers in the uniform of the Spanish army. These men carried torches.

The first comer also had a torch, which he held high above his head as he stared about and peered through the gloom. At length he caught sight of Katie, and with a cry of joy advanced straight toward her. It was not until he had come close to her that Katie was able to recognize Lopez.

"Why, Captain Lopez!" she said, in excellent Spanish; for her Spanish connections and life in Spain had made her as familiar as a native with that language. "I never was so amazed in my life. I never heard that you were here; why haven't I seen you before?"

Lopez paused for a moment in surprise at Katie's words, and still more at her manner.

"I've only arrived this instant," said he, "and I've come here to save you from these brigands, and congratulate you and myself on my good fortune in finding you. The other ladies I can not find. I hope, señorita, that you have not suffered much while here a prisoner in the hands of these ruffians?"

"Oh no," said Katie.

"This room is not fit for you," continued Lopez, "and you shall at once be removed to a more comfortable apartment."

Such a proposal as this was by no means agreeable to Katie, who liked the idea of the secret passage, and did not wish to go out of reach of it.

"Oh, do not take me away from here," said she. "I assure you I prefer this room to any other. In fact, I am quite attached to it."

Lopez laughed.

"Really," said he, "I had no idea that a prisoner could become attached to such a gloomy dungeon as this. Ah, señorita, you are jesting. I assure you, however, that there are better rooms than this in the castle, and in a few minutes you shall be taken to one. You shall also be provided with proper attendants, for there are women about the castle who can wait on you."

Lopez was so earnest and determined that Katie saw plainly the uselessness of any further objections, and therefore murmured a few civil words of thanks.

Lopez looked profoundly disappointed. He had come in the glory of a conqueror —more, of a deliverer—to free Katie from the grasp of a remorseless tyrant; to break in pieces her chains; to snatch her from the jaws of death. He had expected to see her on the verge of despair; he had fully counted on being received by her in wild and eager excitement, almost like a messenger from Heaven. It was upon all this that he had counted as he had toiled to effect her rescue. His task had been by no means light. Fortune had favored him, or else his toil would all have been unavailing. His rescue of her in so short a time was therefore very near the miraculous. And now as he came to her, after all his efforts, after all this brilliant success, with these hopes and expectations, he found his arrival greeted in the coolest manner, and treated as the most commonplace thing in the world. More than this, instead of finding Katie languishing in her dungeon, he found her actually unwilling to leave it, and pretending that she had an "attachment for it." Of course all this was pretense and affectation, yet still there was something underneath which Lopez could not quite comprehend. For the present he could only conceal his deep disappointment and vexation as best he might, and arrange his plans for the future.

After retiring for a few minutes he came back with a woman. This was one of the women who had been captured, and was now allowed to remain on condition of service, the particular service required of her being merely attendance upon Katie.

Lopez here had a fresh disappointment. He had seen Katie's solitary state, and thought that by bringing her an attendant he would give her pleasure. But to Katie the presence of any attendant was exceedingly distasteful. It was like having a spy set over her. It was bad enough to be taken away from within reach of those secret passages, but to be afflicted with this attendant and spy was too much.

Lopez noticed her slight frown and her downcast look. He was surprised once more, and more disappointed than ever.

"And now, señorita," said Lopez, "if

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you are quite ready, I will show you the way to the new room, where you may stay so long as you remain here."

"Very well, señor captain," said Katie, quietly.

"If you have any luggage, it shall be sent up to-morrow."

"Thanks, señor."

Upon this Captain Lopez went out with the torch, and Katie, with her attendant, followed. She noticed, as she went, that there were marks of great confusion in the castle; some men were bound, others lying wounded, with women weeping over them; others again, in the Spanish uniform, were lolling about, drinking and carousing.

Katie followed Lopez upstairs, and here in the upper hall there were the same signs as below, though the crowd of men was not so great nor so noisy. Passing through this, they came to a third stairway, which ran up from one side of this upper hall and led into a passageway higher still. Here Lopez opened a door, and, on entering, Katie saw a room which was smaller than those below. One or two mats were on the stone floor. There was a couch at one end covered with skins, and at the other a large chest. The room bore marks of having been recently occupied, and Katie thought that perhaps the occupant had been "his Majesty."

The windows here, of which there were several, were narrow slits like those below; and a hasty glance showed Katie that they looked down into the court-yard. This, however, gave her no consolation. It was a matter of indifference now where she was. Having been taken away from the neighborhood of those friendly passageways, all other places seemed equally objectionable. Her discontent and dejection were evident in her face, though she made no remark.

"I am sorry," said Lopez, "deeply sorry, that I have nothing better than this room to offer; but I hope that before long we shall be able to leave the castle."

Katie did not hope so, and, in fact, did not know whether to hope so or not. All would depend upon circumstances. And as she did not know how circumstances were, and was not willing to ask, she did not know what to say now; so she simply said the very non-committal words,

"Thanks, señor."

Lopez could tell pretty well why she said no more than this. It was because she felt dissatisfied about something in connection with her rescue; but what that something was he could not conjecture. That was the mystery which baffled him. However, he had sense enough to see that his own best course was to leave her to her own devices, and not annoy her by ill-timed questions. So he prepared to depart.

"Señorita," said he, "this woman is your attendant. If you are afraid to be alone, she will sleep in the room with you; but, if you prefer it, she will not."

"Oh, I should so very much prefer being left alone, Captain Lopez!" said Katie, hurriedly.

Lopez looked surprised.

"Oh, very well," said he; "but I thought you were so timid that you would prefer having some one."

"Oh no—thanks! I'm not at all timid," said Katie.

This was a new surprise to Lopez, who had believed Katie to be the most timid young lady living. But he said nothing more. He merely wished her good-night; and, having directed the attendant to leave, he locked the door after him and went away, a deeply disappointed and a deeply meditating man.

Katie sprang to the door, held her ear close, and listened till the footsteps had died away. Then she hurried back. Her quick eye had noticed the fragment of a wax candle on the floor, in a corner. Some matches were lying loosely about, which had evidently been used by "his Majesty" to light the royal pipe. With one of these Katie lighted the candle, and surveyed the apartment once more.

There was a fire-place here, deep, but not so high or large as the others before mentioned. This Katie examined first. Alas! she saw nothing. The chimney ran straight up, and not an opening appeared.

After this she retreated dejectedly, and examined no farther.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH THERE SEEMS SOME CHANCE OF A TRIANGULAR DUEL.

HARRY and Ashby, transformed from bosom-friends to mortal enemies, now occupied the same room, but with an armed guard to prevent further intercourse.

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Such intercourse was, however, more effectually prevented by something far more powerful than any armed guard—namely, by mutual hate, and by the consciousness that their hostile meeting, though interrupted, had not been terminated. It had only been deferred; and yet again, at some future time, they must meet and settle this quarrel. Even this prospect, however, important though it was, did not by any means form the most important part of their thoughts as they stood thus apart absorbed in themselves. Each one turned his thoughts rather to the events which had last occupied him before they had encountered one another; and so, while Harry wandered in fancy back to Katie's room, Ashby was taken up with tender reminiscences of Dolores.

In the midst of such sentimental meditations they were startled by the sudden outburst of that loud alarm and wild tumult already mentioned. In an instant they both were roused out of their abstraction, and brought back to the stern realities of life. The guard, too, were roused, and springing to their feet, they stood waiting for orders. But after a few minutes the uproar became so tremendous that the position of the guards grew unendurable, and they went to the door and tried to open it. This they could not do, for it was fastened on the outside, so that departure from the room by that way was not possible; yet the sounds which came to their ears were sufficient to inform them of the whole truth, and tell them that the castle had been surprised by an attacking party, which was evidently victorious.

The longer they listened the plainer did this become, and from this there arose the inevitable conclusion that they—that is, the Carlist guard—were prisoners. Upon this, restiveness and uneasiness began to be visible among them, and a dread of their coming doom from the hands of merciless enemies quite demoralized them. They exchanged looks of terror; they looked wildly around to see if there were any chances of escape; but to their eyes the stone walls, the stone floor, the narrow windows, and the vaulted roof offered not a chance of escape, or even of a partial concealment.

As for Harry and Ashby, they passed in one instant from the depths of despair to the highest hope. They recognized the shouts and the watch-word of the Republic, and felt that in the hands of the soldiers of the government they would be safe.

Suddenly the door was opened. Outside were armed men with blazing torches, from among whom there advanced into the room an officer.

The Carlists were immediately disarmed, and their arms taken outside. But the officer took no notice of them. His eyes, searching on every side, soon perceived Harry and Ashby, who had drawn near.

"Señor Captain," said Harry, "I rejoice that you have come to save us from captivity and death. We have been here as prisoners for two or three days, and an immense ransom was exacted from us, which we could not pay. Had you not come, we should undoubtedly have been shot."

Ashby said not a word. He had recognized Lopez at a glance, and dreaded the worst from this vengeful enemy.

Lopez kept his eyes fixed on Ashby as he spoke, though he addressed Harry.

"Señores," said he, "I am glad that I have come in time to avert so horrible a crime. You, señor," he continued, addressing Harry, "may retire: you are free. You will be respected and protected by my followers, and may either go, or remain till our return to Vitoria. As for Señor Ashby, I wish to have a brief conversation with him."

At this Harry bowed, and with some further expression of gratitude went out of the room, a free man, his heart swelling with exultation and joy and hope.

"Señor Ashby," said Lopez, "we have met again."

Ashby bowed.

"Señor Ashby," continued Lopez, "insults have been given and received on both sides, and we are already under engagement to have a hostile meeting. Is it not so?"

Ashby bowed again.

Lopez had spoken these words in a low tone, which was inaudible to his men. He now turned and ordered them to withdraw, and stand outside until further orders.

They obeyed.

"Señor Ashby," he continued, "the lady is here for whom we both are seeking. It was about her that our quarrel arose."

"I am ready now," said Ashby.

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"For the quarrel?" said Lopez. "Ay—but I am not," and he gave a bitter laugh.

"A man of honor," said Ashby, scornfully, "will always be ready."

Lopez again gave a bitter laugh.

"Dear señor," said he, "I have had too many affairs to be afraid of risking my reputation as a man of honor by postponing our little meeting. I have other things to attend to first. And first I must have a little leisure to get rid of that bitterness and gall which you, señor, with your English superciliousness, have poured into my heart. You had your hour of triumph, and I was made to feel by you all the insolent superiority of a man of wealth over a man of the people. But now, señor, our positions have changed. I have the power, and you are nothing. Even your wealth will not save you; for while you are my prisoner all the gold of Mexico will be unavailing to deliver you until I choose."

Ashby had now a sudden thought that his position was very peculiar and very unenviable. He had just quarrelled with his best friend, and had just been saved from murdering him, for the sake of a girl whom he had ceased to love (or whom he believed he had ceased to love, which was the same thing just then); and now here was another of Katie's numerous lovers, full of love and jealousy—the one as strong as death, the other as cruel as the grave—which lover was evidently now regarding him as a tiger regards his helpless victim, and was playing with him for a time, so as to enjoy his torments before devouring him. These thoughts passed through his mind, and he had nothing to say.

"Señor," said Lopez, "our quarrel was about that young lady, and our meeting may take place at any time. For the present I have to say that if you will consent to give up all claim to her hand, and leave the castle, I will send you at once, with a sufficient guard, to any place you name, or to the nearest station. But if not, then I shall be under the painful necessity of detaining you."

Now the giving up of all claims to Katie was in itself so far from being repugnant to Ashby that, as the reader knows, he had already virtually renounced her, and formally, too, by word of mouth to Dolores. But to do this to Lopez was a far different thing. It would, he felt, be base; it would be cowardly; it would be a vile piece of truckling to an enemy, who would exult over it to the end of his days. The idea could not be entertained for a moment.

"Señor," said Ashby, with his usual coolness, "you are well aware that, apart from all other considerations, your proposition could not be entertained for a moment by a man of honor."

"Perhaps not," said Lopez; "but I had to make mention of it, merely as a form, and not supposing that you would entertain it."

"I am in the hands of fortune," said Ashby: "I'll take my chances as they come."

Upon this Lopez said nothing more, but, with a formal adieu, took his departure. Ashby was left with the six unarmed Carlist prisoners.

CHAPTER XL.

HOW THE UNHAPPY RUSSELL FINDS THE DANGER OF PLAYING WITH EDGE-TOOLS.

WHEN Lopez, with the assistance of Rita, had burst into the castle, he had left his prisoners in the tower in the charge of a couple of guards, these prisoners being Brooke, Talbot, and Russell. During the attack on the castle there was a time in which Russell might very easily have escaped. The two guards were eager to join the *mêlée*, and as their instructions had reference principally to Brooke and Talbot, they paid no attention whatever to the "Hungarian lady." They knew that Rita had done an act for which the captain would reward her, and concluded that the "Hungarian lady" was a friend rather than a prisoner. Under such circumstances escape would have been easy enough to Russell had he been bold enough to attempt it.

Yet, after all, how could he really escape? To go back over the same road would be only to encounter fresh perils, perhaps worse than any with which he had met hitherto. To go in any other direction would be simple madness. There was therefore no other course open to him than to remain where he was.

After a long time some of the men came back, at the command of Lopez, with orders to bring the prisoners into the castle. The guard obeyed and followed, taking

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with them Brooke and Talbot. Russell was about to accompany them, and was just hesitating as to the path, when suddenly he found himself confronted by Rita, who had just come up.

"H-s-s-s-sh!" she said. "All is safe. I haf my reward. The capitan haf pay me. Now we sall go. Alla right. Come!"

Russell felt a strange sinking of heart. As to going away with her, that was not to be thought of, and he only sought now for some plausible excuse.

"I—I'm too tired," he said; "I'm worn out, Rita. I can not walk."

"Bah!" said she. "Come; you sall not go far: I take you to where you sall restar."

"But I'm tired," said Russell. "I want to rest here."

"Bah! you not too tired to go one two mile; that not mooch to go. Come!"

"I can't," whined Russell.

"But you will be captar—you sall be a preesonaire—you sall be deescovaire—alla found out by the capitan; so come—fly; you haf no time to lose."

"I can't help it," said Russell, in despair. "If I'm caught again I don't care. I'm worn out."

"But you moos."

"I can't."

"Come—I sall carry you; I sall lifta you, and carry you to your safetydom. Come!"

"It's impossible," said Russell, who, in addition to his fear, began to feel vexation at this woman's pertinacity.

There was something in his tone which made Rita pause. She stood erect, folded her arms, and looked at him. The moonlight fell on both. Each could see the other. Russell did not feel pleased with her appearance. She looked too hard—too austere. She seemed to have an unlimited possibility of daring and of vengeance.

"You not want to fly? You not want to 'scape?" said Rita, with a frown.

Russell thought it best to own up.

"Well, n-n-no," said he. "On the whole, I do not."

"Why?" asked Rita, in a hard voice.

"Oh—well—I've—I've—I've changed my mind," said Russell, in a trembling voice. He began to be more afraid of Rita than ever.

"Ah!" said Rita. "It is so; very well. Now leest'n to me; look at me. What haf I done? I haf betray my maestro—I haf betray my friends: this castle is took; my friends are run away; many of them are dead; their bodies are over there—they are dead. Who kill them? I—I the traidor! And why? I betray—because you tempt me! You haf make me do this—you! you! you! What! do you think I sall let you turn false to me? No! nevaire! You sall be true to me—whatevaire! You haf promis to gif me all the world. You haf promis to gif me you'selfa. You sall be what you say—'my man.' I sall haf the recompensa, if I die from remordimiento. If you be a traidor to me, I sall haf the vengeanza."

During this wild harangue Rita seemed transported to fury—she seemed a madwoman. Russell trembled in every limb from sheer terror. He never had in all his life seen anything like this. His only hope now was to escape from her insane rage, no matter under whose protection.

At length she stopped and grew calmer. Then she said, in a low, stern voice:

"Now—will you come? Will you fly?"

Russell shuddered more than ever. Fly? Not he. She might tear him to pieces, but he would never fly with her. Fly? Why, it was impossible. He might, indeed, fly from her; but as to flying *with* her, that could not be thought of.

He shrunk back, trembling in every limb.

"I can't," he said—"I can't; I'm too weak—I'm old, and weak, and worn out."

"But I say," continued Rita, impatiently, "that I sall take you to a place where you sall restar."

"I can't," said Russell.

"Do you intendar to keep you' promeese?"

"What promise?" said Russell, hesitatingly.

"To marry me," said Rita, coldly.

"Marry you! I never said that," replied Russell.

"You did."

"I did not. I have a wife living—you know that, surely. She is in the castle."

"She? Bah! She is dead. I know that," said Rita, triumphantly.

Russell shuddered more than ever. Dead! dead! he thought. What a thought of horror! And how? Was it this woman that did the deed—this fiend from the robbers' hold—to make room for herself? Russell felt that she was capa-

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ble of any enormity, and his soul sickened at the thought. He groaned, and was silent.

"You not fly? Very well. You sall come to the castle. You sall stay with the capitan. You sall tell him all; I sall tell him all. He sall judge and decidar. Come! come! You sall not stay here. You sall go and restar you' old bone."

Rita motioned to him sternly to follow, and Russell obeyed. He was not at all disinclined to move in this direction, since it led him to the friendly protection of the castle. It was with uncommon vigor and nimbleness that he followed his tormentor down the steep side, and across the brook at the bottom, and up the other side. Rita noticed this, and said, scornfully:

"You too weak to go one two mile on the level groun', but you strong enough to descendar and ascendar these cliff. But wait, ola man—remember if you falsa me I sall haf my vengeanza. Now you go and spik to the capitan, and you see what he sall do for you."

Rita said no more, but led Russell along until they reached the castle. There Russell seated himself on the stone floor among the soldiers, feeling safer here, while Rita went away in search of Lopez to tell her own story first.

Now Lopez was under great obligations to Rita, and was willing to do almost anything for her. At the same time he was the bitter enemy of Russell. Here there was an opportunity open to him to evince gratitude and to obtain vengeance. He appreciated the situation most fully. He promised Rita that he would do whatever she wished.

"I only wish one thing," said Rita: "make him keep his promise."

"I will," said Lopez.

"Will you make him marry me?"

"I will," said Lopez. "I have a priest here. I have brought him here, for I expected to be married myself to a lady whom I have long loved in vain. I have rescued her from these foul brigands, and she will not now refuse me. And I promise, Rita, that you shall be married to your dear one at the same time that I am married to mine, and by the same priest."

Upon this Rita was voluble in the expression of her gratitude.

Lopez now went to seek out Russell. He found the good man wearied and worn out. He led him away to a room that happened to be the very one in which he was confined before. Brooke and Talbot were there. Russell entreated Brooke to intercede for him with Lopez. Lopez saw the action and understood it.

"What does he want?"

Russell then explained, through Brooke, what Lopez had already learned through Rita, namely, that he was Mr. Russell, and that Rita was claiming his fulfillment of a promise which he had never made, and could never fulfill—first, on the ground that Rita had not freed him; and, secondly, on the more important ground that he was already married.

To all this the answer of Lopez was brief and stern.

"She did free you," said he, "for you are now out of the power of the Carlists, and may be your own master on the performance of your promise. Moreover, as to your being married already, Rita assures me that your former wife is dead."

At this Russell groaned.

"She is not dead," he said.

"Oh, well," said Lopez, "I don't care. Rita is willing to run the risk."

Russell now pleaded for Katie's sake.

But this roused Lopez to worse anger.

"If you were merely a cruel father," said he, "I would forgive you for her sake; but you are a guardian, and not over-honest, as I believe. She has no love for you. She never wishes to see you again. Nor do I. You are nothing to her. She is nothing to you. You have made your bed, and must lie on it. You must blame yourself, and not me."

With these words Lopez retired, leaving the unhappy Russell in a condition that may be better imagined than described.

THE QUESTION.

But darest thou come? Thy little hand in mine
  Lies quiet, and thy clear eyes rest on me.
  O'er crags and gulfs my path winds perilously,
And thro' blind thickets where no light can shine—
Wild ways and strange for these young feet of thine.
  Thou raisest girlish lips all silently,
  And my tears rise until I can not see,
O love, my love, at thy mute faith's mute sign.

Not through trim gardens, not in level meads,
  Nor man-frequented streets, our pathway lies;
Upward and onward, lonelily it leads
  By never-trodden heights to alien skies.
But darest thou come? O brave one, my soul needs
  No answer, seeing thy soul in thy eyes.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

IT is not very long ago that Mr. Goschen, probably the highest authority in England on questions concerning local government, wrote, "There is no labyrinth so intricate as the chaos of our [their] local laws." Every one who has attempted to study the methods of local or municipal government in England has been appalled by the hopeless intricacies and difficulties of the task. It must not be thought, however, that it is very much easier to arrive at exact results in the study of our own municipal system. In our own State there are no two cities governed by identical charters, and emphatic as is the official opinion of Mr. Goschen above quoted, it is no more startling than the following declaration by the chief Judge of the State of New York, in a judicial opinion rendered in 1875, namely: "It is clearly unsafe for any one to speak confidently of the exact condition of the law in respect to public improvements in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. The enactments with reference thereto have been modified, superseded, and repealed so often and to such an extent that it is difficult to ascertain just what statutes are in force at any particular time." What wonder, then, while the very courts which are called upon to interpret the law find difficulty in discovering what the law is that they are to interpret, that the citizens who are obliged to live under these laws have only the faintest and most inexact ideas of them!

The laws relative to the city of New York had become so nearly unintelligible in their confusion that a few years ago the Legislature of the State made provision for the appointment of a commission to reduce them into a consistent and symmetrical whole, declaring as far as possible their actual meaning without making any substantial changes. The work of this commission resulted in a bill, which has now become a law, known as "An Act to consolidate the special and local Laws affecting public Interests in the City of New York," and is cited as "The New York City Consolidation Act." It is a large octavo volume of over 700 pages, and contains about 2150 sections, being, I believe, a body of legislation about as large as the entire civil code of France. And this is the law relative to a single city, not to mention the legislation which emanates from the local authority itself, such as the city ordinances, which are enacted by the Board of Aldermen, or the sanitary ordinances of the Board of Health. In the laws relative to the other great cities of the State, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, and Buffalo, for example, there is neither symmetry nor certainty. For every city there is a particular charter; for every amendment of the law and every local improvement of any magnitude or importance there is a special enactment. These laws are made in the main by a legislative body which enacts new statutes hastily and incoherently drawn, in entire disregard, too often, of their possible or even probable effect upon the already existing body of the law.

As a result of this condition of affairs, it is impossible to give a general outline of the system of municipal government in the State of New York, or of the laws affecting municipalities, since there is no such thing as a system. We may fairly say, as Mr. Chalmers says of the same matter, so far as concerns the Metropolitan District of London: "The plan of putting a new legislative patch on the old garment has been consistently pursued with the usual result. To give a methodical account of London government would be as difficult as to describe the pattern on a patchwork quilt. All that can be done is to give some description of the local authorities which constitute the more important patches." It is not, however, the purpose of this article to enter upon such a description. The above facts have been alluded to for the sole purpose of particularly calling attention to one of the most patent of the causes which make efficient municipal government extremely difficult, if not a practical impossibility.

The government of our cities is the stumbling-block of our civilization. In a certain and very large sense the whole question of government in this country resolves itself into that of the government of cities. In 300 cities of the United States, containing each a population of 7500 and upward, there were, in 1880, 11,350,000 inhabitants out of the 50,152,379 in the entire nation. In the State of New York there were, in 1880, 5,082,871 inhabitants, of whom 2,742,050, or more than one-half, lived in cities of over 4000 population, and of which number over 1,250,000 live in

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one city, and nearly 600,000 in another. While it has been but little talked of and written about here, it has been noticed by foreign statisticians who have studied the growth of population in both worlds, and who have anxiously inquired how long we can continue to grow at the present rate, and to accommodate Europe's surplus population, that an approach to the complete settlement of our country seems already to be within a measurable distance, and that one of its apparent consequences is the increase of our manufactories and of our town population. Already in the older parts of our country a change has been precipitated from agriculture to trade, and from rural to town life, such as has long been taking place in England and Continental countries. In this country the change has been nothing less than phenomenal.

"In 1790," say the officers of the last census, "one-thirtieth of the population of the United States lived in cities of 8000 inhabitants and over; in 1800, one twenty-fifth; in 1810, and also in 1820, one-twentieth; in 1830, one-sixteenth; in 1840, one-twelfth; in 1850, one-eighth; in 1860, one-sixth; and in 1870, a little over one-fifth." The ratio is now nearly one-quarter.

In studying the problem of municipal government in this country this is the first great fact. The second is as follows: while out of a total public indebtedness —national, State, city, county, and other —in the United States in 1870 aggregating 3349 millions, 2480 millions was national, 352 millions State, 328 millions municipal, and 187 millions county, of the total indebtedness of 1880, which had decreased to 2997 millions, the national, State, and county debts had fallen to 1942, 234, and 123 millions respectively, and the municipal debt, including townships and school districts, had risen to 698 millions.

These facts point conclusively to the dual tendency—first, of the urban population to become proportionately larger, and second, of municipal expenditure to increase as compared with that of both State and nation. For various reasons the proper field in which to test this latter tendency is rather in the comparison of budgets than in that of aggregate indebtedness, and if tested in that way the proofs would be many times stronger; but it is the tendency alone to which I here desire to attract attention, rather than to its statistical details. And this fact of the proportionate increase of municipal expenditure, like that of the increase of urban population, is not isolated and confined to our own country. The most capable of observers have noted the universality of these phenomena in progressive states, and they are peculiarly noticeable in England, France, Germany, and Italy.

A third great fact is that of the steady increase of governmental regulation. No question has been more discussed, and certainly none deserves to be more discussed, than that concerning the proper functions of government. This question has been the battle-ground of great parties, and the way in which it has from time to time been answered has determined the political history of our own country not only, but of every other republican state. One party or school declares in favor of a centralized or paternal State policy, the other cries *laissez-faire*, and demands a minimum of government. But while this theoretical contention has been going on, the fact becomes ever plainer and plainer that in spite of all theory the practical functions of government are actually enlarged from day to day. Directly as society develops and social life becomes more complex, the attributes of the State are practically enlarged. This is brought out very clearly in the remark of Mr. Stanley Jevons that "it is impossible that we can have the constant multiplication of institutions and instruments of civilization which evolution is producing without a growing complication of relations, and a consequent growth of social regulations." This implies not only more administrative interference, but a growth and development of administrative organs, and the establishment of new and different relations among them.

But the State does not itself administer the entire law which it sanctions, and as the functions of government are enlarged, they are exercised less and less by the final and absolute governing authority, and more and more by its subordinate agencies. Thus just as the sphere of government is extended, the central authority, speaking generally, makes itself less directly felt, while the local authorities are always becoming more important; and the two great facts which have been referred to regarding the growth in population and expenditure of cities serve as

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a demonstration of this tendency. That municipalities thus become the organs through which a constantly increasing part of the functions of government is performed is due to the fact that the conditions of life in cities and in rural districts are altogether different. Masses of men living together require a far more elaborate governmental machinery than those living in less close proximity to each other. And not only do cities require more government than rural districts, but the character of the government is very dissimilar in the two cases. It is so much more delicate and difficult in the case of cities, as to require a higher organization and a more perfectly framed law, thus adding to the chances of misrule, which always increase in more than geometrical ratio to the increase in complexity and difficulty of government. But while government thus becomes more difficult, it becomes less and less political in the every-day sense of the word, and more and more economical. The civilization of our time, which is one of constitutional systems, sees in municipal and local governments only public business and police corporations, or syndicates of common local interests, which act as the agents of the State, exercising its sovereign authority for their self-government and at their own expense. They maintain the local police and sanitary systems, protect the public health, carry on the work of public education, sustain charitable and corrective institutions, undertake great public enterprises, such as those which afford the water or gas supply, open and maintain streets and highways, and have a variety of other important minor duties. With a single exception—that of the organization and administration of justice—these are the most difficult as well as the most expensive functions of government, and just so far as they are performed by the municipalities and not by the central authority does municipal politics become of more importance to the actual well-being of the community than State or national politics, and more particularly because the one affects us immediately and intimately, and the other more remotely and indirectly.

In discussing the government of municipalities we are thus brought face to face with the increasing difficulties of the problem, through the growth simultaneously of urban populations, of local expenditures, and of those social conditions which require always a larger and larger share of administrative attention and control. Under such circumstances it is evident that the question of the relation of the municipalities to the State is of the largest moment, and I believe that it is here, at its very roots, that the problem of the government of localities should be attacked, if any satisfactory solution of it is to be discovered. Thus the manner in which the State should interfere with the municipalities through the exercise of its central authority, and to what extent they should be left to themselves, free from superior dictation or interference, are questions which should be settled before considering the very difficult but still secondary matter as to what is the best method of organizing the executive and administrative departments of local governments. Unhappily, our law and practice do not throw any clear light upon or disclose any settled principles with regard to the matter. There is much talk of decentralization, and nothing is more frequently heard than laudations of self-government coupled with the assertion that it is constitutionally respected in this country as an inherent and well-recognized right of localities. The constitution of the State of New York, for example, as if to assure this right, says: "It belongs exclusively to the local power to fill the [local] offices, either by election or appointment." And yet, as we shall see, the courts have so interpreted this section as to nullify it to all practical intents and purposes. Not only should all local governments be absolutely assured of this right to elect or appoint their own officers, but they should be supreme, so far as is compatible with the general welfare of the State, over things which affect them alone; and this for two reasons, viz., because it is the only means of making citizens feel a direct responsibility for the administration of their home affairs, and because the interference of the State, as at present practiced, is the direct source of the demoralization which prevails in State as well as city politics. Our real danger, the real mischief in our present system, which makes municipal good government apparently impossible, is not the character of our charters, but something much more radical, and which was seen years ago by De Tocqueville, namely, the almost absolute, and consequently irresponsible, power of the central govern-

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ments. "In America," says that keen observer, "the Legislature of each State is supreme; nothing can impede its authority—neither privileges, nor local immunities, nor personal influence, nor even the empire of reason—since it represents that majority which claims to be the sole organ of reason. Its own determination is therefore the only limit to its action." And this is literally true except where there is a constitutional limitation. Consequently, in the State of New York, where there is no such limitation, the municipalities are quite as much at the mercy of the Legislature as in the most autocratic state of Europe. Careless observers believe that we are free from the dangers of centralization, overlooking the fact that we have so completely centralized all power in the Legislature as to make the State peculiarly susceptible to these dangers.

What some of the evils of this system have been and are, and particularly in the State of New York, may now be referred to more in detail. The first to attract attention is the uncertainty and want of system in the law itself, but of this enough has already been said. The second is the general insufficiency and practical worthlessness of our municipal charters. But the greatest of prevailing evils are the absence of actual local self-government, and the decay of genuine public spirit in our great cities.

The majority of our municipal charters as they stand to-day entirely fail to represent the experienced judgment of the most capable men in the community as to what is the best and most practical organization of the administrative agencies of local government. One of these charters, which is typical of them all, that of the city of New York, is so filled with anomalous and unreasonable provisions that it is a source of daily wonder why things do not often go worse than actually happens, or, rather, how it is possible for it to produce any good thing whatever, even by accident. Our Mayor has no real executive powers; our Board of Aldermen has only a scanty remnant of legislative authority, while it retains its control over the appointments of the Chief Magistrate; the whole government is in the hands of commissioners, who are practically irresponsible to any superior authority; and the commissions are so constituted that they prepare the way, without any possibility of detection, for the worst forms of political trading and bargaining, and for the advancement of spoils-hunters and spoils-distributors to the exclusion of others. While the Legislature has the absolute power to remedy this state of things, no remedy appears to be practically possible. But this is not because the Legislature declines to interfere out of any respect for the sacredness of the rights of localities. Never a winter comes but that body is overrun with schemes for charter legislation, got up in the interest of parties or of individuals, to change the constitution or to enlarge or decrease the powers of local offices as best suits the personal or party interest of those who propose them. Winter after winter there is extended discussion upon these measures, endless trading and log-rolling, until finally some of them become laws, while the majority simply have the effect of killing each other off.

This "charter tinkering," as it is aptly called, is an evil of the first magnitude, not only because of the condition in which it leaves our municipal charters, but because it robs them of every element of stability, and deprives the thoughtful and public-spirited citizen of every motive for taking an active interest in public affairs. This class, tired of seeing the interests of the community boldly and shamelessly sacrificed to the greed of parties, may organize and effect a revolution at the charter elections by ousting bad or incompetent men, and placing in their stead honest and capable ones, only to find their work undone, almost before their representatives enter upon their offices, by a legislative enactment abolishing the offices altogether, and imposing the duties which belonged to them upon other branches of the government to which the revolution did not reach. Referring to this matter, the commissioners appointed by Governor Tilden in 1875 to devise a plan for the government of cities in the State of New York say—and it is well worth quoting, for the evil remains in essence, even if somewhat abated in practice: "It may be true that the first attempts to secure legislative intervention in the local affairs of our principal cities were made by good citizens in the supposed interest of reform and good government, and to counteract the schemes of corrupt officials. The notion that legislative control was the proper remedy was a serious mistake. The corrupt cliques and

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rings thus sought to be baffled were quick to perceive that in the business of procuring special laws concerning local affairs they could easily outmatch the fitful and clumsy labors of disinterested citizens. The transfer of the control of the municipal resources from the localities to the Capitol had no other effect than to cause a like transfer of the methods and arts of corruption, and to make the fortunes of our principal cities the traffic of the lobbies. Municipal corruption, previously confined within territorial limits, thenceforth escaped all bounds, and spread to every quarter of the State. Cities were compelled by legislation to buy lands for parks and places because the owners wished to sell them; compelled to grade, pave, and sewer streets without inhabitants, and for no other purpose than to award corrupt contracts for the work. Cities were compelled to purchase at the public expense and at extravagant prices the property necessary for streets and avenues, useless for any other purpose than to make a market for the adjoining property thus improved. Laws were enacted abolishing one office and creating another with the same duties, in order to transfer official emoluments from one man to another; and laws to change the functions of officers, with a view only to a new distribution of patronage; and to lengthen the terms of offices, for no other purpose than to retain in place officers who could not otherwise be elected or appointed."

Now in respect of these matters the Legislature has no less power than it ever had. It may say of its acts as Louis XVI. did to the Duke of Orleans, "They are legal because we will it." The cities have no more protection against it than in the past, and in their helplessness are still at the mercy of politicians at the Capitol. The Legislature, which once went so far even as to make our municipal budget upon the reports of its own committees, can do so again whenever it wills; in fact, does it even now in a modified form when it refuses to the municipality the power to fix the pay of its own firemen and policemen, and when it passes laws compelling the New York City Board of Estimate and Apportionment to put into the local budget sums which are wholly for local purposes, or worse yet, sums with the payment of which the locality should never be burdened at all. Exercising the same absolute power, it may now, as heretofore, at any time change the *personnel* of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and specifically name such offices as are for the time being filled by dishonest and scheming men, as it did when the power over the budget was calmly confided to Tweed, Connolly, and Sweeny. The Legislature can at its pleasure spend the money of a locality for purely local purposes, although every citizen of the locality object, and may compel the levy and collection of a tax to meet the expenditure. In a word, it may *compel* municipal or local corporations to do whatever it may permit them to do. It may go further, and by changing their territorial limits, or by creating new offices with new functions, it can itself name the very men who are to fill the offices, in spite of the constitutional provision that "it belongs exclusively to the local power to fill the offices, either by election or appointment." No better illustration of this could be cited than the action of the present Legislature in appointing by name the men who are to have the expenditure of from twenty to thirty millions of the money of the Mayor and Commonalty of the city of New York, without the right on the part of the citizens who are to pay for the new aqueduct to say an authoritative word as to who should fill the offices of commissioners.

It is thus made apparent that in the State of New York, which has the largest city population of any State in the Union, the government of municipalities is conducted, except in the most picayune details, by the central and not by the local government, and that the term "local self-government" is in practice a mere delusive misnomer. The worst feature of this system, however, is not that its practical effect is to actually strangle local self-government, but that it poisons or even kills outright all true municipal spirit. I believe it is almost entirely to this cause that we owe the evil which is commonly supposed to spring from other sources—I mean the facilities for corrupt political organization, and the difficulties experienced in effecting a counter-organization among responsible and self-respecting citizens. Under such a form of government great numbers of citizens soon lose all interest in voting, and the ballot-boxes fall into the possession of those who, to use the words of Mr. Mill, "do not bestow their suffrages on public grounds, but sell

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them for money, or vote at the beck of some one who has control over them, or whom for private reasons they desire to propitiate"; and the result invariably is, as pointed out by the same writer, "that popular election thus practiced, instead of a security against misgovernment, is but an additional wheel in its machinery." The defect of our system is that in municipalities the people have never been permitted actually to realize the dignity and responsibility of self-government. They have practically been denied the right to that experience which brings with it the only political education that renders a people capable of self-government. This is peculiarly harmful in the case of the larger cities, the very greatness of which has a tendency to eclipse the sense of private and personal responsibility on the part of their citizens, who, being lost in the crowd, feel themselves to be the ciphers rather than the units which go to make up the grand total of the population.

Local liberties are the only ones which most men fully realize the value of, the ones which all men most naturally and most gladly exercise, and these are just the ones which are refused to our city dwellers, who need them most because their government is most difficult. The result is that the history of municipal government with us, as with all peoples who are deprived of these liberties, is only the long story of an alternation of convulsions and failures; for the right of the Legislature to change our charters, to restrict, enlarge, or redistribute the powers conferred on our local representatives, is nothing less than a right to work revolutions at will, without even so much as consulting the cities themselves. Good government, consequently, if we ever have it, is purely accidental, and from bad government we have no escape except in appealing to the State to exercise its right of making revolutions for us, thus calling upon the very power whose continued interference has done most to produce the prevalent evils. At one time or another every possible plan, one only excepted, has been resorted to for the government of municipalities in this State, and that one is the honest democratic-republican plan which permits cities really to rule themselves. But this happens to be the people's plan, and it is not regarded with favor by the politicians, who have become a professional caste whose interests are not the popular interests. As a consequence, this simple but efficient plan has never been honestly tried, and the politicians are to-day the most bitter enemies of every amendment of the constitution and the laws which would tend to lift the affairs of cities out of the slough of State politics.

It is thus apparent that under our present system it is the merest misuse of words to speak of municipal liberties. It is of no avail to talk of partial remedies and of temporary compromises or changes. Until the radical evil is corrected the government of our cities will continue to be not only an unsolved, but an unsolvable, problem.

And now it may be asked how the evil is to be corrected. I answer, by according constitutional protection to local governments; by providing in the State constitution for the enactment of a general code for the government of all cities, which code shall never be changed or amended except in such manner as to affect all cities alike. Municipalities will then cease to be "the sport of the lobby," and the fruits of popular activity in striving to secure good government can not be stolen by the politicians through the intervention of the central authority.

Such is to-day the law in several States, notably Illinois and Ohio. In the former of these the constitution provides that "the General Assembly shall not pass local or special laws in any of the following enumerated cases, that is to say, for.... incorporating cities, towns, or villages, or changing or amending the charter of any town, city, or village." In compliance with its terms the Legislature in 1875 passed a general "act to provide for the incorporation of cities and villages." Cities which had charters at the time of its passage were permitted to change them for the general charter upon a vote of their citizens. In like manner incorporated towns might adopt the city charter upon complying with the prescribed form, and new or theretofore unchartered villages or towns were in the same way allowed to hold their political destinies in their own hands. This general law also contains alternative provisions, between which the corporators shall have the right of electing; for example, whenever the act is submitted to the electors for adoption, there is at the same time submitted for adoption or rejection

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the question of minority representation in the legislative branch of the city government, the ballots being "For minority representation in the City Council," and "Against minority representation in the City Council"; and provision is made for the manner of electing these officers as one or the other plan is adopted. This general charter is a work of statesmanship as compared with the charters of cities in such States as New York and New Jersey. It creates a general and intelligible system, harmonious in its parts, and under which the relations between the central and the local governing bodies are so well and clearly defined that there is but little room for the manifold evils of which we have to complain.

The Ohio system is very similar to that of Illinois. The Thirteenth Article of the State Constitution of 1851 provides that the General Assembly may not by special act create a corporation, or confer additional powers on one already existing, and the courts held that in the application of this article there was meant to be no distinction between private and municipal corporations. The result was the enactment in 1852 of a general law for the government of cities, "which did not annihilate and re-create existing municipal corporations of the State, but reorganized and continued them, leaving their corporate identity unaffected." In 1869 an elaborate municipal code was enacted, by which all municipal corporations then existing or since created are governed. These are divided into cities of the first and cities of the second class, incorporated villages, and villages for special purposes. Cities of the second class may not be advanced to cities of the first class until they have a population of 20,000, and incorporated villages may not become cities of the second class until they have a population of 5000. Villages are organized upon petition of their resident voters, and, once incorporated, they are advanced to cities of the second class, and these latter to cities of the first class, upon petition of a given number of resident freeholders, and provided they have the requisite population to entitle them to advancement, and then only after the question has been submitted to election. The administrative organization of the different ranks or grades of municipal corporations necessarily varies, but most of the provisions of the act refer to all alike. The result is a coherent and systematic body of law, which secures the highest degree of local self-government compatible with the just requirements of a central authority.

In like manner there is now a system of incorporation by general law in England, where it was found to be the best way of bringing some degree of order out of chaos. The Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 took as its model the best-administered municipal corporations, and provided a uniform system for all boroughs to which it applied. It annulled all charters inconsistent with its provisions, and framed "a model constitution which with slight modifications should apply to all towns then or thereafter to be brought under the act." This "great charter of English municipal liberty," as it has been called, has many times been amended by general laws, and the whole has now been reduced to a single act, which Mr. Chalmers speaks of as "probably the best drafted act on the statute-book," and which is known as the "Municipal Corporations Act of 1882." It is a complete municipal code for all boroughs to which it applies; and while in itself it may afford us but little practical aid in the improvement of our own law, the manner in which it has sufficed to simplify and render certain the principles of local government is of the utmost value as suggesting the only real cure for the ills of our system.

The first step in the proper direction has already been taken in this State, but only after long delay and much opposition. In 1881 a resolution was offered in the Assembly at Albany proposing an amendment to Section 9, Article VIII., of the Constitution, guaranteeing to cities the right of municipal self-government, republican in form, and restricting the power of the Legislature to the enactment of general laws in reference thereto. It prescribes that it shall be the duty of the Legislature to provide for the organization of cities and incorporated villages, and to restrict their power of taxation, etc., by the passage of general laws only, applicable alike to all incorporated cities, and that the Legislature shall not pass any special or local bill affecting the municipal government of a city. It also provides that "no city shall increase its permanent debt, or raise the rate of taxation above that prevailing at the time of the adoption of the amendment, or undertake new public works, or direct public

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funds into new channels of expenditure, or issue its bonds, other than revenue bonds, until the act authorizing the same shall have been published for at least three months, and thereafter submitted to the people of the city at a general election, and received a majority of all the votes cast for and against it at such election." The resolution failed of passage until 1882, when it passed both the Senate and Assembly. It will now come up for a second passage by the Legislature about to be elected, before it can be submitted to the people of the State. Whatever objections may be made to the latter part of the proposed amendment, it is certain that its first part is the longest and most practical stride which has ever been taken in this State toward securing the liberties of localities and making a recurrence of past and a continuance of present evils impossible. To-day our cities have no actual legal right to govern themselves free of interference, and if they have any appearance of possessing municipal liberties, it is by the grace of the Legislature, and not because they have a title to it. It is for the *right* that they now have to struggle.

Here is ground for the formation in every locality of a true municipal party, and for the manifestation of a true municipal public spirit. Our intelligence already points out to us the evils of our present condition, but something more than mere recognition of their causes is required to overcome them. It is not to this, but to our moral and political force, the relentless determination of the popular will to secure the desired end, that we shall owe our redemption, if it come at all. It is only by a persistent purpose that great constitutional changes are effected. A single unsuccessful effort, be it ever so great, if not practically followed up by others equally determined, is like the good intentions of a weak man, barren and of no value. The people can be satisfied by no partial legislative remedy, for to accept a compromise with an error which is both radical and militant is to perpetuate it. Liberty is never secured except through title by conquest.

That a determined battle for true local self-government must one day be fought, I believe to be self-evident. As was shown at the outset of this article, not only are the conditions of local administration daily becoming more difficult through the increase of town populations, but because of the necessary exercise by municipalities of some of the most far-reaching and difficult functions of government, and the increasing demand for the expenditure by local governing bodies of the larger part of all moneys spent for public purposes. If, under these circumstances, honest and efficient local government is not to be made a practical possibility by means of such definite settlement of the relations between the State and the municipalities as shall recognize the right of the latter to govern themselves free from the continued interference of the former—in a word, if the political autonomy of localities is not to be recognized by our fundamental law—then the reform is little better than a dream. If it be said that the best working charter still remains to be discovered, I answer that its discovery must come after, not before, the irrevocable right of self-government has been acquired. What we are first of all concerned with is not the secondary question as to the particular features of a charter, but the primary one of definitively establishing the right to a charter which, when it is enacted, shall be a true chart of the liberties of localities, and not a symbol of their subjection.

WHY?

SOMETIMES how near you are,
Sometimes how dear you are;
Then, then, so far, so far,
Like some far star you are.

Sometimes, through you, through you,
I see the gray sky blue,
And feel the warmth of May
In the December day.

Sometimes, sometimes, I let
All burdens fall, forget
All cares, and every fear,
In your sweet atmosphere.

Then, then, alas, alas,
Why does it come to pass,
Before the hour goes by,
Before my dream doth die,

I drift and drift away
Out of your light of day,
Out of your warmth and cheer,
Your blessed atmosphere?

Why does it come to pass?
Alas, and still alas,
Why doth the world prevail,
Why doth the spirit fail,

And hide itself away
Behind its wall of clay,
Since time began—alas,
Why does it come to pass?

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THE GENESIS OF THE RIP VAN WINKLE LEGEND.

IT must have been in the mellow haze of an Indian-summer afternoon that the Dutch forefathers dropped anchor in the pleasant harbor, now mostly meadow, at the mouth of the Pocantico, at Tarrytown, and named it *Die Slâperig Hafen*—The Sleepy Haven. Nor was this name merely the expression of their subjectivity; for when the English followed up the swift-running stream between two hills,

> "In the afternoon they came into a land
> In which it seemeth always afternoon,"

and named it Sleepy Hollow—a name which now designates the whole valley of the Pocantico. And there is many another such nook amid the hills whose water-sheds feed and fill the most beautiful of rivers.

A century later than the Dutch explorers came the Palatine refugees, who, passing by the already occupied territory, landed nearest the "mountains which lie from the river's side," known even then as the mountains of the Kaaterskill. Their slopes were gorgeous with such hues as Europeans never saw. On the hills and in the glens ten thousand bushes burned as with fire, yet were not consumed. The maple and the sumac and the Virginia creeper, and the expanses of golden-rod and purple asters, seemed remnants of paradise untouched by sin.

> "A land of pleasing drowsy-head it was,"

where one fain might sleep and dream and dream and sleep forever.

With both these localities Washington Irving was familiar. They furnished their part of the material for the construction of the legend of Sleepy Hollow and the legend of Rip Van Winkle.

It is not strange that cursory readers combine the two, and insist that the same locality is the scene of both. Those who have seen the Catskill ravine outnumber those who have seen the valley of the Pocantico a thousandfold; and few of these thousands will ever doubt but that the only true and original Sleepy Hollow is that in which Rip Van Winkle slept his wondrous sleep so long ago. Not improbably, in the ages to come, when the famed traveller from New Zealand shall take his stand upon the broken tower of the East River Bridge to sketch the ruins of the City Hall, the mountain glen will be the only Sleepy Hollow of which he shall hear. Indeed, it is just as easy to fall asleep in the wooded gorge of the mountain as amid the hills and dales of the valley. Both legends show how the writer turned all that he touched to gold, and stimulate desire to discover the secret and watch the working of his more than Midas power; and this desire is partly gratified in the endeavor to trace the genesis of the Rip Van Winkle legend.

The charm of this legend is largely due to heredity and environment. The author was descended from the Erwyns of Orkney, and his ancestors must have received from the peculiar life and romantic scenery of the Isles impressions which duly became congenital characteristics. Join to this the fact that his mother was an English woman, and we have a sufficient biological basis for the psychical and cosmical forces which wrought in him.

Washington Irving was born in New York a hundred years ago. In childhood his holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. He became familiar with every spot famous in history or fable, where a murder or a robbery had been committed, or a ghost encountered. At twelve he read and enjoyed Hoole's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, and showed himself a predestined *littérateur*. At fifteen he wandered through Sleepy Hollow with dog and gun. At seventeen he made his first voyage up the Hudson. Writing of it long after, he said: "The Kaaterskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. As we slowly floated along I lay on deck and watched them, through a long summer day, undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere."

Often after this he wandered along the banks of the river he loved, and into the mountains which feed it with their streams, drinking in the beauties of the scenery, and adding to his stock of knowledge by noting the habits and customs of the villagers, and conversing with their sages and great men. His quick perception took in the salient points of people as well as the charms of landscape. If he had not become a great author, he would have been a great artist. He saw everything

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with a painter's eye, and depicted it with the fidelity of a historian and the genius of a poet.

Irving's facts are often of that most numerous class illogically designated false facts, but his scenes are true to nature, and his characters are drawn to the life. Perhaps the most artistic and life-like of all his characters is that of Diedrich Knickerbocker, ostensible author of the legend of Rip Van Winkle. His family name is Dutch, and his Christian name is still a common family name among the descendants of the Germans from the Palatinate. He himself combines the idiosyncrasies of both.

In a note appended to the legend Mr. Knickerbocker informs us that he himself has talked with Rip Van Winkle, and that "the story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt." The editor, as if to forestall cruel criticism, introduces this note by saying that without it one would suspect that the tale had been "suggested by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick der Rothbart and the Kŷpphauser Mountain." The clew thus given seems to have led explorers into a Serbonian bog.

The Kŷpphauser Mountain is in the Harzwald, in Thuringia, on the head-waters of the Weser. The first account of an Emperor Frederick dwelling in this mountain we find in a chronicle of the year 1426. Nearly a century later he is identified with the successful warrior and popular ruler who lost his life in the third Crusade. A little book printed in 1519 tells the story expressly of "Kaiser Friedrich den Erst seines Namens, mit ainen langen rotten Bart, den die Walhen nenten Barbarossa," that is, "the Emperor Frederick, the first of his name, with a long red beard, whom the Italians called Barbarossa."

The story lived on in men's mouths and grew during that and the succeeding centuries, until it took its present form in Otmar's *Volkssagen*, published at Bremen in the year 1800.

The Emperor sits on an ivory throne in his subterranean castle at a table consisting of a huge block of marble, through which, as he bows his slumbering head, his long red beard has already grown down to the floor, and begun to wrap itself about the stone. At the end of each succeeding century he rouses himself sufficiently to ask, "Do the ravens still fly on the mountain?" and receiving an affirmative answer, instantly relapses into profound sleep. But the time will come when he will awake, to renew on a grander scale than ever before his battles for his country. When his red beard shall have wrapped itself three times round the stone, when the ravens fly no longer on the mountain-top, when his people need him most to deliver them from pagan or from Paynim foes, then will he come forth, and having accomplished his mission, will hang his shield on a withered bough that shall at once begin to grow green again with life.

The story told of Frederick is told in all its essentials of many another hero before and since, and indeed of several other German emperors, one of the most recent being Joseph II., who died in 1790, but was believed by his subjects in Bohemia to be secreted by papal enemies in an under-ground prison in Rome. So general and persistent was this belief that so late as the year 1826 a swindler, in order to obtain money from the people, thought it worth while to announce himself as the Emperor Joseph returning to claim his crown. According to the *National Zeitung* of January 29, 1874, it was believed even then in Munich that King Maximilian II. was not dead, but had been spirited away to an island, where he was seen so late as the year 1870 by a prisoner of war, and since that also by a soldier, whose name unfortunately is not given. There are well-known traditions that Charles V. bides his time in a mountain near Salzburg, and Charlemagne, with his long white beard, in the Odenberg in Hess. The three founders of the Swiss Confederacy sleep in a cave at Rutli, near the Lake of the Four Cantons. Near Mehnen, on the Weser, sleeps Wedekind; and in the mountain castle of Geroldseck, Ariovistus and Siegfried, heroes of the "Nibelungen-Lied." In his vaulted chamber near Kronburg sits Ogier the Dane, and once in seven years stamps the floor with his mace, impatient to go forth again to avenge his country's wrongs. So Arthur in England, Svatopluk in Slavonia, Krajelvié Marko in Servia, and a hundred others elsewhere, await the striking of the hour which shall summon them forth again to fight each for his own land and people.

All these are fables of heathen gods transferred to historic men when Christianity

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began to explode the popular beliefs and destroy the Asa-worship. The white beard of Charlemagne and the red beard of Friedrich are the beards of Wuotan and Donar in the Norse mythology. Under their cold gray stones in the region of shades sleep the Norns, and none can rouse them up save Odin, the All-father, and even to him they answer: "What wouldst thou? We are aweary; let us sleep." All things mourn for Baldur, the fairest of Odin's sons. But it is written that Baldur shall not always dwell beneath the ground. "His radiance shall break forth from hell's dark prison-house, and burst through lock and bolt and bar. The sky will know when Baldur is coming, and will shine again as in the olden days when he sped across it on his swift white horse. The earth will know, and for gladness flowers will spring up from the ground, the trees will lift their heads and blossom, and all the birds of the air shall sing; yea, everything shall make music and be glad when Baldur the Beautiful comes back."

One can hardly resist the conviction that all these stories of the sleep of heroes and of gods are but distorted fragments of tradition respecting the true Son of the All-Father, fairer than the sons of men, who bides his time in the unseen world until the period for the restitution of all things, when he will come forth conquering and to conquer, in his fury trampling down all enemies, completing the final deliverance of his people, and restoring earth to more than the beauty and blessedness of the primeval paradise.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them;
And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

In all these narratives of gods and men there is little save long sleep to remind one of the legend of Rip Van Winkle. Explorers who have entered the mazes of this labyrinth have seemed to hear a voice saying, "Abandon hope, ye who enter here," and in despair have dropped a clew given apparently for the express purpose of leading them astray.

But let us return to Washington Irving. Inheriting a competence, he early made the tour of Europe, and enjoyed himself as only a man of such tastes can do. After that he became a silent partner in a mercantile firm in New York, but devoted himself to literature. Before the war of 1812, if he had not yet acquired fame, he had deserved it by writing *Knickerbocker's History of New York.*

After the war he made his second visit to Great Britain. He took up his residence in London, but lived very much as he had done in New York, making excursions not only throughout England, but also into Wales and Scotland. He himself has described his visit to Walter Scott in 1817. From him he heard the story of Thomas of Ercildoune, the ruins of whose tower at Earlstoun the antiquarian who visits Abbotsford still turns aside to see.

"We are now," said Scott, "treading classic, or rather fairy ground. This is the haunted glen of Thomas the Rhymer, where he met with the Queen of Fairyland, and this is the bogle burn, or goblin brook, along which she rode on her dapple-gray palfrey, with silver bells ringing at the bridle. Here," said he, pausing, "is Huntley Bank, on which Thomas the Rhymer lay musing and sleeping when he saw, or dreamed he saw, the Queen of Elf-land:

"'True Thomas lay on Huntlie Bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.
Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.'"

Here Scott repeated several more of the stanzas, and recounted the circumstances of Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the fairy, and his being transported by her to fairy-land:

"And till seven years were gone and past
True Thomas on earth was never seen."

Leaving Abbotsford, Irving extended his excursion into the Highlands. At Inverness, the radiating point of Highland tourists, he must have noticed, what no traveller can pass unnoticed, the most conspicuous object of the landscape there, the immense knoll of rock just out of the city, so strangely like the hull of a ship, keel uppermost. Every one who sees it asks its name, and every one who hears its name asks its story. Irving, who had spent his life in such investigation, could not have failed to learn both the name and the story. Its name is Tom-na-Hurich—the Hill of the Fairies. Its story is the story of two fiddlers of Strathspey.

One Christmas season about three hun-

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dred years ago they resolved to go to try their fortunes at Inverness. On arriving in town they took lodgings, and, as was the custom, hired the bellman to go around announcing their arrival, their qualifications, their fame, and their terms. Soon after, they were visited by a venerable-looking gray-haired old man, who not only found no fault with their terms, but actually offered more than they asked if they would go with him a little way out of the town. To this they agreed, and he led them to a strange-looking building, which seemed more like a shed than a house, and they began to demur. However, he offered them double their price, and they went in through a long hall, not noticing that it led into the hill. Their musical talents were instantly put into requisition, and the dancing was such as in their lives they had never witnessed, though it is common enough in these days even above-ground. However, they fixed their eyes on their instruments, and in the morning received not only twice but even three times their usual fee, and took their leave, highly gratified with the liberal treatment they had received. It surprised them to find that it was out of a hill, and not a house, that they issued; and when they came to the town they could not recognize any place or person. While they and the towns-people were in equal amazement there came up a very old man, who, on hearing their story, said: "You are the two men who lodged with my grandfather, and whom Thomas the Rhymer, it was supposed, decoyed into Tom-na-Hurich. Your friends were greatly grieved on your account; but it is a hundred years ago, and your names are now no longer known." It was the Sabbath-day, and the bells were ringing. The fiddlers entered the church, and sat still while the bells sounded. But when the service began, and the first words of Holy Scripture fell upon their ears, they dwindled to dust.

Soon after the visit to Scotland the legend of Rip Van Winkle was written. In this year the New York firm failed, and Irving devoted himself to the study of German, both to divert his thoughts and to prepare for his future. Hitherto he had written chiefly for amusement; henceforth literature was his profession.

The introduction of the English-speaking peoples to the German language and literature usually begins with the folk-lore of the language. The most popular collection now is that of Grimm. Then it was that of Otmar, before mentioned. In this Irving would find "the little German superstition of Frederick der Rothbart and the Kŷpphauser Mountain." According to the story, the Emperor's chosen knights dwell with him still, and there have been at least two visits paid to the imperial court under-ground. The first was that of a pair of lovers, who went to borrow crockery for the wedding feast. They were received by the knights with courtesy, feasted with richest viands, and dismissed with a whole basketful of crockery-ware. Joyfully they returned home, to find they had been absent two hundred years. They were strangers in a strange world.

The other visitor was Peter Klaus, a goat-herd of the adjacent village of Sittendorf. Tending his goats on the mountain-side, he was accosted by a young man who silently beckoned him to follow. Obeying the direction, he was led into a deep dell inclosed by craggy precipices, where he found twelve knightly personages playing at skittles, no one of whom uttered a word. Gazing around him, he observed a can of wine which exhaled a delicious fragrance. Drinking from it, he felt inspired with new life, but at length was overpowered with sleep. When he awoke he found himself again on the plain where his goats were accustomed to rest; but, rubbing his eyes, he could see neither dog nor goats. He was astonished at the sight of trees which he had never before observed. Descending the mountain, and entering the village, he finds to his consternation that everything in the place wears an altered look. Most of the people are strangers to him; the few acquaintances he meets seem to have grown suddenly old; and only at last by mutual inquiries the truth is elicited that he had been asleep for twenty years.

It is this subordinate incident which Irving developed into the legend of Rip Van Winkle, directing attention to its source by his characteristic note.* Doubtless Irving was familiar with many narratives of supernatural sleep. In childhood he must have heard the story of the "Sleeping Beauty." In early manhood he read *The Canterbury Tales*, and charged

* So in *Westminster Abbey*, which owes its existence to Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn-Burial*, he is ingenuous enough to quote twice from that inimitable essay.

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a friend going to London to be sure to visit the Tabard Inn. Recently he had been travelling for the express purpose of collecting material for such desultory literary work as he might choose. He had heard the story of "Thomas the Rhymer" from Scott, and received from him the suggestion that "it might be wrought up into a capital tale." Soon after, the legend of Tom-na-Hurich must have captivated his fancy. His intimate knowledge of the Catskill Mountains and of the habits of the early settlers constituted an excellent background, the situation stimulated to action, Peter Klaus furnished the immediate *motif*, and the legend of Rip Van Winkle was written. There is nothing in it, save the fact of long absence, to remind one of the legend of Ercildoune. But it is connected with that of Inverness not only by the incidents which followed the sleep, but also by the statement that the entrance to the amphitheatre was found to be closed with solid rock, leaving it to be inferred that it had been opened and shut again by enchantment.

In all essential parts, however, the story of Rip Van Winkle is the story of Peter Klaus. The hero is wandering on the mountain. He hears his name called, apparently by a man who proves to be speechless, and can only make signs for him to accompany him. He is led into a broad ravine surrounded by precipices. He sees a company of men in antique garb playing nine-pins in silence. He drinks of their intoxicating liquor until sleep overpowers him. He wakes in his accustomed haunts; he rubs his eyes; he calls his dog—in vain. He sees trees that have grown there while he slept. He descends the mountain. He finds the village changed, the people mostly strangers, the few he knows grown old, and learns by inquiry that he has been asleep just twenty years.

When Rip Van Winkle first heard his name called by the stranger "he looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain"; and when he awoke and whistled for his dog, "he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows." The crows of Rip Van Winkle are the ravens of Friedrich der Rothbart, as these are simply Huginn and Muninn, the attendant ravens of Odin, the Norse god. But by the touch of Irving's feathery wand they have been changed into veritable Catskill "crows sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice."

The characteristically accurate local coloring gives the legend its inimitable verisimilitude, and causes it to be regarded by a well-known British writer as an autochthonous myth.*

Similar legends occur in all the mythologies—Aryan, Semitic, Turanian—and attempt has been made to show also how they came into the mythologies. A recent writer (Augustus Grote) asserts that religion began with the worship of all the dead of a particular tribe, and that when this proved to be rather too much of a good thing, distinguished characters were deified, some of whom happened to be named after the sun, and so arose the sun myths, of which Rip Van Winkle is one that was brought from Europe by the Dutch. There seems to be a little confusion in the logic as well as in the history.

Baring-Gould, taking his cue from the frequent recurrence of the number seven, believes that the mythological core is the repose of the earth during the seven winter months. But the legend exists equally where the winter continues for eight months, and where it ends in four. Some have taught that such legends as this have a purely subjective origin, and that they originate in various localities, necessarily from the constitution of the human mind. Others believe that they have their origin in some remarkable fact. Herodotus mentions a tribe of which he heard, beyond the Ural Mountains, as sleeping regularly during half the year, though he expresses his doubts of the fact. As first told this was doubtless simply the statement of the six months' circumpolar night.

Strange stories are told of Indian fakirs lying for weeks or months in sealed sepulchres, and reviving again in the warmth of the sun, like drowned flies and hibernating bears. But these lack confirmation.

If these widely diffused legends are simply different versions of one striking fact, it must be a fact that occurred in

* The same charming air of verisimilitude pervading Mr. Knickerbocker's *History of New York* led Göller, the learned German editor of *Thucydides*, into quoting it in sober earnest to illustrate a point in the Greek historian, with the words: "Addo locum Washingtonis Irvingii Hist. Novi Eboraci, lib. vii., cap. 5."

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very ancient, if not in prehistoric times. Certainly it must have occurred before the dispersion of the peoples. By far the larger proportion of these tales turn upon susceptibility to female influence, and many writers have maintained that the "daughters of men" who possessed such strange powers of fascination in the early day belonged to some pre-existent race, whose enchantments form the basis of the world-wide narrative. This theory also accounts for the troglodytes of the book of Job as well as for the "hill people" of these legends, that being the name by which the bewitching little folk are commonly designated everywhere, from the central seats of civilization on the Mediterranean to farthest Thule.

The evolution theory has also been applied to this subject, and the core of the story has been found in the experience of the first man. It has been suggested that (since the forms of the legend generally turn upon man's passionate desire for woman's love) if the creative days of the most ancient historic narrative be periods of indefinite duration, not improbably such a period of æonic sleep may have been requisite also for the evolution of his bride from Adam's longing heart. Whatever be its primeval origin, the story finds in every human heart correspondences which render it a universal favorite. Wagner's opera of *Tannhäuser* is based upon the most common form of the legend, and the literature is equal in antiquity, extent, and interest to that of Rip Van Winkle.

The legends to which allusion has been made constitute less than a tithe of all the stories of this kind. Some are told distinctively in the interests of religion. Sir John Mandeville informs us that St. John is not dead, but sleeping, the green grass coverlet under which he lies still rising and falling as he breathes. The Koran gives information of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, whose nap lasted more than a hundred years, to prove the doctrine of the resurrection.

The Talmud states that Chone Hamagel was both skeptical and selfish. Reading,

> "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion,
> We were like men that dream,"

he said, did ever a man sleep and dream for seventy years! And when he saw a man planting the St.-John's-bread-tree, which does not bear until seventy years of age, he rebuked him for the labor from which he could expect no benefit. And while he spake he fell asleep, and woke again only when the tree began to bear. The sacred hymns of Greece tell us how Endymion slept for half a century in his mountain-cave, with the roses on his cheeks, loved by Selene, the moon-goddess. The Indian Puranas give information that when King Rainata presumed to visit Brahma to ask the hand of his daughter in marriage, he heard, as he approached, the sweetest song that was ever sung, and when it was ended made known his errand, to be told that the singing had continued five hundred years!

Other narratives of long sleep have only a moral lesson, though the more the literary motive predominates the more obscurely is the moral lesson suggested. The fiddlers of Strathspey were led astray by the love of money, Rip Van Winkle was enticed by whiskey, and Peter Klaus by wine. Ossian, the last and best of the Fingalians, was overcome by his fondness for music. Too great admiration of beauty was the fault of Thomas of Ercildoune, of Jonas Soideman of the Faroe Islands, of Helgi Thorir of Norway, of Jacob Dietrich of Pomerania, of Tannhäuser the Minnesinger, of the Chinese Yu-an-Chas, the Japanese Lu-Wen, the coral grove sleeper of the Samoan archipelago, and a hundred others in various climes.

A SILHOUETTE.

IT was the second day of Lucy Coyt's journey from home. For years she had looked forward to the time when she should set out to earn her living in that mysterious "South" which, before the war, was like a foreign land to most Northern women. At that time families of the class to which Lucy belonged trained their clever daughters as teachers to go to the cotton States, precisely as they now fit their sons to go to Colorado or Dakota. In any case they would do better than at home, and they might open up a gold mine in the shape of a rich widower or susceptible young planter. Two or three of Miss Coyt's classmates had disappeared victoriously in this way. She fancied them as reigning over a legion of slaves, and adored by a swarthy, fiery Don Furioso; and naturally the possibility of such a fate for herself glimmered hazily in the distance. Though, of course, it was wrong to hold slaves; at least, she was feebly con-

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fident that was her belief ever since David Pettit had talked to her about it the other evening. The Reverend David had brought some queer new notions back with him from the theological school.

"He'll wait a long time for a call in our Synod if they suspect he's an abolitionist," thought Lucy as the train whizzed swiftly on. "I wish I'd given him a hint; though he wouldn't have taken it. Dave was a nice sort of a girl-boy when he used to help me skim the cream. But he has grown real coarse and conceited, with his white cravat and radical talk." She drew a book from her bag which he had slipped into her hand just as the stage was starting. "*Imitation of Christ?*" eying the cross on the back suspiciously. "It reads like sound doctrine enough. But Dave will have to be on his guard. If he brings any papistical notions into our Synod, his chance for a call is over."

She leaned back, uneasily feeling that if she could have staid and watched him, poor Miss Daisy (as the Fairview boys used to call him) would have had a better chance, when the train suddenly stopped. Miss Coyt had been expecting adventures ever since they started. Now they had begun. The train (she was on a railway in Lower Virginia) was rushing across a trestle bridge, when, with a shrill screech of steam, it stopped. Half of the men in the car crowded to the door, where a brakeman stood barring the way.

"Run over a cow?"

"No. Hush-h! Don't skeer the ladies!"

Miss Coyt laughed to herself. Jake Carr, the brakeman on the Fairview road, would have thrust his head in and yelled, "Keep your seats, gents!" These Southerners were ridiculously gentle and soft whenever they came near a woman. This brakeman was mild-mannered enough to have kept sheep in Arcadia. It was plain that Fairview was many hundred miles back; this was a different world. Lucy's quick eyes had noted all the differences, although she was miserably abashed by the crowd—so abashed, indeed, that she had been parched with thirst since morning, and could not summon courage to go to the water-cooler for a drink.

Looking out of the window, she saw on the bank below the bridge a hunched heap of gray flannel and yellow calico. The men from the train ran toward it. "Something's wrong. I'd better take right hold at once," thought Miss Coyt. She took her purse out of her bag and put it in her pocket, lest there might be a thief in the car, and then hurried out after the men. She had a very low opinion of the intelligence of men in any emergency. At home, she always had pulled the whole household of father and brothers along. She was the little steam-tug; they the heavy scows, dragged unwillingly forward.

She reached the quivering heap on the bank. It was a woman. Miss Coyt straightened the clothes, kneeled down and lifted her head. The gray hair was clotted with blood. "Why, she's old! Her hair's white!" cried Lucy, excitedly, catching the head up to her breast. "Oh dear! oh dear!"

"It's old Mis' Crocker!" said a train man. "Yon's her cabin down on the branch. I see her on the bridge, 'n' she heerd the train comin', 'n' she jumped, 'n'—"

"Don't stand there chattering. Go for a doctor!" said Miss Coyt.

"I am a doctor," said one of the passengers, quietly, stooping to examine the woman. "She is not dead. Not much hurt. An arm broken."

The men carried Mrs. Crocker to her cabin. She had caught Lucy's hand, and so led her along. The other women craned their necks out of the car watching her. They were just as sorry as Lucy, but they were in the habit of leaving great emergencies in the hands of men.

"What can that bold gyurl do?" they said. "The gentlemen will attend to it."

The men, having seen Mrs. Crocker open her eyes, straggled back to the train.

"Time's up, doctor!" shouted the conductor. "Express is due in two minutes."

The doctor was leisurely cutting away Mrs. Crocker's flannel sleeve. "I shall want bandages," he said, without looking up. Lucy looked about the bare little cabin, half drew out her handkerchief, and put it back. It was one of her half-dozen newest and best. Then she espied a pillow cover, and tore it into strips. The doctor dressed the arm as composedly as if the day was before him. Miss Coyt kept her eye on the puffing engine. All the clothes she had in the world were in her trunk on that train. What intolerable dawdlers these Southerners were! There! They were going! She could not leave the woman— But her clothes!

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There was a chorus of shouts from the train, a puff of steam, and then the long line of cars shot through the hills, leaving but a wisp of smoke clinging to the closing forest. The doctor fastened his last bandage. Miss Coyt, with a choking noise in her throat, rushed to the door. The doctor looked at his companion for the first time. Then he quickly took off his hat, and came up to her with that subtle air of homage which sets the man in that region so thoroughly apart from the woman.

"I beg of you not to be alarmed," he said.

"But they are gone!"

"You have your ticket? There will be another train before night, and you will find your baggage awaiting you at Abingdon."

"Oh, thank you!" gasped Lucy, suddenly ashamed of her tear-dabbled face. "It was very silly in me. But I never travelled alone before."

The doctor had always supposed Northern women to be as little afflicted with timidity as life-insurance agents. His calm eyes rested an instant on Miss Coyt as he folded his pocket-book. "It was my fault that you were detained, madam," he said. "If you will permit me, I will look after your baggage when we reach Abingdon."

Lucy thanked him again, and turned to help Mrs. Crocker, who was struggling to her feet. How lucky she was to meet this good-natured, fatherly doctor in this adventure! It might have been some conceited young man. The doctor, too, was of a very different human species from the ox-like Fairview farmers whom she had left behind, or neat, thin-blooded Davy Pettit. Miss Coyt had known no other men than these. But in the intervals of pie-making and milking on the farm she had gone to the Fairview Female Seminary, and had read Carlyle, and the Autocrat in the *Atlantic*, and *Beauties of German Authors;* and so felt herself an expert in human nature, and quite fitted to criticise any new types which the South might offer to her.

Mrs. Crocker went out to the doctor, who was sitting on the log which served as a step. She looked at the bridge.

"Powerful big fall thet wur," she said, complacently. "Ther's not another woman in Wythe County as could hev done it athout breakin' her neck."

"Ah, you've twenty good years of life in you yet, mother," he said, good-humoredly, glancing at her muscular limbs and skin, tanned to a fine leather-color by wind and sun.

"Oh, I'm tough enough. Brought up eleven children right hyar on the branch. All gone—dead or married. I helped build this hyar house with my own hands twelve year ago. What d'ye think o' thet corn? Ploughed and hoed every hill of it."

"It's outrageous!" said Lucy, authoritatively. "At your age a woman's children should support her. I would advise you to give up the house at once, divide the year among them, and rest."

"No, missy; I never war one for jauntin' round. Once, when I wur a gyurl, I wur at Marion. But I wur born right hyar on the branch seventy year back, 'n' I reckon I'll make an eend on't hyar."

"Seventy years!—here!" thought Lucy. Her eyes wandered over the gorge lined with corn, the pig-pen, the unchinked, dirty cabin. The doctor watched her expressive face with an amused smile. Mrs. Crocker went in to stir the fire.

"Better, you think, not to live at all?" he replied to her looks.

"I do not call it living," she said, promptly. "I've seen it often on farms. Dropping corn and eating it; feeding pigs and children until both were big enough to be sent away; and that for seventy years! It is no better life than that fat worm's there beside you."

The doctor laughed, and lazily put down his hand that the worm might crawl over it. "Poor old woman! Poor worm!" he said. "There is nothing as merciless as a woman—like you," hesitating, but not looking up. "She would leave nothing alive that was not young and beautiful and supreme as herself. You should consider. The world was not made for the royal family alone. You must leave room in it for old women, and worms, and country doctors."

Lucy laughed, but did not reply. She did not understand this old gentleman, who was bestowing upon her very much the same quizzical, good-humored interest which he gave to the worm.

"I don't know how you can touch the loathsome thing, anyhow," she said, tartly. "It creeps up into your hand as if it knew you were taking its part."

"It does know. If I wanted it for bait,

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it would not come near me. I fancy all creatures know their friends. Watch a moment."

He walked a few steps into the edge of the woods, and threw himself down into the deep grass, his face upward. Whether he made signs or whistled Lucy could not tell, but presently a bird from a neighboring bough came circling down and perched beside him; another and another followed, until, when he rose, it seemed to her that the whole flock hovered about him, chirping excitedly. He stopped by the bee-hives as he came back, and the bees, disturbed, swarmed about him, settling black on his head and shoulders. Lucy ran to him, as he stood unhurt, gently brushing them off, pleased and flushed with his little triumph.

"One would really think you knew what they said."

"I wish I did!" he said, looking thoughtfully at the birds flying upward. There was a certain sentimentalism, a straining after scenic pose and effect, which would have seemed ridiculous to her in Dave Pettit; but she found it peculiarly attractive now.

"You have no charm?"

"No. Only that I have been friends with them all since I was a child, and they know it. I remember when I was a baby sitting with the black pickaninnies on the ground playing with frogs. Even then" (with the same touch of grandiloquence in his tone) "I did not find anything that was alive loathsome or unfriendly. I beg your pardon," suddenly. "I did not mean to bore you with the history of my infancy."

"Bore me! Why, I never met with so singular a trait in anybody before!"

Miss Coyt was now satisfied that this was not only a most extraordinary man in intellect, but in goodness. She could imagine what life and strength, living so close to nature as he did, he would carry to a sick or dying bed! It was like the healing power of the old saints. There was the advantage of travel! How long would she have lived in Fairview without meeting anybody with traits so abnormal and fine! She began to have a sense of ownership in this her discovery. Now that she examined the doctor, he was not even middle-aged: how could she have thought him old? What womanish tenderness was in the cut of his mouth! Indeed, this astute young woman found the close-shaven jaws indicated a benevolence amounting to weakness. The eyes were less satisfactory: they were gray and bright, but they said absolutely nothing to her, no more than if they belonged to a species of animal which was unknown to her. This only whetted her interest. Was he married? Was he a church member? What would he probably think of that favorite passage of hers in Jean Paul? This young woman, we should have stated earlier, was neither engaged nor in love. She intended to be in love some day, however; and there were certain tests which she applied as she went through life to each man whom she met, just as she might idly try to set different words to some melody known only to herself.

The man (who was not in want of a mate) had quite forgotten the woman. He had gone into the kitchen, and finding some bacon and fresh mountain trout, had set about cooking dinner as if he were in camp. A mess was already simmering on the fire. He fastened a towel before him for an apron, lifted the lid from the frying-pan and dropped something into it from a case of vials which he took out of his pocket.

"Always carry my own sauces," he said as Lucy came up. "Smell that!" sniffing up the savory steam with an unctuous smile. "Ah-h!"

Lucy ate the dinner when it was ready in a kind of fervor. She had never met a gourmand before. There was a fine individual trait in this exceptional character.

This fair-haired stout doctor, with his birds and his cookery and his jokes and his pale impenetrable eyes, seemed to her for some reason a bigger and more human man than any she had ever guessed were in the world. If she were only a man and could make a comrade of him! She had never made a comrade of her father or brothers; they were always taken up with pigs, or politics, or county railroad business. And the ideal companion she had picked out for herself from religious novels was unsatisfactory—as a matter of fact. She looked speculatively at the broad-backed linen duster in the doorway. She was as unconscious of the speculation in her eyes as the polyp fastened to a rock is of the movement of its tentacles groping through the water for food.

The doctor had no curiosity about her. When Mrs. Crocker questioned her as to

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her name and age, he whistled to the farm dog, not listening to the answer.

"What you doin' hyar in Vuhginny, ennyhow?"

"I came from Pennsylvania to teach a school in a place called Otoga, in Carolina," said Lucy.

"Hev some friends in these parts, I reckon?"

"No, none at all. Unless I may call you one, Mrs. Crocker," with a nervous laugh.

"Reckon you'll not see much more o' me, ma'am. Otoga, hey? My son Orlando lives thar. 'Pears to me I'd keep clar o' thet town ef I wur a young woman 'thout pertection. Orlan's tole me a heap about it."

"Why, what is the matter with Otoga?" exclaimed Lucy, rising uncertainly. "I must go there. My engagement—"

"Matter? Nothin', only it's ther the Van Cleves hev gone to live. You've heerd o' them, o' course?"

"No. Van Cleves?"

The doctor came up to the open door, watch in hand.

"The train will be due in twenty minutes."

"I am ready. Who are these people, Mrs. Crocker? I must live among them."

"They won't hurt *you*, I reckon. Ther's no higher toned people than the Van Cleves and the Suydams. Only it's sort of unpleasant whar they are, sometimes. You see," leisurely lighting her pipe with a brand, "them two famblies swore death agin each other nigh a hundred year ago, an' since then ther's not a man of them hes died in his bed. They lived in Tennessee. Orlan he tole me the rights of it. Four brothers of the Van Cleves barricaded the Suydams up in ther house for five weeks, an' when they were fairly starved an' crep out, they shot them dead. Thet wur the grandfathers o' this present stock. But they hev kep at it stiddy. Not a man o' them but died in his boots. Ther's but one Suydam left, 'n' thet's Cunnel Abram. His father wur shot by the Van Cleves. So when Abram wur a boy, he says, says he, 'Now I'm gwine to put a final eend to this whole thing.' So he went at it practicin' with his pistol, 'n' when he thought he wur ready he challenges Jedge Van Cleve, 'n' shoots him plumb through the head. Oh, Orlan says it wur a fah dooel, no murder. Ther wur two Van Cleves left, jess boys, nepheys of the jedge, 'n' they'd gone to Californy. But Cunnel Abram he followed them, 'n' shot one on the deck of a ship bound for Chiny. T'other he dodged him somehow 'n' come back, 'n' is livin' in Otoga. But he'll be found. Cunnel Abram 'll track him down," wagging her head with the zest of horror.

"But is there no law at all here?" cried Lucy. "I can't believe such a wretch would go unhung anywhere."

The doctor tapped on the window. "The train is in sight. You must bid our friend good-by."

Lucy shook hands hurriedly with the old woman. She had some money in her hand to give her, but, after a moment's hesitation, dropped it back into her pocket, and handed her a tract instead. "Religion will do her more real good," she thought afterward, quieting an uneasy inward twinge; "at least it ought to."

When they had boarded the train the doctor arranged her seat with gentle, leisurely movements, and brought her last week's Richmond paper. He did not, as she expected, take the vacant seat beside her, but disappeared, only returning when the train reached Abingdon.

"This carriage will take you to the hotel, madam. I have written a note to the landlord, who will show you every attention. No, no thanks," shutting her in, his fat, agreeable face showing an instant smiling over the door. He did not offer his hand, as all the men whom Lucy had known would have done. He lifted his hat, hesitating a moment before he added, half reluctantly: "It is probable that I may meet you again. My business calls me to Otoga."

Miss Coyt bowed civilly, but as the carriage rattled up the street she laughed aloud and blushed. She herself did not know why. It was certainly very lonely and dangerous for a woman adventuring among murderers and assassins. . . .

Three days after she left Abingdon, Lucy, rumbling along the mountain-side in an old wagon, came in sight of a dozen gray, weather-beaten houses huddled on the edge of a creek in the gorge below.

"Yon's Otoga," said the driver, pointing with his whip.

"Hi, Dumfort!" shouted a man's voice. "Hold on thar!" and a big young fellow in butternut flannel appeared in the under-brush, "You cahn't go to Otoga. Yellow Jack's thar afore you. Six men dead since yes'day mawnin'."

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"The devil!" Dumfort pulled up his mules.

"So I say. Six. I an' my wife hev been on the lookout for you since mawnin'."

"'Bleeged, captain. Six? That about halves them down thar. T! T! I dunno 's ever I was more interruptid than this afore!" snapping his whip meditatively.

Lucy, peeping through the oil-skin blind, could see the bold, merry face of the young countryman. He stood pulling his red beard and frowning with decent regret for his neighbors. Of course he was sorry, but he had so much life and fun in him that he could not help being happy and comfortable if the whole State of Carolina were dead with yellow fever.

"I've got the mail, too. An' a passenger," said Dumfort, jerking his head back to the wagon. "What in the mischief am I to do?"

"The mail 'll keep. Drive right up to my house, an' my wife 'll give you an' the other man shake-downs till the mawnin'."

"'Tain't another man."

The young man stepped quickly forward, with an instantaneous change of manner. He jerked off his quilted wide-rimmed hat ("made out of his wife's old dress," thought Lucy). "I did not know thet ther' was a lady inside," he said. "I was too rough with my news. Come up to my house. My wife 'll tell you there's no danger."

"I shall be very glad to go," said Miss Coyt.

Dumfort drove up a rutted mountain road and stopped before a log cabin. Of all houses in the world, it was plainly the first venture in life of two poor young people. Lucy read the whole story at a glance. There was the little clearing on the mountain-side; the patch of corn and potatoes (just enough for two); the first cow; the house itself, walls, ceiling, and floor made of planed planks of the delicately veined poplar; the tidy supper table, with its two plates; the photographs of the bride's father and mother hung over the mantle-shelf in frames which she had made of bits of mica from the mine yonder. Here was a chair made out of a barrel and trimmed with pink muslin, there a decorated ginger jar, a chromo of the Death of Andrew Jackson on the wall. Lucy was on the same rung of the ladder of culture as her hostess.

"She has a very refined taste," she thought. "That tidy stitch was just coming in at Fairview." Hurrying in from the field, her baby in her arms, came a plump, freckled, blue-eyed woman.

"Mistress Thomas," said Dumfort, ponderously, "let me make you acquainted with Miss Coyt. She war a-goin' to Otoga to teach school."

The two women exchanged smiles and keen glances. "Baby's asleep," whispered the mother. "I'll shake hands when I lay him down."

Lucy ran to turn down the crib quilt. "He's tremendously big," she whispered, helping to tuck him in.

"Now, Dorcas, let's have supper," called the farmer from the door, where he sat smoking with Dumfort. "Our friends must be hungry as bars."

Dorcas smiled, and with intolerably lazy slowness tucked up her sleeves from her white arms and began the inevitable chicken frying. Lucy suddenly remembered how unbusinesslike was the whole proceeding. She went up to her hostess, who was stooping over the big log fire.

"What do you charge for board?" she said. "I should like to stay here until the sickness is over in Otoga. That is, if your charges are reasonable," eying her keenly. Her rule always was to make her bargain before buying, then she never was cheated.

Mrs. Dorcas's fair face burned red. "We *don't* take folks in to *board*," she drawled in her sweet voice, looking at Lucy curiously. "But we'll be *mighty* glad if you'll stay 's long 's you can. It's powerful lonesome hyah on the mountains. We'll take it as *very* kyind in you to stay."

"It is you who are kind," said Lucy, feeling miserably small and vulgar. But how could she have known? They did not use strangers in this ridiculously generous way in Fairview.

Mistress Dorcas shot an amused speculative glance after her, and went on with her frying. Miss Coyt, presently finding the baby awake, took him up and went out to the steps where his father and Dumfort still smoked and gossiped in the slanted yellow beams of the lowering sun. The baby, who was freckled and soft-eyed as his mother, replied to Lucy's cooing and coddling by laughing and thrusting his tiny fat fist into her eyes. Lucy stooped and kissed him furtively. She felt lonely and far from home just then.

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"What do you call baby?" she asked.

Mrs. Dorcas came to the door. "His real name is Humpty. But he was baptized Alexander—Alexander Van Cleve."

Lucy sprang to her feet. "Van Cleve!" staring at the farmer. "I thought your name was Thomas?"

"Thomas Van Cleve," smiling. "Why, what's wrong with that?"

Lucy felt as though a blow had been struck at her, which made her knees totter. "They told me in Virginia that the Suydams were on your track."

There was a sudden silence, but Miss Coyt, being greatly shaken, stumbled on. "I did not expect to come in your way—I'm not used to such things—and this poor baby," hugging it passionately. "It's a Van Cleve too?"

The young man took the boy. "Quiet yourself. Humpty will not be hurt by—any one," he said, and putting him up on his shoulder he walked down to the chicken-yard. His wife went in without a word, and shut the door. Lucy sat down. After a long time she said to Dumfort:

"I have made a mistake."

"Yes. But you couldn't be expected to know. I never heerd a Suydam's name mentioned to a Van Cleve afore. It was so surprisin' it didn't seem decent, somehow."

"I don't understand why," groaned Lucy.

"No? Ther's things what ain't never talked of. Now ther's the Peterses in the Smoky Mountings. There used to be a disease in the Peters fambly which attacked one leg. But it turned out to be true Asiatic leprosy. Well, it isn't reckoned civil hyarabouts to talk of legs afore a Peters. Now this fambly's got a—a discussion hangin' on with the Suydams for a hundred year, as onfortinit 's leprosy. An'—well, probably you're the first person's ever mentioned it to them."

They relapsed into silence until they were called in to supper. Lucy felt as if a thin glaze of ice had risen between her and the Van Cleves. They were afraid of her. As for her, her food choked her. But after supper Mrs. Dorcas brought out a flannel slip which she was making for baby, and Lucy insisted on trying it on. She was fond of babies. She had a sacque in her trunk which she had been braiding for her brother Joe's child.

"I'll bring it down to give you the idea," she said, and ran up for it.

Van Cleve looked at it over his wife's shoulder when it came. "Try that thing on Humpty, Miss Coyt," he said, and when it was on he held the boy up on his outstretched arm. "Pretty 's a picture, hey, Dumfort?"

"I'll finish it for him," exclaimed Lucy, with a gush of generosity. "I can make Sam another."

Mrs. Dorcas broke into a delighted flood of thanks. She jumped up to fit and button it on the boy, while her husband, quite as vain and pleased as she, held him. It seemed incredible to Lucy that this ghastly horror, which never could be mentioned, stood like a shadow behind the three; that this commonplace, jolly little family went to bed, rose, sat down to eat, with Death as their perpetual companion, dumb, waiting to strike.

The next morning was that of an April day. The whole world was swathed in fog and gray dampness, and the next moment it flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, every leaf quivering back in brilliance. Young Van Cleve had set off by daylight, whistling behind his steers. Before noon he came up the mountain, his head sunk, silent, and morose. Even the ruddy color was gone; his thick-featured, jolly face was nipped as with age.

Dorcas ran to meet him. "Are you sick, Tom?"

"No."

"Have you"—she glanced swiftly around—"have you heard—anything?"

"Nothing. I thought it best to throw off work to-day."

He drove the steers into the inclosure. As he unyoked them he sent keen, furtive glances into the darkening woods. Meanwhile the sky had lowered. Clouds walled in the mountain plateau; the day had grown heavy and foreboding.

Dumfort came to Lucy, who was sitting on the steps with the baby.

"Thomas has hed a warnin'," he said, in a low tone. "Cunnel Abram's on his track."

"He has seen him!" She started up, catching up Humpty in her arms. "He is coming here?"

"So I think. But Thomas hain't seen him. He's ben warned. I've heerd that them Van Cleves allays kin tell when a Suydam is near them."

"Nonsense!" Lucy set the child down again.

"Jess as some men," pursued Dumfort,

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calmly, "kin tell when there's a rattlesnake in the grass nigh: an' others creep with cold ef a cat's in the room."

Miss Coyt, still contemptuous, watched Van Cleve sharply as he passed into the house. "Dorcas," he said, quietly, as he passed, "bring Humpty in. Keep indoors to-day." He went up to the loft, closing the trap-door behind him, and Lucy fancied that she heard the click of fire-arms.

Dumfort's pipe went out in his mouth with his smothered excitement. "He's loadin'! Suydam's comin'!" he whispered. "Thomas ain't the same man he was this mawnin'! He's layin' to, 'n' waitin'."

"To murder another man! And he calls himself a Christian! He had family prayers this morning!"

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Dumfort, fiercely. "Thomas's got his dooty laid out. He's got the murderer of his brother to punish. The law's left it to them two famblies to settle with each other. God's left it to them. Them old Jews sent the nearest of kin to avenge blood. The Suydams hev blood to avenge." He got up abruptly and walked uneasily up and down the barn-yard. Dorcas had left her work, and with Humpty in her arms sat by the window, her keen eyes fixed on the thicket of pines that fenced in the house, black and motionless in the breathless air.

No rain had fallen as yet, but the forest, the peaks of the mountains beyond, the familiar objects in the barn-yard, had drawn closer with that silent hush and peculiar dark distinctness that precedes a storm. They, too, listened and waited. Lucy heard a step in the house. Van Cleve came heavily down from the loft and seated himself, his face turned toward the road by which a stranger must approach.

Lucy stood irresolute for a few minutes; she felt as if she could not draw her breath; the air was full of death. Pulling the hood of her water-proof over her head, she crossed the stile and walked down the road. "I will be first to meet the wolf," she said aloud, laughing nervously.

The road wound through the unbroken forest down to the creek. As she came nearer to the water she heard the plash of a horse's feet crossing the ford. She tried to cry out that he was coming, to warn them, but her mouth would not make a sound; her legs shook under her; she caught by a tree, possessed by childish, abject fear. When the horse and rider came into sight she laughed hysterically.

It was the good-humored doctor. He turned quietly at her cry, and smiled placidly. Nothing would startle that phlegmatic mass of flesh. He alighted, tied his horse, and came to her with the leisurely, noiseless movements peculiar to him.

"You are frightened. What are you afraid of, Miss Coyt?"

"Oh, of a monster!"—laughing feebly—"a human beast of prey that is in these mountains. Every time a branch moved I expected to see his murderous face coming toward his victim."

She wanted to pour out the whole story, but he stood stolid and incurious, asking no questions. She hesitated and stopped.

"I saw nobody," he said, composedly.

Whether he was interested or not, she must tell him. He was so wise and kind; he was a man used to control others. If he would interfere he could doubtless put an end to it all.

"It is a vendetta," she began. "You heard of it the time of the accident."

"You should not allow yourself to be excited by the gossip of the mountains," he interrupted, gently; but his eyes, smiling down at her, suddenly seemed to her as hard and impenetrable as granite. "I fear I must leave you. I must reach Otoga before noon."

"You must not go to Otoga," catching him by the arm. "The yellow fever is there. Half of the population are dead."

"Worse than that, I am afraid," he said, gravely. "We heard this morning that there was now neither doctor, nurse, nor anybody to bury the dead."

"And you are going to help them?" drawing back with a kind of awe.

"I am a doctor," he said, indifferently, "and I can nurse in a fashion, and if the worst comes to the worst, I can dig a grave."

"I'm sure it is—very heroic," gasped Lucy. The tears came to her eyes.

He frowned irritably. "Nothing of the kind. Somebody must go, of course. The physicians in Abingdon are married men. I am a stranger, and have nobody. There is nothing to keep me in this world but a little business which I have to do, and that lies in Otoga. I really must ride on. But I will take you safely home first. Where are you staying?"

"At the cabin yonder. Behind the pines. Thomas Van Cleve's."

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The doctor had stepped before her to bend aside the bushes. He stopped short, and stood motionless a moment, his back to her. When he turned there was an alteration in his face which she could not define. The actor was gone; the real man looked out for an instant from behind the curtain.

"Young Van Cleve lives in that cabin?"

"Yes, with his wife and child."

"A child? Is it a boy?"

"Yes, the dearest little fellow. Why do you ask?"

A smile, or it might have been a nervous contortion, flickered over the fat, amiable face. His tones became exceedingly soft and lazy.

"It is with Van Cleve I had business to settle. I have been looking for him a long time."

"Then you will come to the house with me?"

She would have passed on, but stopped, troubled and frightened, she knew not why. The man had not heard her; he stood slowly stroking his heavy chin, deliberating. Certainly there was nothing dramatic in the stout figure in its long linen coat, low hat, and boots sunk in the mud—there was not a trace of emotion on the flabby, apathetic features, yet Lucy cowered as though she had been brought face to face with a naked soul in the crisis of its life.

"I have been looking for him a long time," he repeated, talking to himself. "But there is Otoga. They need me in Otoga."

There was not a sound. Not the fall of a leaf. Even the incessant sough of the wind through the gorges was still. The world seemed to keep silence. The time comes to every man when the devil of his life-long appetites and passions rises to face the God that is in him for a final struggle.

He looked up at the cabin; it was but a step. He had been following Van Cleve for years. He drew his breath quickly once, thrust the bushes aside, and began to climb the rock.

The sun suddenly flashed out; a bird fluttered up from the thicket, and perched on a bough close beside him, sending out a clear trill of song. He stopped short, a quick, pleased heat coming to his face.

"Pretty little thing, hey? It knows me, d'ye see? It's watching me."

He waited a moment until the song ceased, and then nervously adjusted his hat.

"I'll go to those poor devils in Otoga. I reckon that's the right thing to do." And turning, he hastily mounted his horse.

Lucy felt that he was going to his death, and he seemed like an old friend. She ran across the road and put her hands up on the horse's neck.

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by, Miss Coyt."

"I will never see you again! God bless you!"

"*Me*?" He looked at her, bewildered. "God? Oh yes. Well, perhaps so." He rode down the road, and the stout figure and flapping linen coat disappeared in the fog.

Four days passed. Dumfort, who appeared to be a man of leisure, lounged about the cabin, helping with the work, and occasionally bringing news from Otoga, gathered from some straggler who was flying from the fever. He came in one morning and beckoned Van Cleve out.

"There's one of them poor wretches fallen by the way-side. He's got the plague. It's my belief there's not an hour's life in him."

"I'll come." Van Cleve hastily gathered some simple remedies; he had not heroism enough to leave his family and sacrifice his life for his neighbors, but he was a kindly fellow, and could not turn back from any dying creature creeping to his door. The two men went down the mountain together.

"I wanted," said Dumfort, "to pull him under a rock. But he said, 'No, let me die out-of-doors.'"

"That was a queer notion."

"Yes." Dumfort glanced askance at his companion. "He's ben down doctorin' in Otoga. Went there voluntarily. I hearn of him two days ago." After an embarrassed pause, he added, "He wants to see you, Thomas. You, personally."

"Me? Who is he?" (halting).

Dumfort lowered his voice to a quick whisper. "It's the man that's ben follerin' you an' your'n, Thomas."

Van Cleve uttered an oath, but it choked on his lips. "An' he's dying? What does he want of me?"

"God knows, I don't." The men stood silent. "He's been doctorin' them pore souls in Otoga," ventured Dumfort, presently.

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Still Van Cleve did not move. Then, with a jerk, he started down-hill. "I'll go to him. Bring them other medicines, Dumfort."

But when he reached the dying man he saw that it was too late for medicines. He kneeled beside him and lifted his head, motioning Dumfort to stand back out of hearing.

What passed between them no one but God ever knew.

As the sun was setting that day Van Cleve came to the cabin. He was pale and haggard, but he tried to speak cheerfully.

"It was a poor fellow, Dorcas, down in the woods as died of the fever. Dumfort an' I have buried him. But I'd like you an' Miss Coyt to come to the grave. It 'd seem kinder, somehow." He carried the baby in his arms, and when they reached the place—it was a patch of sunny sward, where the birds sang overhead—he said: "Humpty, I wish you'd kneel down on the grave an' say your little prayer. I think he'd know, an' 'd feel better of it; an'—there's another reason."

The next week Miss Coyt received a letter from home, which, with very red cheeks, she told Dorcas would compel her immediate return home. Mr. Pettit, of whom she had told her, had received a call, and had asked her to be his wife, and this would put an end to her experiment of teaching in the South. In a day or two Dumfort drove her back to Abingdon, and the little family in the cabin returned to their usual quiet routine of life.

Editor's Easy Chair.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, at the table of a gentleman whose father had fallen in a duel, the conversation fell upon duelling, and after it had proceeded for some time the host remarked, emphatically, that there were occasions when it was a man's solemn duty to fight. The personal reference was too significant to permit further insistence at that table that duelling was criminal folly, and the subject of conversation was changed.

The host, however, had only reiterated the familiar view of General Hamilton. His plea was, that in the state of public opinion at the time when Burr challenged him, to refuse to fight under circumstances which by the "code of honor" authorized a challenge, was to accept a brand of cowardice and of a want of gentlemanly feeling, which would banish him to a moral and social Coventry, and throw a cloud of discredit upon his family. So Hamilton, one of the bravest men and one of the acutest intellects of his time, permitted a worthless fellow to murder him. Yet there is no doubt that he stated accurately the general feeling of the social circle in which he lived. There was probably not a conspicuous member of that society who was of military antecedents who would not have challenged any man who had said of him what Hamilton had said of Burr. Hamilton disdained explanation or recantation, and the result was accepted as tragical, but in a certain sense inevitable.

Yet that result aroused public sentiment to the atrocity of this barbarous survival of the ordeal of private battle. That one of the most justly renowned of public men, of unsurpassed ability, should be shot to death like a mad dog, because he had expressed the general feeling about an unprincipled schemer, was an exasperating public misfortune. But that he should have been murdered in deference to a practice which was approved in the best society, yet which placed every other valuable life at the mercy of any wily vagabond, was a public peril. From that day to this there has been no duel which could be said to have commanded public sympathy or approval. From the bright June morning, eighty years ago, when Hamilton fell at Weehawken, to the June of this year, when two foolish men shot at each other in Virginia, there has been a steady and complete change of public opinion, and the performance of this year was received with almost universal contempt, and with indignant censure of a dilatory police.

The most celebrated duel in this country since that of Hamilton and Burr was the encounter between Commodores Decatur and Barron, in 1820, near Washington, in which Decatur, like Hamilton, was mortally wounded, and likewise lived but a few hours. The quarrel was one of professional, as Burr's of political, jealousy. But as the only conceivable advantage of the Hamilton duel lay in its arousing the public mind to the barbarity of duelling, the only gain from the Decatur duel was that it confirmed this conviction. In both instances there was an unspeakable shock to the country and infinite domestic anguish. Nothing else was achieved. Neither general manners nor morals were improved, nor was the fame of either combatant heightened, nor public confidence in the men or admiration of their public services increased. In both cases it was a calamity alleviated solely by the resolution which it awakened that such calamities should not occur again.

Such a resolution, indeed, could not at once prevail, and eighteen years after Decatur was killed, Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, was killed in

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a duel at Washington by William J. Graves, of Kentucky. This event occurred forty-five years ago, but the outcry with which it was received even at that time—one of the newspaper moralists lapsing into rhyme as he deplored the cruel custom which led excellent men to the fatal field,

"where Cilleys meet their Graves"—

and the practical disappearance of Mr. Graves from public life, showed how deep and strong was the public condemnation, and how radically the general view of the duel was changed.

Even in the burning height of the political and sectional animosity of 1856, when Brooks had assaulted Charles Sumner, the challenge of Brooks by some of Sumner's friends met with little public sympathy. During the excitement the Easy Chair met the late Count Gurowski, who was a constant and devoted friend of Mr. Sumner, but an old-world man, with all the hereditary social prejudices of the old world. The Count was furious that such a dastardly blow had not been avenged. "Has he no friends?" he exclaimed. "Is there no honor left in your country?" And, as if he would burst with indignant impatience, he shook both his fists in the air, and thundered out, "Good God! will not somebody challenge anybody?"

No, that time is passed. The elderly club dude may lament the decay of the good old code of honor—a word of which he has a very ludicrous conception—as Major Pendennis, when he pulled off his wig, and took out his false teeth, and removed the padded calves of his legs, used to hope that the world was not sinking into shams in its old age. Quarrelling editors may win a morning's notoriety by stealing to the field, furnishing a paragraph for the reporters, and running away from the police. But they gain only the unsavory notoriety of the man in a curled wig and flowered waistcoat and huge flapped coat of the last century who used to parade Broadway. The costume was merely an advertisement, and of very contemptible wares. The man who fights a duel to-day excites but one comment. Should he escape, he is ridiculous. Should he fall, the common opinion of enlightened mankind writes upon his head-stone, "He died as the fool dieth."

APOLLODORUS came in the other morning and announced to the Easy Chair that it had been made by common consent arbiter of a dispute in a circle of young men. "The question," said he, "is not a new one in itself, but it constantly recurs, for it is the inquiry under what conditions a gentleman may smoke in the presence of ladies."

The Easy Chair replied that it could not answer more pertinently than in the words of the famous Princess Emilia, who, upon being asked by a youth who was attending her in a promenade around the garden, "What should you say if a gentleman asked to smoke as he walked with you?" replied, "It is not supposable, for no gentleman would propose it."

Naturally that youth did not venture to light even a cigarette. Emilia had parried his question so dexterously that, although the rebuke was stinging, he could not even pretend to be offended. His question was merely a form of saying, "I am about to smoke, and what have you to say?" That he asked the question was evidence of a lingering persuasion, inherited from an ancestry of gentlemen, that it was not seemly to puff tobacco smoke around a lady with whom he was walking.

Apollodorus was silent for a moment, as if reflecting whether this anecdote was to be regarded as a general judgment of the arbiter that a gentleman will never smoke in the presence of a lady. But the Easy Chair broke in upon his meditation with a question, "If you had a son, should you wish to meet him smoking as he accompanied a lady upon the Avenue? or, were you the father of a daughter, should you wish to see her cavalier smoking as he walked by her side? Upon your own theory of what is gentlemanly and courteous and respectful and becoming in the manner of a man toward a woman, should you regard the spectacle with satisfaction?"

"Well," replied Apollodorus, "isn't that rather a high-flying view? When can a man smoke—"

"But you are not answering," interrupted the Easy Chair. "Of two youths walking with your daughter, one of whom was smoking a cigarette, or a cigar, or a pipe, as he attended her, and the other was not smoking, which would seem to you the more gentlemanly?"

"The latter," said Apollodorus, promptly and frankly.

"It appears, then," returned the Easy Chair, assuming the Socratic manner, "that there are circumstances under which a gentleman will not smoke in the presence of a lady. But to answer your question directly, it is not possible to prescribe an exact code, although certain conditions may be definitely stated. For instance, a gentleman will not smoke while walking with a lady in the street. He will not smoke while paying her an evening visit in her drawing-room. He will not smoke while driving with her in the Park."

It is significant of a radical change in manners that such rules can be laid down, because formerly the question could not have arisen. The grandfather of Apollodorus, who was the flower of courtesy, could no more have smoked with a lady with whom he was walking or driving than he could have attended her without a coat or collar. Yet manners change, and the grandfather must not insist that those of his time were best because they were those of his time. It is but a little while since that a gentleman who appeared at a party without gloves would have been a "queer" figure. But

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now should he wear gloves he would be remarked as unfamiliar with good usage.

It does not argue a decline of courtesy that the Grandisonian compliment and the ineffable bending over a lady's hand and respectful kissing of the finger-tips have yielded to a simpler and less stately manner. The woman of the minuet was not really more respected than the woman of the waltz. However the word gentlemanly may be defined, it will not be questioned that the quality which it describes is sympathetic regard for the feelings of others and the manner which evinces it. The manner, of course, may be counterfeited and put to base uses. To say that Lovelace has a gentlemanly manner is not to say that he is a gentleman, but only that he has caught the trick of a gentleman. To call him or Robert Macaire or Richard Turpin a gentleman is to say only that he behaves as a gentleman behaves. But he is not a gentleman, unless that word describes manners and nothing more.

This is the key to the question of Apollodorus. It is not easy to define a gentleman, but it is perfectly easy to see that in his pleasures and in the little indifferent practices of society the gentleman will do nothing which is disagreeable to others. He certainly will not assume that a personal gratification or indulgence must necessarily be pleasant to others, nor will he make the selfish habits of others a plea for his own.

Apollodorus listened patiently, and then said slowly that he understood the judgment to be that a gentleman would smoke in the presence of ladies only when he knew that it was agreeable to them, but that, as the infinite grace and courtesy of women often led them, as an act of self-denial, to persuade themselves that what others wish to do ought not to annoy them, it was very difficult to know whether the practice was or was not offensive to any particular lady, and therefore—therefore—

The youth seemed to be unable to draw the conclusion.

"Therefore," said the mentor, "it is well to remember the old rule in whist."

"Which is—?" asked Apollodorus.

"When in doubt, trump the trick."

"But what is the special application of that rule to this case?"

"Precisely this, that the doubting smoker should follow the advice of *Punch* to those about to marry."

"Which is—?" asked Apollodorus.

"Don't."

THE frontispiece to this number of the Magazine, as the reader will have observed, is a beautiful reduction by Robert Hoskin of one of Gustave Doré's illustrations of Poe's "Raven," the legend of which is the line, "The night's Plutonian shore." The poem, with the complete series of illustrations by Doré, will be one of the most striking and interesting of the Harpers' publications for the autumn. At the Paris Salon of 1883 two medals only were awarded for engraving on wood, and both were of the third class. M. Charles Baude, of Paris, the engraver of the portrait of Washington Irving which was published in the April number of this Magazine, received one of the medals. The other was received by Mr. Robert Hoskin, of the Harper engraving-room. Poe is a writer whose poems are curiously adapted to the peculiar skill of Doré, and the delicate and sympathetic touch of Hoskin has exquisitely reproduced in our engraving the character of the original.

The poem itself is one of the most familiar and popular in American literature. It is nearly forty years since it was first published, soon after Poe's removal to New York in 1844, and Willis hailed it as the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and for certain qualities unsurpassed in English poetry. The generous critic proved the sincerity of his opinion by engaging Poe as assistant editor of the *Mirror*.

That name recalls the literary situation in New York at that time. The *Mirror* was a small quarto published weekly under the joint editorship for many years of Willis and George P. Morris, with whom Theodore S. Fay, and later James Parton and other familiar writers, were editorially associated. It was a publication which, with a certain typographical elegance as certifying its adaptation to the most refined social circles, offered every Saturday a light repast, unvexed by heavy dishes of political or any other grave discussion, but graced with the sweet trifle and whipped syllabub of evanescent literature. The most important contribution to the *Mirror* was Willis's "Pencillings by the Way," which work, if we remember correctly, was published serially as letters in the *Mirror*.

The "Pencillings" are memorable as the first of the records of travel which deal with audacious freedom with private life, revealing what was not meant to be seen, and reporting what was not meant to be heard. They contain brilliant and graphic sketches of the more famous English men and women of the day, and their freedom was so astounding to the English taste that for a long time afterward any American who could be suspected of connection with the press was received in English society with great reserve. Thackeray more than once brought the burning-glass of his satire to bear upon Willis, but when he was in New York he met Willis at breakfast at the house of a common friend, and found him, as he frankly said, exceedingly agreeable. "But yet," said Thackeray, with his twinkling English eye, "how could he have been so bumptious?"

Willis was already forecasting the extreme literary mannerism of his later time when Poe joined the literary circle in the city of New York. He was very soon its most brilliant and erratic figure, even his affectations being

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of a kind to enhance the impression that he made. The immediate and universal popularity of the "Raven" is without parallel in our literary history, except in the case of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." It was instantly republished in all the newspapers, and its long resounding lines, which seemed to some critics to murmur with something of the music of Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," were soon repeated in all school declamations. The peculiar nomenclature of Poe and his phantasmal world were skillfully wrought into the poem, and there were many eager readers in whose minds the ingenious melody of the stanzas constantly echoed and reverberated, who felt that here was a new poet, and another grace, if not glory, of American letters.

The remarkable talent and acuteness, the felicity of phrase, and the alluring rhythm of much of Poe's verse are obvious to the most cursory reader, like the singular skill with which his prose tales are constructed. But there was from the first a large number of readers who felt that it was all a marvellous ingenuity, not a sincere inspiration, and who can not even now admit his claim to a higher worth. Perhaps such critics feel that the entablature which in memory of Poe is to be unveiled during the autumn is much more appropriate than a statue to indicate the place that he holds in the American literary Pantheon.

How fascinating he must have been to an artist like Doré, as he has proved to be to the French mind in general, is evident to any one who is but superficially familiar with the works of the two men. Turn to "Ulalume."

> "The skies they were ashen and sober,
> The leaves they were crisped and sere—
> The leaves they were withering and sere;
> It was night in the lonesome October
> Of my most immemorial year;
> It was hard by the dim lake of Auber
> In the misty mid region of Weir—
> It was down by the dank tarn of Auber
> In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

This has all the elaborate skill, the mystic scenery, the unique melody, indeed all the distinctive marks of Poe, and it is like a translation into rhythm of one of Doré's most characteristic works.

How thoroughly the artist appreciates and enjoys the poet is evident from his illustrations of the "Raven," and it is easy to imagine with what delight the poet would have seen his airy and lurid fancies bodied forth by the sympathetic magic of the artist. Poe is unique among our poets, whatever rank the reader may assign him. He had no forerunner, and his many imitators are but obvious and faint echoes. The poet whom he most resembles by intellectual sympathy seems to us to be Shelley. Poe has at least the air of Shelley's consuming melancholy. But it is characteristic of the impression that he produces that we say the air.

THE little occasional sermons which the Easy Chair has preached upon alms-giving, it has had reason to know have not been wholly fruitless. It is curious, indeed, to observe the amazement of a benevolent person who is disposed to regard organized charity as a kind of inhuman effort "to freeze the genial current of the soul," when he discovers that he has been the mere dupe of the suppliants whom he has pitied and relieved. In the violence of his disillusion and reaction he is in great danger of contemptuous incredulity of all suffering, and of a flinty resolution never to believe in poverty again. Charles Lamb's specious plea serves often to justify to themselves the blind giving of indolent givers. But when they are undeceived they resent even his ingenious sophistry, and visit him with an indignation which would be intensely amusing to that demure humorist.

The discussion, within the last few years, of the whole subject of charity, and especially of private alms-giving, has led to the most extraordinary revelations of the vast system of mendicant imposture. The Charity Organization Society which was recently formed in New York is a necessary movement to withstand the great organization of fraudulent beggary. Its purpose, in a single phrase, is to enable alms-givers to give without fostering pauperism and crime. No charitable person can contend single-handed with the shrewd conspiracy of fraudulent begging, nor can any single association in a great city cope with it wisely without co-operating with all similar associations. One of the facts which was earliest disclosed was that half a dozen different church relief societies are relieving hundreds of the same persons at the same time. They are unconsciously united in supporting scores of families in idleness and ignorance, and of course fitting the children to follow the parents and to become either beggars or criminals. The Charity Organization Society is a central exchange or clearing-house for all the single relief associations of every denomination and kind. It ascertains to whom relief is given by each and how worthily, and of course it saves each of them from duplicating relief. It inquires into all cases intrusted to it by private givers, and reports to them upon the actual situation.

The worthy reader of these words the Easy Chair will assume to be, what is to be presumed of every reader of this Magazine, an intelligent, sagacious, benevolent person, whose large heart overflows with sympathy for suffering and sorrow, and whose purse is generous according to its size. Such a reader not infrequently receives a letter brought by a meek woman, who remarks that her husband, the writer, is disabled by rheumatism or by some mortal malady, and is obliged to send her as a messenger. There is no food in the house. The landlord has given grace only until to-morrow. The writer will be at work again next

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month at farthest. The children are very hungry. The case is exceedingly pressing and desperate. The writer has no claim to urge except that of common humanity, and is awaiting in hopeful and prayerful expectation the return of the wife, who has consented to undertake the thankless office of bringing the letter.

The intelligent and humane reader is driven with business. He can not personally investigate the case. The statement is plausible. There is often imposture in such things, no doubt, but there is also undeniable suffering. The woman is pale and pathetic. Starving children are a spectacle too pitiful. There is a chance of deception, of course, but to insist upon it when you do not know is mean and cruel. It is wrong not to take the humane view. The poor ye have always with you. Whosoever doeth it unto the least of these—Here, my good woman, I can't go with you. I must take the story as it is told, and you must take this money.

So he subsidizes a knave. The letter is a trap into which the worthy reader has walked with the best intention in the world. The woman is the willing or unwilling confederate of a sharper—often the latter—and the gains for the day depend entirely upon the number of gulls like the worthy reader whom the trap may chance to take. A very comfortable living is made in this way by many a shrewd rascal, who calculates accurately the situation in which the worthy reader will find himself, and the mental process which he will undergo and the conclusion which he will reach. It is a business which is pursued with diligence and success. It is a prosperous knavery chiefly maintained by persons like the worthy reader, who decide to give to the letter the benefit of the humane doubt.

This is one of the cases for which the Charity Organization Society provides. If, instead of giving the bearer of the letter five dollars, the receiver will send it with his card to the society, the facts will be ascertained and reported to him. Such a society is a minister not only of civilization and humanity, but of the honest good order of society. It baffles an immense conspiracy of fraud, and enables almsgiving to relieve actual want instead of rewarding idleness, fostering rascality, and robbing the deserving.

THE college Commencement season excites more public attention every year, and the reason doubtless is that the college comes constantly more and more into sympathy with modern convictions, and places itself more in harmony with modern methods. This year general attention was concentrated upon the Harvard Commencement for two reasons: one was the omission to confer the Doctorate of Laws upon Governor Butler, which was a temporary excitement, and the other was the address of Charles Francis Adams, Jun., before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which commanded serious attention.

Two years ago, at the centenary of the society, Wendell Phillips arraigned the college, or the educated class, for its moral timidity and avoidance of its natural public leadership. That memorable and powerful discourse will long remain one of the brilliant and valuable traditions of the society. For however it may have been criticised as too sweeping in its generalization, and too unqualified in statement, even to the point of injustice to the class which it denounced, it will long serve its undoubted purposes of making the college and the educated class for which it stands more watchful of its course and tendency, and more positively heedful of its natural and historical position in the leadership of progress.

Mr. Adams also arraigned the college, not like Mr. Phillips for its sluggish conservatism amid the great forward movements of the time and of civilization, but for failure in achieving its own especial object. His accusation was, in substance, that although the peculiar function of a college is to supply the highest education, yet our colleges to-day, and even Harvard, the oldest and in many ways the most admirably equipped of them all, is so wedded to ancient precedent that its course of study includes much that is useless to many if not most of those who must pursue it, and that its chief emphasis is laid upon branches which are but superficially acquired, and soon forgotten. With the lapse of time, argues the orator, the standards of education have changed. The proper studies for the youth of three centuries ago are unfitted for the youth of this century, yet the college still lays chief stress upon the antiquated curriculum, and the youth sees that the college course which his own age demands is of less actual honorable distinction in the college than the studies of an earlier time. Mr. Adams cites the study of the Greek language as a pregnant illustration of his position, and, himself in the fourth generation of a distinguished family of college graduates and of eminent men, he declares that it was of no service to them, and that he soon forgot all that he learned of it in college.

His criticism is not a vague general assault upon college studies. It is definite and precise. He is a college man, and not an iconoclast who strikes from a mean vanity and dull jealousy. He concedes the preference to the "classic" tongues. He would not, nor in his opinion would "the modernists" as a class, desire that German and French should take the place of Greek and Latin in examinations for admission to college; he asks only that the preference of one should not be practically a prohibition of the other. The applicant should be required to pass in Latin and English, and in Hebrew, Greek, German, Spanish, or Italian as he may prefer, and if, selecting Greek, he can stumble and stagger through half a page

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of Xenophon and a few lines of the Iliad, let that suffice as now. But if, instead of the Greek, he select a modern tongue, although no mercy be shown him in the examination, let him not be repelled contemptuously as now. The orator would not object to demanding two of the modern languages in place of the ancient, and an examination adequate to show that the applicant has command of them as working tools.

As he ended his clear and strenuous plea the worthy son of Harvard and of sons of Harvard might well have said, "If that is treason, make the most of it." But his demand was not a mere protest, it was the ripe and ripening conviction of many who heard him, and who feel that mere tradition has been too powerful in regulating the college course of study. The Phi Beta address of Mr. Adams was but another voice of the spirit which has within a generation changed the head of a college from an elderly clerical recluse to an active man of affairs. The change is symbolic and prophetic of that which he advocates, and which must not be mistaken as a demand for easier and more superficial studies.

On the contrary, his argument and that of "the modernists" is that nothing is more shallow, sloppy, and superficial than the present college study of Greek, and consequently nothing more ludicrous than the solemn assertion that it is an admirable intellectual discipline. Accuracy and thoroughness are indispensable in any method or pursuit which is to train the mental faculties. But these, he insists, are the fatal want of the college study of Greek, and it necessarily depletes instead of disciplining the intellectual powers. Those who are familiar with Mr. Adams's interest in what is called the Quincy system of common-school instruction know that he states the aim of that system to be accuracy and thoroughness. Its strongest criticism upon the ordinary system is that it neglects that very precision and clearness of apprehension which is the essential condition of really available knowledge.

This want of accuracy in education is illustrated in the vague and visionary apprehension of the most familiar facts and objects by school-children, as strikingly shown in a recent paper in the *Princeton Review*, by Professor Stanley Hall, one of the most thorough and accomplished living students of pedagogy. Of two hundred or two hundred and fifty school-children in Boston, twenty-one per cent. did not know the right hand from the left. Thirty-three per cent. did not know a chicken, and thirty-five per cent. had never observed the clouds.

The Quincy method, the investigations of the Pedagogical Society of Berlin and those which Professor Hall and others have stimulated in this country, and the Phi Beta orations of Mr. Phillips and of Mr. Adams, show that it is from the college that the progressive movement proceeds, and that it is educated men who purge and advance the methods of education. That such addresses are now delivered at Commencement is one of the signs of the fact that the closer the relation of the college to actual life, the more thorough and accurate will be its scholastic training, and the greater the respect and confidence in which it will be held.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE two prime qualifications of a historian, dispassionateness and thoroughness, are everywhere manifest in the *History of the Civil War in America*,[1] by the Count of Paris. Unsparing and successful in his exertions to collect the materials that are necessary to throw light upon the entire period, or to afford clear and consistent views of particular passages in it, both civil and military, its author is also singularly calm in his judgments, temperate alike in his praise and censure, and earnestly desirous to deal justly and fairly with both sides of the great conflict and the actors in each. However his recital may be criticised or his conclusions controverted in special instances, these qualities will be conceded to him, and the great merits of his work as a whole will be generally and cordially recognized. The volume of this extensive work now published is the third of the American edition, and comprises the fifth and sixth volumes of the French edition, without abridgement, and it has been carefully translated and edited by Colonel John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, who has also appended foot-notes, sparingly and only where they are really needed, in correction of casual errors into which the author had fallen, or explanatory of passages that were liable to misconstruction. The period covered by the volume is the eventful year of the rebellion, 1863—a year which comprised operations and battles that were destined to exert a decisive influence over the results of the war. In the earlier portion of this year the principal theatre of the war in the East was on the Rapidan, where in May the campaign closed with the disaster to the Army of the Potomac under General Hooker at Chancellorsville, which so greatly disappointed the expectations of the North and so greatly elated the hopes of the South. Concurrently with the operations in the East, the movement upon Vicksburg and the attempt to open the Mississippi had been made in the West, and it too

[1] *History of the Civil War in America.* By the Comte de Paris. Published by Special Arrangement with the Author. Volume III. 8vo, pp. 924. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

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had failed of success; so that the result of all the operations, up to and including the month of April, had been generally adverse to the arms of the Union. But the months immediately succeeding put a new aspect on things. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania was signally and abruptly terminated early in July by the battle of Gettysburg and the retreat of the rebel army to Virginia, where it finally took its stand in the position in which it was to be encountered by Grant in the following year; and almost simultaneously General Grant had overcome the almost insuperable natural and other obstacles that were interposed in his way, and had become master of Vicksburg, the key of the Mississippi, thus preparing the way for his liberation from the West and his translation to a new scene, where he was destined to measure his strength with that of General Lee, and to confront the heart and flower of the rebellion in Virginia. The 3d and 4th of July, which respectively witnessed the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg and the capitulation of Vicksburg, as the Count of Paris aptly suggests, have been days of destiny for America. Less than a century before, on the 4th of July, the tocsin of American independence was sounded, and now again the 3d and 4th of July became a critical and decided epoch in the history of the war for the Union, dividing it, as it were, into two parts, in the first of which the fortunes of war had favored the Confederates, and in the last the tide turned in favor of the armies of the Union. The remainder of 1863 was marked by no decisive actions, but each side was exhausting itself in a supreme effort to marshal all its resources for the prosecution of the conflict on an enlarged scale in the coming year, and preparatory to this both were exerting all their strategic skill to gain such positions of vantage, for offense or defense, as would enable them to conduct the war with the utmost vigor to decisive results. The Count of Paris elaborately describes the events of this year of conflict and preparation and concentration, from January to December inclusive, in four books, under the general heads of "The War on the Rapidan," "The Mississippi," "Pennsylvania," and "The Third Winter," under each head giving a minute account of each siege and battle, and even of each skirmish of importance, together with a comprehensive view of the entire field of operations, and of the military and strategic movements in each portion of it. He also pays close attention, in a thoughtful and highly interesting chapter, to the legislation, administration, finances, resources, temper, and condition generally of the North and the South during the critical period that intervened between the partial successes of the Confederates in the early part of the year and the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and in this connection gives valuable and succinct accounts severally of the organization at the North of the signal corps, the medical and hospital service, the military telegraph, the system of railroad transportation for military purposes, the soldiers' homes, and the Sanitary and other commissions. The Count of Paris is not a florid or an ambitious writer. He indulges in no rhetorical flights, and enters upon no profound or philosophical speculations. Evidently his aim is not to display himself, but his great solicitude is to write impartially, and with a full knowledge of his subject, and to impart his knowledge to his reader in the simplest, clearest, and most straightforward manner. His style, however, is not entirely devoid of the graces and adornments that are requisite in order to relieve a history as minute in its details as his necessarily is of the tediousness and monotony that are inevitable without an occasional relaxation of its strictness. Constantly in his narrative the reader comes upon descriptive and illustrative passages whose beauty and vivacity are the more relishing and refreshing for their brevity and unobtrusiveness. The independent relation which he bears as a foreigner to both the great parties in the conflict, and also to individuals on either side, enables him to divest himself of passion or prejudice, and if he errs in any matter, it is not on the side of partisanship, but is chargeable rather to an ignorance or misapplication of facts. Such errors, however, are exceedingly rare, and never, thanks to his industrious research, his soundness of judgment, and his honesty of purpose, of a radical or important kind.

THE publication of a series of historical studies by the Duc de Broglie, now collected in a volume entitled *Frederick the Second and Maria Theresa*,[2] unveils some important facts in the secret history of the eventful first two years of the careers of Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, immediately following the accession of the former to the throne of Prussia, and of the latter to the sovereignty of Hungary and Austria, which will necessitate a radical revision of the histories of the period which have been accepted as standards, and more especially of the estimates that have been placed upon the character of Frederick, in the face of the innumerable mean trickeries and treacheries in which they had detected him, by Carlyle and other hero-worshippers. The Duc de Broglie gives us a clear view sustained in large part by hitherto unpublished documents discovered in the treasure-houses of state papers at Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Paris, and in part by three highly valuable recently published volumes—D'Arneth's *History of Maria Theresa*, Droysen's *History of Prussian Policy*, and *The Political Correspondence of Frederick the Great*—of the combined cowardice,

[2] *Frederick the Second and Maria Theresa.* From hitherto Unpublished Documents, 1740–1742. By the Duc de Broglie. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 78. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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selfishness, and perfidy that led France to violate its solemn engagements to carry out the agreements of the Pragmatic Sanction, confirming Maria Theresa in her possessions and dignities as Archduchess of Austria and the head of the empire, and to assist Frederick, in the face of the equally solemn engagements of Prussia, in the dismemberment of a mutual ally with whom both were at peace, solely because she was weak and defenseless. The Duc de Broglie's account of this shameless instance of the application of the code of the highwayman by two great and powerful nations to the possessions of another weaker and friendly nation is couched in a tone of such honest indignation, coupled with such a keen sense of shame for the part borne by his own country in these ignominious transactions, as to arouse all our sympathies; and it is written with so much vivacity, and is illustrated with so many spirited portraitures of distinguished or illustrious personages, and so many graphic pictures of the complications of the court and diplomatic life of the Continent in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, as to rivet the attention of the popular reader, no less than that of the historical student, and prevent his interest from flagging even for a moment. The character of Frederick as unmasked by the author, and indeed as reflected in the mirror of his own correspondence and in the scarcely less faithful mirrors of the correspondence of his ministers and of the diplomatic agents of the governments he by turns cajoled and threatened, cheated and betrayed, is a thoroughly despicable one. Selfish, brutal, and relentless; a systematic hypocrite, a deliberate liar, and a ruthless and sanguinary robber; a false friend, a perfidious ally, an enemy without chivalry or honor, and intent solely upon carrying out his own ends by any means, but preferably by such as were mean and crooked or cruel and malevolent—it is impossible for any sentiment of hero-worship to survive for him as a man or a sovereign, as we read the list of his treacheries and note the crafty smile and mocking leer that are ever present on his ill-favored countenance. It is a satisfaction to read in the Duc de Broglie's honest and manly pages the record of the humiliation that was visited on at least one of the parties to the base conspiracy against Maria Theresa, when the treachery of France was repaid by a treachery greater though less cowardly than her own. It is a still greater satisfaction to dwell with him upon the heroic figure of the dauntless Maria Theresa when in the toils of her enemies, and to trace the sweet womanly virtues that irradiated her queenly character. The memoirs are still further interesting for the political analogies which the author traces between the events of the eighteenth century and those which in our time have culminated in the establishment of the German Empire at the cost of the humiliation of France.

Of the many popular compendiums designed to assist the intelligent general reader to a fair knowledge of the history of English literature, one of the most comprehensive and serviceable is Mr. Henry J. Nicoll's *Landmarks of English Literature.*[3] Its survey embraces the more than five hundred years that have elapsed from the advent of Chaucer to the present day, and its *résumé* of the authors who have been most influential in developing the richness and power of the English language, and in giving form and character to English style and thought, during this long interval, omits few names that are really representative. Necessarily, where so many were to be considered within restricted limits, many writers of secondary magnitude, who may be favorites with some classes of readers, are barely named, or are passed over with slight recognition, and many more, whose productions belong to what may be termed the *bric-à-brac* of literature, are omitted, while here and there one of these, or even of an inferior grade, is accorded a degree of attention disproportionate to his merits, because he specially marks some historical fact or feature in the progress of our literature. As a rule, however, the attention is concentrated on those who by their eminence in any branch, or by the influence which they have exerted, constitute the real "landmarks" of English literature; and of nearly all such brief and tasteful biographical sketches are given, together with copious summaries and judicious critical estimates of their principal productions. Mr. Nicoll is neither a profound critic nor a highly original or philosophic thinker, but he has good taste, a sound judgment, a graceful style, and a thorough acquaintance with his subject. His literary judgments fairly reflect the settled opinion of the best scholars and critics, whether they relate to the intrinsic and relative merits of individuals or of periods.

As its title indicates, Mr. Bayard Tuckerman's *History of English Prose Fiction*[4] treats of one branch only of a single department of that broad field of English literature which was considered in the volume just noticed, and naturally his closer and more exclusive study of this comparatively small division of the subject affords him an opportunity for greater expansion and elaboration, and enables him to give greater prominence to details than were possible under Mr. Nicoll's extended plan. Confining himself to prose fiction, Mr. Tuckerman traces it from its germ in the early legends and romances which had their origin in tradition, and in the practices and institutions of chivalry, through all its stages of development, severally, under the influence of the so-

[3] *Landmarks of English Literature.* By Henry J. Nicoll. 12mo, pp. 460. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[4] *A History of English Prose Fiction.* From Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot. By Bayard Tuckerman. 12mo, pp. 331. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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cial, religious, and popular movement of the fourteenth century, reflected in Chaucer's tales and romances, and in the popular tales of the yeomanry; in the Elizabethan age and the half-century preceding, under the quickening influences of the phenomenal literary, political, and physical activity of that period; during the years that witnessed the rise and dominance of Puritan modes of thought, life, and conduct, and the succeeding reactionary chaos of license at the Restoration; and under the literary revival of the eighteenth century, till the culmination of the modern novel. In his animated and close retrospect, Mr. Tuckerman lucidly establishes the historical relation of prose fiction, at each stage of its growth, to the social, political, religious, and physical aspects of the times, and points out with great clearness how far it was inspired and influenced by these, and to what extent it reacted upon and modified them. His work is one of substantial value, alike for the breadth and fullness of its historical outline, the spirit and fidelity of its epitomes and paraphrases, more especially of the earlier examples of English prose fiction, and its minute and capable analyses and estimates of the most conspicuous productions of each period.

THE more closely we approach our own times, the more difficult becomes the task of analyzing and passing judgment upon the life and character of our public men. Even where there is a resolute determination to rise superior to the personal and political predilections and animosities that once passionately moved or still exert a strong influence upon us, it is well-nigh impossible to do so, especially if they had their origin in a conscientious conflict over principles involving earnest convictions of moral duty or political obligation. Under such circumstances even men of the most judicial mind and temper are prone to be swayed, and while desiring to be candid and impartial, unconsciously arrive at judgments and conclusions which are more or less colored by their prepossessions or their antipathies. When, therefore, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge undertook the preparation of a sketch of the life and character of Daniel Webster[5] for the "American Statesmen Series," he essayed a task difficult in itself, and far more delicate and difficult than any that his predecessors in the series had attempted. And although he makes no pretense of sinking his political feelings, but persistently keeps them in view and frankly announces them, he never degenerates into a blind or acrimonious partisanship, and from his point of view gives a fair and manly outline of Mr. Webster's public and private life and career; and despite a tendency to fasten attention upon and unduly to magnify the great New-Englander's defects and short-comings, in general forms a just and discriminating estimate of his virtues, his abilities, his services to his State and to the nation, and of his most notable performances as a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator. The chapters devoted to Webster's childhood and youth, to the consideration and analysis of his qualities and characteristics as a lawyer and legislator, to an account of his share and influence in the great nullification debate, and to a description of his last years, are ably and brilliantly written. Throughout the volume Mr. Lodge shows a large familiarity with the great public issues, both foreign and domestic, which Mr. Webster's powerful will and transcendent intellect were influential in shaping, and a knowledge of which is essential to an intelligent comprehension of the man and of the times in which he moved. Mr. Lodge has largely followed the biography of Webster by Mr. George T. Curtis, but he widely differs from and forcibly traverses several of that able writer's conclusions, and also introduces much fresh material which places some interesting particulars in a new light.

ALTHOUGH there may be a diversity of opinion as to their pre-eminent title to be considered "representative" Americans, the *Twelve Americans*[6] whose lives Mr. Howard Carroll has pleasantly sketched in a volume that has just issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper have been before the country long and prominently enough in capacities more or less public, and have played their parts with enough of ability in distinct and varied spheres to be entitled to recognition as in a limited degree fair exponents of the workings of our institutions, and of the traits and resources of American character. The Americans whose portraitures Mr. Carroll has outlined are Horatio Seymour, Charles Francis Adams, Peter Cooper, Hannibal Hamlin, John Gilbert, Robert H. Schenck, Frederick Douglass, William Allen, Allen G. Thurman, Joseph Jefferson, Elihu B. Washburne, and Alexander H. Stephens, of whom all, with the exception of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Stephens, are still living, and all save three have earned such distinction as is coupled with their names chiefly in the field of politics. Mr. Carroll's choice of the professions or pursuits of those who are the subjects of his sketches was doubtless accidental, but nevertheless, and indeed all the more pointedly on that account, the inquiry is naturally suggested whether the pursuit of politics has a strong inherent tendency to develop great men or representative American citizens; whether, in fact, it really does produce greater men and proportionally more of them than any other pursuit, and is more affluent than all others combined of those who are distinctly representative of our national character

[5] *Daniel Webster.* By HENRY CABOT LODGE. "American Statesmen Series." 16mo, pp. 372. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[6] *Twelve Americans.* Their Lives and Times. By HOWARD CARROLL. With Portraits. 12mo, pp. 473. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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and institutions; or whether the superiority which is popularly assigned to the field of political action, as accidentally illustrated by Mr. Carroll's volume, is not due to the existence among us of false standards of usefulness and of social and moral values. But these are inquiries which may not be appropriately pursued further in a notice of Mr. Carroll's sketches, which are brief, spirited, cordial, and dispassionate, and aim to give familiar and life-like portraits of some of our self-made men, rather than to indulge in a subtle analysis of their character. In several of his sketches, notably in the sketch of Mr. Seymour, some interesting historical facts are now first brought to light which give a new and honorable aspect to incidents and events that have been the subject of controversy; and all of them abound in kindly anecdotes and recollections which introduce the reader to a more familiar acquaintanceship with the characters treated than could be derived from tomes of labored disquisition. The least original, though by no means the least interesting, of the twelve sketches are those of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in the preparation of which it is obvious that Mr. Carroll has made large use of the excellent life of the former by Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, and of the delightful memoir of the latter by Mr. William Winter.

George Eliot[7] and *George Sand*[8] are the subjects of two brilliantly written biographical and critical studies, forming separate volumes of a newly projected series, entitled "Famous Women Series," now in course of publication by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston. The sketch of George Eliot is by Mathilde Blind, and that of George Sand by Bertha Thomas. Both writers have exhausted all the more voluminous biographies in their search for facts and opinions illustrative of the lives and writings of these eminent women, together with the innumerable shorter articles upon them which have appeared in magazines and other periodicals in this country and abroad; and they have supplemented what they have gleaned from these sources by some original material that has rewarded their own researches. In each instance the result is a brief and summary biographical and bibliographical outline, and an original, independent, and finely discriminating analysis of the works and place in literature of the great English woman and the more versatile and scarcely less great French woman.

THE "Riverside Edition" of Hawthorne's Complete Works[9] is at length brought to a conclusion by the publication of its two final volumes, containing *The Dolliver Romance, Fanshawe, Septimius Felton*, another first draft of *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret* (here entitled "The Ancestral Footstep"), Tales, Sketches, Biographies, and a Biographical Sketch of Hawthorne by Mr. Lathrop. Of the portion of these volumes which is the coinage of Hawthorne's own Ariel-like fancy it is unnecessary to say more than that the romances of which it is largely composed, and even the more prosaic biographical stories, including the life of Franklin Pierce, all bear the indubitable hallmark of his peculiar style and mode of thought, and of his felicitous workmanship. Of the biographical sketch of Hawthorne by Mr. Lathrop with which the last volume appropriately closes we can not speak too cordially. Without pretending to be an exhaustive biography, and modestly disclaiming entire originality as relates either to the collection or grouping of its materials, it is an exquisite portrait in miniature, reproducing lineaments of Hawthorne that have escaped the observation of the most of his memorialists, and that are the particular ones which they who love and prize him most will be most prompt to recognize, and will most delight to contemplate.

MR. ROLFE has completed his edition of Shakspeare's works by an admirably edited and carefully annotated reproduction of the poet's inimitable *Sonnets*.[10] Mr. Rolfe follows the main lines of Professor Dowden's judicious edition of the sonnets, but does not adhere servilely to that excellent critic's views. He advances independent opinions of his own, on many interesting points, that are worthy of attentive consideration; and he has brought together in condensed form all that is really valuable of the large body of the literature that has been evoked by the study and interpretation of the sonnets. Mr. Rolfe's final opinion, after some hesitancy and a temporary adoption of other views, is in conformity with the opinion of Wordsworth, with whom Professor Dowden also agrees, that it was "with this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart," and that, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of this theory, the sonnets are autobiographical, and express Shakspeare's own feelings in his own person. Most wisely, as we think, Mr. Rolfe gives the text of the sonnets without omission or expurgation.

THE taste of children for fable and apologue and fairy lore is beautifully ministered to by

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[7] *George Eliot.* By MATHILDE BLIND. "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 291. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[8] *George Sand.* By BERTHA THOMAS. "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 278. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[9] "The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne." With Introductory Notes by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. In Twelve Volumes. Vol. XI., *The Dolliver Romance, Fanshawe*, and *Septimius Felton*, with an Appendix containing *The Ancestral Footstep*. 8vo, pp. 521. Vol. XII., Tales, Sketches, and other Papers, with a Biographical Sketch by GEORGE P. LATHROP. 8vo, pp. 578. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[10] *Shakspeare's Sonnets.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 187. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Margaret Eytinge in a collection of stories to which she has given the attractive title *The Ball of the Vegetables, and Other Stories, in Prose and Verse.*[11] The actors in these engaging juvenile stories are our familiar every-day flowers, fruits, and vegetables, which are invested for the nonce with some of the attributes of humanity. The author gracefully bridges over the chasm which separates the inanimate from animate creation, and the illusions and transformations which she works are deliciously whimsical, and sometimes delicately fanciful and poetic. The volume is beautifully printed, and its numerous illustrations are imbued with the spirited fantasy of the text.

THE affluence of Mr. Black's resources as a story-teller is strikingly displayed in his latest novel, *Yolande.*[12] Holding in check, but not wholly suppressing, his tendency to indulge in expanded descriptions, he introduces the reader to a greater variety of scene than is his wont, and the transitions from one scene to another are the more easy and natural for being subsidiary to human interests, serving as a background for them, instead of constituting the principal feature, in which incidents and actors are disposed so as merely to produce certain effects of tone and color. The actors in the story are not more numerous than in his other tales, but fewer of them are mere lay figures, the interest is less exclusively concentrated upon a single one of them, and their characters exhibit a more real individuality in proportion as they are less peculiar and eccentric than some of the creations in his former novels. But while the interest is more evenly diffused, there is no dead level of uniformity. Mr. Black's great art in this fine story lies in this, that he excites a general interest for all his actors, and attributes to them virtues and foibles, qualities and characteristics, which enhance by comparison the symmetry and strength of character of the heroine, and invest her self-sacrificing filial love with rare elements of pathos and moral beauty.

WE have been unable to discover in what respect *Doctor Claudius*[13] differs materially from the average conventional novel; and in making this observation we have no purpose of disparagement, since, if the conventional novel may not deserve to be ranked among the highest forms of imaginative art, it is seldom otherwise than cleverly devised to please the reader who is content with a well-written and entertaining story. *Doctor Claudius* is well written, and its story is well told, but we have so often before encountered its characters, situations, and incidents that they have become familiar acquaintances, and it requires no skilled foresight to predict the conclusion of each scene in which they appear from the manner in which they are marshalled at the beginning. In this respect it is even more artificial and mechanical than most novels of its class. Its incidents and events are of that leading kind which enables the reader to infer everything that is to happen and leaves nothing to the imagination. The most important accidents come about most opportunely and in the luckiest way, the most desirable unexpected things befall in the very nick of time, and something is always sure to "turn up" in a way that would have warmed the heart of Mr. Micawber. All this, however, will weigh for very little with the omnivorous novel-reader, with whom *Doctor Claudius* is destined to be a great favorite.

His Second Campaign,[14] by an anonymous writer in the "Round Robin Series," is one of the best of recent American novels. Its opening scene, descriptive of a secluded mountain valley, or "pocket," in Northern Georgia, and its residents and belongings, is a prose idyl of exquisite beauty, rich in the poetry and color of rural life, and framing a figure of perfect maiden loveliness. The story is told with spirit and vivacity, and it is affluent of striking situations and incidents illustrative of contrasted phases of the social life of the South and North.—The best of the remaining novels of the month are—*The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid,*[15] a short story by Thomas Hardy, in which light and shade are disposed with the powerful effects of which he is so skillful a master; *Arden,*[16] by A. Mary F. Robinson; *Princess Amelie,*[17] an agreeable autobiographical romance, by an anonymous author in the "No Name Series"; *Those Pretty St. George Girls,*[18] an anonymous society novel; *Her Sailor Love,*[19] by Katharine S. Macquoid; and *Aut Cæsar Aut Nihil,*[20] a strong novel based upon incidents connected with the Nihilistic conspiracy against the late Czar, and revealing the springs and motives and modes of action of the conspirators, by the Countess M. von Bothmer.

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[11] *The Ball of the Vegetables, and Other Stories, in Prose and Verse.* By MARGARET EYTINGE. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 246. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Yolande.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. Library Edition. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 462. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 109. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Doctor Claudius.* A True Story. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. 12mo, pp. 350. New York. Macmillan and Co.

[14] *His Second Campaign.* "Round Robin Series." 18mo, pp. 342. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[15] *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.* A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 23. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Arden.* A Novel. By A. MARY F. ROBINSON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 38. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Princess Amelie.* A Fragment of an Autobiography. "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 332. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[18] *Those Pretty St. George Girls.* A Society Novel. Sq. 12mo, pp. 346. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[19] *Her Sailor Love.* By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. Sq. 16mo, pp. 459. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[20] *Aut Cæsar Aut Nihil.* A Novel. By the Countess M. VON BOTHMER. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 93. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of July.—The following nominations were made by State Conventions. Ohio Democratic, Columbus, June 21: Governor, George Hoadly; Lieutenant-Governor, John G. Warwick; Supreme Judge (short term), Martin D. Follet; Supreme Judge (long term), Selwin Owen; Supreme Court Clerk, J. J. Cruikshank; Attorney-General, James Lawrence; Auditor, Emil Kersewetter; Treasurer, Peter Brady; School Commissioner, Leroy D. Brown; Public Works, John P. Martin.—Iowa Republican, Des Moines, June 27: Governor, Buren R. Sherman (renominated); Lieutenant-Governor, O. H. Manning (renominated); State Superintendent of Schools, John Akers (renominated); Supreme Court Judge, J. G. Reed.—Minnesota Republican, St. Paul, June 27: Governor, L. F. Hubbard (renominated); Lieutenant-Governor, C. A. Gilman; Secretary of State, F. Vorbaumbach; Attorney-General, W. J. Hahn; Railroad Commissioner, J. H. Baker; Treasurer, Charles Kittleson.—Pennsylvania Republican, Harrisburg, July 11: State Treasurer, William A. Livsey; Auditor-General, Jerome B. Niles.—Iowa Greenback, Des Moines, July 11: Governor, James B. Weaver; Lieutenant-Governor, Sandford Kirkpatrick, of Wapello County; Justice of the Supreme Court, D. W. Church, of Adair County; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Miss Abbie O. Conwood, of Des Moines County.—Minnesota Prohibition, Minneapolis, July 11: Governor, Charles Evans Holt; Lieutenant-Governor, Professor E. S. Payne; Secretary of State, C. B. Shore; Treasurer, C. M. Anderson.

The Massachusetts Senate, June 20, by a vote of 21 to 11, refused to memorialize the Massachusetts Senators and Representatives in Congress for such an amendment to the Constitution as shall provide woman suffrage.

The following State officers of New Hampshire were elected by the Legislature June 20: Secretary of State, A. B. Thompson, of Concord; State Treasurer, Solon A. Carter, of Concord; State Printer, Parsons B. Cogswell, of Concord; Commissary-General, Gilman B. Johnson, of Concord.

President Arthur, June 22, appointed Captain S. L. Phelps, of the District of Columbia, Minister to Peru, and Richard Gibbs, of New York, Minister to Bolivia.

The number of internal revenue districts in the United States was reduced by the President, June 25, from 126 to 82.

The Scott liquor-tax law was declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of Ohio, June 26.

The Prussian Church Bill passed the Lower House of the Diet June 25, and the Upper House July 2. Cardinal Jacobini, the Papal Secretary of State, made a formal protest.

A committee of the House of Lords has declared the Irish Land Act a failure.

The British House of Commons, July 6, by a vote of 130 to 114, rejected a motion in favor of woman suffrage.

The bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister was rejected, on its third reading, by the House of Lords, June 28, by a vote of 145 nays to 140 yeas.

The French forces under Admiral Pierre bombarded and captured Tamatave, in Madagascar, June 13, and also destroyed Toule Point, Mohambo, and Tenerive. It was reported that the British flag was insulted, and an explanation has been asked of the French government.

Tonquin was reported, July 13, to be in a state of anarchy. The French had captured and hanged many marauders, bands of whom hovered about and fired upon the outposts.

DISASTERS.

June 22.—Twenty-five lives lost by a collision off Portland, England, between the British passenger vessels *Hurunui* and *Waitara*, of the New Zealand Shipping Company.

June 25.—Seventy persons drowned in the floods in Silesia.—Forty-seven lives lost by the burning of a show hall at Dervio, on Lake Como, during a performance.

June 26.—Eighteen Chinamen killed by a railroad accident on the Northern Pacific Railroad in Montana.

July 3.—Steamer *Daphne* capsized while being launched, on the Clyde, near Glasgow. Estimated loss of lives, one hundred and fifty.

July 5.—At Huntsville, Texas, five men killed by the explosion of a saw-mill boiler.

July 11.—Destructive floods in Ontario, Canada, drowning many persons and sweeping away much property.—Twelve soldiers killed at Tripoli by the accidental explosion of a bomb.

July 15.—Many lives lost by a fire at Lipto-Szent-Miklos, Hungary.

OBITUARY.

June 20.—At Durbar, Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal, in his seventieth year.—In Philadelphia, Archbishop Wood, aged seventy years.—In Washington, D. C., General Charles Ewing.

July 1.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Benjamin F. Sands, aged seventy-two years.

July 2.—In Dublin, Rev. Father Thomas N. Burke, aged fifty-three years.

July 4.—At Cockeysville, Maryland, Bishop William Pinkney, aged seventy-three years.—At St. Martin's, Ohio, Archbishop John Baptist Purcell, in his eighty-fourth year.

July 5.—In London, the Duke of Marlborough, aged sixty-one years.

July 15.—At Middleborough, Massachusetts, "General Tom Thumb" (Charles Haywood Stratton), in his forty-sixth year.

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Editor's Drawer.

IT was the intention of the Drawer—there has been a suspicion that the Drawer is *not* a piece of furniture, but one of those alert and indispensable persons who served the public in Shakspeare's time with "Anon, sir, anon"—to consider this month some of the peculiarities of our national handwriting, if we have a national handwriting. But the subject is vast, and September is one of the short months. It is besides a broken month, a month of getting ready to do something, a period of transition. Vacation is breaking up, schools are opening, the town houses are being aired, the summer boarder begins to count the remaining days of real milk and freedom, even the people who have not been in the country are pretending to get home, the net results of the watering-place campaign are summed up with a sigh or a flutter of triumph, the business of charity and the church has to be taken up again presently, and all the cheerful activity of human life which frost is about to revive is at hand. In September—which is a time of waiting at a railway station—one can be expected to do little but get ready for October. But there, September ought not to be invidiously distinguished in this way in our uncertain climate and expectant life. In every month we are simply preparing for the next; we are getting ready for winter, we are longing for spring, we are preparing for the always postponed time when we shall begin to live, in a sort of leisure of the mind and with some sense of the permanence of our situation. No sooner have we eaten our Thanksgiving dinner than we begin to worry about Christmas, and we have scarcely gathered that harvest of good-will than we are in a fever about the Carnival, the paring bee, the spelling school, or whatever it is called, and a little of this wearies us so that we welcome the tempered gloom of Lent, which we are glad to exchange for Easter and the days of breaking up and moving again. We wonder if there is anywhere a planet where there is a good, solid, serious, undisturbed year, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the women are at rest?"

Statistics are needed of the American handwriting before any generalization is attempted about it. Those who are in the way of seeing specimens of it from all parts of the country, from clergymen, clerks, farmers, lawyers, doctors, agents, merchants, etc.—always excepting the people who write like the writing-master—declare that they have no general characteristic, except that the handwriting is sprawling, flourishy, unformed, that it lacks neatness, compactness, solidity. Is this only a fancy, or is the writing a sign of superficiality and carelessness and exaggeration? There is variety enough. We certainly have not the uniformity that in German or French writing enables us to tell its nationality at a glance. Are we mistaken in saying that the English hand, generally speaking, is a hand of more culture, finish, neatness? We signed the Declaration very well on the whole, but we have hardly as a people lived up to it.

IT is the creed of the Drawer that the feet of all American women are "beautiful on the mountain-top" and elsewhere, and it is without sectional prejudice. It has therefore no thought of St. Louis or Chicago in quoting the following passage from the letter of a young Chinese student on his return home last year, after several years spent in Hartford. For the protection of the young man we omit his name and address. He wrote:

"I staid home about two months, and during that time all sorts of subjects were talked of, but the most important subject was engagement and marriage. We conversed on it almost every day and night. My folks wished me to marry a small-feet girl. This I objected to strongly. They accepted my arguments against small feet, but they said it is not the custom to marry a No. 11. So far I am not engaged. I can do what I please about it. I shall get a pair of big feet if I can. But it is difficult to find one of good family."

ONE Sunday the Asylum Hill Church in Hartford was short a deacon, and the late Governor Jewell took one of the contribution plates and passed it around. When the services were over a citizen said:

"Governor, I envy you the confidence these people repose in you. Now, long as I have owned a pew here and been a member by brevet, I don't believe they would trust *me* to take up a collection."

"Oh yes, they would, Mark; I am sure they would—if you had a bell-punch."

ONE morning not long since a gentleman in Wales walked down to the boundary of his park, and found some strolling players acting a blood-curdling tragedy in vans, with a most lavish display of pasteboard coronets, tinsel, cotton velvet, and imitation ermine. He was just in time to catch the following, which will be recognized at once by any one who has ever been in England as the natural expression of the higher classes:

First Lord (*loquitur*). Me Lord Marmadook Plantagenoot is wownded.

Second Lord. Not mortually so, I 'ope?

First Lord. Apparently not.

Second Lord. Then leave me for a hour. [H well aspirated.]

SCENE II.

"Dost seek a haudience with the dook?"

"Hi do."

"Then further subtifudge is useless, for hi

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am the dook"—assuming an imposing attitude and striking his breast. Then, *sotto voce*, "Pass on to the next caravan."

WE have had a "Breeches Bible," and we nearly had a "Shirt Bible." In the re-issue of the Revised New Testament a certain publishing house took extraordinary pains to secure typographical accuracy. After the proofs had been twice read by six proof-readers, and the book had gone to press, just in the nick of time the publishers noticed (Peter) "saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him as it had been a great *shirt* knit at the four corners."

THAT is at least comprehensible, which is more than can be said of the following quotation, which is from the literary columns of one of the leading Northern papers, and may serve to illustrate the horrible consequences of the abuse of gastronomic metaphor:

"A *Lowell Birthday Book* is the latest issue in this seemingly exhaustless style of literature. It contains the cream, or much of the cream, of which Lowell has written, and therefore, aside from the avowed object of its publication, is good to slip into the pocket, or to catch up in odd moments for the purpose of picking out plums."

ILL-PLACED as was the advertisement of "Smith's Coffins and Caskets" which you refer to in your last Drawer, it was not so painfully out of place as an advertisement I saw during the war. Heavy fighting was going on at the front. The wounded in great numbers were being carried past us to the rear; their fate in a few moments may be ours, was the thought of all of us. At this moment, when one's backbone needed all the bracing possible, I saw on a tree some little distance from me a paper which looked so much like a notice of a horse-race or "public vendue" that I left my command and rode up to read it. "Phansy my felinks," as Yellowplush says, when I read the following:

> The bodies of officers carefully embalmed, and forwarded by early express to their friends, for $50.
> N.B.—The bodies of privates half price.
> —— and ——, Undertakers and Embalmers.

DURING the war of the rebellion Jim Mulgarven enlisted in one of the New York regiments. From time to time he sent home stories of his prowess, gallantry, and promotions. He had been a broth of a boy at home, and the truth was he continued one in the war. Mrs. Mulgarven, his mother, was constantly informing the neighbors in her court of Jim's triumphs. One day a lady who had friends in the same regiment also wrote her the regimental news, and some of it not in line as to Jim with the contents of his letters to his mother. Said an inquirer: "Mrs. Mulgarven, Jim seems to be forging ahead; what is his rank now?" He was in fact a Company "Q" man—negroes and the guard-house.

"Indeed, my dear," replied Mrs. M., "I can't give it ye exactly, but it's some sort of a rank—maybe a corporal, a general—no, I remember now, it's a scoundrel he is."

Three casual acquaintances were lately on the fast line from New York to Philadelphia. One was boasting of his luck through life.

"What State are you from?"

"Ohio," was the prompt answer.

"Ah!" said one, a sad-eyed, quiet sort of a man, "might I inquire your official title?"

Our esteemed contributor thinks he would have liked to assist at the following described battle:

"What a battle it was! Three thousand County Mayo men beat twenty thousand British soldiers. Ireland forever! Mayo to the fore!"

"And how did they beat them, with clubs or guns?" asked Andy Kaine.

"No," said the warrior—"beat them drinking whiskey."

"Ah!" said Andy, with a long sigh, "would that I had been with the Mayo men that day!"

T. D.

IN the second month of the war, having been raised to the rank of captain from—in those days as now—the enviable position of private in the New York Seventh Regiment, I was about to leave for the front with my company (writes an ex-soldier), when I received from Mr. Fletcher Harper, Jun., a box well filled with paper-bound publications of Harper and Brothers. With the box was a letter from him, in which he wrote, "I send you *light* literature only, as I understand officers are allowed but eighty pounds of baggage."

THE CRACKER'S RETORT.

DURING the civil war many were the jokes and gibes bandied between the Confederate troopers. A North Carolina regiment was always saluted with a round of witticisms by the Georgians, as "Know'd you was 'round; smelt turpentine all the mornin'," or, "We was all gormed* up on account of the tar you fellers left in your tracks." It was but rarely that the North Carolinians had a chance to retaliate. Once, however, a regiment of these brave fellows thought that their opportunity had come. As they were drawn up in line there passed before them a lone straggler. His sallow face, his paunch, and ungainly movements proclaimed him to be a Georgia Cracker. At once he was saluted with yells of "goober

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* "Gorm"—a good old fossil English word, meaning to smear. Southern negroes and Northern Georgia whites still use the word. A negro mauma will say to her child whose face is sticky with molasses, "Wha' fo' you gorm you'self that ar way?"

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grabbler!" (*anglice*, ground-nut eater). The poor fellow, thus addressed by six hundred men, seemed surprised for a moment, but overcome though he was by physical weariness he was sufficient for the emergency. Straightening himself up, and looking askance at his revilers, he faced them, and said, in a squeaky, drawling voice:

"Gentle-*men*, I hain't no goober grubbler nuther. I am from North Carliny, the best State in the Confederacy, and from Rutherford County, the best county in the State, and I'm from one of the best families in the State, and they was, too, the best livers in the State, and I recollec' when I was a boy my pappy he calls me, and sez he, 'Git up, Sammy, and go down to the branch and wash yer face, and come right back and climb the persimmon-tree and git yer breakfast, and then go to school.'"

Then that North Carolina regiment had not another word to say, but let the Cracker severely alone. B. P.

THERE is a delightful old-time flavor about the following Tennessee character:

Colonel W—— was one of those odd characters who become conspicuous for their humor and eccentricity, and who are kept in remembrance long after they are dead by the many anecdotes related concerning them. He lived in one of the counties in Middle Tennessee, where for many years he traded in slaves, a vocation which was not regarded favorably even in the South, but which enabled him to acquire a comfortable estate. He was widely known not only as a shrewd trader, but as a genial and fun-loving though rather self-important man, who was always ready to turn an easy penny, and who could tell a capital story.

On one occasion he was approached by Major H——, one of the most prominent citizens of M——, who wished to buy a smart, good-looking young negro to do service about his stables and kitchen. (It may be well to remark here that in those *ante-bellum* days of militia musters, military titles were nearly as common as they are at the present time.) Major H—— was of one of the "first families," prided himself upon his high position in society, was very dainty and delicate in his tastes, and was scrupulous in drawing nice social distinctions. Colonel W—— at an appointed hour brought up for inspection a likely mulatto boy, who was mentally and physically sound, but who stammered distressingly. As the boy was not consulted in the matter, he had only to quietly submit to an examination, very like that to which a horse is subjected when offered on the market. After some higgling upon the part of the two men Major H—— paid a good round sum for the boy, and took his newly acquired property home.

The next morning, as the Colonel was seated in front of the town tavern, with his heels elevated against the balusters, Major H—— advanced toward him in no pleasant frame of mind, and without other salutation, exclaimed, "Colonel W——, you have cheated me, sir!"

Without altering his position, the Colonel looked up calmly, and said in his blandest tones, made more provoking by his tantalizing lisp: "Good-morning, Major. You theem to be thomewhat perturbed. If your remark wath addrethed to me, I hope you will ecthcuthe me if I inquire to what you have referenthe."

"You know very well, sir," replied the Major, with growing indignation. "You deceived me about that negro I bought yesterday. Why, confound it! he stutters so badly he can hardly make himself understood. It is absolutely painful to try to talk with him."

"My dear thir," responded the Colonel, with an air of injured innocence, and with a sly glance at the by-standers, who were enjoying the scene, "you ought not to blame me in the matter. I thought you wanted a thervant to work for you. If you had told me you wanted a nigger to converth with, I would have taken painth to thelect you a better converthathionalitht."

This reply raised a laugh at the Major's expense, and so exasperated him he turned abruptly on his heel and left the suave Colonel master of the situation.

Colonel W—— was not much of a churchgoer, but he occasionally dropped into one of the churches, and taking a back seat, paid marked attention to the services. One Sunday morning he took his seat in a church just as the deacons were taking up a collection. He took from his purse a half-dollar to contribute, but his good intention was cooled when he saw approaching him a deacon who had gotten the better of him in some sharp trading, and of whose piety he had no very exalted opinion. To make matters worse, the good deacon, knowing that the Colonel had much of this world's goods, endeavored to stimulate him to liberality by remarking, "You can give several dollars out of your abundance, Colonel. You will never miss it."

"What do you propothe to do with the money?" inquired the Colonel.

"Give it to the Lord," unctuously responded the deacon.

"Well, thir," said the Colonel, "ath I think my chantheth of theeing the Lord are about ath good ath yourth, I prefer to wait and hand it to Him in perthon," and he put his half-dollar back in his pocket.

Before the Colonel became comfortably settled in life he had many ups and downs of fortune. Once he carried a number of slaves to New Orleans, and made a very successful sale. He undertook, however, to increase his supply of money by methods which involved more elements of chance than were connected with his regular business. It was an unlucky venture, and in a very short time he found

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himself with only money enough to pay his passage on a boat as far up the river as Natchez. Although he had not a dollar in his pocket, when he reached Natchez he put up at the best public-house. He wore a broadcloth suit and a silk hat, and sported a gold-headed cane with which he would not have parted for many times its value. He bore himself with an easy dignity, calculated to impress all who saw him with the belief that he was a capitalist with abundant resources, who might be induced to invest some thousands in the property of the town. A week had nearly passed, and he had not succeeded in putting enough money in his purse to pay his landlord. One Sunday afternoon, when he was seriously thinking of making a stealthy exit at night, he learned that the roughs and gamblers, who at that time formed a considerable part of the population of Natchez, had assembled on a public road not far from the town to witness some foot-races. He at once started thitherward, and reached the place just as an athletic and fierce-looking fellow, who was exulting over his victories, offered in a loud voice to bet fifty dollars that he could beat anybody on the ground in a race of one hundred yards. The Colonel remembered that he had himself been fleet of foot in his younger days, and, pressed by dire necessity, he resolved to try his luck on this occasion. So in the pause which followed the champion's challenge he stepped forward, and making a stately bow, said, quietly, "I will take your bet, thir." The bully looked at him a few moments in contemptuous surprise, and said, "Well, put up your money."

With a courtly wave of the hand the Colonel replied, deprecatingly, "There ith no need, thir, of that formality between gentlemen. I am a gentleman, and I take you to be one. If I loothe the rathe I will pay you the fifty dollarth; if you loothe it, I do not doubt that you will act with equal honor. The word of a gentleman ith hith bond."

The rough and desperate men present seemed to regard this as a very remarkable proposition, and for a time the challenger was nonplussed. He steadily and suspiciously eyed the polite and well-dressed stranger, and finally said, with significant emphasis, "All right, old boy; but if there's any flickerin' in this thing, you may know what to expect."

Without further parley the Colonel divested himself of coat, vest, and hat, and placing them with his cane upon the grass, stepped out upon the road, and put himself in position by the side of the champion. The spectators evinced the liveliest interest in the race, and ranged themselves along each side of the road. Bets were freely offered at enormous odds against the rash stranger, who certainly did not look a match for his stalwart competitor; but there were few of these bets taken. At a given signal the men darted off amidst the yells of the delighted crowd. For nearly the whole distance the two contestants, who seemed to be straining every nerve, kept side by side, but when within about twenty yards of the goal the Colonel, by dint of extraordinary effort, shot ahead, and won the race. He was now the hero of the hour, and as he walked back to the starting-point, exhausted and almost breathless, he was heartily cheered by the excited spectators. His opponent came up promptly and paid him the fifty dollars, and at the same time challenged him for another trial.

"No, thank you, thir," said the Colonel, as he pocketed the money; "I make it a rule never to run more than one rathe in a day."

He then carefully put on his vest, coat, and hat, placed his cane under his arm, made one of his profoundest bows, and with a pleasant "Good-afternoon, gentlemen," strutted complacently away. That evening he paid his bill at the hotel and took a boat for Nashville.

Colonel W—— used to relate this incident with a relish, and when asked what he intended to do in case he lost the race, he would say, "Well, to tell you the truth, it wath a dethperate cathe; but I had made up my mind that if I didn't win, I would keep on running, and never look behind until I reached Tenneththee."

TALKING against time is common in Congress, but praying against time is the device of a clever Brooklyn child, who will know how to get her rights when she comes in sight of them.

The fire burned low in the Franklin stove, the cat was asleep on the rug, and not a mouse stirred behind the wainscot as the mother wrote by a shaded lamp with a noiseless pen. All the house put on slippers of velvet when little Rose went to bed, for sleep and she were enemies, and she fought him to the last eyelash. Her voice came from the bedroom now with no sound of surrender in it. It was better to be at prayer than to be asleep, and of course no one could reprove her for praying.

"O Lord," said she, "make me good, and let me go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Keep me safe, for I want to go and see Aunt Margaret, and see what I can see. Don't let it hail, or snow, or rain, for I want to go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret very much indeed, and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Make me well so that I can go in the omnibus; please do. Bless grandpa and grandma, Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia and Mr. Charles Swan. Bless papa and mamma, and make us all good, so that we can go to heaven at last, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

There was a short pause, and then the wide-awake, defiant voice went on:

"Keep grandma from dying before she gets here. Don't let anything happen to her. Don't let any bears or wild beasts eat me up.

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Bless grandpa and grandma and Mr. Charles Swan, and Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia."

Another pause, a little longer than the first, and the unconquered began again:

"I long for apples. I long for milk. I long for pie. I long to be good. I wish I had not that cold. I long for some water. I long for some wine. I long for some brown bread. I long for some molasses. I long for some white bread. I long to be a woman. I thank Thee that it did not rain or snow. Give me a clean spirit. Let me be good when papa is here, for it grieves him to have me naughty, and he buys me things—playthings. I have prayed that I should go to sleep. That makes three prayers."

A yawn, a long-drawn breath, and then silence presently announced that the last prayer was answered, and sleep reigned.

DURING the cholera epidemic of 1873 in Kentucky, Lancaster suffered more than any of the other interior towns. At the first appearance of the disease at least four-fifths of the population sought safety in flight, not more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty persons remaining. Of these a majority were colored. The disease raged for about two weeks, and it was a month before it entirely disappeared. There were fifty-two deaths, most of the victims being colored. Mr. T. W. Reed relates an incident of the epidemic which is worth publication.

Among those who remained to battle with the disease, relieve the sick, and bury the dead was an aged negro preacher named Washington Lusk. The white preachers had all gone to places of safety at the news of the first death. One day, after the worst was over, religious services were held at the court-house, at the instance of Mr. Reed (then as now in the revenue service here) and a few other whites. There being no other minister, "Uncle" Washington Lusk was called on to preach. He did preach, and that meeting, according to Mr. Reed's account, was the most solemn assemblage ever convened in Lancaster. The greater portion of the auditors were negroes, and to these, principally, "Uncle" Washington addressed his remarks. He told them that the epidemic was a judgment sent by the Almighty God on the colored race for their wickedness.

"You have been," said the reverend brother, "a-doin' so bad, a-neglectin' ob yo' opportunities, spendin' yo' time in idleness, thinkin' mo' 'bout 'lections than you is 'bout feedin' and clothin' yo' families, stealin' instid ob 'tendin' yo' corn patches, drinkin' whiskey instid ob stackin' wheat, and playin' keards ob nights instid ob bein' on yo' knees a-prayin', dat de Lord done got outen all patience wid you, and sent dis awful calamity on you as a judgment fur yo' sins."

Here the minister paused for a moment and mopped his forehead with an old yellow handkerchief. Then resuming: "Now," he said, "some on yo', 'specially 'mongst de hard-headed ones, may be inclined fur to say dat my remarks is not true, and dat dis eperdemick am not a judgment ob de good Lord, 'cause, yo' will say, some good people hab died along wid a heap ob triflin' ones. Ah, my bredren, dose ob yo' who reason dat way only confesses yo' own short-sightedness. When de Lord carry off dese bad people wid de cholera He bring dem up befo' His judgment-seat fur trial. But de Lord don't condemn no man widout good proof. He gib eb'ry man a fa'r trial. So, fur de eberlasting condemnation ob dese bad people, He reach down here, He does, and summon a few good people here and dar to be *witnesses* ag'in de bad ones!" O. M. B.

AN IDLE IDYL.

A summer afternoon. She stood by the garden gate. He leaned against the weeping-willow a short distance away.

Just then upon a golden flower
A butterfly alighted,
And waved its wings about as though
Exceedingly delighted.
And so it should have been. The day
Was very warm and sunny,
And all the insects whirred and whizzed,
They found such lots of honey.
She slyly caught it in her hand,
And while it gently holding
He languidly approached and gave
Her an æsthetic scolding.
"How can you so? Fie! let it go,
The gem of flying thinglets,
A lesson bearing everywhere
Of Beauty on its winglets."
"Oh, certainly, I'll set it free,
If it will give you pleasure
To see it fly," she said, and soon
Off flew the airy treasure.

A few moments after. He sat beneath the honeysuckle vine. She regarded him from the steps of the porch.

"Behold! how amber grows the grass,"
He murmured. "Soon the reaper
Will come," when on his ear there fell
A many-leggèd creeper.
Upon his feet he quickly sprang,
And to the ground he dashed it,
"A horrid caterpillar! Oh!"
He shudd'ring cried, and smashed it;
"Ah me! ah woe! How could you so?"
She sighed. "The wretched onelet!
It was of some bright butterfly
A daughterlet or sonlet."

MARGARET EYTINGE.

"THEY have discovered foot-prints three feet long in the sands in Oregon, supposed to belong to a lost race." It is impossible to conceive how a race that made foot-prints three feet long could get lost, writes J. H. W., of the Norristown *Herald*.

THE opening of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn recalls the past, and especially that which is narrated below, which has lingered in my memory (says a young contributor) for forty years, but which I have never seen in print. On Fulton Street, on the Brooklyn side, near the ferry, there used to be a bar-

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ber's shop, where, in addition to the usual pole, there hung over the door a large sign, on which was printed in large letters the lines below. The parody can hardly be surpassed, not simply in neatness, but in the fact that the entire sense should be so altered by so few verbal changes. These are the lines:

Turn, *stranger*, turn; thy *beard* forego,
Nor idly pass along.
Man wants but little *hair* below,
Nor wants that little *long*.

That barber ought to have been heard from—perhaps he has—in a higher sphere of life.

A TEACHER in one of the primary classes at Malden, Massachusetts, had been teaching the little ones under her care the meaning of horizontal and vertical lines, and the difference existing between them. A few days after the lesson a little five-year-old fellow staid at home with a cold. His father at night said to him,

"Why, Charlie, what is the matter with you?"

"A back-ache," answered Charlie.

"A back-ache! What, for a little fellow like you! What kind of a back-ache have you?" asked the father.

"Horizontal," was the reply.

THE president of one of the Boston horse railways is trying to apply the civil service reform rules to his employés. The other day Job Doolittle, a green down East chap, walked into the office and asked if they wanted a conductor. The president said no, and that they had one hundred applicants waiting for a chance. The president asked him what he knew about the duties of conductors. Job said in reply that he never saw a horse-car until he came to Boston, but he had been packing sardines down in Maine for two years, and if that was not a good training he did not know what more was wanted. The president, it is needless to say, put him at the head of the list of applicants.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

I CAN not tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travellers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day";
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

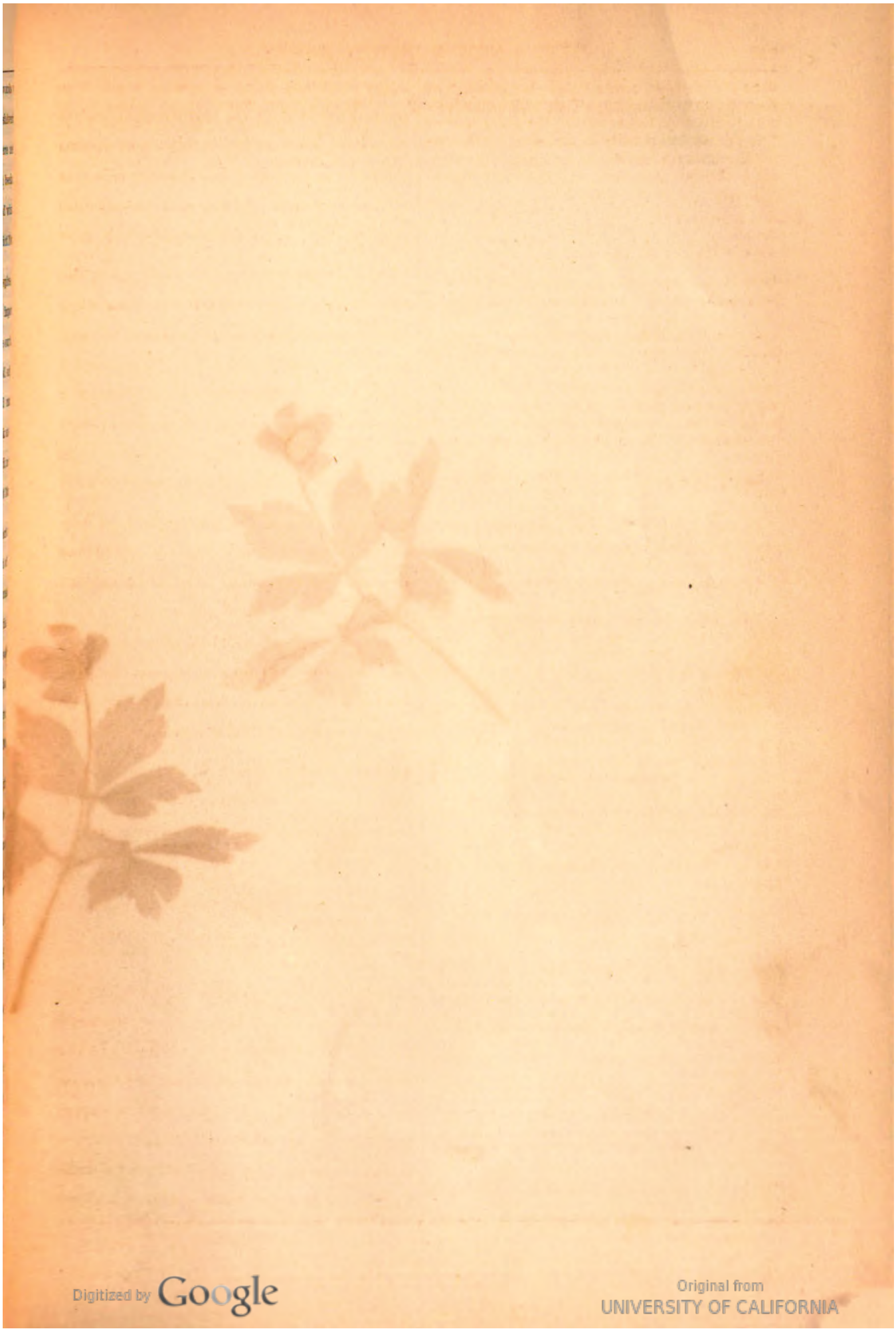
You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we can not find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer);
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

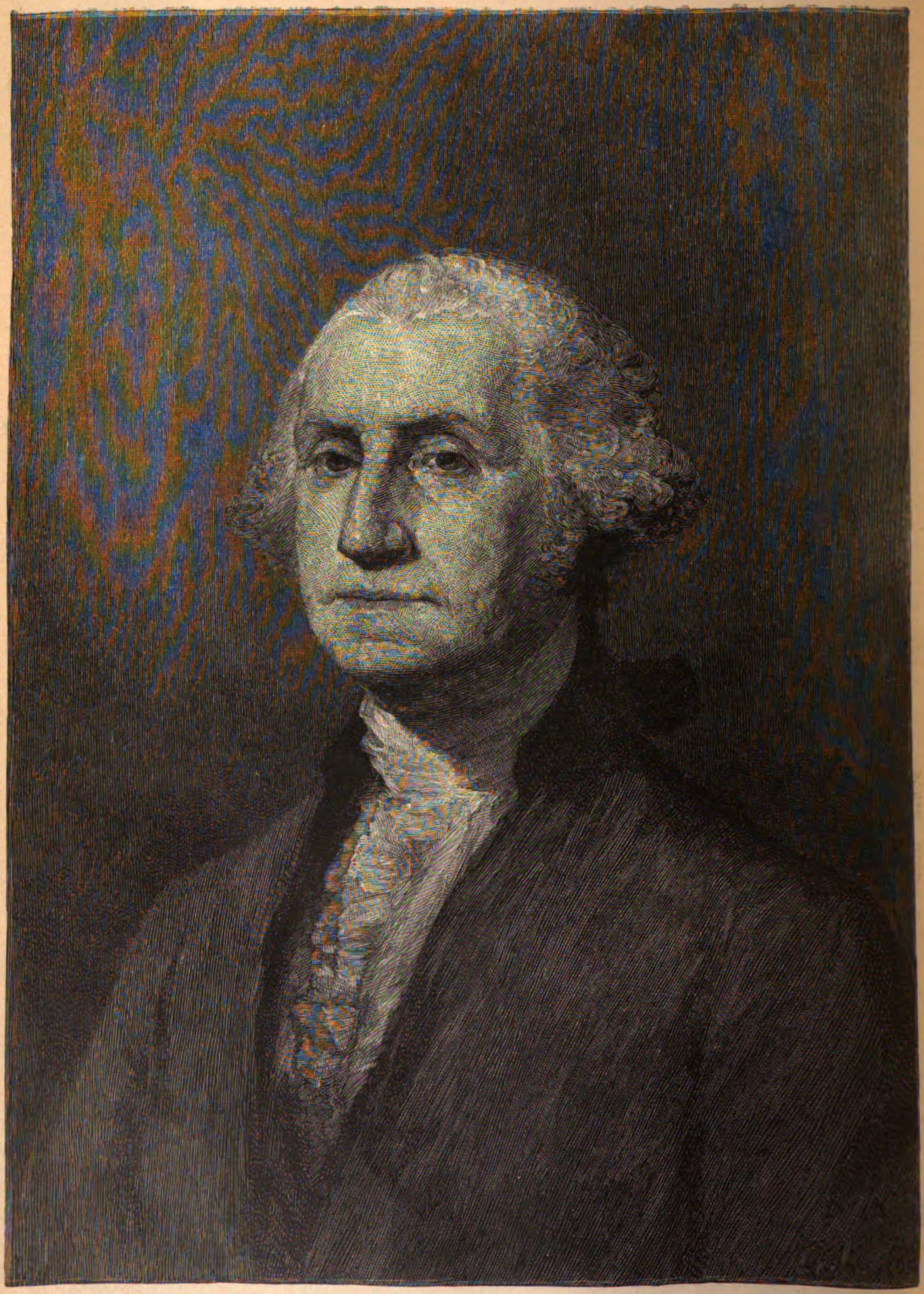
So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

WILL CARLETON.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Engraved by G. Kruell from the painting by Gilbert Stuart in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCI.—OCTOBER, 1883.—Vol. LXVII.

LAST DAYS OF WASHINGTON'S ARMY AT NEWBURGH.

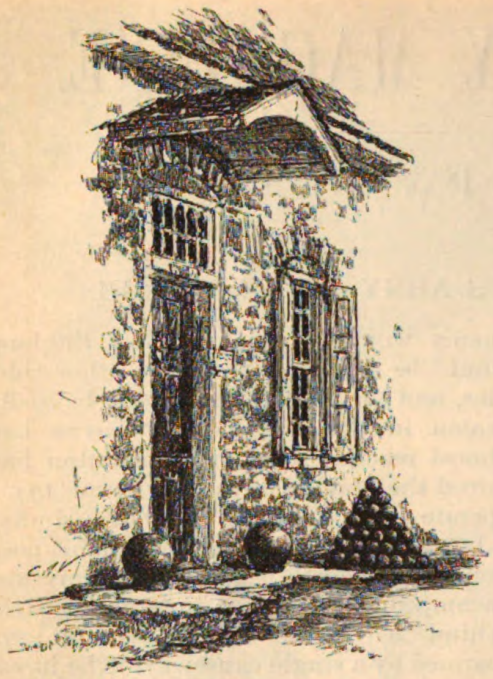
THE same reasons which induced Washington to make his head-quarters at Newburgh during the latter part of the Revolutionary war made it an important spot from the outset of the struggle. New England, through her open port and her own resources, furnished the chief material for carrying on the war. The British, occupying New York and patrolling the Hudson up to the Highlands, cut off the direct communication between it and the army under Washington in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The next nearest route was by way of Fishkill and Newburgh. Hence loaded teams were constantly arriving at the former place, which, being ferried across the river, took their tedious way back of the Highlands south to the army.

When the news of the battle of Yorktown and surrender of Cornwallis reached England, the government seemed paralyzed. Lord Germain took it to Lord North, the Prime Minister, and when asked how the latter received it, replied, "As he would a bullet in his heart." Flinging up his arms, he strode backward and forward across his apartment, exclaiming, "Oh God, it is all over! oh God, it is all over!—it is all over!" Parliament met two days after, and the strength of the opposition showed that in all probability it *was* all over. The news of this state of things did not reach this country till winter, and so, as soon as spring opened, Washington, leaving Rochambeau to protect New Jersey, joined the American army which had been ordered to march to Newburgh. With the army of Cornwallis gone, Sir Henry Clinton, shut up in New York, was in a condition to effect nothing except with his ships up the Hudson. This river, therefore, must be protected at all hazards, for, if hostilities should be resumed, its possession by the enemy would be fatal, as New England would be separated from the other colonies, and the two sections could be easily beaten in detail. Once, Burgoyne had almost reached Albany, and Clinton had forced the passage of the Highlands to cooperate with him. To prevent a similar catastrophe Washington took up his position at Newburgh. The main army was encamped some two or three miles back, behind a morass, which Washington spanned by a single causeway. The house in which he took up his head-quarters stands on a bluff that overlooks the Hudson for eight miles to West Point. From this outlook he could ascertain at once when the enemy's ships broke through the barriers constructed there and began to ascend the river, and take such steps as he deemed necessary. The house, standing to-day just as it did then, is a quaint building, with a great pointed roof much higher than the body of the house. It is built of stone, with walls two feet thick, and contains six rooms besides the kitchen on the first floor, and five above. The roof is sustained by long timbers of red cedar, rough hewn, which to this day give out the delicate perfume of this wood. The main room on the first floor is low, with heavy rough-hewn timbers supporting the floor above, and is known, and has been for a century, as "the room with seven doors and one window." On one side is a huge open fire-place big enough to roast an ox, and on the hearth-stone of which one can look up through the tall chimney and see the sky above.

Some three miles south, back on the high ground, were the head-quarters of Knox and Greene, a house apparently modelled in its exterior after that occupied by Washington. Those of most of the other generals were strung along on a ridge opposite the slope on which lay

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ENTRANCE TO WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

encamped the army in huts. Wayne's was to the north of Newburgh. Thus it will be seen that Washington's head-quarters, situated on a bluff sloping down to the river, was to the other head-quarters and to the army like the pivot of the diverging rays of a fan. No arrangement could be better for the speedy dispatch of orders to every part of the army. The history of the army during the year and a half it lay here may be divided into two parts—first the year of leisure, idleness, and comparative indifference, and the last six months of excitement, filled with great events until the army disbanded. Of course as the prospects of peace brightened, the strict discipline of the army relaxed, and the intercourse of the army with the people grew more intimate, and hence the domestic life of Washington and the officers became better known. Consequently many incidents of a private, social character have been handed down by tradition. It is only a few years since two men, one a major in the artillery, and the other a member of Washington's Life-Guard, both nearly a hundred years old, died a few miles back of Newburgh, one of whom has grandchildren still living in the old homestead. As to Washington, the routine of his life here furnished but little incident. His breakfast was a very informal meal, after which he ordered up his horse, and, attended by an orderly or his negro servant Bill, rode over to the head-quarters of some of his generals. His lunch was free to all of his officers, but the dinner at five was a very formal affair, and every guest was expected to appear in full dress. If the guests had not all arrived at the precise hour, he waited five minutes to allow for the variation in the watches, and then would sit down to the table. The chaplain, if present, would say grace; if not, then Washington would say it himself, he and all the guests standing. If Hamilton was present he did the honors of the table; if not, then one of the aides-de-camp.

The dinner usually consisted of three courses—meat and vegetables, followed by some kind of pastry, and last hickory-nuts and apples, of which Washington was very fond. The meal lasted about two hours, when the table was cleared off, and the leaves taken out so as to allow it to be shut up in a circle, when Mrs. Washington presided, and from her own silver tea service served the guests with tea and coffee, which were handed round by black servants. Supper was at nine, and the table remained spread till eleven. It consisted of three or four light dishes, with fruit and walnuts. When the cloth was removed each guest in turn was called on for a toast, which was drank by all, followed by conversation, toasts, and general conviviality. General Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came out with Rochambeau as his aide, with the rank of major-general, travelled over the country, and published an account of his travels. In this he speaks of his visits to Washington, and describes these entertainments as delightful, and says that "General Washington toasted and conversed all the while," and adds, "The nuts are served half open, and the company are never done eating and picking them." Washington entertained a great deal. Not only French officers, but the leading statesmen of the country visited him to consult on the state of affairs. Baron Steuben's head-quarters were on the Fishkill side of the river, and he frequently came over to drill the Life-Guard in military tactics, with a view of making officers of them, should the war continue. Their encampment was just back of head-quarters.

On these occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several

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WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.

guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the state of the finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the Treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said, "Why, are you not financier? Why do you not create funds?"

"I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What!" said the baron; "you remain financier without finances? Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said, 'Baron, I am your cook, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string, and do as well as I can. You have promised me ten dollars a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged, and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

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Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

On another occasion Mrs. Washington, with whom he was a great favorite, asked him how he contrived to amuse himself over at Fishkill, so much alone.

"Oh," said he, "I read and write, my lady, and play chess; and yesterday for the first time I went fishing. They told me it was very fine business to catch fish, and I did not know but this new trade might be useful to me by-and-by; but I fear I shall not succeed. I sat in the boat three hours. It was exceedingly warm, and I caught but two fish. They told me it was fine sport."

"What kind of fish did you catch, baron?" she asked.

"I am not sure, my lady," he replied; "but they called one of them a *whale*, I believe."

"A whale, baron, in the North River!" she exclaimed, in apparent surprise.

"Yes, I assure you; a very fine whale, my lady. Was it not?" he asked, turning to one of his aides.

"An *eel*, baron," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon, my lady, but the gentleman certainly told me it was a whale."

A burst of laughter followed, in which none joined more heartily than Washington.

Washington was accustomed to hold a levee every week, while the officers took turns in giving evening parties; and not to mortify those who were too poor to furnish expensive entertainments, it was resolved that they should consist only of apples and nuts. There was no dancing or amusement of any kind except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song. Once Mrs. Knox broke over the rule, and gave what at that time was considered a grand ball, which Washington opened with the beautiful Maria Colden of Coldenham. She and Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, the latter two living near Old Paltz, were great belles in the sparsely settled country, and the three wrote their names on a window-glass with a diamond ring, and there they remain to this day.

Clinton, it is known, made many attempts to capture Washington, believing that if he was taken prisoner the war would be brought to a successful close. He well knew that he was the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day to the struggling patriots, and that the news of his being a prisoner in the hands of the British would not only totally dishearten the impoverished colonists, but palsy the energies of their friends in the English Parliament. How many schemes were attempted we shall probably never know. We only know that Washington received many letters warning him of his danger. He doubtless had many narrow escapes, the plans of the enemy being thwarted either by the warning that he received, or from unforeseen circumstances —all the work of that Divine Providence that from his first entrance into the army had watched over him. That he has not left a record of some of these in detail is not very singular when we remember the character of the man; but the following has been handed down by the inhabitants residing near these headquarters at the time. No road at this period ran along the river from Newburgh south to New Windsor, though both are on its shore, and only a mile apart. A bold bluff one hundred feet or more high made an almost precipitous descent to the river nearly the entire way, rendering the construction of a road a very difficult and expensive work. But midway between the two places the Quassaick Creek burst through this heavily wooded bluff, and plunged into the river between banks more than a hundred feet high, revealing a dark and gloomy gorge.

Two or three hundred feet from the shore this chasm swung back on one side in a huge semicircle, inclosing a sweet little valley which is known as the Vale of Avoca. In this secluded valley lived a man named Ettrick. Behind his house the hill rose gradually, and stretched away to the west, the chasm gradually lessening in depth, till at the distance of half a mile or more it became so low and narrow that it was spanned by a bridge. Though Ettrick's house lay within short cannon-shot of Washington's head-quarters, and in a line almost directly south, and about the same distance from the river, it required a circuit of nearly two miles to reach it by road. The tide set up the creek close to the dwelling, and a boat from it could be sent by strong rowers into the Hudson in five or ten minutes. In an hour more it could be carried into the gorge of the Highlands, and in less than an hour after to the British ships that lay below West Point. In fact, a boat well

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MARTHA WASHINGTON.—From portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

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VALE OF AVOCA.

manned could get within British protection in less than two hours after leaving Ettrick's house. It will be seen, therefore, that if Washington could be decoyed into Ettrick's house and captured, he would be under the British guns before ever he was missed at his own head-quarters. The plan was to have a strong guard come up in the night and lie concealed in this gloomy gorge, and seize Washington while at dinner in Ettrick's house, to which he had been invited. Ettrick professed to be a warm patriot, though some looked on him with suspicion. Whether he was really a traitor from sympathy with the Tories or became corrupted by British gold is not known. He was visited stealthily by Tories, and his daughter overheard them talking together one day about taking Washington prisoner. Soon after, her father told her that he had invited Washington to dine with him on a certain day. She immediately connected this with the conversation she had overheard, and suspected it was a plot to capture Washington. She at once sought a private audience with the latter, and telling him her suspicions, requested him not to come to dinner. He, however, determined to ascertain definitely if there was such a black-hearted traitor within his lines, and within hearing of the bugles of his own head-quarters. So on the day appointed he rode around to Ettrick's, but ordered a detachment of his Life-Guard, dressed in English uniform, to follow at some distance, and never lose sight of the house, and at about the dinner hour, which was late, to march up to it. They did so, and Ettrick, mistaking them for the British and Tories, stepped up to Washington, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "General, I believe you are my prisoner!" "I believe not, sir; but you are mine!" was the reply, as the Life-Guard filed rapidly into the room. He was immediately marched off and locked up. This threw the daughter into a paroxysm of grief. She had not anticipated such a result. She had given no positive information—simply told her suspicions to Washington, and asked him to stay away from dinner. She did it to save

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Washington and spare her father, but not to bring the latter to the gallows; and she besought the former not to repay her fidelity by hanging her father. If it had been a personal matter he could easily have forgiven it, but the blow was aimed at his country, and that he would not have forgiven in an only son. Still, every instinct of his heart revolted against rewarding so cruelly the devotion of the daughter. His whole noble, chivalric nature was aroused when she besought him not to repay her for saving his life by devoting her to a fate infinitely worse than death. It was an act that it was simply impossible for him to do, and though terribly pressed by the sense of duty to his country, he resolved to keep the whole matter secret, except perhaps as he consulted with a few personal friends, and released the traitor on the condition of his leaving the country. This he accepted, and fled to Nova Scotia, and nothing is known of his subsequent fate.

There has been some question as to the truth of the above legend, on the ground that so important an event in Washington's life would have been on record, and not be a mere local tradition. But, in the first place, Washington would naturally have taken special pains to keep it from publicity, so that if it ever saw the light it must be through tradition. He was placed in a perplexing position in which duty and honor stood arrayed against each other, and he had to choose between the two. The treason of Arnold was still fresh in the heart of the army and people, and neither Congress nor himself would be able to resist the demand for vengeance. Hence it was important that the incident should be kept secret, and it was. Afterward more important events and the conclusion of peace would naturally drive it out of the minds of the few who knew it, or they, knowing Washington's wishes on the subject, did not speak of it. No one looking at the spot, and taking in the whole situation, would doubt its probability. The completeness of the plan shows it to have been carefully studied. Besides, the tradition is as well authenticated as any of those connected with the old head-quarters which have been incorporated into the accepted history of those times. He had doubtless many other quite as narrow escapes, which even tradition has not preserved, and which find no place in history.

Besides the levees held by Washington once a week, and the social gatherings inaugurated and given to amuse the officers, he issued an order recommending to the troops to make regimental gardens for the purpose of raising greens and vegetables for their own use. Passes were given to the soldiers to range the country for seeds, and advertisements were inserted in the papers for them to be delivered to the quarter-master to be equally distributed. Washington's wife set the example, and had a large vegetable garden laid out on one side of these head-quarters and a flower garden on the other, both of which she superintended herself. Remains of the brick-lined paths of the latter were visible till within a few years.

But as the months went on and the prospects of peace became more certain, this social every-day life and these quiet occupations were overshadowed by momentous events on which hung the destiny of the country. Both officers and men were getting very restless over the prospect be-



VIEW SOUTHWARD FROM WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

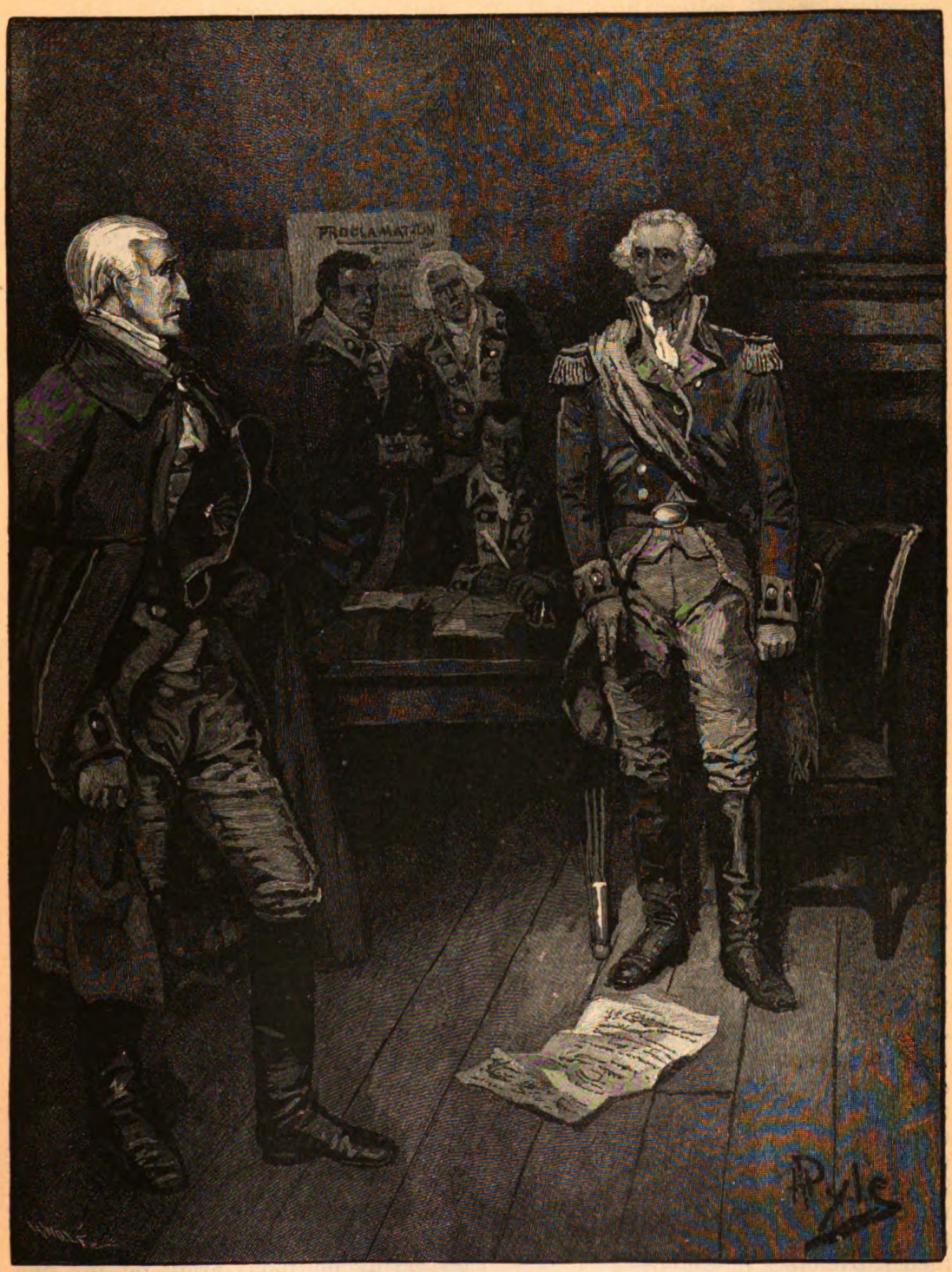
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fore them, and indignant at the neglect of Congress to pay them their wages and provide for their wants, while their families were suffering at home. Murmurings deep and loud were constantly borne to Washington's ears, till he became alarmed. Many of his best officers shared his anxiety. Now, just as day was dawning and independence about to be secured, everything seemed to be tumbling in chaos about them, threatening a state of things worse than their former condition as colonists. In the uncertainty and dread which surrounded them the officers instinctively turned to Washington for safety. A paper embodying their views was drawn up, and Colonel Nicola—an old officer held in high esteem and confidence by Washington—was selected to present it. Riding up to the head-quarters one morning, he asked to see Washington on important business. Conducted into his presence, he presented him with the paper. This document, after describing the perilous state of feeling in the army and the dangerous aspect of affairs, and showing the necessity of settling at once on a form of government, now peace was assured, showing also that it must be a strong one, took up the several forms of government in the world, discussed the good and bad features of each, and summed up by declaring that a republican government was the most unstable and insecure of all, and a constitutional monarchy, with certain modifications, like that of England, the strongest and the safest; and continued, "such being the fact, it is plain that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of the army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother path of peace." In short, it declared that he alone could uphold the nation he had saved by his valor, and offered to make him dictator, and concluded by saying that, "owing to the prejudices of the people, it might not at first be prudent to assume the title of royalty, but if all other things were adjusted, we believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king." When Washington had read this paper the light died out of his eyes, and a look of inexpressible sadness stole over his countenance. Had he borne and suffered so much for these seven long years to have it all end in this? The emotions that crowded his heart and shook his strong soul to its centre may be gathered from the sudden burst of indignation with which this proposition to make him king was received. "Sir," said he, "it is with a mixture of surprise and astonishment I have read the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrences in the course of the war have given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischief that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, as you have regard for your country, for yourself, or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind."

When one reflects how evenly balanced and self-controlled Washington's nature was, he can conceive somewhat how terribly moved he must have been when he exclaimed, "it is with a mixture of surprise and astonishment" that he has heard such sentiments expressed. Though he had suffered long and deeply, and at times stood the only pillar of fire that towered through the impenetrable darkness, when hope had died out of all other hearts, yet "no occurrences" through all those years of distress and gloom had given him "more painful sensations." That which in all other military chieftains would have awakened pride and exultation, fills him with sorrow and indignation. The compliments with which they accompanied their proposal were to his soul of honor insults. To suffer and die for his country was his pride and glory; to betray her, a crime beyond his imagination to conceive. But all those mingled emotions give way before the terrible peril that threatens "his country," and there comes back like a mournful refrain, "the greatest mischief that can befall my country." History furnishes no parallel to this, and the little room in which he penned this immortal letter should be consecrated forever.

In Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, was settled the question of national inde-

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WASHINGTON REFUSING A DICTATORSHIP.

pendence; in these old head-quarters it was decided whether we should be a republic or not. No spot on earth represents a more momentous event, or one more worthy to live in eternal remembrance in the hearts of the people of this country.

But Washington by his lofty patriotism had warded off one danger to his country only to be confronted by one still

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OLD ELLISON HOUSE.*

more appalling. He had been offered the kingship and refused: the army must now look to itself for protection. He would not go with them: then they must go on without him. The army with its pay withheld, Congress deaf to its petitions and indifferent to its wants, and yet its dissolution near, when it would be powerless to act, grew wrathful and mutinous.

Washington heard the deep mutterings of the gathering storm around him. The following strong language, in a letter to the Secretary of War, shows how imminent was the peril and how deeply he was moved. Said he: "Under present circumstances, when I see a number of men goaded by a thousand stings of reflections on the past and anticipations of the future about to be turned on the world, forced by penury and by what they call the ingratitude of the public, involved in debt, without one farthing to carry them home, after spending the flower of their days, and many of them their patrimonies, in establishing the freedom of their country, and suffering everything this side death—I repeat it—when I consider these irritating circumstances, without one thing to soothe their feelings or dispel their prospects, I can not avoid apprehending that a train of evils will follow of a very serious and distressing nature.... You may rely upon it the patriotism and long-suffering of this army is well-nigh exhausted, and there never was so great a spirit of discontent as at present." What a terrible state of things must have existed that could wring such strong language from the prudent, self-contained Washington, and what an extraordinary position did this man occupy! When his faithful army, in view of their suffering condition and the helplessness or indifference of the government, asked him to become king and take charge of them and the country, he turned on them with a fierceness that was appalling, as if they were traitors to freedom. The next moment he turned on that government with equal sternness for its cruel treatment of that army of long-suffering, noble patriots. He stood alone between a starving mutinous army on the one side and an inefficient blind Congress on the other, assailing and defending both by turns, and with a lofty patriotism and far-seeing wisdom, acting only for his country. But his appeals to both were of no avail, and as winter with its increasing suffering came on, the low rumbling of the coming earthquake grew louder,

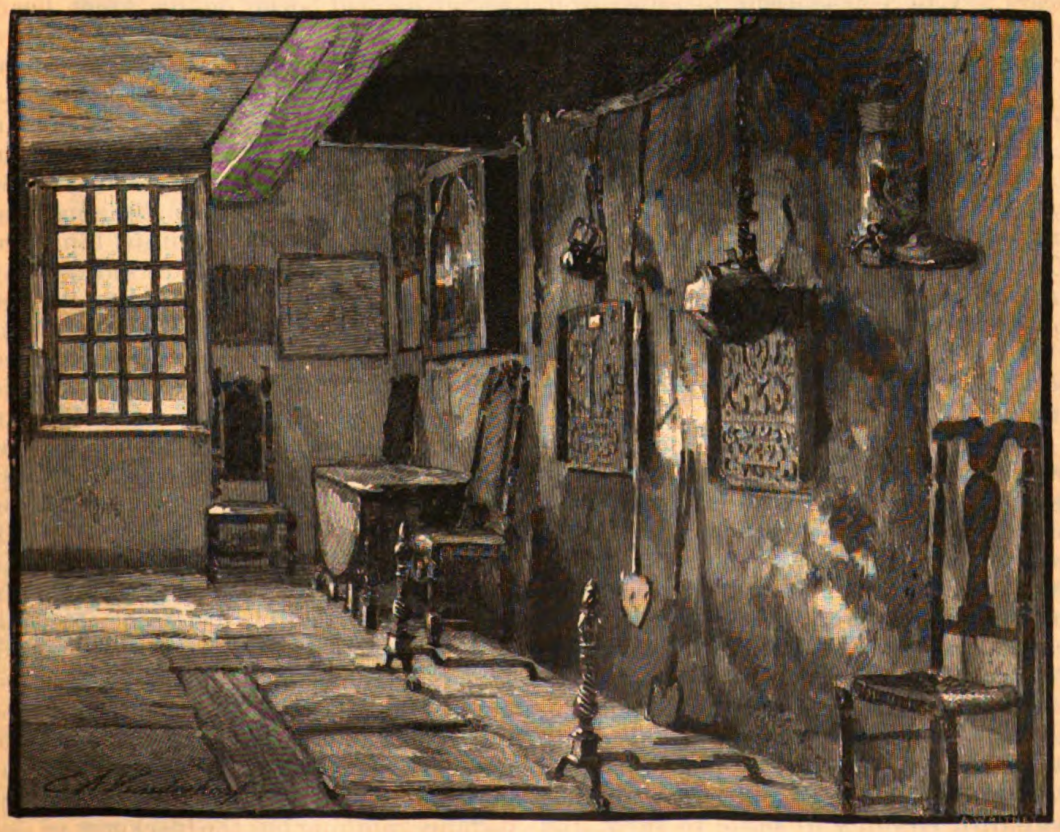
* Twice during the war, Washington, while on a visit to that wing of the army operating in the Highlands, made the old Ellison house in New Windsor his head-quarters for a short time. But the mansion has long since disappeared, and the old homestead been converted into a brick-yard.

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and fearful of a convulsion that would bury everything in indiscriminate ruin, he got the officers to assemble and appoint a committee to visit Congress and lay before it their grievances and ask for redress. But Congress, though full of conditional promises, refused to do anything till the separate States were consulted, which meant, of course, till peace was secured and the army disbanded and powerless.

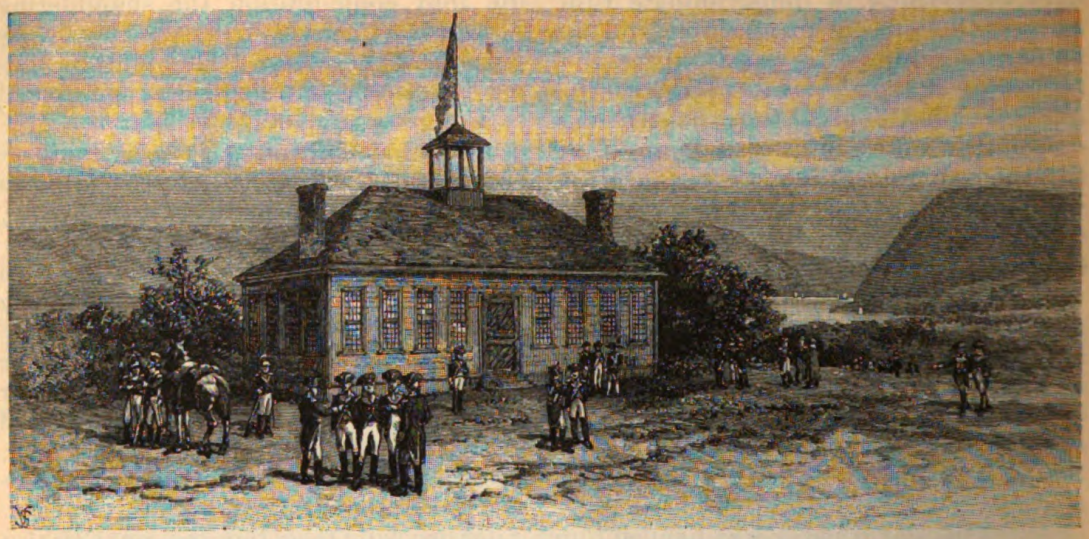
When this committee returned and reported its ill success, the murmuring grew louder and deeper, and Washington saw an abyss opening before him whose depths he could not fathom. What shape the dark shadow of coming evil would take he did not know; he only knew it was near at hand. At last it took definite form. One day a paper was handed him that had been freely circulated through the army, calling on the officers to assemble the next day at the "Temple" to decide on the measures the army should take in the present disastrous condition of things. This paper bore no signature, but was evidently written by an able hand, and was well adapted to arouse and kindle into conflagration the smouldering fires in the army. This was plainly the purpose of the writer. He began by stating how ineffectual had been their appeal to Congress, and declared that the government had shown itself totally indifferent to their rights, and it was folly to trust longer to its sense of justice, saying, "Faith has its limits as well as its temper, and there are points beyond which neither can be stretched without sinking into cowardice or plunging into credulity." He then took a rapid survey of the past, spoke of their devotion to their country, their unparalleled sufferings and hardships endured without a murmur, and then in a series of scornful questions asked them how they had been rewarded. After arousing their indignation with this recital of their wrongs, and the contemptuous treatment with which their humble petitions had been received, he burst forth:

"If this be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary to the protection of your country, what have you to expect from peace when your voice



INTERIOR OF WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

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THE TEMPLE.

shall sink and your strength dissipate by division, when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of your military distinction left you but your infirmities and scars? Can you consent to retire from the field and grow old in poverty, wretchedness, and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the remnant of that life to charity which has hitherto been spent in honor? *If you can, go and carry with you the jest of Tories, the scorn of Whigs, and, what is worse, the pity of the world. Go, starve and be forgotten.*" Growing bold in his indignation, he swooped down on Washington himself, and exclaims, "*Suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance.*"

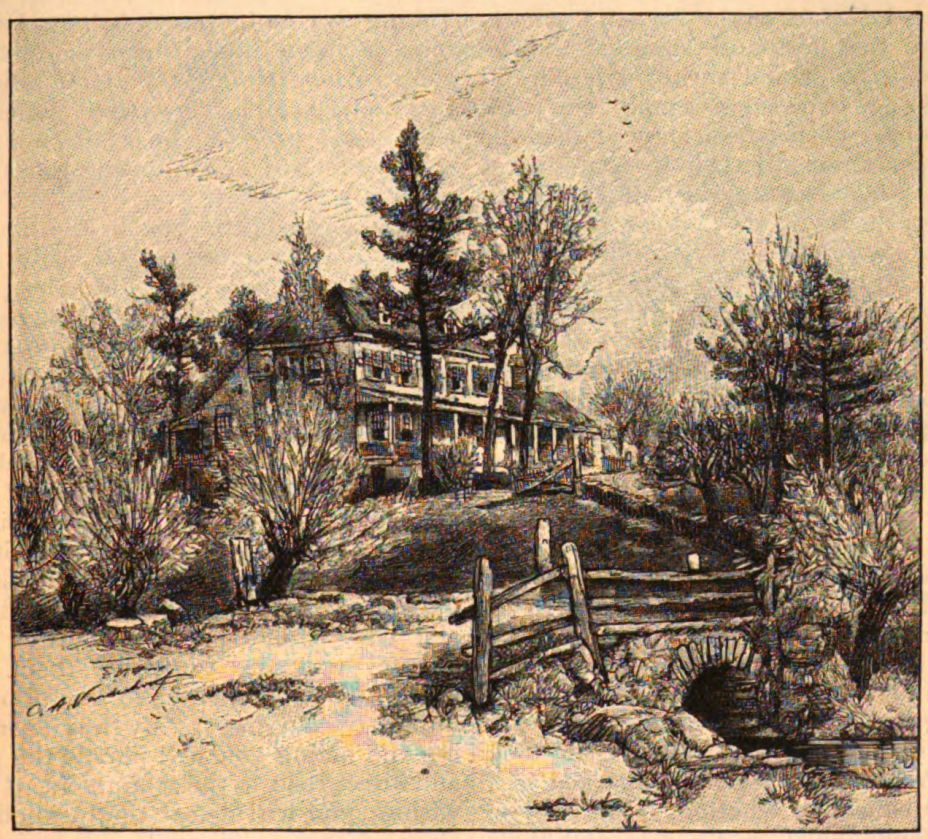
"If you revolt at this," he added, "and would oppose tyranny under whatever garb it may assume, awake, attend to your situation, and redeem yourselves. If the present moment be lost, every future effort will be in vain, and your threats will be empty as your entreaties are now." He closed this stirring appeal with this direful proposition: "Tell Congress that with them rests the responsibility of the future; that *if peace returns, nothing but death shall separate you from your arms; if the war continues, you will retire to some unsettled country to smile in turn, and 'mock when their fear cometh.'*"

These fiery words fell on the excited feelings of the army like fire on gunpowder. A frightful gulf had opened at the very feet of Washington, and he gazed with a beating heart and like one stunned into its gloomy depths. These brave men whom he had borne on his great heart these seven long years were asked to throw him overboard at last! Must it be, then, that the stormy and bloody road they had travelled together so long was to end in this awful abyss in which home and country and honor were to go down in one black ruin? As he looked on the appalling prospect his heart sank within him, and he afterward said it was "the darkest day of his life." Not in the gloomy encampment of Valley Forge, when he gazed on his half-naked, starving army dying around him, did the future look so hopeless. No lost battle-field ever bore so terrible an aspect. But what was to be done? The meeting had been called for the next day, so that there would be no time for passion to subside or cooler counsels to prevail. Should he forbid the meeting, as he had the power to do? No; the army was in no temper to submit to dictation. Besides, if he did, the evil would not be remedied. He must have something more than obedience; he must win back the love and confidence of the army, or all would be lost. He well knew that when that army once broke away from him in anger and defiance, nothing but the blackness of desolation awaited his country. With that

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wonderful sagacity which in him seemed like prophecy, he simply issued an order postponing the meeting until Saturday, four days in advance, and designating the rank of the officers that should compose it. This would give him time to mature his plans. He then summoned to his head-quarters his most trusted officers to consult on the proper course of action. It was a cold, chilly day, and the great open fire-place was heaped with blazing logs, before which Washington was slowly pacing when the generals, one after another, rode up and dismounted at the door. Wayne, Putnam, and Sullivan entered one after another, Steuben rode up from over the river, and Knox and Greene from New Windsor, and others, until they formed a noble group around their great chieftain. Of that deliberation no record has come down to us, but if the walls of the old room could speak, they would utter words of noble devotion and patriotism that would stir the heart like a trumpet call. It was determined that Washington should attend the meeting and open it in person. This deferring the meeting till passion could subside, and the resolution to practically take charge of it in person, was a grand stroke of policy. It broke the whole force of the movement at the outset.

The morning of the 15th of March dawned sombre and bleak, and the leaden clouds hung heavy and dark over the wintry landscape. The snow still lay on the mountain-tops and in the deep hollows as Washington and his staff turned away from these head-quarters and began slowly to climb the hill back of Newburgh toward the "Temple," a frame building that stood in an open clearing. It was a large structure which had been erected as a place of worship for the army. As he approached it, absorbed in painful, anxious thought, he saw the open space around it filled with horses in military trappings held by orderlies or hitched to the trees, showing that the officers had already assembled. On an opposite ridge across a morass, peeping



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERALS KNOX AND GREENE AT VAIL GATE.

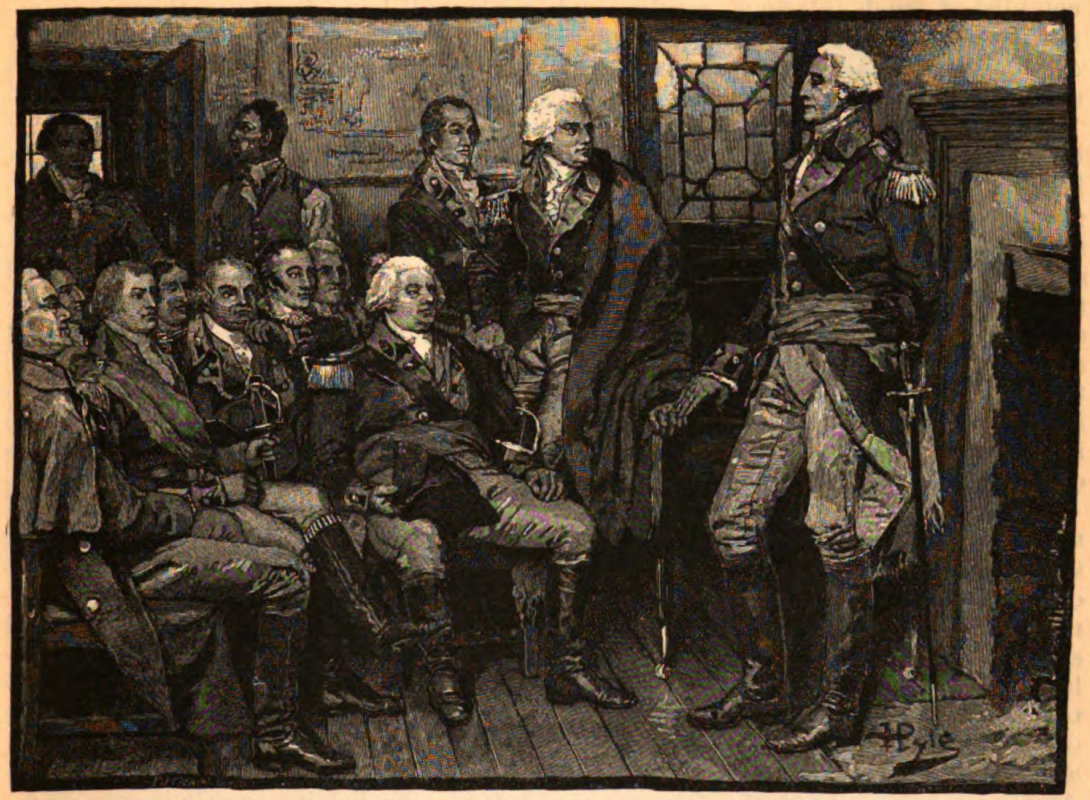
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out from among the trees, were scattered the huts of the encampment, where the army, half clad, half starved, and unpaid, lay murmuring and discontented. His eye rested for a moment upon them with a sad expression; then, dismounting and handing his horse to an orderly, he entered the building, packed with an anxious, waiting audience. Every eye was turned as that tall majestic form passed through the door and moved toward the raised platform at the other end of the room. His heavy footfall on the uncarpeted floor fell clear and distinct as the blows of a hammer in the profound silence. As he stepped upon it and turned around and cast his eye over the assembly, the painful sadness of his face showed that his great heart was stirred to its profoundest depths, and sent a thrill of sympathy through the room. As his eye swept over the throng he knew every countenance of those who composed it. They had been his comrades for seven long years. Shoulder to shoulder they had moved beside him in the deadly conflict. He had heard their battle-shout on the fields of his fame as they bore him on to victory. Brave men were they all, on whom he had relied, and not in vain, in the hour of deadly peril. A thousand proofs of their devotion came rushing back on his memory, and their toils and suffering rose before him till his heart swelled over them in affection and sorrow. He could have no words of rebuke for them—only words of love and sympathy. Absorbed in his feelings he forgot his spectacles as he unrolled his manuscript. Pausing he took them from his pocket, and remarked, in a tone subdued by emotion, "These eyes, my friends, have grown dim, and these locks white in the service, yet I never doubted the justice of my country." They were simple words, but the sad, suppressed tone in which they were uttered sent a thrill through the room, and lips quivered and eyes moistened that had never blanched in the fiercest whirlwind of battle. He began this immortal address by referring to the anonymous writer of the appeal, and denouncing his conduct and advice in unsparing language, and then with a changed voice spoke of the army, its sufferings and devotion, of his own deep abiding attachment to it, saying that he had always been its "faithful friend"; had never left it except when called away by duty, but had ever been its companion in distress and danger; that he had rejoiced when he heard it praised, and was filled with indignation when it was traduced; that his own fame was inseparably bound up in its glory, and that it could "not be supposed that at this late stage of the war he was indifferent to its interests," and pledged himself then and there anew to see all their wrongs redressed, all their rights established. As his deepening voice re-asserted his love for the army and steadfast adherence to its fortunes, eyes unaccustomed to weep overflowed with tears. Taking fire, as he proceeded, at the infamous advice to take up arms against their country, he exclaims, "My God! what can this writer have in view in recommending such measures? Can he be a friend to the country? No; he is plotting the ruin of both!

"Let me conjure you in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, as you regard the military or national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes under any specious pretense to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire in blood." He urged them to exhibit the same steadfast patriotism and devotion to duty that had ever characterized them, and wait patiently for the justice their country was sure to render them. He closed this noble address in the following impressive language: "By thus determining and acting you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes; you will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies, who are compelled to resort from open force to secret artifice; and you will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the most complicated sufferings, and you will by the dignity of your conduct afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind: Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human virtue is capable of attaining."

With a stately bow he descended the platform and walked out of the building. As he passed through the door, Knox immediately arose and moved that the thanks of the officers be tendered to the commander-

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WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS IN CONSULTATION, MARCH 15, 1783.

in-chief for his address, and to "assure him that the officers reciprocated his affectionate expressions with *the greatest sincerity* of which *the human heart is capable.*" Other resolutions followed, which were unanimously carried. The deed was done, the rising storm sank to rest, and the terrible crisis was past. It was no figure of speech when he said that the course advised by this anonymous writer would drench this rising empire in blood. Civil war would inevitably have followed, the divided colonies easily fallen again into the hands of England.

Washington rode back to his headquarters, and received with a relieved and happy heart the congratulations of his officers.* The rumors of peace that now from time to time reached the army were at length confirmed, and on the 11th of April Congress issued a proclamation that hostilities had ceased, but Washington did not make it known till the 18th. In the earlier years of the war men had enlisted for a certain time, but this time often expiring at the beginning or in the middle of a campaign, it caused great confusion and often disaster, so that at length they were enlisted for the war; and Washington was troubled lest the men should construe this proclamation as ending the war, and demand their immediate discharge. Still he saw it could not be kept secret, and he issued an order on the 18th of April announcing it.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, NEWBURGH, *April* 18, 1783.

"The commander-in-chief orders the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain to be publicly read to-morrow at 12 o'clock at the new building, and the proclamation which will be communicated herewith to be read to-morrow evening at the head of every regiment and corps of the army. After which the chaplains with the several brigades will render thanks to Almighty God for all His mercies, particularly for His overruling the wrath of men to His own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations."

* It was afterward discovered that this dangerous appeal was written by Major John Armstrong, an aide-de-camp of Gates. It is but justice to say that after Washington became President, he, after hearing Armstrong's vindication of himself, acquitted him of acting from treasonable motives.

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He then goes on to say that having accomplished such glorious results, and preserved such a noble character through all their trials, and immortalized themselves by receiving the appellation of the "Patriot Army," nothing more remains but to maintain that character to the very last act, and close the drama with applause, and retire from the military theatre with the same approbation of men and angels which has crowned all their former virtuous actions. To secure this end, he says, strict discipline must be maintained until Congress shall order their final discharge. He promises them his aid and influence, but in the mean time is determined that "no military neglects or excesses shall go unpunished."

After giving directions about preparations for the celebration, the proclamation concludes with the following significant sentence, which doubtless conveyed more meaning to many a poor half-starved soldier than all the high compliments that had preceded it: "An extra ration of liquor to be issued to every man to-morrow, to drink perpetual peace and independence and happiness to the United States of America."

Accompanying this proclamation for a day of jubilee, which is an excellent example of Washington's remarkable sagacity, he issued the next day the following order for another celebration, that has only recently come to light, and shows that, considering the poverty of the soldiers and citizens at that time, it must have been on a grand scale:

NEWBURGH HEAD-QUARTERS, *April* 19, 1783.

To erect a frame for an illumination the several corps of the cantonment are to square and deliver at the new building, on Monday next, the following pieces of timber, viz.:

	Pieces.	Feet Long.	Inches Square.
Maryland Detachment	29	30	7
Jersey Regiment	5	30	7
Jersey Battalion	2	30	7
First New York Regiment	2	30	7
Second New York Regiment	3	30	7
Hampshire Regiment	8	18	7
Hampshire Battalion	3	18	7
First Massachusetts Regiment	9	18	7
Fourth Massachusetts Regiment	8	18	7
Seventh Massachusetts Regiment	4	18	7
	4	19	7
Second Massachusetts Regiment	8	19	7
Fifth Massachusetts Regiment	4	19	7
	8	8	7
Eighth Massachusetts Regiment	16	8	7
Third Massachusetts Regiment	2	14	7
	3	15	7
	6	11	7

Here are more than a hundred pieces of timber, all but a few from thirty to nineteen feet long and seven inches square, for a frame on which to hang lights. This would be considered a gigantic operation at the present day even. But who in the Continental army could get up such a display? This is explained by the following order issued the next day. "Each commanding officer of a brigade is requested to appoint an officer to assist Colonel Gouvion in making preparations for the illumination. Colonel Gouvion will meet the officers at 12 o'clock to-morrow at the new building." It is seen that a French officer familiar with such displays got up the affair, and as Continental money was so worthless it would take a cart-load to buy a chicken, it is fair to presume that French money paid for it. A busy scene followed. Where now are richly cultivated farms, great forests stood, which were soon filled with soldiers; and laughter and song mingled with the sound of the axe and crashing of trees—felled not for the purpose of building breastworks, but for the celebration of peace. *Seventeen regiments and battalions* swarming the woods, some hewing the timbers and others bearing them on their shoulders to their place of destination, made an exciting scene. Their arms were left in their huts, and though many were shoeless and in rags, cold and wet were alike forgotten in the approaching day of jubilee.

Although the first formal celebration was to commence at 12 o'clock with prayer, an anthem of praise accompanied by the band, and followed by three thundering huzzas, the excited soldiers could not wait till then, but ushered in the day with firing of guns and shouts and songs till hill and valley rang again. Heath says that the effect was grand when the army with excited voices thundered forth the anthem "Independence," by Billings:

> "The States, O Lord, with songs of praise
> Shall in Thy strength rejoice;
> And, blest with Thy salvation, raise
> To heaven their cheerful voice."

And from plain and hill-top, field and forest, there rose strong and great against the sky,

> "And all the Continent shall ring,
> Down with this earthly king;
> No king but God."

When night came the piles of combustible materials that had been heaped on the summits of Berean Mountains and

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BEACON-FIRES ON THE HUDSON IN CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

Storm King to signal the advance of the enemy were lighted up, not to herald the approach of the foe, but blazed from their lofty tops like great altar fires to the God of peace.

In June furloughs were granted, and the army dwindled away. Still a

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portion was left to guard the stores and remove them when peace should be established. Besides, there were a great many invalids; many had no homes to go to; many were in rags and not fit to be seen on the highways; and others who had no means of getting away, and could travel only as beggars, preferred to remain behind and wait for their long-promised pay.

But at length the treaty of peace was concluded, and the army must be disbanded. This was the last and most touching act in the whole drama. The joy of the celebration was now forgotten in the sadness of parting and the gloomy prospect before them. On the morning of the 3d of November the few remaining troops assembled for the last time, and here

> "In their ragged regimentals
> Stood the old Continentals,"

to hear the farewell address of their great leader. Never more would they behold him in their midst, never again see him ride along their firm-set lines, the light of battle in his eye, and words of encouragement on his lips. Years of common suffering and common danger had endeared him to them, and in the sorrow of that final parting the joys of peace were remembered no more. When the reading was finished, the band struck up the tune of "Roslyn Castle," which was always played when they bore a dead comrade to his grave, and as the mournful strains lingered on the air they broke ranks for the last time, and the last of the glorious Revolutionary army disappeared from sight forever, but yet to live in the memory and affection of the country they saved, and be again summoned in imagination from their graves in these centennial years to receive the plaudits of their descendants. The scene that followed was heart-rending. Many a gallant officer whose sword had flashed along the line in the smoke of battle must now give it up, and penniless beg his way as a pauper to his long-abandoned and impoverished home.

Says Dr. Thatcher, who was present: "Painful was the parting; no description can be adequate to the tragic exhibition. Both officers and soldiers, long unaccustomed to the affairs of private life, were turned loose upon the world. Never can the day be forgotten when friends and companions for seven years in joy and sorrow were torn asunder without the hope of ever meeting again, and with the prospect of a miserable subsistence in the future."

Major North, another witness of the painful scene, says: "The inmates of the same tent for seven long years grasped each other's hands in silent agony; to go they knew not whither; all recollection of the art to thrive by civil service lost, or to the youthful never known; their hard-earned military knowledge worse than useless, and to be cast out into the world by them long since forgotten; to go in silence and alone, and poor and helpless. It was too hard. Oh, on that sad day how many hearts were wrung! I saw it all, nor will the scene be ever blotted from my view."

The brave, kind-hearted Steuben looked on the scene with pitying eyes. Seeing Colonel Cochrane, a brave, gallant officer, standing apart and leaning on his sword, while his face expressed the deepest sadness, he approached him and said, "Cheer up; better times are coming."

"For myself," replied the officer, "I can stand it; but," pointing to a mere hovel near by, he added, "my wife and daughters are in that wretched tavern. I have nowhere to carry them, nor even money to remove them."

"Come, come," said the baron; "I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochrane and your daughters;" and leaving him standing alone, he strode away to the tavern, where he found the ladies sunk in despondency. The sight was too much for the brave old veteran, and emptying his purse on the table, he hastened away to escape their tears and their blessings.

Some left by water in sloops, and some on foot, and soon the last tent was struck, and the flag that had swung for more than a year and a half from this old building was taken down, the last morning and evening gun had been fired, and silence and solitude fell on the place.

The brave men, scattered over the country they had saved, were impoverished, and smarting under the sense of injustice on the part of the government, and would have been left in doubt and uncertainty as to their future course but for the farewell address of Washington. These his last parting words to them became a law of action, a chart by which to guide their conduct, and through its silent, unseen influence the dangerous, turbulent element, that at one time threatened to be too strong even for Washington, became tranquil, un-

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til the nation, slowly lifting its head out of its sea of troubles, arose strong and complacent and secure.

This farewell address, dated the day before the disbandment of the army, after speaking of the proclamation of Congress to that end, and its testimony "to the merits of the federal armies," says:

"It only remains for the commander-in-chief to address himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United States (however widely dispersed), and to bid them an affectionate and long farewell. But before the commander-in-chief takes his final leave of those he holds most dear, he wishes to indulge himself a few moments in calling to mind a slight review of the past. He will then take the liberty of exploring with his military friends their future prospects, of advising the general line of conduct which in his opinion ought to be pursued, and he will conclude the address by expressing the obligations he feels himself under for the spirited and able assistance he has experienced from them in the performance of an arduous office.

"A complete attainment (at a period earlier than could have been expected) of the object for which we contended against so formidable a power can not but inspire us with astonishment and gratitude. The disadvantageous circumstances on our part under which the war was undertaken can never be forgotten. The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobserving; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States through almost every possible suffering and discouragement for the space of eight long years was little short of a standing miracle.

"It is not the meaning nor is it within the compass of this address to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which in several instances have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season, nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer and soldier must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred by a recollection of the uncommon scene in which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness—events which have seldom if ever before taken place on the stage of human action, nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has ever before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who that was not a witness could imagine that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon, and that men who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who that was not on the spot can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

"It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic who will exclude them from the rights of citizens and the fruits of their labor? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuit of commerce, the cultivation of the soil, will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers who were actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment, and the extensive and fertile fields of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. Nor is it possible to conceive that any one of the United States will prefer a national bankruptcy and a dissolution of the Union to a compliance with the requisitions of Congress and the payment of its just debts, so that the officers and soldiers may expect considerable assistance in recommencing their civil occupations from the sums due to them from the public, which must and will most inevitably be paid.

"In order to effect this most desirable purpose, and to remove the prejudices which may have taken possession of the mind of any of the good people of the United States, it is earnestly recommended to all the troops that with strong attachment to the Union they should carry with them into civil society the most con-

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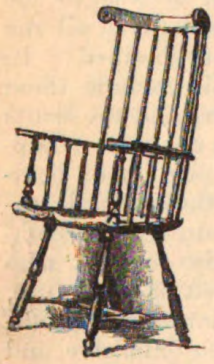
COFFEE-POT AND PISTOL TAKEN FROM THE HESSIANS AT TRENTON.



RELIC OF BUNKER HILL.



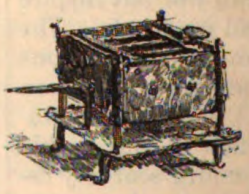
SOLDIER'S KNIFE AND FORK.



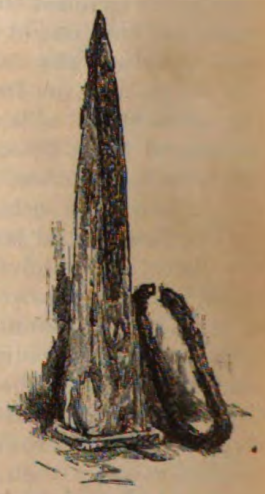
WASHINGTON'S CHAIR.



LADY WASHINGTON'S BRIDAL WATCH.



CAMP BROILER.



POINT OF CHEVAL-DE-FRISE AND LINK OF CHAIN.

RELICS IN WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

ciliating disposition, and they should prove themselves not less virtuous and useful citizens than they have been persevering and victorious soldiers. What though there should be some envious individuals who are unwilling to pay the debt the public has contracted, or to yield the tribute due to merit, yet let such unworthy treatment produce no invectives nor any instance of intemperate conduct. Let it be remembered that the unbiassed voice of the free citizens of the United States has promised the just reward and given the merited applause. Let it be known and remembered that the reputation of the federal armies is established beyond the reach of malevolence, and let a consciousness of their achievements and fame still incite the men which composed them to honorable action under the persuasion that the private virtues of economy, prudence, and industry will not be less amiable in civil life than the more splendid qualities of valor, perseverance, and enterprise were in the field. Every one may rest assured that much, very much, of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend on the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And although the General has so frequently given it as

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his opinion in the most public and explicit manner that unless the principles of the Federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the nation would be lost forever, yet he can not help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leave it as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier who may now view the subject in the same serious point of light to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow-citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes on which our very existence as a nation so materially depends.

"The Commander-in-chief conceives but little now wanting to enable the soldiers to change the military character into that of the citizen but that steady and decent tenor of behavior which has generally distinguished not only the army under his immediate command, but the different detachments and separate armies through the course of the war. From their good sense and prudence he anticipates the happiest consequences, and while he congratulates them on the glorious occasion which renders their service in the field no longer necessary, he wishes to express the strong obligations he feels himself under for the assistance he has received from every class and in every instance. He presents his thanks in the most serious and affectionate manner to the general officers as well for their counsel on many interesting occasions as for their ardor in promoting the success of the plans he had adopted; to the commanders of regiments and corps and to the other officers for their great zeal and attention in carrying his orders promptly into execution; to the staff for their alacrity and exactness in performing the duties of their several departments; and to the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers for their extraordinary patience and suffering as well as their invincible fortitude in action. To the various branches of the army the General takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes that more than bare professions were in his power, that he were really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

"And being now to conclude this his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors both here and hereafter attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others! With these wishes and these benedictions, the Commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene will be closed forever."

The casual reader, or one who does not comprehend fully the circumstances at that time or the purpose for which it was written, will see in this address only good fatherly advice, without any particular significance or force. But there never was an address more carefully studied, or filled with a loftier purpose, nor better adapted to produce great and decisive results. It was designed to hold that scattered, impoverished army within those safe bounds without which all would be lost, and which Congress could not do. Washington knew the dangerous temper in which that army had been disbanded, its hatred to that government which must be upheld by them, or all that had been won would be worse than useless, and yet a government for which they had neither love nor respect, but instead scorn and contempt. This was a perilous state of things, and there was nothing to hold these neglected and often reckless men but their unbounded love and veneration for Washington. He had proved its great strength when the Newburgh letters convulsed the army, and this was his last effort to employ it for his country. Though he had condemned that government in unsparing language, and told it plainly that its conduct imperiled the "very existence of the nation," yet he now defended it. With all its injustice and weakness, there was nothing else to look to; he therefore "leaves it as his last injunction to every officer and soldier" to support it. He makes every possible appeal to them. He reaches the consciences of these Puritan soldiers by telling them that their wonderful success is a standing miracle, brought about by Providence being on

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their side, thus making them look away from themselves to that Being they had been taught to reverence. He tells them that the only way to enjoy the priceless blessings they have won is to prove themselves as wise and prudent citizens as they have been brave and self-sacrificing soldiers; in short, to show themselves as great in peace as they have proved great in war. He tells them of his own unbounded love for them, and promises over again that justice shall be done them in the future, and their claims satisfied. How completely he sinks himself, the great central figure, out of sight! He does not refer to his own sacrifices or achievements. He sees only his country, and thinks only of her welfare, and his whole soul is bent on keeping that army which has followed his fortunes so long true to its interests. Viewed in this light it stands unparalleled as a farewell address from a military chieftain to his soldiers, and shows a sagacity and far-seeing glance that seems more like prophetic vision than human foresight, and displays in the strongest light the great and lofty traits of his character.

After he has thus put in their hands a chart to guide their future course, and laid down the only principles on which they can safely act, after having done all in his power to serve and save his country, he at last lets his thoughts revert alone to their bravery, their toils and devotion, and as he contemplates his final parting with them forever, his heart gives way to a burst of affection; and he bids them farewell with a benediction and prayer for their welfare that shows how deeply that great heart was moved.

As one rises from the study of this address, viewed in connection with the times and purpose for which it was written, he says, with Fisher Ames: "Of those who were born, and who acted through life as if they were born not for themselves but for their country, how few, alas, are recorded in the long annals of the ages! Two Washingtons come not in one age."

DALECARLIA.

II.

FREE from the oppressive dictation of a guide-book, we wandered far into Dalecarlia, wherever the picturesqueness of people or landscape led us, regardless of the conventionalities of travel. The long days of midsummer, with no darkness and little twilight, followed one another like a succession of day-dreams, for no arbitrary nature drove us to bed or summoned us to rise. At midnight we were sometimes working on sunset-color studies or sitting at the window reading. We started for our day's walk an hour after supper, sleeping when we were sleepy, and eating when we were hungry. How long a man accustomed to a lower latitude could endure the dissipation of this irregular life we did not discover, for our experiment was not long enough to fix the limit of our endurance. For a while at least it was an agreeable change, and we looked forward to dark nights with no pleasant anticipation. There came continually to mind the complaint of the thrifty New England housewife, who, although rising at dawn, and continuing her work by evening candle-light, never thinks her day half long enough for the hundred duties that are crowded into it. But the Dalecarlian farmer doubtless finds his working hours as many as human nature can endure, for he is obliged in this short season to make up for the long and dark winter, when candles are lighted in the middle of the afternoon, and the cattle do not leave the barns for months. The farm-boy hitches up the horses to harrow at ten o'clock in the evening; toward midnight the carts laden with hay rumble along the village streets, and there are sounds of life all night long. Even the birds scarcely know when to cease singing, and their twitter may be heard far into the evening. Rise when you like in the morning, and you will always find the farmer already at work. In the heat of high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door jamb or is stuck in the shingles of the low porch. The laborers come in for their dinner after hours of dusty work in the fields. A huge copper pot is brought out in the middle of the court-yard and filled with water. The girls take off their kerchiefs and bathe their arms and necks, huddling together in the shade of the porch. Men follow, and repeat the oper-

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INTERIOR OF A FARM-HOUSE.

ation. Then the girls dip their feet in the bath, and dry them on the embroidered towels hanging in the sun, and finally the men and boys likewise finish their dinner toilet in the same water. The meal is a simple one—porridge, milk, unleavened bread, and perhaps some dry or pickled fish. Weak fermented drink is handed round in a clumsy wooden firkin, with side and cover painted or carved two generations ago. At the close of the meal they sit around the room and sing a hymn together before they return to the fields. Everything in the house is of the most primitive order. In the single large room on the ground-floor are chairs made of hollow tree trunks, tables of rough-hewn planks turn up on folding legs against the side of the room, and there are bunks in the wall with curiously carved and painted trimmings. Beside the rude stone fire platform, where the smoke curls up under an overhanging hood, stands the well-worn chopping-block, where during the long evenings of the winter months the farmer sits by the hour splitting kindling-wood and whittling. From the smoky beams overhead hang tools, baskets, and poles draped with great bunches of folded rye bread, about the appearance and texture of coarse brown paper. To lighten up the dull-toned interior the farmer's wife has hung her embroidered towels and brilliant coverlets along the front of the straw-filled bunks, and spread a richly colored piece of soft home-woven wool over the painted chest where the Bibles and hymn-books are carefully stored. On the floor she has sprinkled fresh birch leaves or stretched a piece of home-made rag carpet. Geraniums and roses bloom in the long low window, where the green-toned glass set in lead lets in a mellow light. The rakes which hang by the door are whittled out of tough wood. The beer mug, the old hand-mangles, and the saddle-bows are carved in grotesque forms or covered with intricate ornamentation. Among the few pieces of coarse crockery is found perhaps a quaint silver cup, and sticking in the same rack with the clumsy wooden ladles is a battered but serviceable silver spoon

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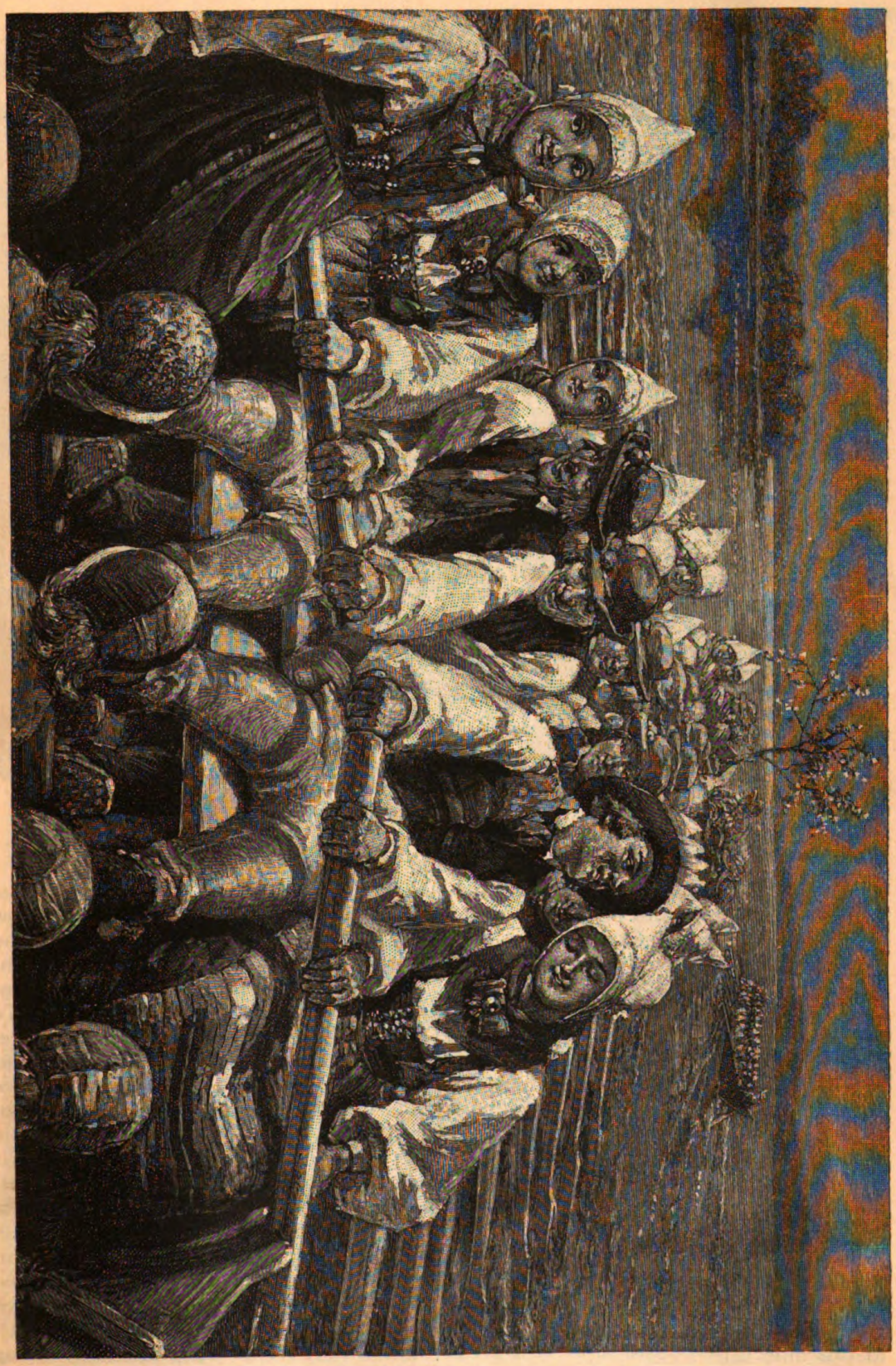
which has fed a half-dozen generations. The only literature in sight is a bundle of Swedish newspapers from far-off Minnesota, carefully preserved, and read again and again.

The treasure of the farm is kept out of sight in the attic rooms, scrupulously guarded from the attacks of insects and the hands of mischievous children. This treasure is the wardrobe. No farmer so poor but has his Klädekammare, in which is gathered all the store of linen and woollen cloth, the product of feminine industry, the holiday garments of summer and winter, the wheels and reels and implements for domestic manufacture of textiles. This room is as sacred as a sanctuary. There is the odor of fresh linen and the fragrance of dried leaves as the door is opened. The floor is as clean as scrubbing can make it; no trace of fly or spider is seen on the low window which dimly lights the room. Along the rafters are nailed cords or slender birch poles, and on these rows of snow-white chemises are arranged methodically along, graduated in size. Below these bodices show in ranks of blazing red, and the heavy black petticoats hang against the wall. Clusters of beautifully starched caps fill the corners, and regiments of shoes stand all along the floor under the eaves. On the other side are the men's clothes, and the wonderful sheep-skin garments for winter use, the wool as white as swan's-down, and the hide as soft as chamois. The clumsy great-coats of the men, the sheep-skin petticoats of the women, and the numerous fleecy dresses of the children are carefully hung in rows, with all wrinkles rubbed out, and no spot or stain to mar the creamy surface of the dressed hide. It is with no small degree of pride that the farmer's wife displays these treasures, the accumulation of many years, and the result of many a long winter's patient work at spinning-wheel and loom. When Sunday comes the toil-stained garments are laid aside, and the sweet, fresh holiday costume is put on for the day. But the farmer's wife, who on Sunday stands as prim and stiff in her starched linen as the figures in old portraits, wears at her every-day work the simple costume of rough homespun, or the dress which years before her mother used to wear to church. Her husband finds at his work in the fields the modern costume cheaper and more comfortable than the complicated and formal dress which the parish fashion requires, and perhaps during the week he dresses but little different from any other working-man. Thus degeneracy of the distinctive costume gradually creeps in, and probably in another generation the Klädekammare will exist no more.

Before the extensive use of steamboats on the waterways around Stockholm the Dalecarlian girls were accustomed to come to the capital in great numbers each season to row the passenger boats from point to point in the neighborhood of the city. This custom still exists to some extent, and the visitor may be rowed by a buxom peasant girl to an island restaurant, or across an arm of the lake. The girls have lost none of the moral independence and the remarkable physical strength which have since the beginning of Swedish history distinguished their ancestors. In the large cities they are found to-day mixing mortar, carrying burdens, and rowing boats quite as easily as the men, and quite as acceptably to the employers. The most famous boatwomen are the girls of the parish of Rättvik, whither we had rambled in the search of the mythical midsummer dance.

One Sunday morning we watched the people as they landed from the church boats, and drew them up on the shore like the Vikings of old. During the long church service we hid ourselves away in a high-backed pew, where we thought we should be unobserved at our sketching. We carelessly left a vacant pew between us and the wall, and soon we had an eager spectator looking over our shoulder, and only sitting down when he took out his snuff-box and stowed a great pinch inside his under lip. We attempted to hide our work from his eye under the very shallow pretense of attention to the prayer-book, but he whispered in a hoarse stage tone, "Don't mind me; I've seen a good deal of this thing before." He then installed himself as our protector, and kept all others out of the pew beside or behind us. When, before the sermon, the pastor walked down the aisle, our friend gave a timely caution for us to hide our books and look innocent. The drone of the sermon and the heat of the day had their natural consequences, and if the contribution collectors had not poked a bag on the end of a long pole under the noses of the sleepers occasionally, the hard breathing might have rivalled the cries of the babies.

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RACE BETWEEN CHURCH BOATS.

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THE KLÄDEKAMMARE.

When the service was over we translated to our mentor the information that was destroying our peace of mind, and he assured us with perfect calmness that in the village of Vikarby across the lake there would be a dance that very night. He furthermore went on to detail the beauties of the festival, and to dilate so eloquently on the attractiveness of the peasant girls that we were weak enough to believe him, and were unhappy until we found a means of conveyance to that same village. It was distant across the lake perhaps two miles and a half, and quite four times as far away by the dusty hilly road. The church boats had come overloaded to the water's edge, and no small boats were to be had. We had just made up our minds to walk, encouraged in this enterprise by the sight of a great crew of pretty girls putting off in one of the Vikarby boats, when the people began to fill the second one. It was quite as elastic as an American horse-car. When it was filled overfull, a half-dozen laggards came down to the shore and calmly piled themselves in. This addition to the freight apparently made no difference at all. We took courage from this incident and resolved to try it ourselves. The third and last boat was rapidly filled up, and we boldly went down and asked to be taken to Vikarby. A place was rapidly made for us in the bow– a small place, but still as much as anybody had—and off we went.

The moment we were clear of the shore the forty oars struck the water together, and began the stroke in perfect rhythm. The immense weight of the people caused the frail craft to quiver and settle, and for a moment it almost seemed as if she must sink lower. But with the first strong strokes she felt alive and leaped forward, swelling her sides like some heavy-breath-

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ing monster. The rival boats of the village had a little the start of us, and our crew was determined to reach the village as soon as they. The excitement developed rapidly as we darted out into the deep water of the bay. How the lithe oars bent, and how the gunwale creaked and shivered! The old helmsman kept his eye on the leading craft, and steered with a firm hand, now and then noting the progress by a word or gesture of encouragement. Ten thwarts held four rowers each, two girls and two men, the latter sitting in the middle and holding the end of the oar. Every space on the gunwale between the oars was occupied by a woman, the stern held a mass of children and adults packed closely, and even to the high stem the bow was wedged in solidly with men and women. Altogether we counted very nearly a hundred souls.

The day was very warm, and a bright sun threw up a painful reflection from the water. The girls took off their kerchiefs and pulled the harder; the men paused one by one to doff their jackets, and then worked with the more vigor, the perspiration running from their faces. On the thwart near us sat a young couple who took the opportunity at every recovery of the stroke to speak to one another or to glance into each other's eyes. When she smiled he threw himself with redoubled energy on the oar. She on her part sometimes hid her heated, blushing face in the full sleeves of her outstretched arms. It was perhaps the only chance during the week of speaking to one another, for the social etiquette of Dalecarlia forbids the young men to notice the young women in public places, and only condones conversation on the sly. This was not the only little pastoral drama on the boat, for other plump damsels and muscular youths were becoming intimate as they tugged at the same oar. Truly age and experience had the helm, but young love propelled the boat.

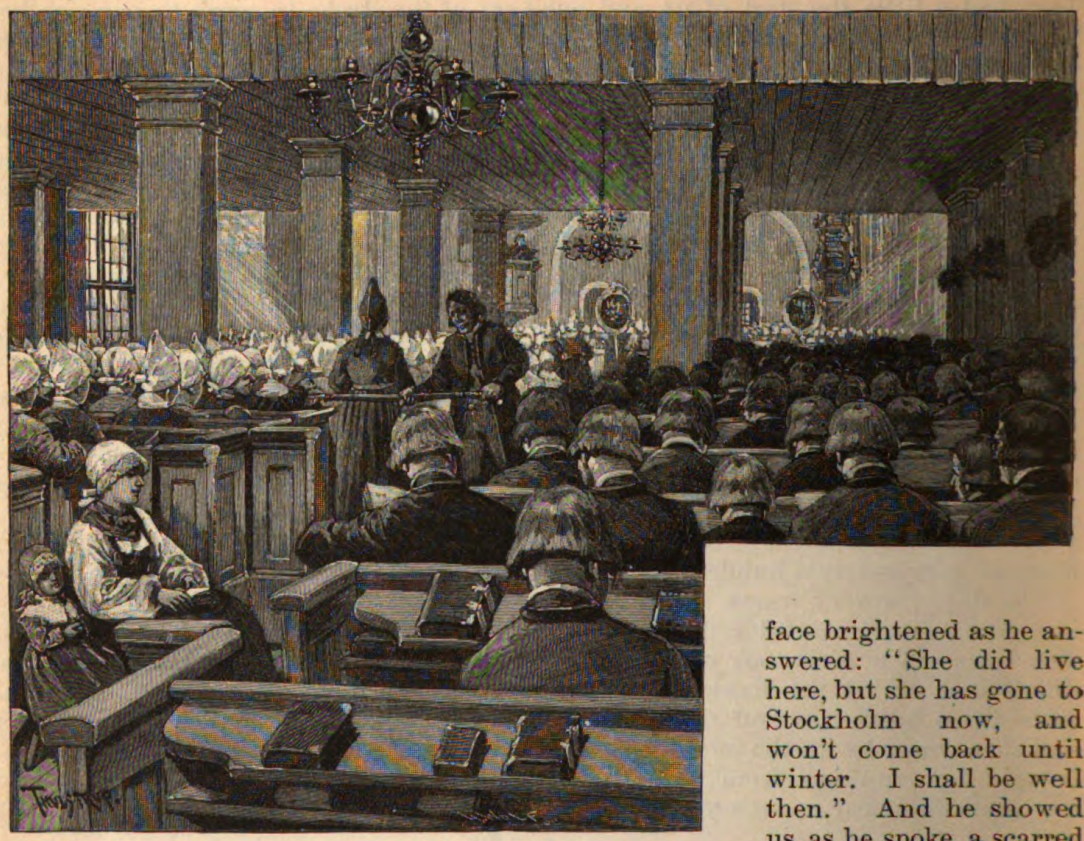
On the same thwart with the young lovers sat a man of middle age with his wife beside him. As he let go the oar to take off his jacket he turned and said, in the best of American: "It's an awfully hot day! Don't you think so?" He had spent half his life on a Western farm, and had come home to live in comparative ease.

Thrilled by the excitement of the race we watched the distance between the boats



RÄTTVIK CHURCH.

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IN RÄTTVIK CHURCH.

grow smaller and smaller, and as we were stern and stern with them we ran upon the shingly beach. Out tumbled crew and passengers with the same impulse, and the boat was instantly housed under the long shed.

We strolled up through the grain to the village, where we were to await the expected festival, and sought along the rows of log-houses for the home of a Dalecarlian girl connected with the Stockholm Society of the Friends of Manual Arts, which we learned in the boat was in the village. We were directed to a house where brilliant red paint had been plentifully applied on all sides. Knocking at the door we heard at first no response, but later a faint "Stig in!" Entering the living-room we saw in a wooden box bed under the window the figure of a boy of perhaps sixteen years lying in the sunlight, with the shadows from the house plants flickering on the linen. He explained that he had charge of the house, but that his mother would soon return. We asked if Greta lived there. His pale face brightened as he answered: "She did live here, but she has gone to Stockholm now, and won't come back until winter. I shall be well then." And he showed us, as he spoke, a scarred and emaciated leg, explaining that he had been in bed for eighteen months; that the doctor lived nearly twenty miles away, and had only seen him once or twice since the accident had happened which shattered his leg. "But," he cheerfully assured us, "I am better now, and shall soon be out." Soon two little girls scarcely as old as the invalid came in and out by the bedside bringing flowers and a few playthings to amuse him with. Their ruddy, sun-browned faces under the quaint pointed caps contrasted strongly with the pallor of the blonde boy as he lay in the sunlight. It was a touching little genre picture.

The mother and sister of Greta shortly came in, and gave us a hearty welcome. The former began to make no stranger of us by taking off her Sunday clothes. We sat and fidgeted, and knew not whether to run away or to stay and affect not to notice her. Before we had fairly time to decide she had stepped out of a couple of woollen petticoats, taken off a thick bodice, the pointed cap with two under-caps, the clumsy conventional shoes and the shapeless stockings, and stood in her che-

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mise and cotton petticoat, with her hair twisted closely around the top of her head. The pristine innocence of the operation disarmed our modest remonstrances, and we found ourselves accepting the situation as a matter of course. Nothing would do after that but we must eat and drink, and shortly milk and beer, eggs and bread, were set before us. Then the stout daughter was sent to pilot us to see the marvels of the town, notably a large and fine old interior, with quaint bunks and buffet, and a four-hours-old baby packed away in a box like so much market stuff.
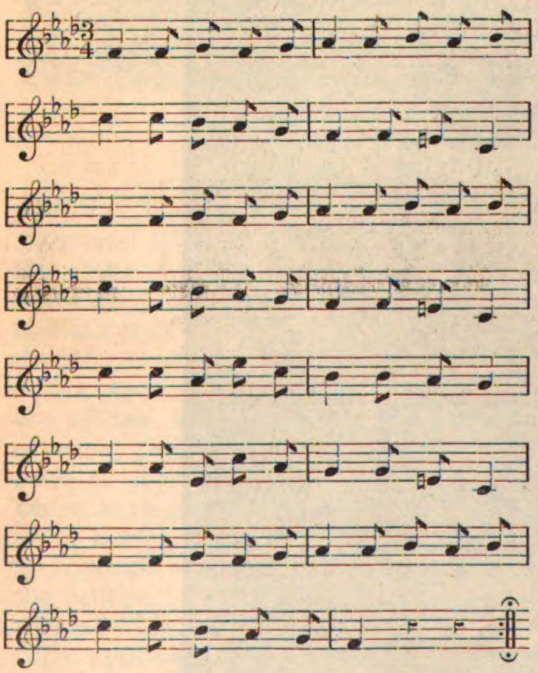


GRETA.

The long afternoon was ended, the cows were milked, and the village gossips were all busy in the shadows of the houses, but no sound of music was heard, and no preparations for the festival were visi-

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ble. Every one whom we interviewed on the subject "allowed" that there might be a dance, but no one knew anything definite about it. We haunted the cross-roads where the May-pole stood, until the lake grew cool and purple in the quiet light, and then went to the lake-side landing, hoping, but scarcely expecting, to find some one willing to ferry us over to the inn three miles or more across the lake. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the little row-boats, full of girls and children, plied along the water's edge. Two pretty boat-girls of perhaps seventeen years, with hair as pale yellow as the flax they spin in the winter, and deep ruddy cheeks, volunteered to carry us to Karlsvik, and we took our places in the stern of the rude craft, feeling a little ungallant at not insisting upon taking the oars ourselves. But the picture of these two lithe, healthy creatures easily sending the heavy boat through the water was too agreeable to be destroyed, and we let them pull on, singing, as they stopped to rest, the following melody:



The sandy roads through the spruce and pine forests on the shores of Siljan Lake are as dreary and monotonous as all similar highways are. The lake itself closely resembles in character Moosehead Lake, in Maine, the hill-sides to the water's edge being covered for a large extent with an unbroken forest. The peasants regard the lake with a sentiment approaching veneration, and many are the traditions of the historical dramas enacted on its shores. Old women say that its depth is to be measured by its length. If their other tales are as accurate as this, the grain of truth in them may be measured by the ratio of about seven hundred feet to twenty-five miles. There is very little navigation on the lake except the daily steamers, which carry freight and passengers, and rare clumsy sloops, which spread a timid show of canvas. For a large part of its extent the surface is unbroken by islands or rocks, but toward the northern extremity, where there are great patches of cultivated land on the hill-sides, there are clusters of little wooded islets and pleasant little bays with fertile meadows bounding them. Here also numerous villages cluster by the lake-side, and occasionally a modern villa in the Renaissance French or Italian style reflects its ugliness in the water.

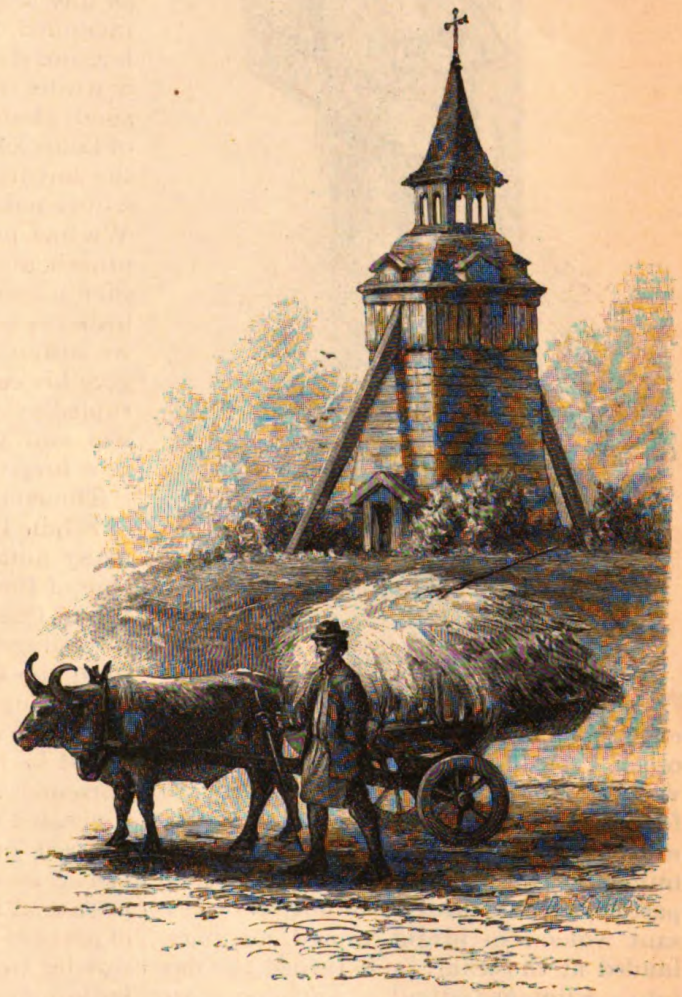
The two parishes of Mora and Orsa correspond at the northern extremity of the lake to the parishes of Rättvik and Leksand on the south. Curiously enough, although a half-day's journey from a railway, the former parishes are the much more advanced in modern civilization, at least as far as external evidences go. As we approached in the steamer, the wake of a little steam-yacht puffing around the bay splashed water over the gunwale of half a dozen laden church boats on their way home to a distant village from the missionary meeting in the Mora church. A dory of the pattern of two centuries ago rubbed its tarry sides against the white waist of a trim sailing yacht flying a Swedish flag as large as its mainsail.

Mora seen from the water, dominated as it is by the great brick church and the characteristic bell tower behind it, is far more picturesque than on nearer examination. Ashore, the steamboat wharves, with piles of wood corded ready for the boilers, the wooden houses half overhanging the water, the little red school-house marred by the school-boy hieroglyphics, the general abundance of logs, and many evidences of skillful use of the axe, impress one quite the same as a village in one of the inlets on the Maine coast. The inn, a bald, spacious building, with awning-shaded seats on the ragged lawn before it, and a general air of desolation and hard usage, does not disturb, but rather completes this illusion, especially when it

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is found that a strict prohibitory law is in force in the parish. We seemed very near home when the landlord approached us on our arrival, and after preliminary greetings led us with an impressive show of mystery up to a closet door which bore unmistakable signs of frequent and not too delicate handling. Opening the door he indicated that a collection of a dozen fly-soiled bottles and a score of sticky glasses standing on a newspaper-covered shelf were at our disposal. We saw him after this go down to the piazza, tip his chair back against the wall, and take a chew of tobacco in the most stagy American fashion.

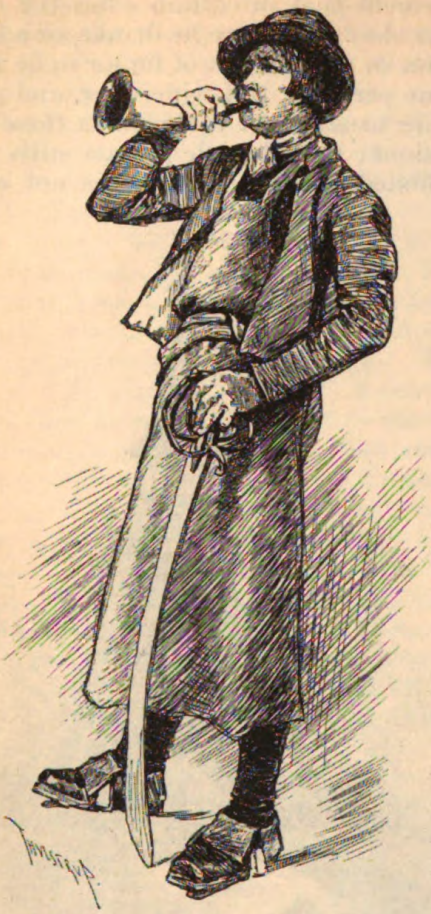
Very stringent liquor laws have been in force in Sweden as well as Norway for many years. With a few exceptions, the provisions of the law correspond exactly to those in force in some of the New England States. Parishes may prohibit the sale of spirits entirely, or according to the vote of the people limit its sale to one or two establishments, which are required to pay either a high fixed license, or to turn in to the public treasury all profits over five per cent. This last is the system which prevails in many of the Swedish towns, and particularly in the large cities, under the name of the Göteborg, or Gothenburg system, so called from having been first tried in the town of that name. The plan consists essentially in the letting out of the liquor stores by the local authorities, usually to a company, which undertakes to pay over all proceeds to the authorities, after deducting the five per cent. interest for itself. The special purpose of the Gothenburg system is to take away from the retail liquor seller all temptation to "make custom" by encouraging drunkenness; but there seems to be some question whether the plan works as well as it is expected to, even when combined with such further restrictive regulations as the requirement that in certain cases the customer shall eat before he drinks, or a limitation in the amount of liquor to be sold to one person. But wine, beer, and porter are usually not included in these restrictions; and though private stills are prohibited, private drinking is not controlled. The Gothenburg system does not, therefore, prevent or abolish the evil; but it is nevertheless a wholesome check upon intemperance. The parishes around Siljan Lake have suffered greatly in past times from the prevalence of intoxication, and in no one of them is a liberal license system in vogue.



MORA BELL TOWER.

As may have been gathered from preceding pages, the chief recreation and entertainment of the Dalecarlians is church-going. Open-air meetings and parish

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NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

excursions are quite as popular as in any other Protestant country, and while we were at Mora nearly every day brought forth either a missionary meeting, a picnic prayer-meeting, or a conference of ministers. Steamer loads of black-coated pastors, accompanied by hundreds of peasant women in bright-colored costumes, landed at the wharf, and turned the day into a religious festival. *Autre pays autres moeurs.* It would astonish the congregation in a New England village to see the pastor, fat and dignified, wrestling with the cork of a beer bottle in a crowded dining-room, while his upper lip gave unmistakable evidence of devotion to snuff.

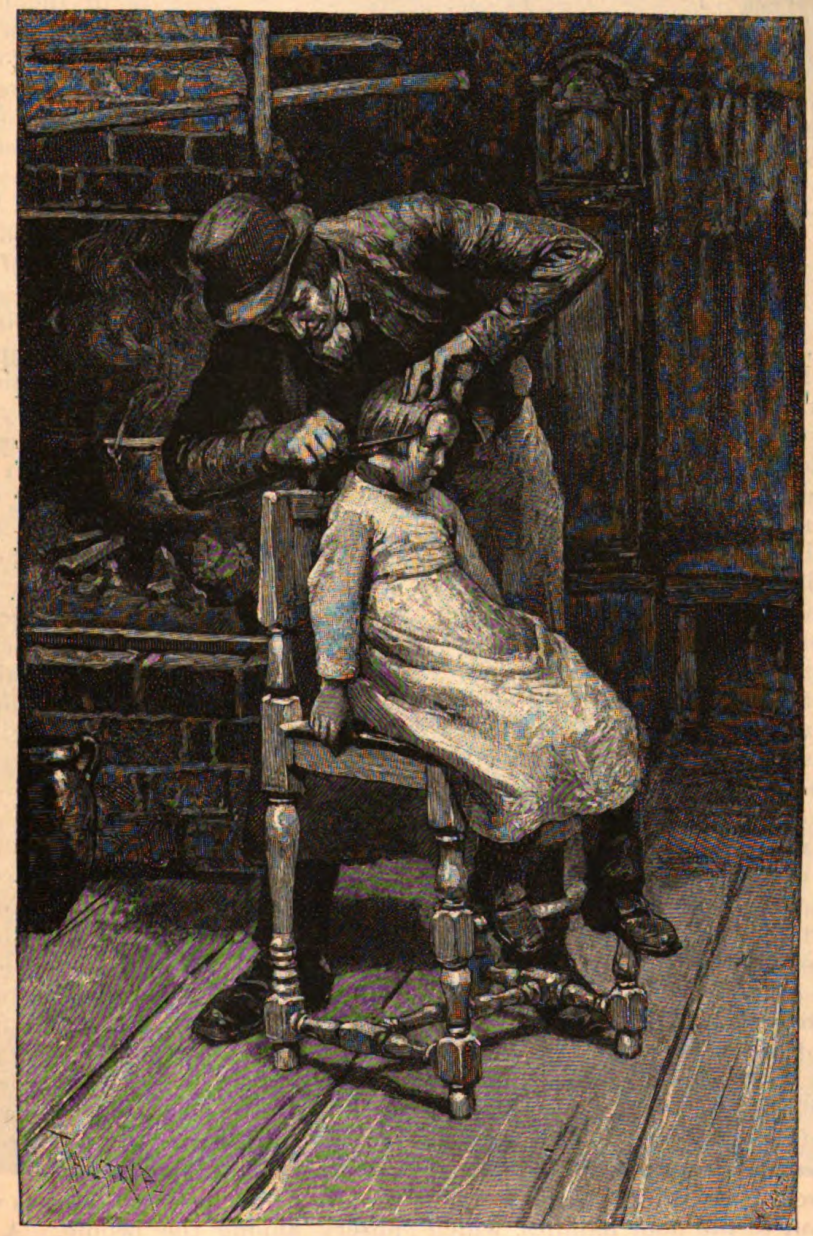
In Mora the summer visitor has not only to court sleep in the bright sunlight, but an unearthly blast from the horn of the night-watchman disturbs the stranger at every half-hour from ten o'clock until six. Four of us in the hotel arranged a scheme to forcibly corral the disturber of the peace, and either spoil his horn or persuade him to substitute for it cats or some other mild nocturnal noise. So we rallied out at midnight and watched for him. We had not the assistance and cover of darkness, so we decided to ambush the enemy, and consequently took our posts behind the little shanties which serve for booths in fair-time. As he drew near, tooting the instrument of torture, we saw as fine a specimen of a man as could be imagined, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, and straight as a grenadier. He wore a white woollen, full-skirted coat, and small-clothes like the peasants of the time of Louis XIV. In his right hand he carried the torture bugle, and in his left he had a huge naked sword at least four feet long. We had planned to move out at his approach, and imagined an easy victory over such a specimen of watchman as we had hitherto seen. I scarcely need add that we suffered him to distend his lungs and give his ear-splitting blasts quite uninterruptedly. Mora and Orsa boast of the size and vigor of their men. We can now forgive them this boast.

The country around the northern part of Siljan Lake is famous as the scene of many notable events in Swedish history. One of the most romantic episodes in the life of Gustavus Vasa occurred in the little village of Tomtgärden, a short walk from the town of Mora. Here the hero took refuge from his Danish pursuers in the house of a farmer. The wife was engaged in brewing beer when the Danish horsemen appeared in sight, so she hastily concealed the fugitive in the cellar, and covered up the trap-door by placing the heavy beer vat over it. Even the ugly memorial building in style of railway architecture does not prevent the patriotic Swedes from reverencing this spot. The building serves to display three historical pictures—one of them a representation of Gustavus and the farmer's wife, by J. F. Höckert; the second a picture painted by E. Berg of the Ornäs house, in Southern Dalecarlia, where a similar event took place; and the third a large Norwegian landscape of historical interest in the life of Gustavus Vasa, painted by the late King Charles XV., his eighteenth successor.

Dalecarlia was formerly famous for its manufactures; and clocks, bells, furniture, and various other articles were made by the peasants in their own houses. With the exception of a rare clock-maker, who devotes himself now solely to repairing,

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no trace of these domestic manufactories now exists. The old people sadly date their poverty to the introduction of German machine-made wares, and the consequent cessation of the demand for articles of hand-workmanship. For the simpler pieces of household utility the peasants are still considered master-workmen. They fashion light and finely ornamented drinking mugs out of soft wood, and weave baskets of flexible chips with great skill. A two-quart basket with a cover sells as low as eight öre—less than two cents. Birch bark furnishes material for many articles which are a specialty of Dalecarlian production. Cut in narrow strips, it is woven into mats, saddle-bags, and slippers; covered with intricate ornamentation, it is bent to form snuff-boxes and other small cases. Spinning, weaving,



HAIR-DRESSING.

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CARRYING WATER.

embroidery, and lace-making are still carried on in every house, and the linen and woollen cloths produced have no rivals in Sweden. In decorative textiles they cling to the semi-barbaric traditional patterns, and produce now specimens which differ only in the freshness of the dyes from those of Gustavus Vasa's time.

The architecture, too, has scarcely changed since the patriotic peasantry assembled around the banners of Engelbrekt or the Stures. The carpenters now as then begin the construction of a house by making a heavy ladder, which serves to raise the building material, and after the house is done, stands against the eaves, and gradually falls to pieces. Straight spruce logs are hewn square on two sides, convex on the top, and concave on the bottom. These timbers are then dovetailed together at the corners one above the other, and moss is tightly packed between the curved surfaces—a similar but more elaborate construction than the ordinary log-house of the West. The roof is covered either with double courses of shingles or with layers of birch bark, held down by battens, boards, and stones. Little or no ornamentation is attempted except in the scroll-work of the porch facings and the iron of the door handles, which are often quite in the style of the work of the later iron period of Scandinavian civilization.

The seeker of adventure might easily find a more fertile field for exploration than the interior of Sweden. The monotony of the landscape is sometimes wearisome, and the every-day life of the people is so unemotional that it offers little to entertain or divert the mind. The great charm of the country consists mainly in the agreeable manners of the people and in the utter simplicity of their pastoral existence. Wherever we went we found nothing but unostentatious and sincere hospitality. We often surprised the inmates of some remote farm-house by appearing at the door with our sketching paraphernalia, armed with no better introduction than a request to be permitted to study the interior. More than once, following a hearty invitation, we walked in upon domestic tableaux of such intimacy that we quickly sought excuses for retiring. In the living-room was evidently carried on all the household work, and the family toilet was looked upon as only a part of the common labor of the day. The father in one cabin was engaged in shearing the yellow hair of a youngster writhing in torment on a stool, while the mother arranged the dishes on the table, stopping now and then to endeavor to quiet the urchin's yells. With an eagerness to show goodwill which it was impossible to resist, the shed was turned into a barber's shop, and the dinner-table was set on the porch. A little girl with a curious labor-saving wheeled pole was sent to bring a bucket of fresh water from the spring, and a wooden beer firkin full of milk or of svagdricka was placed near us. The people were generally ready to pose for us at our will, and rarely or never showed the obtrusive curiosity which is the torment of almost every sketching tour. Notwithstanding their poverty there is very little misery among the people. A tramp is never met with, and rags are as rare as whole garments on Spanish beggars. Along the road-side near the churches is usually found an iron box strapped to a timber by an iron band, and locked with a curious padlock. In this are put the contributions for the support of orphans and the infirm, and the charitable institutions thus largely supported are eminent-

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ly suited to the purpose. An indication of the quality of the popular disposition is found in their love for flowers. No house so wretched but has its window



THE POOR-BOX.

filled with carefully trained house plants, and every empty jug has its bouquet of wild flowers, gathered by the children. A more honest, kindly disposed people does not live.

Compulsory education has given an untold impulse to the development of the country. The peasant who can not read or write is almost a curiosity. Their knowledge of the outside world is sometimes surprising. Few families but have near relatives or friends who have emigrated, and through the means of constant correspondence they get an acquaintance with the manners and customs of other countries. We met more than one peasant who, although they had never seen a locomotive or worn a coat of new-

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er cut than a hundred years ago, were better posted on the tonnage and speed of the Atlantic steamers than we were ourselves, and had no little knowledge of the politics of the world. Emigration seems to be chiefly caused by the high rate of taxes—in some parishes ten per cent. on the net income—and by the low wages for labor—one crown and a half—about forty cents—a day. The proportion of cleared land to forest is very small, and the reason given for this is the expectation of a new division of land. "No one," say the farmers, "will improve his land as long as there is a prospect of a new division. Those who are badly off are always clamoring for this new division, and when it comes it will take at least fifteen or twenty years to execute it, and meanwhile everything will be in confusion." The trouble is that the farmers' sons, when they marry, receive a definite portion of the farm as their inheritance. This custom has naturally tended to a great subdivision of the land, and furthermore has brought about, after several generations, an inextricable confusion of titles. The farms of any great extent are now made up of many small parcels of land scattered all over the country. Some farmers have pasture lands adjacent; others must drive their cows a day's journey, and keep them there all summer at great inconvenience. To remedy this confusion a new division of land is sometimes resorted to. This may be decided upon by a vote of the parish; and if the grumblers carry the day, the land is re-divided, the proportion accurately fixed, and the farm boundaries properly adjusted. This primitive method of settlement of a great difficulty is not without its injustice, and a new division causes no end of disturbance and ill feeling

When we drifted around to Noret, in Leksand parish, again, after a short season among the villages and in the evergreen forests, we felt as if we had been living in the past centuries. When we left the inn on our previous visit the landlord insisted on letting the bill stand unpaid—whether a long-headed scheme on his part to secure our return, or a freak of confidence, we could not tell. But he knew far better than we how all roads out of Dalecarlia led through Leksand, and how potent are the attractions of country and people. He thought, too, perhaps, that we could not long resist the gastronomical temptations of a bill of fare which reversed all known orders of courses and combinations.

Popular excitement in Leksand is apparently gauged by the importance of the funerals on Sunday. Otherwise these holidays are repetitions of solemn assemblies under the birch-trees and devout attendance at the church service. When, as sometimes happens, only one coffin is brought to the church-yard, and that containing perhaps only a small child, the disappointment of the old women is not concealed. On such occasions they shake their heads and whisper to one another as the bier passes, "Only a small affair, after all." This entertainment was more emotional than amusing, and we found it so depressing after a while to have human mortality so constantly forced upon our consideration that we systematically forbore assisting at any assemblage of peasants on the Sabbath, sure that a funeral or something equally solemn would be the attraction. One week-day it was announced by the town-crier that an auction of household goods would be held at a certain place. At the time named there was a great collection of peasants in holiday dress around the portico of a large log building in the market-place. When we approached all was quiet, and we supposed it was the hush preceding the announcement of "third and last call—sold." But as we reached the door we noticed the men standing with uncovered heads in the attitude of prayer. From the open windows of the house came the droning sound of the pastor's voice. We retreated as quietly as we could, convinced that they were taking advantage of the crowd to get up a funeral and enjoy some emotional excitement. We hurried away to the music of a mournful hymn. The landlady, who took a motherly interest in our study of the people, and had pointed out to us every character of note in the parish, from the peasant with an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year to the heroic father of twenty-three children, intercepted our flight, and assured us that it was really an auction, and not another funeral, declaring that parish auctions always opened with prayer and a hymn. We therefore returned to the house, and entered. On one side of the large low room sat on rude benches a multitude of women and children, and facing them in solemn ranks sat the men. At the end of the room was a large table piled up with

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A FUNERAL IN DALECARLIA.

towels, caps, and other articles of domestic manufacture. The auctioneer, a mournful man, spare of habit and feeble of voice, stood near by, holding a towel in his hand. As he stood there, slowly turning from side to side, he plaintively complained, "En krona! en krona! en krona!" (one crown), and as far as we could make out kept up his wail until some one advanced and took the article, laying down the money.

The judicious distribution of spruce gum and the employment of models had

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endeared numbers of the Leksand beauties to the strangers. The absence of darkness prevented any approach to romantic social intercourse, and we had to satisfy ourselves with the privilege not granted to the youths of the parish, of speaking to any one, even in the market-place. A parting entertainment was given us in the village, at which we drank with well-concealed repugnance the sweet punch and the native spirits and water, eating inordinately, as one must do to satisfy Swedish hospitality. The gentle manners of the people and the perfect peace of their pastoral lives had made the anticipation of return to the turmoil of civilization far from agreeable, and we prepared for departure with sincere regret. When we stood on the deck of the little steamer and waved handkerchiefs to the kaleidoscopic crowd on the wharf, a soiled and crumpled bit of paper fell from my companion's pocket. I quietly picked it up and examined it. It was a leaf surreptitiously torn from a guide-book long out of date, and the last paragraph read: "The best time to visit Lake Siljan is in the height of summer, when the vegetation is in perfection, and when the younger members of the community while away the long twilight with dances around the richly decked village May-pole."

NICAISE DE KEYSER.

IN the art galleries of Europe, perhaps no vestibule detains the visitor longer, and no single work inspires and instructs the artist more, than the vestibule of the Antwerp Museum, on whose walls and ceiling is painted, in a series of remarkable scenes, "L'Histoire de l'École d'Anvers," the result of ten years of the labor of the Flemish artist M. Nicaise de Keyser, who has been at the head of the Antwerp Royal Academy of Art since 1855.

The actual painting of this great work, intrusted to M. De Keyser by the government and town council of Antwerp, was not begun before 1867, but M. De Keyser entered upon the preparatory historical studies, experimental sketches, examinations of types, draperies, etc., in 1862.

In order to personally inform himself as to every authentic record and representation, whether of pen, pencil, or brush, of the characters and influences to be delineated in his art epic, he travelled through Europe, spending much time in La Bibliothèque Richelieu in Paris, and visiting the artists, the studios, galleries, and libraries of Amsterdam, the Hague, Dresden, Berlin, and London.

The painting was completed in 1872, and in August of that year the formal unveiling of the treasures of the vestibule was made the occasion of a splendid public celebration. The eminent architect and director of art improvements in Edinburgh, Mr. John Lessels, himself a very clever water-colorist, acquainted with every aspect of art on the Continent, and accustomed to make a yearly tour of Europe for artistic purposes, attended this fête, and wrote an interesting account of it to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, pronouncing "L'École d'Anvers" to be "the most important work of art completed within the last two centuries."

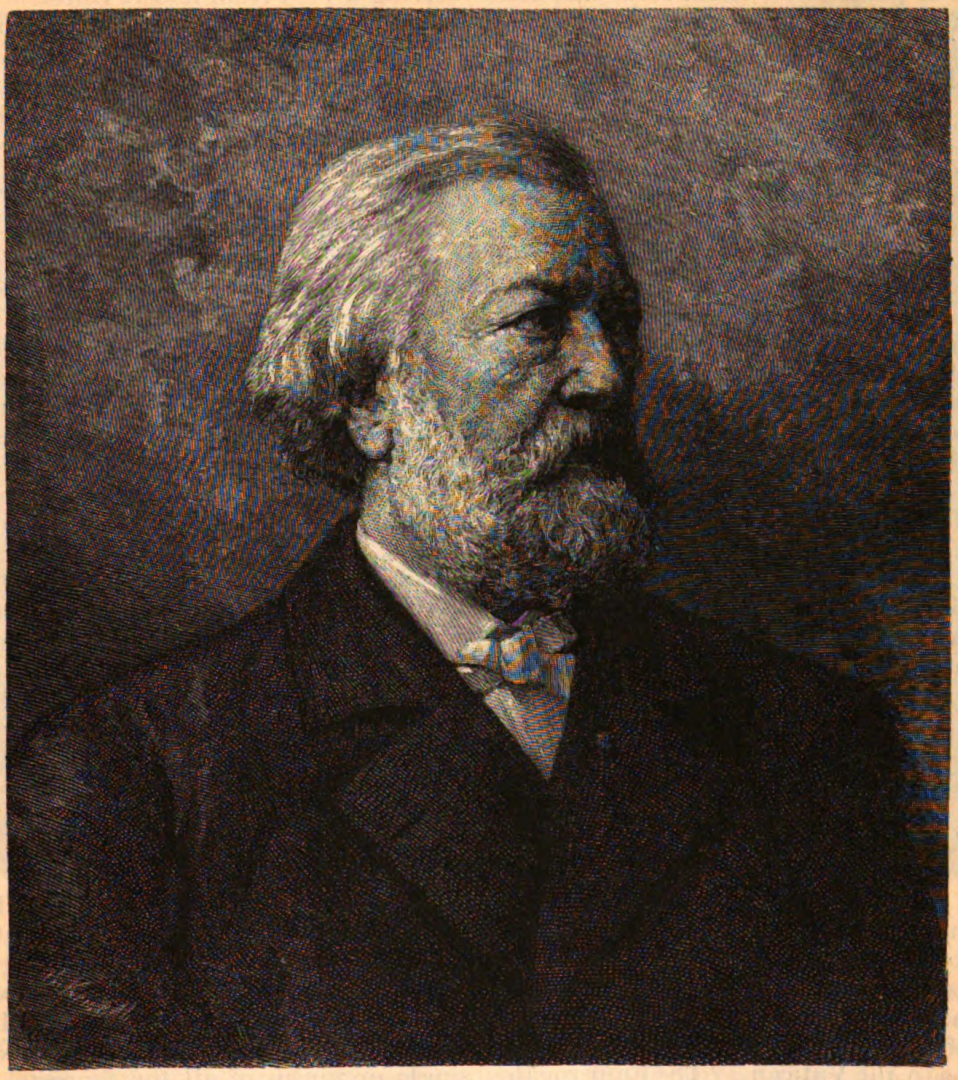
The old low, dark, and comfortless vestibule of the Musée d'Anvers was made lofty and well lighted from the roof for the reception of M. De Keyser's work, which covers the four side walls and the coved ceilings to the roof-light; but the work in the ceiling and on the east wall, though a part of the whole, and in every respect as carefully studied and nobly finished, belongs in a supplementary sense to the main painting, which, in a continuity of groups, occupies the west (or central) and north and south walls.

This supplementary work is intended to illustrate by incidents in the lives of the great masters the influences which impressed the origin and affected the progress of the school of Antwerp as these are portrayed on the three chief panels.

The west panel, containing the central group, is over forty-two feet long by sixteen feet in height, and represents fifty-two of the most important figures in Antwerp art.* The other eighty-four figures, forty-two each on the north and south panels, comprise the entire assembly of

* A copy of a section of this panel—and the only copy that has ever been taken—has been furnished expressly for this article by M. De Keyser, and contains what are considered to be the best existing portraits of Rubens, Jordaens, Schut, Del Monte, Van Diepenbeck, De Vos, Teniers, Vandyck, Crayer, Quellin, Van Thulden, François, Wouters, Van Balen, and Snyders.

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NICAISE DE KEYSER.—From a photograph by J. Dupont, Antwerp.

the Antwerp masters. The beauty of the coloring, the naturalness of pose, the faithful life-likeness, of each of these one hundred and thirty-six portraits of celebrated artists—careful also to the least details of the costume of the person and time—are even less impressive to the student of art than the power by which each of these portraits is made to express the very manner and dominant characteristic of its original, not only in his individuality, but in his personal relations to the others of the school with whom he is so intimately grouped.

The groups on the right hand of the Genius of Antwerp are the architects and painters of "the period of Gothic art up to the time of Quentin Matsys." Appelmans, who made the plan for the Antwerp Notre Dame, and Henry Lepas, builder of the old London Exchange, are conspicuous among the architects. Matsys appears as when engaged in sketching the picture of the "Head of Christ" in the Antwerp gallery. And a little farther on are the imitators of the Italian schools, with their leader, Frans Floris.

As the picture spreads to and over the north and south walls, we have also the famous engravers who popularized the works of Rubens, the groups of genre painters and masters up to the opening of this century, and the metal-chasers and wood-carvers, all of the Antwerp school,

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and most appropriately grouped with that class of painters to whom form was more than color, among whom are the almost speaking likenesses of Vervoort and Quellin the younger. Thus the completeness and artistic development of M. De Keyser's design to illustrate not only the school of Antwerp proper, but the influences it received from cognate art, and the impression it in its turn made on foreign art, are seen as much in the skillful diminuendo, the just gradations by which the interest and meaning are sustained to the last touch of the brush, as in the breadth, richness, and predominance of the key-note group. The supplementary episodic work on the east wall and in the coved ceilings is thus described by Mr. Lessels:

"These pictures, although of smaller dimensions than the central ones, are still very large, and here the artist, with his wonderful skill and noble aspiration, has had a magnificent field for his pencil, and has used it with equal success as in the larger works. First is shown the influence undergone by the school of Antwerp from its connection with other schools, as 'John van Eyck, of Bruges, conversing with Roger vander Weyden' concerning art (1420): the latter became afterward the master of Quentin Matsys (1515). 'Bernard van Orley receiving Lessons from Raphael.' Second, the influence of the school of Antwerp on foreign countries: 'Pope Gregory XIII. giving Orders to Mathew and Paul Bril,' landscape painters of Antwerp, to paint in fresco several rooms in the Vatican. 'The Emperor Rodolph II. of Vienna visiting the Studio of the Flemish Painter Bartholomew Sprangher.' 'Denis Calvart, of Antwerp,' one of the founders of the Bolognese school, 'teaching Guido Reni and Albani' (1601). 'Anthony Vandyck painting the Portrait of Charles the First' of England (1635). In this picture the King is standing before the artist, and the well-known equestrian portrait is in progress and well advanced. This picture, both in drawing and color, is one of the best of the series. 'Artus Quellin,' the celebrated carver of Antwerp, so well known by his work in the several churches of his native city, is 'showing André de Graaf, Burgomaster, the Works intended for the Town-hall at Amsterdam' (1663). 'Gerard Edelinck, of Antwerp, receiving from the hands of Colbert the Title of Councillor of the Academy, Paris' (1677). 'Quentin Matsys receiving a Visit from Albert Dürer.' 'Rubens in his Studio,' painting the celebrated 'Descent from the Cross,' surrounded by the learned men of his time. 'Cornelius de Vriendt,' the architect and sculptor, 'showing the Plans for Town-hall to the Burgomaster and Council, Antwerp.' 'Institution of the Royal Academy of Antwerp' (1663): the Marquis of Caracena, Governor of the Netherlands, hands the letters patent from Philip IV. of Spain for the formation of an Academy in Antwerp similar to those in Paris and Rome."

The consummate art of "L'École d'Anvers" must be as generally and naturally conceded as the art of Shakspeare; but in another far less ambitious and far less difficult work M. De Keyser has been signally gifted with the mightier touch that makes the whole world kin. This picture, of which also the only copy ever taken has been furnished for this paper, is, or was when I saw it on the 17th of September, 1880, in the Musée des Académiciens in Antwerp. It covers a canvas of 2.59 meters in height by 3.09 meters in width, and is entitled "Charles Quint délivrant les Esclaves chrétiens à Tunis." Just as "L'École" commands admiration and gradually excites the intellect to a powerful degree, so the "Charles Quint" stirs the heart. The one is felt as a large landscape inclosing both human and natural drama, enriched by the evening's glow; the other is felt like the touch of a warm true hand in an hour of lonely brooding.

The grouping in this picture makes a single organism of all the figures. The writhing forms; the manacles and gloom of the dungeon; the patrician face and dress of Charles the Fifth entering with his followers in a flood of sunlight; the rack of Slavery, endured till the releasing touch of Freedom, is a shock too great to be comprehended; Liberty struck dumb at the sight of what can befall in her absence—to express these feelings and conditions all the figures and faces enter into such a combination of reflected effects as would make the picture great and its painter a master, if these were all. But the effect which makes this work a permanent income to the memory lies in the coloring, which suffuses the whole as with emotion.

Although sixty-seven years old when I visited him at his residence in Antwerp, De Keyser stood perfectly erect, and his large head with its thick, slightly curling

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"CHARLES V. LIBERATING CHRISTIAN SLAVES AT TUNIS."—From the painting by Nicaise de Keyser.

white locks was set on his broad shoulders with the air of a military commander. His forehead is high and wide, his blue eyes large and prominent, his features mobile and impressive, and his kind greeting was in keeping with such a presence.

About the walls and on easels in M. De Keyser's atelier were many of the minor experimental sketches for his great work, for which he made complete separate studies, and of his many other paintings; among them one of Rubens on a visit to a savant, and a study of the visit of Albert Dürer to Quentin Matsys, Erasmus being present: the large painting of this was then at the National Exposition at Brussels. There were also portraits of Rosa Bonheur and of Meissonier, commenced by M. De Keyser during the visits of those artists in Antwerp, when the Rubens fêtes were being celebrated in 1877. He has never completed these portraits for fear of destroying the likenesses, which are admirable, and the work of only an hour.

Leading the way from his atelier through an outer glass gallery filled with exotic flowers and overlooking a lovely garden, M. De Keyser showed us into an Oriental-looking drawing-room, the curtains, table-spreads, all of the upholstery, being of camel's-hair in very rich hues and designs. Books and pictures, buhl cabinets, inlaid chairs, tables, and settees, were effectively arranged with a luxury that did not prevent a most cheerful air of home life; on the floor, a polished mosaic of different woods, were scattered mats of wolf and bear skins.

His beautiful daughter, Madame Goemaere, entered with her little son. He had a noble rather than pretty face, and a thick aureole of soft light golden hair, which, with his unusual breadth of shoulder, gave him a curious resemblance to his famous grandsire, who, lifting him in his arms, led the way into the dining-room. This room looked Flemish enough, with solid high and dark wainscoting and

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leather-covered chairs. M. De Keyser pointed out his portraits of his father and mother, painted each in three-quarters of an hour. Their large genial faces, beaming with solid virtues, were like two fine harmonious stanzas of a pastoral. Straight from these faces and the souls in them came the proud simplicity expressed in M. De Keyser's words: "Yes, I used to keep the herds in the fields when I was a boy."

It was in the small village of Santvliet, in the northern province of Antwerp, that Nicaise de Keyser was born, on the 26th of August, 1813. The green pastures around Santvliet are seamed with streams of clear running water bordered by willows and birches. "The village," says M. Eekhoud, in *La Revue Artistique*, "is like a laughing coquette resisting the prim proprieties of the Netherlands."

A legend connected with the boyhood of De Keyser runs thus: "A lady travelling through Santvliet came upon a little peasant boy carefully making a drawing of the cows he was tending. Struck with the capable disposition he had made of his subject, she took him away with her to Antwerp, and placed him under masters there."

But the truth is, the elder De Keyser—married to Marie Delie, of Beirendrecht, a small village between Antwerp and Santvliet—was a farmer of station and considerable influence, and quite intelligent enough to note the first signs of the artistic temperament in his child, which he fostered by bringing him from the city a box of water-colors. At once the fences, the house walls, door panels, every available surface, became, as it were, alive with the figures of cows, carts, and odd little men, over which the kind and wise father was as happy as the little Nicaise.

With all this Nicaise made many ingenious things, among them a sun-clock, that he might know the time in the fields, for he continued to watch faithfully over the real cows; and without other incident his first years passed pleasantly away.

He painted signs and copied old pictures with no particular consciousness of merit until Joseph Jacops, an artist visiting in Santvliet, saw these essays and brought him some models for study. He now began to paint in oil, and electing according to his own instincts, studied and grew toward Vandyck, who has always been his favorite among ancient masters.

When Nicaise was fourteen years old his parents sent him to the Antwerp Academy. He lodged under the roof of the late Madame Carpentero, then the widow of a meritorious landscape painter, a lady of great refinement and sympathy, with a noble understanding of how to do good, and here he again met Joseph Jacops.

Madame Carpentero presented the young De Keyser to Van Bree, the director of the Academy, where he made rapid progress, the secrets of technique and theory seeming almost to fly open of themselves at his ardent approach. Very soon the work of his brush supported him, and at the early age of eighteen he had already saved enough from his earnings to purchase a farm in the village of Beirendrecht, where he placed an uncle who had lost his own farm by inundation.

In 1830 his first real tableau, "La Charité romaine," strongly emphasized with the influence of Van Bree, was shown at the exposition at Brussels. When it came back to him he effaced it, and placed on the same canvas, "Le Duc d'Albe devant Malines," which was purchased by Casimir Perrier, the late famous member of the Académie Française, and a prominent officer of the French government, who was then travelling in Belgium. M. De Keyser's next works were, "Le Christ montrant ses Plaies à St. Thomas," and "Le Roi Léopold visitant l'Hôpital des blessés Français à Anvers." In 1834 Antwerp experienced a real sensation in the exposition in its Salon of a colossal work by the young artist. The subject was "Le Calvaire." This picture, thirty feet in length by twenty-two in height, was a production of fine dramatic power, as grand in its effect as in its dimensions. Its execution had been confided to him by a church in Manchester, England, and when, in the following year (1835), Nicaise de Keyser, then only twenty-two years old, went to England, the Manchester church board of administration gave him a brilliant reception, and voted a payment of £100 more than had been agreed on for his work.*

So assured was his success that at the age of twenty-three he had his own atelier and his pupils, among whom were Joseph

* The church in Manchester for which "Le Calvaire" was intended fell down before the picture was brought in, and after exhibition in several English cities it was finally placed in St. Patrick's Church, Liverpool.

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"L'ÉCOLE D'ANVERS."—From the painting by Nicaise de Keyser.

Lies, Verlat, Wittkamp, Swerts, Guffens, and others. This atelier, which he had selected in 1836, was in one of the most picturesque of the older famous buildings of Antwerp, known as the Vieille Boucherie. To-day this building is used chiefly as a magazine or depot for goods, but in 1503 its splendid interior testified to the power, wealth, and taste of Antwerp's corporation of butchers, who were determined to have a hotel worthy of their powerful guild. The plan was confided to Herman de Waghemakere, and the chronicles of those days speak of its "beautiful sculptures, paintings, ornamented panels, and noble carving."

The exterior has suffered little change, and is a most imposing quadrilateral construction of brick—old gray stone in color—with stately hexagonal clock turrets, and massive chains of cut stone flank the four corners of the structure. It stands

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in the centre of the historic quarter of Antwerp, its bright, gracious solidity contrasting with the gloomy strength of "Le Steen," the old Spanish Inquisition on which it looks down.

"La Bataille des Éperons d'Or," on appearing in the Salon at Brussels in 1836, brought to its author the gold medal, "a reward many sexagenarian artists have waited for in vain." This painting is described in a manner to show the impression it made, in all the Belgian books of history, by such critics as Auguste Voisin, Théodore Just, and Louis Alvin, a distinguished writer and an influential member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, Brussels.

The "Saintes Femmes au Tombeau," exhibited at Bruges, brought M. De Keyser another gold medal. This picture can be seen in the Church of St. Leuth, province of Limbourg. "La Bataille de Woeringen," ordered by the government, was exposed at Brussels, at Paris, and in the chief cities of Germany, and the painter was made Chevalier of the Order of Leopold in recognition of this work. He produced many minor paintings also.

In 1839 he went to Italy; he had previously made in 1835 an artistic tour through England and Scotland with his learned friend Felix Bogaert. He visited Germany and Holland on his way back from Italy, and on his return to Antwerp in 1840, at the time of the fêtes to Rubens and the erection of the Rubens statue on the Place Verte, he was married to Mlle. Isabelle Telghuys, the daughter of a wealthy family of Verviers. Her father, a Protestant of Dutch origin, was a remarkable man, who ultimately left Verviers, and came to live in Antwerp, where in 1830 he gave an impulse to the wool trade. Mlle. Telghuys was herself an artist of merit, well known by her fine painting which has been erroneously styled "Marguerite à la Porte de l'Église" (Faust), but in reality represents "The Daughter of Thomas Morus at the Gate of her Father's Prison." This work, in which she had benefited by M. De Keyser's advice, was her sole noteworthy performance previous to her marriage, and after her marriage she became gradually so absorbed in her husband's artistic advancement that she deserted her own easel, devoting all possible time, attention, and taste with the most tender enthusiasm to his achievements.

She gave him three sons and two daughters—the latter celebrated for unusual loveliness of both character and person—all of whom survive her, for Madame De Keyser died in May, 1879. Immense numbers attended at the funeral of this universally beloved woman. "Such a funeral procession was never seen here," said an eye-witness to me, "and among them all not one indifferent." To M. De Keyser it was an irreparable loss, the shadow of which stretches to his own grave.

In 1844 the spirited painting "La Bataille de Neuport," made for King Wilhelm II. of Holland, was carried to the Palace of the Hague as the King had ordered. The next morning M. De Keyser was invited to come to the King. When he entered the room where the picture was hanging the King was standing before the picture in the act of fastening upon its frame the cross of the Lion of the Netherlands, attached to a coat of arms in a handsome setting.

"J'aime à décorer sur le champ de bataille même!" said the King, at the same time ordering "La Bataille de Seneffe." M. De Keyser was subsequently invited to several European courts, making friends with and portraits of royalty. His equestrian portrait of Wilhelm II. as Prince of Orange at the battle of Waterloo, which the King wished to offer for the acceptance of the Queen of England, pleased him so much that he kept it for himself, begging the artist to make a copy of it for her Majesty. It occupies with grand effect a deep panel in the salon of the Palais Royal of the Hague, and the copy is in the gallery of Windsor Castle, England. Germany, England, and Russia now began to vie with Holland in sending orders and offers to M. De Keyser. It was in Stuttgart, while the guest of the King of Würtemberg, that M. De Keyser first met with Prince Gortschakoff, the famous and now very aged Chancellor of Russia. The friendship then begun between the diplomate and artist continues still.

Some of M. De Keyser's works are in America. Among them "Marino Falieri," a life-size representation of the Doge of Venice casting from him in a fit of jealous fury the act of the Council, which he deems too lightly punishes the audacious offender against his honor. This is the property of Mr. Belmont, of New York. "Albert and Isabella" visiting the working-room of Plantin, an important work

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STUDIO OF NICAISE DE KEYSER.

in what is called academical size, belongs to Walter Gurney, of New York.

The engravings, very well known, of his "Laurent of Medicis," and the "School of Raphael," and "Vandyck taking Leave of Rubens before going to Italy," and Rubens painting the celebrated "Chapeau de Paille," made the fortune of their publishers.

Since the completion of "L'École d'Anvers," M. De Keyser has painted for the Villa des Palmiers of M. Gambart at Nice four grand panels representing the great leaders of the chief schools of art.

For many years M. De Keyser has been either commander or officer in almost all the principal orders of Europe. One which it has been an especial gratification to him to receive is the Order for Merit, of Prussia. The number is limited, only one other Belgian artist, Gallait, having received it. The knights of this order, when there is a place open, must choose by election three candidates, and the King of Prussia (Emperor of Germany) is bound to choose from these three candidates. It is thus a double choice; and the order possesses this great superiority over other orders that it is indeed given the new knight by his peers, and does not depend on the good-will of a monarch. M. De Keyser is a member of the famous Institut de France, of the Académie de la Belgique, and other foreign academies of art, and also is chairman of the International Corps Académique, which receives funds yearly from the government and the town with which to purchase works of art from the best artists of all nations, according to the date of their nomination into the Corps Académique. The number of effective and the number of aggregate members is limited, and when an effective member is to deliver the piece of art commended to him, he must at the same time give his own portrait. In this way a modern museum of a really international character has been created since 1852, and M. De Keyser has been its chairman from the beginning. In 1880 he resigned his position

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as Director of the Antwerp Royal Academy of Fine Arts, that he might, after so many years devoted to the training of artists, at last gather all his forces wholly to the service of his own creative genius. To reach this point, where he could serve Art for her own sake, without any preoccupation as to the possibility of selling his work, or the necessity of consulting the tastes of others as to theme or dimensions, has been the dream of this artist's whole life.

After two winters passed in Spain, the last in Seville with great benefit to the artist's health as well as to his study of color, he was, in the spring of 1882 and in his own seventieth year, projecting a new series of important works with all the energy of youth; and one canvas of very large size was already prepared for the representation of the "Procession of Holy Friday at Seville." The studies for this are exact and in every way extraordinary, promising a great effect for the result.

PRISONERS!

Part II.

MISS GERRINAR deeply regretted Wentworth's weak will and squandered abilities, and wondered why it was that his *integrity* did not give him more general force of character. For she never doubted his integrity. We always try to believe that picturesqueness has it. She tried to persuade herself that she was bored by him; but the truth was that in Wentworth's gaze there lurked intelligence, like the glance from a mask, and in the pressure of his hand there was earnest speech. It appeared to her that he was one of those charming products, a thing with a secret, which says to the commonplace observer, "I am perfectly empty; I am only what you suppose"; and to the observer of perception hints of concealed springs.

Wentworth knew that he had no time to lose. He must not allow Miss Guerrinar's interest in him to be held in too many lights. He said that he must leave the city in a few days, and that he was dangerously idling out of his native city, and yet he persisted in staying. At last, at an evening reception, finding him stationed near her with the usual matter-of-course, Clover asked him why he did not do his duty, and return to business by the night train. He looked into her face with vague dread, and declared that he dared not go away.

"Poor Mr. Wentworth!" exclaimed she. "How *many* fears you entertain!"

He quickly turned full upon her, and after a moment's hesitation, in which he satisfied himself that no one could overhear them, answered with more sternness than she had ever seen in him before:

"You understand, then, that I fear my love for you?"

She was shocked and angered, as her face expressed.

"And I had good reason to despair," he added.

He stood beside her, looking down without another word, and soon allowed himself to be separated from her.

"Heavens!" quoth she to herself, sniffing her bouquet. "Why can not that man allow one to refuse him point-blank?"

The angry beauty did not know how carefully Wentworth tried to forego the unpleasant finale to which she alluded under her breath.

He called upon her the next day, hoping feverishly that her interest in him had grown more definite, as for a person sufficiently original to be allowed to love without the necessity of making his love cancel him, although it could not be returned by her.

Such lovers are often tolerated, and he knew that even a modest advantage on his part like this would be of great value to him.

He indulged himself in his half-sneering, half-exultant smile when he found that Clover was willing to receive him. He muttered an apology for having been so ungoverned as to speak as he did the previous evening.

She was encouragingly indignant, he saw. Her eyes were wide and still with temper, and her bewitching wrists and hands trembled slightly upon her dark dress. She opened her lips a moment silently before she spoke, and then declared, bitingly:

"The fear concerning your sentiments of which you spoke is the one piece of cowardice which I indorse in you. And how about that business and your mone-

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tary pocket: will they hold out much longer?"

Wentworth calculated each of his moves as if he were playing chess.

"What am I to do?" he said. "Before I met you I really cared little for anything. It seemed to me that life was not worth the living, even to the extent of sitting down to dinner. And I did not much care that I did not care. Now I crave something which I can not have. That one need makes all other needs have meaning and effect. My appetite has returned. I even smoke. Do you know, I believe I am utterly ruined by my acquaintance with you, for I am useless with it or away from it. I repeat, what am I to do?"

He then melted his austere pitifulness into glowing humor, such as Clover had not yet beheld in him, and while she was becoming astonished at this revelation he won her into so genial a mood with his own that she forgot to reflect or temporize; but in looking back upon the interview (a moment before its close) she almost caught her breath.

"He cares for nothing but what he can not have," she thought, in amaze, "and yet I never saw a creature more merrily acquiescent than he has been today. What a fund of possibility there is in him! What might he not become, with health and happiness of heart! But oh, why does he make the mistake of choosing *me* for his deity?" She could not answer this question, because it was so hard not to say to herself that it was perfectly natural in Wentworth to choose her. She knew, in an irksome way, that she was intelligent and beautiful and widely admired.

All at once Wentworth had lost his gayety, buried his face in his hands, and she was aware that he wept, tremblingly and softly. The moment was horrible. Wentworth, nevertheless, knew that if she could not endure this, she would slip through his fingers at some later moment. She did bear it, but not passively, and leaned over to him and laid her hand on one of his expostulatingly, as if it were a crime for a man to weep so weakly. He got up, with his face turned from her, and walked round the room.

Clover turned to look at him, and a wave of disgust ruffled her kindness toward him. Then she felt a dread of breaking out angrily. She said to herself that there was no such thing as measuring his suffering accurately, and no measuring his possible worth, nor the needs of individuality. Perhaps he could weep and mourn thus without offense to nature, when no other man could.

It is a hard thing to get beyond or out of this awe of the difference between people. When we look upon them as a race, with intense, inevitable likenesses, we are even more cruel and indifferent than before.

She was about to get up and go toward him, she did not quite know with what intention, when her motion caused Wentworth to turn and come toward her. He knelt by her side meekly. She leaned away from him with a slight gesture of displeasure and contempt.

"It is not fair for you to shun me so loftily," he said. "Of course I know as well as you do that my expectations should be very humble. What have I to offer you? I am poor, wayward, and weak. You are—or might be—my life's inspiration. There is no other woman like you for strength and perception within the utmost limit of my ken. Can't I show a little gratitude for the knowledge of you—and even adoration—forgetting myself for a moment as I kneel at your feet?" He laughed and got up. "It is a mighty foolish position, I admit; I suppose it was chosen as one of the most defenseless in the world, indicating that the kneeler is at the mercy of his beloved. Do not look angered, Miss Guerrinar. If your loveliness can make me inconsequent, I am not to blame!"

There was a zest and even a charm in the tone of Wentworth's language, as he carried off his rôle, that sent a thrill through Clover's heart and made her stiff, expectant, dumb with excitement. He knew when to use his native stamina and other honest characteristics, and no wonder that the young woman was puzzled by the inconsistent qualities she perceived in him. She sighed, pondered for a moment, and then came to her wits again.

Before she could speak, Wentworth hastened to do so, with a covert glance.

"Heaven knows what is to become of me! You are not by any means the first woman I have loved. I proposed to the others, and was refused with great regularity. You may judge, if you care to, whether I am glad or sorry that I did not succeed. I can not—to *you*—I can not—

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AT STEIN'S GRAVE.—[SEE PAGE 704.]

I am dumb! But where shall I go? Only send me to the limbo for superfluous lovers, and I will depart without making further trouble. But it is terrible to have no place except by your side, and to feel that when I am near you I am only dis-

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gusting you. Speak: you seem very wise. But no! After all, it is better to go unbidden into the great world of—anywhere but with you! Perhaps I shall come back now and then, like a bad dream. But to-day, good-by."

He left her, with a brilliant glance, and it must be confessed that Clover remained in a dissatisfied frame of mind for a good while. She pitied him greatly, because he had not allowed her an opportunity of tripping him up, so to speak, and proving to herself that he did not deserve pity. What was to become of him, to be sure? In respect to her exact opinion of him, she did not, in the first place, think him handsome, as Stein was; and yet her puzzled interest in his character had made his slender face attractive. It was a face that would inevitably arrest attention, because peculiar and intellectual. And certainly she could not fasten steady admiration upon his general character, because he changed so often; and yet she extremely admired much of what she had noticed in him. If he had only offered himself to her in form, she reflected, she would have had some opportunity of looking at him squarely and comprehensively. She remembered that other men had revealed more of themselves at the time of making their proposals than before or after. While she was meditating, Wentworth was hastening through the streets, his hands clutched convulsively on either side of him, as if incased in iron. He murmured to himself, as he strode on, these two words over and over again, "Love me! love me! *love me!*"

What if Clover should not love him? She must do so, for the sake of his revenge; and should, by all the greater strength in man over woman! His revenge was to be sweet. It gave flavor ineffable to his aims to have such a woman to deal with, such material to handle. How soon would it all happen? He was very nearly sure of her. He could prophesy unhesitatingly that she would send for him, ostensibly for a last sensible word, and he would then bring all his wiles to a focus. His blood tingled and chilled with longing expectancy. He muttered again and again, "Clover, you must love me!"

What would happen when she loved him? He grew dizzy at the bare picture which he had conjured up in his mind of this adorable woman as his own, heart and soul. He beheld her yielding her love, as he confidently hoped that she soon would do, to him. Would his revenge be so sweet and eager when that fine creature gave him the key to her life, and he took it, knowing how he intended to assail her future? His heart leaped and fluttered as if in dread. He assured himself, however, with a savage smile, that his revenge would be supreme happiness in itself. He was entirely certain that he profoundly hated her.

Clover did send for him. She had wept for him, known hardly sleep or rest for his sake, and all because of an idea, which kept constantly presenting itself to her, that perhaps she and Wentworth were "meant for each other." There is no charm on the records of witchcraft more potent than this presumptuous thought, that Heaven has somehow prepared the recipe for two souls, arising out of the sense that certain traits of character harmonize, as certain colors do. The type is forgotten in the individual, and the would-be lover magnifies the particular handful of mortality under mental discussion as if it were separately provided for by the Infinite. Wisdom does not overlook the small points of an argument as eager inexperience will. Without leaning upon the possible whims of the Infinite, Clover could have enlightened herself by remembering that there had been a hundred reasons for thinking that she and Stein were destined for each other, where there was one in favor of Wentworth. He showed great need of her. The subtle and immense flattery of a life that would prosper, or even exist, only through her aid, was what overwhelmed her and brought her to dangerous ground. Her pale, bright-eyed, pensive wooer was adroit as ever, and made her mistaken footsteps tread almost unwittingly to the conclusion. She accepted him. She did not lay her soft-haired head upon his shoulder, and she did not press her youth-rounded lips to his when he kissed her for the first time; and to tell the truth, Wentworth himself was very cold, except in speech. But a new phase had come over him since the moment of her favorable answer to his suit, and now his brain was not the crystal medium for his thoughts and purposes that it had been. He could not follow his own feelings, and his thoughts came unheralded, and often masked. He found crime an intoxica-

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ting companion, hustling its partaker from point to point with a contempt for itself akin to remorse.

"I have not the least idea what you are, socially or lineally, James Wentworth," said Clover, very quietly, "except the little I have casually discovered in these few weeks. You dropped from the clouds, without connection anywhere, for all I can see. I don't know how my father will meet our announcement to him, but as far as I am concerned it is just as well. I have no need to be alarmed for my father, for I am equal to anything, and am really as much my own protector as you are apparently friendless. It is perhaps all the better that you are so different from—from other men. Our engagement may prove to be a wise measure. I have been engaged before to a man of old-fashioned mould"—Wentworth's eyes blazed—"who took me for a docile woman of the Middle Ages, I fancy. But you adore me. I prefer that to the mutually intense love which absorbs or melts two creatures into one. We shall get along very well, I am sure."

She looked up, half-dreamy from self-absorption, and was disturbed to see Wentworth's eyes were flashing as they did. He said nothing, but kept them fixed upon her.

"Do go to the piano and play me something!" she said, nervously.

"No," answered he, simply, leaning his cheek upon her hand in a more lover-like fashion than Clover desired.

"You are not going to disobey me!" she cried.

"Are you going to command, and make a woman of the Middle Ages of *me?*" he asked, with a touch of mirth. "But don't bridle so, Clover. See, I am only jealous of that former engagement, and now my spleen is satisfied by having wounded you for an instant; and be sure that I will obey your wishes and pleasure always. I worship you, as you rightly echo back to me. I would not hurt your heart for a thousand worlds! Observe you in the days to come *whether I have not spoken truth.*" He went and played her Chopin's "Funeral March," and the tears started to his eyes for Stein's hard death.

She rested her head upon her palm, her whole bowed figure an exquisite image of regret and grief. She looked like a beautiful woman who had lost herself in a wide country, wherein the rocks rising among the trees and upon the plains were the nearest approach to companions.

Wentworth approached her, and found her full of emotion, and his smile, usually that slight contraction of the lips, seemed to cut itself deeply into his features, as if the man were in ugly pain. He remembered that he had said he was "jealous" of the former engagement. Could it be that he was acting that jealousy out *to himself?*

She raised her head, and was as fair as an angel, with her tender feeling and tear-gleaming eyes.

"Oh, James, I feel as if a hero were really dead to us!"

"Have you known any heroic man?" asked Wentworth, quickly and bitterly. "Who can be dead?"

Clover trembled and blanched, and he also looked horrified at his temerity.

"Hush!" she cried. "Take my hand, and come to my side. I am almost afraid to look back or forward; but you are my present and fixed destiny. I hope our friendship will be of use to us. I hope you will grow to be my hero."

Wentworth's hand trembled a little as he lifted it to his forehead. He could forecast too much.

He made every possible difficulty with Clover's father, instead of soothing that gentleman's anxious hints and inquiries with plausible assurances or fragments of truth.

"My daughter will have but little property, I am bound to state," was one of Mr. Guerrinar's first remarks to the young man.

"Oh, is that so? Well, I have very little property myself," returned Wentworth, with the insolence of young lovers who know that they have stormed the most important fort on the premises, and don't make much of the rest.

"Oh! and what do you propose to do to better yourself?" asked Mr. Guerrinar, reddening, and determining that his daughter should remain single for a considerable time.

"Perhaps after I am married I shall feel an incentive to action," said the lover. "It is just the reason why I want to get married."

The father could make neither head nor tail of such rejoinders, but he was quite sure that he did not like the person who gave utterance to them.

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"I am afraid you will be obliged to cultivate practical qualities, however," he continued, more coldly, "before I give Clover into your charge."

"Clover has practical qualities, you know. I suppose you understand her nearly as well as I do, and are aware that she don't approve of too much executive ability in those who are dealing with her."

Mr. Guerrinar looked twice at Wentworth at these words, and thought of Stein.

"Still, I refuse to permit her to open an orphanage for you, or a charitable institution of any kind," he shot back. "I don't like your attitude, sir."

Wentworth looked up at the elderly gentleman with his smile.

"I dare say you are quite right not to."

Mr. Guerrinar was as angry as possible, and spoke without reserve:

"I am very sorry that I don't understand *you* more to your credit, Mr. Wentworth, though I flatter myself I do understand my daughter. I am afraid that if I do not manage to get a clearer and more favorable insight into your character very soon, I shall request you to leave my house for good."

"I suppose I shall, when Clover and I have got one of our own. If you take me the wrong way, if you can't see what I am without my giving an explanatory lecture on the subject, I am afraid we shall not prove mutually reliant, Mr. Guerrinar."

"At any rate, I suppose you will explain what family of Wentworths it is to which you belong?"

"I believe I am the most distinguished member," said the young man, lighting a particularly long cigar, without preliminary, as if he meant to smoke Mr. Guerrinar out, like infection.

Mr. Guerrinar knew so well that his daughter was utterly beyond his control, speaking within the bounds of gentleness, that he was afraid to offend the impudent upstart before him, lest Clover should take too much umbrage. But Wentworth was bent upon that very contingency. He could not wait for a formal marriage, because time and publicity would discover the deception of character and circumstances which he was practicing. Stein's death, also, might come to general knowledge at any moment. He reduced his proposed father-in-law, therefore, to the hottest indignation, and made him swear, as deliberately as if he were holding a court Bible under the old gentleman's nose, that he would never consent to the marriage, nor ratify an engagement of the longest known limits.

It was then that Wentworth accomplished his determination and married Clover secretly. As Stein had correctly observed, Clover in her present mood would not have borne with a man who was not ready to yield to her even in vigor and worth; and Wentworth's dependent attitude toward her, wherein he declared that separation from her would be the death of his better nature and whole future development, led her to plunge the generous volume of her powerful temperament in the wrong direction. She surrendered herself to him in a queenly mood; and, as it were, gave commands to society at large to crown him as her husband.

Wentworth had found himself, upon the eve of marriage, experiencing every sensation of anguish, hope, and excitement. These feelings grew, hung at his heart, and as he led her from the altar, leaped madly to his brain. He was being attacked by a foe whose calibre he knew little of. Love, for the first time in the course of his life, as he looked upon his rare and dignified bride, was endeavoring to take possession of him, and to displace the deadly aim which he had nursed with supposed hatred for her.

In answer to a question from Wentworth to that effect, Clover had informed him that she was willing to take any measures which he chose to devise for escaping her father's reproaches and the comments of her friends, supposing any one had the audacity to criticise her judgment. She believed in her own penetration, and it had assured her that Wentworth was the most harmless if the most original of men. Her deep charity, as she called her kind pleasure in his peculiarities, enabled her to trust him as well as to defend him. He had not, according to her knowledge of him, stamina enough to be an adventurer of dangerous proportions. Besides, if he were an "adventurer" even, she said to herself, still she was able to cope with him and uplift him morally. She had never observed anything in him to jar upon her sense of his innate refinement, for Wentworth had not attacked her father with saucy bravado in her presence. And beneath all these superficial thoughts and self-assurances was a fact that grew clearer to her mind every hour; and that was a feeling of tender respect, promising love.

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It was as if a softly colored landscape had suddenly appeared at her feet as she reached the brow of a precipice.

Wentworth had before him a short journey with one of the loveliest women in the world, whose lips and eyes were perhaps somewhat grave and unresponsive, but at any rate were irreproachably charming. He could not see that there was any particular reason for the pride which filled him in possessing this young woman, and in fact it was not wholly owing to this possession that he suddenly developed an air, a height, a breadth, a dignity of speech, which Clover saw with increasing surprise. Her observation, however, was accompanied by so much satisfaction in the change, in the propriety of her husband's wearing all the insignia of the finest manhood, that she forgot to weigh the strangeness of the alteration in him as it deserved.

As the day progressed, and Clover realized their bearings, she remarked, with a smile: "You seem to be directing our course seaward. It is an odd idea, but I quite sanction it. I have always wished to visit the sea-shore in winter. Or perhaps you intend to embark for Australia?" she added, banteringly.

"I also like the sea in winter," Wentworth confessed, solemnly, shaking his shoulders with a restless expression of the eyes. "But I am not sure that you will enjoy it as much as you imagine." He then looked her in the face steadily, and bit his lip.

She gazed back at him, somewhat startled by his manner. She said: "Was it not rather stupid to come, if you feared it would not be agreeable after we got there?"

"There seemed to be a certain fitness in it," he answered, gently, and looked away.

Not long after sundown they left the railroad, and drove from the cars to a hotel. Clover was glad to sink back upon a couch and take off her bonnet and gloves at her leisure. Wentworth walked slowly back and forth in the parlor of old-fashioned size, and so dark in its decorations that the gas-light in the centre of the apartment flickered down a temperate light, and left sad shadows in the air about it. Clover had an undefined sense that something was wanting, and yet felt that she had no right to wish for any show of tenderness. She had never been anything but stern to him. Contending thoughts unnerved her. She seemed to herself to be changing, as if by the power of a magician, into something very different. She longed to weep. She threw her cloak off her shoulders and looked up timidly.

Wentworth was standing, looking at her from the other side of the room. He had his hands in his pockets, but he now drew one of them out with these words: "You perhaps have noticed that I have as yet given you no wedding present. Well, here it is." He laid a velvet box upon the table, then touched the spring, and turned the revealed contents toward her.

Clover leaned forward in astonishment. "What, in the name of fairy-land, have you there?" she asked, with arched brows and a gentle intonation.

"Are they not bright enough to speak for themselves?" he answered, without any responsiveness in his eyes.

She sprang up, went to the table, and caught the box in both hands with a charming grace, holding the contents to the light. Magnificent diamonds. She turned her gaze upon him in wonder.

"My dear James, you must have been fearfully extravagant."

"I don't see why."

"But they are very valuable, and I thought you were a little more economical."

"I believe my income fully justifies my making you as valuable a present as that."

Her hands dropped to the table, and held the jewel-box loosely. She was growing paler with every breath. Wentworth felt the blood rush to his heart.

She made a great effort, nodded, and glanced up pleasantly.

"I never saw a more beautiful necklace. Thank you."

There was a knock at the door, and she quickly closed the box of diamonds. The waiter entered with the preparations for dinner, and Clover withdrew into the adjoining chamber. Wentworth went to one of the windows, and having drawn up the shade, looked out upon a view of the long, narrow extent of Blue Harbor, stretching off from the town, to the left of which was the little fishing village of the above name. The light of an early moon was beginning to clarify the thick obscurities following upon the sun.

Wentworth's aching heart grew strong as he stood reflecting by the window. The sweet and powerful inclinations which had assailed his determination faded before the white, noble images he brought dis-

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tinctly to mind, formed, as it were, out of the fabric of the moonlight. His revenge upon Clover seemed now to include himself, but it had not on that account, he inwardly declared, lost its original intention. It was a very cold and preoccupied face indeed which confronted Clover as they sat down to dinner.

"It is a fine view we have; I've been taking it in from the window," said Clover, in the course of their quiet conversation. "But it makes me all the more impatient to get to the shore. I suppose the waves are very high at this time." She began to look eager, and to sparkle, but not so coldly as the icy borders of the harbor, whose bitter gleams Wentworth had just absorbed as if they were a necessary stimulant.

"I have planned to get there," he rejoined, stolidly. "We will drive within hearing of the breakers after dinner."

"How delightfully you anticipate my wishes!" she exclaimed, with a genuine smile.

He glanced into her eyes sadly. Ah, she was losing her austerity, but gaining all the charm of a wifely woman.

"You are changing," murmured Wentworth, half to himself.

Clover's face took on an expression of happy triumph. She answered, in the same low tones,

"You are changed."

He hesitated, and then rejoined, with a quick look, full of fire,

"You rather like, then, to have me able to 'stand alone'?"

"Why, it was only to that end that I allowed you to think you could *not* stand alone, and needed my help for always. But I did not think that my belief in your natural strength and independence of character would so soon be justified."

"Perhaps my other traits were an assumption," Wentworth remarked.

"An assumption of mine?" she asked, puzzled.

He did not answer.

"And yet you are so different to-day," she went on, looking at his lowered face as she had never looked at it before, as if it were a reflection of her own, "that I could almost admit you had been deceiving me; that this is your customary tone of mind, it comes so easily upon you."

Wentworth raised his head with his peculiar smile, the keenness of which she had never observed before.

"You think it is your influence which has dispelled my irresolution and effeminacy?" he asked, with a sweep of the hand across his brow.

"I confess that I hardly know what to think," she laughed, undisturbed. "But you speak sadly. So you mean to say you regret those traits, if they are really gone?"

"No; I found them extremely fatiguing," replied Wentworth. He leaned back in his chair, with the square military bearing which was natural to him. Their eyes met. He turned pale. She was very beautiful!

Adhering to their plan, the newly married couple drove after dinner over the frozen road toward the coast. There was something melancholy about the pace to which Wentworth was obliged to hold back the horse, on account of the roughness of the ground, which had not as yet been snowed over. Clover at times felt tears upon her lashes before she was aware that her thoughts had brought them to her eyes. The moonlight was now strong, and filled all the starry heavens about them, and the booming of the waves upon the outer coast filled the lower spaces more and more. They wound through the close-packed, hilly village of Blue Harbor, and seemed aiming for the white path of the moonbeams upon the still distant ocean-breadth. After a while Wentworth drew up, and silently sprang from the carriage.

"What now?" asked Clover, bending toward him.

"It will be well to walk a few steps," he said, and held out his hand to assist her in alighting. She placed her hand in his.

"James, is it this light which makes you look so stern?" said she. "Do I look stern too?"

"You look very, very lovely."

"You speak in a severe tone."

"And you are agitated," Wentworth rejoined. "Remember that you are proud of being not easily moved, even by pity, and then perhaps you will not find it so difficult to throw off the chill about us. Besides, I have some brandy here."

Clover said she was not cold, with a quivering lip, and stepped down. They went singly to the brow of the low ridge along which the road ran, and then stood side by side, watching the undulations of the great surface of water before them,

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which broke, further on, into wild waves. The sound of the gnashing and repeated rolling of the scene beyond their sight was ever present.

In a moment Wentworth said, pointing to a spot a little removed from that upon which they stood: "Stand there. Let me see the effect of your figure in this wondrous light. It is so bright and defining, and yet so mournful."

"You are returning to wayward dreams," she laughed, and moved in the direction he designated.

"Clover, you have reached it," said he. She stopped and turned.

They stood gazing at each other, immovably, until Wentworth opened his lips to say: "Do you think I brought you here because I loved you, Clover? It does not look like it. It was for another reason. I loved Stein."

She continued to gaze at him, but drew her hands together as her arms hung loosely, and when they met, clutched them.

"What have you to tell me of him?" she said, controlling a powerful emotion.

Wentworth stepped forward, his slender face gleaming with whiteness, and exclaimed, "You stand beside his grave!"

Clover started back, and fixed her gaze upon the sea. By degrees she lowered her eyes to the ground beside her. Yes! there was a slight mound, with pieces of loose granite at head and foot. She sank upon her knees, and laid her tender hands upon the rough earth glistening with imbedded frost. She did not need to think, nor to give way to her grief for the dead in tears. One of the hardest things to bear is the sense that nature has not given us adequate expression for the deepest agony which we can feel. She clasped her hands together again, and asked, in an altered voice, "How long has it been here?"

"As long as I have known you, and striven to bring you here," Wentworth answered. "I married you that"—she looked up—"that you might remain Stein's. I wish to have no part in your life. You are Stein's prisoner."

She rose to her feet majestically, and said, "Another dream."

"I am no dreamer," cried Wentworth, his eyes flashing with determination from under his blanched forehead. "I have brought justice to one woman who has ruined a noble life; I have shown that there is punishment for even so abstract a crime as yours."

"Yes," she said, with calmness, after a thoughtful pause, "he is death's prisoner, and you make me his." She laid her hand upon Wentworth's shoulder, letting her sorrowful glance linger over his face, while the moonlight touched her dark hair with a film of light. "Unhappy friend," she added, "you are *mine*."

"Your prisoner?" muttered Wentworth, as if exclaiming to himself, and then started with a sense of the truth of her assurance.

"You love me," she said.

"But you belong to another."

She withdrew her hand from his shoulder.

Straightening himself up, he said: "Clover, you must understand that I mean every bitter word I say. I have played the part of a detective and an officer of justice, and I hope I have truly been a man who truly loved a friend, and practically remembered him when dead. If your life has a darker outlook than you calculated for, remember the splendid life cut down at our feet. You and I have seen enough of love. If there is anything else to live for, we can find that and live for it."

"But you love me," she said again, in quiet tones.

He turned impatiently away, and then back to her.

"You will never gain by my love."

Clover kept her own suffering bravely within her bosom. She was a woman upon a great plan, and at this hour of her life her capacities had reached their prime. The cold wind of adversity did not daunt her, although she felt its sharpest edge. In the same way she withstood the actual coldness of the evening, although it struck to her heart. She looked up from her clasped hands.

"I thank you for what you have done," she said.

Wentworth caught his breath, glanced down at the grave, and then again at Clover.

"You love him, then?" he asked.

She tried to answer, but her emotion would not allow her to speak. She went to the brow of the hill and stood with her noble mien emphasized by the light sea beyond. He soon followed her. She did not turn as he stood beside her, but said:

"Mr. Wentworth, you have done astonishingly well. And you have shown

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yourself so true to one who could no longer reproach you if you failed him, that any one living may surely trust you. I put myself in your keeping."

Wentworth's trial had come.

"Have you no reproaches, Clover, for my deceptions and cruelty?"

"Did he suffer less than I?" she asked.

Wentworth cringed and bit his lip, and then burst out with:

"You look so pale and thin! You are so changed, even so soon! Oh, my love, what have I done!"

She turned and faced him with a proud lifting of the shoulders.

"Justice!"

SAUNTERINGS IN UTAH.

WHAT a strangely interesting city it is, this "Deseret" of the Latter-day Saints, which ordinary men and women who live outside the Utah Territory call Salt Lake City!

The Mormons would like to hear it always spoken of by its Reformed-Egyptian name—for Deseret means "the honey-bee" in Reformed-Egyptian (but what "Reformed-Egyptian" means probably only honey-bees know)—for the Mormons pride themselves upon their symbol of the hive, and are complacently content with their badge of the bee, the busy little insect that carries, as a Mormon hierarch has observed, both honey-bag and sting. While I was in Utah I sauntered about under a felt hat of Republic-of-the-Free dimensions, dispensing, unselfishly, a grateful shade wherever I passed. When walking in the noontide glare I could always invite a friend to come in out of the sun and share my shelter with me, and when seated, my hat, spread out on the ground, comfortably sufficed as a seat for two.

And very pleasant they were, those saunterings in the orchard-smothered settlements of the Mormon peasant-farmers, and in the trout-stream cañons that surround the Lucern Territory. Every State, I find, has a second name, and very picturesque some of them are, and if Utah ever arrives at similar dignities, I would suggest "the Lucern State." At any rate, it would be only common gratitude (by-the-way, what is "common" gratitude?) if the compliment were paid to that wonderful plant—the alfalfa of Southern Europe—for Utah would have found it as difficult to struggle into permanent existence without lucern as the early Briton without the traditional acorns, or the Piute Indian without crickets.

Speaking of crickets reminds me of an "idea" of which I am possessed, and which, if acted upon, might result in fortune. It is to prepare from crickets or grasshoppers a "patent food for Indians"! The raw material is absurdly cheap, and the Indian likes it. Where is the objection? Perhaps some needy capitalist may think the idea worth acting upon.

If he does, I can direct him where to go for the fattest and blackest crickets that have ever hopped under my personal observation. Throughout the whole Territory of Utah the cricket is one of the common objects of the country, but there are crickets and crickets, and it is just as well when in search of the best article to "see that you get it." For a consideration, therefore, I will put the speculator on the track of some of the grossest locusts that ever devoured green stuff—locusts, moreover, that *squeak* when pursued. Poets (American poets especially) are very partial to what they are pleased to call the cricket's merry chirp. But the poet's cricket is the insect of the domestic hearth, a pale-colored ghost of a thing, all voice, and with an irregular midnight appetite for the kitchen cloths that are hung out to dry before the stove. The Piutes' cricket is very much otherwise. It is the Jumbo of crickets, and just as black. It lives on the slopes of the Utah hills, among the sage-brush, and when alarmed tries invariably to jump down-hill. But being all stomach, and therefore top-heavy, so to speak, the ill-balanced insect invariably rolls head over heels, and every time it turns a somersault it squeaks dismally. To walk down the hill-side, driving a whole herd of these corpulent crickets before me, used to amuse me immoderately, for the spectacle of so many fat things simultaneously trying to jump down-hill, simultaneously rolling head over heels, and simultaneously squeaking, was mirthful enough to drive the dullest care away.

These slopes I speak of abound in these fat black crickets. They are very indifferently constructed for jumping, and therefore an easy capture. And as I said before, the Piute dotes on them. Will no needy capitalist come forward to run a "patent food" for Indians?

Apart from its substantial utility, the alfalfa is a very noticeable crop. For its

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sweet bloom attracts innumerable nations of winged insects, and these in their turn attract all the insect-eating tribes of birds. Nature works her wonders by methods that may seem roundabout, but the result somehow is always equilibrium. And so, though the lucern flower may nourish injurious insects, it also concentrates them for their easier destruction. In the mean time, the naturalist delights in the purple fields of blossom, and gathers in his treasures with little trouble.

"Have you got one of our horned toads yet?" asked a rustic one day as he saw me searching, after my fashion, for small game among the rose-bushes and yellow currants up the Logan Cañon.

"Horned toad!" I said. "Is there a horned toad to be got here?"

"Oh yes," was the reply. "There's quite a few about among the rocks."

And after that I always kept my eyes upon rocks in the hope of meeting with a horned toad. But in vain, until at last one day, wandering among the rocks that overlook Salt Lake, I caught sight of a frog-like object crawling across a slab of wrinkled gray-green stone. It looked like a wrinkled gray-green stone itself, but it was obviously alive. So I scrambled up to it, and the thing, as I approached, immediately squatted itself flat on the surface it was traversing, and with that instinctive assimilation to surroundings which is always so surprising, became at once indistinguishable from the stone it rested motionless upon. I stooped over it, and scrutinizing my captive, saw at once that this was the rustic's "horned toad."

Nor is the name altogether misapplied, for if ever there was a creature that succeeded in looking like what it wasn't it is this lizard—the *phrynosoma* of the scientific. I had never seen one before, but I recognized it from written descriptions. At the first glance I thought it was a frog, or a frog's brother-in-law, or something very german to a frog. But at the second I noticed that it had a short tail, and then (by experiment) I found it couldn't jump worth a cent, and then I turned it over on its back, and found its legs were all the same length, and so fact by fact I discovered that my new possession was a lizard—a very stumpy, truncated, spiny, horny, and knobby lizard, it was true, but still a lizard. So I picked it up and put it into my collecting case, and when I got home I made it apartments out of a large millinery box, which I furnished handsomely, not to say luxuriously, with stones and sprigs of sage-brush. Inside it I hung up a piece of paper smeared with molasses, and then I put my horned toad in his cage out in the sun. The flies soon found out the molasses—and the "toad" soon found out the flies.

For straightforward, all-round ugliness I think I can safely commend the phrynosoma, but ugliness does not necessarily interfere with agility or other virtues, and the way in which this reptile managed to get outside of the flies showed that he was a professional.

Have you ever seen a "horned toad"? They are found, I am told, in several parts of the States, but are by no means common, so it is probable that the creature is a stranger to you. Imagine, then, a frog with four legs, all the same size, that end in long thin claws. Wrinkle or pinch up the skin on its back into ridges and sharp points and warts, till it looks as if the creature had been unskillfully stuffed with peas and tin tacks. Add a short stump of a tail to one end of the thing, and put on at the other end a head, all pimpled and peaky and spiny, to match the body. Finally, take a handful of dust and powder it all over. It is not a lovable object, is it?—not exactly the kind of animal to make a pet of? But all the same it is well worth watching; for whether in repose, pretending to be only another stone, or in motion when on the war-path after a fly, the "horned toad" is distinctly an "amoosin' cuss."

I was staying at the time on the shore of Salt Lake, and every morning after breakfast used to take a stroll with my pipe through the sage-brush that stretched from my door to the foot of the hills about a quarter of a mile off. I generally had my botanizing tin on my back, my insect forceps in my pocket, and a short alpenstock, fitted with a geological hammer, in my hand. Thus equipped, I was sauntering along one day, when I heard a soft rattling at my feet, and looking down, saw that I had brushed against a plant which bore a bunch of dry pods filled with ripe seeds. I stooped and picked it, and as I went along I kept rattling the pods in an idle way. All the time, too, I was birdnesting, for the sage-brush abounded in the nests of three species of birds, which from the eggs I knew to be

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of the linnet, pipit, and blackbird kinds. I used to find some every day, for not only have I been an expert from my youth up at birdnesting under any circumstances, but the ground here was particularly favorable. Your footsteps, as they fell upon the carpet of last year's sage leaves, were muffled, while the bird sitting on its nest could not see you, owing to the density of the sage-bushes, until you were close upon it. Sometimes, indeed, the hen bird would fly startled off her nest as I was actually stepping over the bush where her treasures were. So, as I went along, I was examining the roots of the sage-brush, and groping about with my hands among the leaves, picking up an insect here or a flower there, and, as I have said, rattling the seed-pods in my hand from time to time.

Suddenly I heard a responsive rattle, and looking down, found that I was walking through quite a cluster of the same plants. I picked a handful, thinking they would amuse my host's children, and soon after turned to saunter homeward. I had taken only a step or two when again I heard the same sound, and instinctively looking down, was just in time to see the last few inches of a dark-colored snake slipping under a tuft of sage-brush.

I turned back the tuft with my alpenstock, and as I did so the ominous rattle of the dangerous reptile sounded its warning, and there, curled up at the root of the bush, was the first rattlesnake I had ever seen, and the largest I have ever seen alive.

My experience of snakes of all kinds in Asia and Africa had long ago cured me of any superstitious dread of them, so I proceeded to experiment upon the "worm" before me. I gave it my alpenstock to strike at. The second time I did so it struck with such viciousness that one tooth pierced the wood, and I lifted the snake nearly off the ground by its imbedded fang. The tooth broke off, however (I cut out the tiny point afterward with my knife), and the rattlesnake re-coiled itself, and again sprang its rattle. In reply I rattled the seed-pods, and the snake responded immediately, attempting after each rattle to make its escape. But I jerked it back again, and continued my experiments, offering it my alpenstock to strike at. It struck at it seven times in succession, and then, exhausted, refused to be irritated into retaliation any more. During all the time the rattle was kept sounding without any intermission, though sometimes in a lower and lazier tone than at others, so that there seemed to be almost a regular cadence, a rise and fall, in the sound. But at last the snake grew weary of even rattling and hopeless of escape, and lay obstinately knotted up, with its head flat on the ground, peering up from under its coils.

I had half a mind to let the creature go with its life, such is my aversion to needless killing; but remembering how favorite a spot this was for pleasure-seekers from Salt Lake City, and what numbers of children are brought out on holidays to wander about among the sage-brush picking flowers, I killed the incautious reptile, and carried off the rattle—"twelve rattles and a button"—as a reminder for the future that all that rattles is not seed-pods.

How often, I wonder, during my walks had I innocently heard the snake at my feet and thought it was the plant? During my stay I killed thirteen rattlesnakes, and all near the same spot; so the chances are that I made the mistake more than once.

But, after all, the rattlesnake, from the very fact of its rattle, must be considered one of the least dangerous of the venomous reptiles. How many thousands of lives would be annually saved in India if the cobra had a rattle at the end of its tail! How immeasurably the terrors of the korait would be lessened if it only gave warning of its presence?

In the case of the rattlesnake there must be stupidity or deafness as a factor in every accident, for it is hardly possible to disregard so distinct a sound. While on the subject of snakes, it is worth saying, perhaps, that one of the most universally accepted superstitions in the world is that of the jumping snake. Wherever you go you are assured, even by so-called eye-witnesses, that snakes can leave the ground and leap up at the victim's face. In America I believe the error to be very wide-spread, for wherever conversation has turned upon the subject, and the company begins exchanging snake stories, the snake that "sprang from the ground" is sure to come to the front. Now, as a matter of fact, no snake can leave the ground to strike; indeed, it can only raise one-third of its total length off the ground at a time. A six-foot snake,

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therefore, has a striking radius of only two feet. At any point within that circle is probable death, but one inch beyond that circle is complete security. A six-foot snake of any venomous species is, however, a rarity, and though I have been often assured by those who thought they had seen them that six-foot cobras and ten-foot rattlesnakes exist, I believe in them no more than I do in that other persistent fiction, the ten-foot tiger. The largest rattlesnake I killed myself—and its rattles proved it to be an old one—was barely three feet in length. The largest cobra (and I have killed a considerable number) was four and a half, and none of my venomous acquaintances, whether cobra, korait, or rattlesnake, daboia, black-snake, whip-snake, coral-snake, or viper, has ever committed the colubrine impossibility of springing off the ground at me, although abundantly provoked to every species of irregularity by teasing before execution.

A singular superstition, to which I paid some little attention while I was in Utah, and which I find is still prevalent in many parts of America, is that of the water-witch. Rabdomancy, or divination by rods, is, of course, as old as history, and certainly therefore much older, and the very form of it which still flourishes, the discovery of subterranean springs by means of a divining-rod, is known to have been in use in the earliest times of which any records have survived. The Bible, for instance, denounces its use more than once. Nevertheless, Christian bishops still carry it as the emblem of authority, and the divining-rod finds its professors and disciples in one form or another in every part of the world. All over Europe, in places remote from advanced intelligence, the magic twig is used for searching for water and for precious metals, and in France just now a professor of the science of rabdomancy has arisen in the person of Madame Cailhava, who claims not only the power of discovering hidden treasures, but the merit of having actually discovered them. In Australia the miners sometimes appeal to "the twig" for information, and I am told that in Colorado and in California the same belief in the mystic affinities of certain temperaments and certain metals is practically acted upon. However this may be, the location of water wells by the agency of the divining-rod is a matter of common usage in many parts of the States, and notably in the West. Utah itself abounds in "water-witches" of varying degrees of local celebrity, but all held more or less in popular repute.

I found little difficulty, therefore, in making the acquaintance of professors of the art, and in their company I spent (I am half ashamed to say) many hours sauntering about with the water-finding fork in my hands. It worked with me without any difficulty, but the results very seldom coincided, I regret to say, with those of my companion's experiments. My twig and his were hardly ever *en rapport*, and the upshot, as a rule, of an hour or two's marching and countermarching was that there *ought* to be water under every few feet of the ground, and "indications" every few inches!

One man in particular has the reputation in the Territory of being a successful and trustworthy diviner, and there is no doubt of it that his reputation so far stands him in good stead that he is always in request, and always, therefore, at work. By trade he is a well-digger, but to this commonplace occupation he has added the more unusual profession of water-finder, and it is a curious fact that his claim to the occult properties involved in the second capacity is really the reason for his employment in the first. And this, too, not by silly, woolly-headed people, but by practical, hard-headed men of business. Thus he is locating for a local railway company all the wells along the new line which they are now constructing through the Piute country. He works invariably with his "twig," and as yet has not failed once. Yet who could say that Cedar Valley was a promising place or its approaches likely places for water?

Nor do his employers make any secret of their preference for a workman with a water-witch reputation. They laugh, of course, at his pretensions, but they employ him all the same. I have spoken to them frequently on the subject, and they admit not only the man's uniform success in placing wells in unlikely places, but their own belief that without the "twig" he would have been unable to locate them!

The instrument of divination is a forked twig, by preference in Europe a hazel, in Utah a mulberry. The prevalent idea that the rod must be cut from a tree that bears stoned fruit is therefore incorrect. Next to the mulberry in popularity is the peach, after that the pear, and after that

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anything. Even sage-brush is not rejected, and, as I know from personal experience, not without reason, for it turns in the hand almost as readily as any other vegetable.

For myself, after a careful experiment, I must confess I have no faith in the water-witch, and my reasons are these: that the twig has obstinately refused in my hands to dip over spots where it is *certain* there was water; that it has dipped in the course of an hour over nearly every yard of ground in a half-acre plot; that in the hands of a blindfolded person it will vary in its indications in such a way as to stultify itself completely.

The twig, in fact, will never say the same thing twice, and I refuse, therefore, to believe in such a very dubious oracle.

It is generally supposed, I find, that the simple fact of the declination of the twig is in itself remarkable.

"There!" says a person in triumph, as soon as the twig turns of its own accord, and against his will, in his hands. But, as a matter of fact, the wonder is when the twig does *not* turn. For the difficulty is to keep the angle of the forks perpendicular, and the most natural thing for it to do is to dip down, and the reason for this is almost obvious. The grasp clinches the forks tightly enough at first, and at first, therefore, the rod never dips, for the hands are dry, the muscles vigorous, and the will strong. But a very few minutes of such violent effort to keep the hands clinched suffices to make the fingers perspire, the muscles relax, and the will flag. The alteration is imperceptible to the performer; the languor comes on insensibly. But the twig detects it at once, and the instant that the force that keeps it rigidly perpendicular at first begins to lessen, it begins to decline. Once on the dip, it is more difficult than ever to keep the twig straight, and though spasms of muscular contraction may check it temporarily in its downward dip, the necessity for obedience to natural laws triumphs in the end, and the twig insists on ultimately having its heaviest point downward. Moreover, the very tightness of the grip has a tendency to accelerate the speed of the declination, on the simple principle that the tighter you squeeze a slippery object the harder it is to hold it, and also from the fact that as the twigs are not perfectly circular, the grip of the hand is not applied with equal force all round, and the unequal pressure that results gives the twigs just the assistance they need.

Idling on the hill-side one spring morning, close to the city creek, I saw two hyacinth-like blades of green thrusting themselves up from the ground. "That is the sego," said my friend, "and it is good to eat. When we first came into the valley we used to consider the sego almost a staple of our food, and for myself I far preferred it to thistle root, which was about all I used to get to eat as a lad."

Thinking I should like to taste the original food of the primitive Mormon in the days before wheat and potatoes grew in the Salt Lake Valley, I dug up the root and ate it, and, as my friend had said, found it was good to eat. Indeed, cooked, I can understand its being a very agreeable and nutritious vegetable.

A few days later, being alone, I chanced again upon some sego plants, and proceeded to dig them up. The small boy who was carrying my botanizing tin and other apparatus seeing me at work, came up and contemplated me.

"That is the sego," said he. "It is deadly poison."

"Well, my friend," I replied, "I am proof against poison. I ate several the other day, and am still alive."

"Maybe," answered the lad, "you ate the *proper* sego. This 'ere's the poisonous sego. *That's* the proper sego," said he, pointing to another hyacinth leaf so nearly like the one I was digging up that I could see no difference between them.

But the boy was quite right. Had I eaten the other I should not probably have died—though deaths have not been infrequent among children—but I should certainly have been very ill indeed. The moral of this is, when you go eating sego, see that you eat "the *proper* sego."

Among the quests in which I busied myself when wandering among the Mormon settlements was that of Indian arrow-heads. The central and southern portions of Utah were once favorite haunts of the red man; and hunting parties from the different tribes used often—when following game across the Utah valleys from the hill range on one side to that on the other—to meet on the Sevier and San Pete bottom lands, and there fight out their rival claims to antelope and bison. In later years, that is, since Mormon settlement, the Indians still continue to haunt the southern cañons, and again

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and again the settlers have had to abandon their infant colonies to the desolating Navajo. Nearly every mile of the country, therefore, from the Utah Lake southward, has its local tradition of Indian warfare, and nearly every river bend, willow bush, cedar clump, or isolated rock marks the scene of some tragic encounter.

A somewhat barbaric but very effective tobacco was also among my Indian experiences. I was on the extreme south of the Territory, on the frontier, in fact, of Arizona, when we came upon a lodge of friendly ("tickaboo") Indians pitched on the pine-covered slope of Long Valley, and I succeeded in accomplishing a long-cherished ambition, namely, smoking with Indians out of an Indian pipe some Indian tobacco.

My friends, being able to converse with the red men, gave them to understand that I wished to buy a pipe, and the assertion was confirmed by my producing from our wagon a number of cakes of tobacco, which I held out in the primitive attitude of bargaining. The gesture gave rise to much "how-howing" among the Lamanites (such is the name given to the Indians in the Book of Mormon), and eventually a pipe head was produced, and then a pipe stem, and after much grunting and ejaculation the one was fitted into the other and handed to me. Affecting to be a connoisseur in Indian pipes, I examined it with an assumption of critical preciseness, and then, putting on an air of only very moderate approbation, I offered two cakes of tobacco in exchange for it. A grunt of dissatisfaction was the only reply of the noble savage, upon which, as if after mature calculation, I put the pipe down on the ground with *three* cakes by its side, and assumed an expression of final determination. But they were not satisfied, and after some minutes of bargaining it was decided by my friends that I should *buy* the pipe for three cakes, but that I should "make a present" to the chief of three more. To this honorable compromise I gladly consented, and so the pipe became mine for seventy-five cents' worth of tobacco.

The bowl is fashioned out of a piece of a very heavy red limestone of such fine grain that it might almost be called "marble." It is three and a half inches long, with a bore about a third of an inch in diameter, the sides of the pipe being over a third of an inch thick. A second bowl, as it were, projects at right angles from the first, the bore being nearly exactly the same, but this is intended for the insertion of the mouth-piece. There seems, however, to be no reason why either should not be used as the bowl, and, indeed, from examination of the bore, I am inclined to think that its late possessor used sometimes to use them indiscriminately. The mouth-piece is a flat lath of locust-wood an inch and a quarter wide, and pierced with a bore about as large as a 0.45 revolver barrel. One end of this is sharpened for inserting in the stone, the other for inserting in the mouth, a notch being cut about a couple of inches from each end for a bunch of blue-bird feathers.

Another cake of tobacco readily enlisted a red man to show me how to prepare Indian tobacco. We went together down to the stream and cut a handful or two of red willow twigs, while the boy who was with us picked a handful of sumac leaves, and another of wire-grass. Thus provided, we returned to the lodge, and the ashes of a cedar-charcoal fire being fanned into a red heat (with my hat, by-the-way, which one of the Indians unceremoniously took off my head for the purpose), the process commenced. The outer red bark of the willow twigs was first of all peeled off and thrown aside—it is generally supposed that the Indians smoke this bark, but this is a mistake—and then the under yellow bark was peeled upward in strips, but left attached to the twig at one end. As each twig was peeled it was stuck into the ground at the edge of the fire (sloping slightly over the embers), and the strips of yellow under-bark hanging down gradually curled up with the heat, crinkling themselves in a kind of rosette round the top of the twig. When they had shrivelled up as tightly as they could do the twig was pulled up, and the crisp bark crumbled off between the hands on to a clean spot prepared for it "on the hearth." The result was the "kinnikinic" of travellers, a pale yellow pile of stuff resembling "granulated" tobacco. Meanwhile the wire-grass had been roughly plaited into a little mat about the size of the palms of the two hands, and on this a layer of sumac leaves had been spread out. As soon as the latter began to wrinkle up with the heat they were turned over, and eventually, when they had ceased forming into blisters, and when, therefore, the moisture was all dried out,

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they were taken off and powdered between the hands, and the result mixed with the "kinnikinic."

I was now informed that the tobacco was ready; so, having cleaned my pipe as thoroughly as possible, and fastened my cigarette-holder over the mouth-piece, I filled Pukwana up to the muzzle with the Indian mixture, and smoked it. What was it like? Well, it was very like willow bark and sumac leaves, but not a bit like tobacco. It was neither narcotic nor stimulant, but rather pleasant, mild, and aromatic to the taste, giving out a profuse smoke of acrid smell.

My pipe finished, we exchanged how-hows with our hosts, gave the chief half a box of matches, and went on our way down the valley.

We stopped in the afternoon by a saw-mill, and while enjoying some delicious milk which was offered to us by the men in the shed, a strapping young fellow with a gun in his hand came up to me and asked me if I would like to have a shot at a "pine hen." I promptly accepted the chance, and taking the gun, followed my young Hercules into the pine-trees. After a while he stopped and "made a point." I approached, and looking up into the pine above us, saw sitting on a bough about twenty feet overhead a handsome red-wattled bird with rich plumage, brown, white, and gray, rather smaller than a caper-cailzie, but very much resembling it in shape and gestures. As it craned its head out to look down at us my guide said, "You won't get a better shot than that."

"But surely," I said, "you don't expect me to shoot that bird while it is sitting there?"

"If you don't," was the reply, "I guess it 'll skin out."

"But," I argued, "can't you throw something at it to make it fly? Try a pine cone."

"It 'll just go up the tree, that's all," said my guide, and, to prove himself right, he picked up a cone and threw it at the bird. And sure enough the "pine hen" immediately commenced hopping up from branch to branch farther into the tree. A little higher, and it would have been lost to sight altogether, so I tried the effect of a shot, firing well to one side of the bird. The result was immediately satisfactory, for the "pine hen," with a loud, horrified cluck, flung itself out of the tree, and flopped across the cart-road, offering a mark when its wings were spread of quite four feet in width. To hit this at twenty yards was no great feat of marksmanship, and the noble fowl came down with a mighty thud at the second barrel.

A day or two later I should have been glad to have had a rifle in my hand, for in one of the cañons leading south to the Rio Colorado we came in sight, some two miles off, of "a mountain lion." By spending a whole day over it we might have stalked the beast with the certainty of getting a fair shot, but as it was, we could only look at it with impotent envy. Lighting my pipe, I sat down and leisurely contemplated this much-exaggerated cat as it sharpened its claws on the rocks and performed its toilet, and eventually strolled in an aimless, idle way out of sight.

How interesting it always is to watch a wild animal when it thinks itself unobserved, and is therefore thoroughly natural! At different times, in different countries, I have sat amused in the company of many wild things that never suspected my presence. Waiting, for instance, for a tiger to break cover before the advancing line of beaters, I have watched wolves and foxes, badgers, monkeys, wild-cat, and pea-fowl. Sitting out in the evening expecting bears, I have had hyenas and deer so close to me I could have hit them with my hat. Nor was our unconscious companion, the puma, less interesting than others. It stretched itself, and yawned, and washed its face with its paws, scratched its head with its hind-feet, and, unless my glasses did it an injustice, played with its own tail. But most of the time it was either on its hind-legs, clawing the rock as high as it could reach, or rolling on the ground with all its four feet up in the air.

In the Zoological Gardens in London the puma (or cougar, or American lion) looks a comparatively harmless and pleasing animal by the side of its neighbors, the true lion, the tiger, the panther, and the jaguar, and stands popularly classed with the smaller rather than with the larger carnivora, taking its place with the cheetah and ocelot and lynx rather than with the tyrants of Indian jungles and African solitudes. But in the Rocky Mountains the puma is "the lion," and I heard some wonderful stories in Colorado and elsewhere of the magnitude and fero-

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city of these animals, and of the prowess of the men who dared to attack them. Yet further from its home the American lion has only an indifferent reputation for personal courage.

There is (or was) a very fine specimen of the puma at one of the eating-houses on the Union Pacific line, I think Evanston, but even it, superior though it was to the average of its kind, seemed to me less formidable game than the leopards I had shot on foot in India, and utterly beneath notice as compared with the tiger; but in the West men have described to me very dangerous encounters in which they themselves took part—the danger, however, resulting, in one instance at any rate, from the assailants firing at the puma with small shot, a proceeding eminently calculated to irritate a beast of prey without seriously wounding it. I confess I should not care myself to face a puma in a cave after I had peppered it with quail shot!

Another Utah animal with which, in captivity, I made acquaintance was the wolverene. It was captured alive near Park City, in a prospector's hole into which it had incautiously descended (after some offal that had been thrown into it), and from which it was unable to escape. It took three men to drag the comparatively small but enormously powerful brute into the cage prepared for it, and the three weeks or so which it had already passed in durance vile had been spent by the amiable animal in gnashing its teeth and trying to tear its prison down with its claws and teeth. The wolverene, if I remember aright, is the State badge of Michigan.

Among the curiosities of Utah (and Utah, I take it, is the centre of one of the most marvellous regions in the whole world for natural eccentricities and wonders) ought certainly to be mentioned the freaks in the way of water with which the Territory abounds.

In the extreme north is a magnificent subterranean reservoir of first-class soda-water, which is forever bubbling and effervescing out of the ground in such quantities that, if bottled off, all America might be supplied. What a blessing such a spring would be in India! And what a delightful rendezvous it would make for a picnic party, every one bringing his own brandy flask!

In the extreme south is an exquisite circular lakelet that is always just full to the brim with water as clear and as green as beryl. And wherever the water overflows the lake's edge it incrusts the ground, and the grass and the fallen leaves upon it, with a fine coating of limestone, so that the brim is perpetually growing higher and higher with the imperceptible but certain growth of a coral reef, and in course of generations the lake will become a concreted basin.

Between these two points are scattered all over the country springs and pools of the strangest waters. In one place hot and cold run side by side out of the same bank. There is one pool only a foot deep, and situated at high altitudes, that refuses to freeze even in the severest winters. There is another that mysteriously replenishes itself with half-grown trout. One stream that I saw, though clear as crystal to the eye, and tasteless, stains all the vegetation it flows over a deep brown. A warm spring near Salt Lake City is the strongest sulphur water known in the world. A "hot spring," a few miles off, with waters so hot that you can hardly put your hand into them, and as bright as diamonds, is one of the most remarkable combinations of chemicals ever analyzed.

But, after all, is not Salt Lake a sufficient water-wonder by itself for any one State? I lived on its shores for nearly a month, and the mystery and beauty of the lake never palled. Its waters, which I had been told by some one who could never have seen them were dull and opaque, I found intensely, marvellously clear. The pattern on a plate lying twenty feet deep was almost as distinct as if in the hand, and as the bottom can never be disturbed (owing to the weight of the water), nothing that falls into the lake heavy enough to sink to the bottom is ever covered over. But there are not many things that fall into Salt Lake that are heavy enough to sink, and the novelty of finding myself afloat on water in which it was impossible to drown was a perpetual delight to me.

I rigged up a sailing apparatus, which acted admirably. There was a small block of wood (comfortably padded with bathing towels) for the head to rest upon, and another for the feet, and into each end of the latter I fixed an upright spar about a yard high, and stretched a towel between them. Attached to the top of each of the spars was a string, which I

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held in my hands, and so by shifting my feet as necessary, and working the strings, I could not only sail before the wind, but tack, my best speed being at the rate of a mile in twelve minutes. Laziness prevented my perfecting the apparatus; but it is easy enough to see that if the water is so buoyant as to support the human body, the human body might be treated by its owner exactly as if it were a boat. It could be fitted with sails and steering gear for sailing, or it could be outrigged for rowing, or even arranged for carrying freight. The body, in fact, could have this vast advantage over the boat, that it would be intelligent, and could therefore assist in its own navigation. And what a delightful spectacle it would be, a flotilla of such craft, with the parents hurricane-decked for carrying the younger members of the family! And think, too, of the annual regattas!

For in the water of Salt Lake a bather can lie on the surface of the water without any exertion whatever, or by passing a towel under his knees and holding the two ends he can remain in any depth of water kneeling, with the head and shoulders out of water, or by shifting it under the sole of the feet he can sit on the water. The one exertion, in fact, is to keep one's balance; none whatever is required to keep afloat. The only danger, therefore, arises from choking by accidentally swallowing some of the water, for the strength of the brine is so intense that the muscles of the throat are convulsed, and strangulation ensues. All the same, I have myself dived several times into Salt Lake, and have survived.

A fiction is current that nothing can live in the lake, but during the month of June I found two living things in its water, one an exquisite rotifer, the other a shrimp-like creature that was one of the liveliest and most interesting objects to watch that I ever had before me. Fresh-water killed them in two hours, but in the concentrated brine of Salt Lake they lead apparently lives of the most eccentric and determined gayety.

During the month of April, also, the beach of the lake was heaped in places for miles at a time with a drift, sometimes a foot thick, of a gelatinous animal matter, of which without a microscope it was impossible to settle the nature. But whatever it was, whether spawn or anything else, it proves the existence of such a quantity of animate matter of some kind or another as almost passes computation. In June this prodigious accumulation of jelly-like matter had been replaced by an equally astonishing accumulation of the empty pupa cases of some tiny winged insect. They lay in a bank six feet wide, and in some places nine inches deep. Mingled with them was such an immense débris of insect life of all kinds that entomologists could not do better than search the lake beach if they wish to arrive rapidly at a knowledge of the insect life of the surrounding country. Every wind that blows drives the winged things of the neighborhood into the water, and there they die at once, and at once are preserved in their natural colors by the antiseptic brine. The shingle, and in places the surface of the water, were covered with a myriad of small black dipterous flies, but having neither the leisure nor the apparatus, I was unable, to my eternal regret, to decide for myself whether the lively shrimp in the water, the empty chrysalis case on the beach, and the black fly in the air were or were not one and the same insect in the three stages of larva, pupa, and imago.

Nor was this all that I found in the lake, for I came one day upon an immense drift of small shells. I followed it for half a mile and more, and it showed no signs of decreasing. Filling a towel with the shells, I examined them at my leisure, and found three varieties of one species of spiralis—if such they really were—and one "cyclostoma." These may, of course, be fresh-water shells that have been washed down into the lake by one of the influent streams, and have drifted on to the beach where I saw them; but, on the other hand, they may *not*, and till some one proves the contrary, there is nothing to prevent the theory being held that somewhere or another in the lake there is a colony of shelled things living on the herbage which grows at the edge of the water. For there are several species of plants that grow within high-water line of the lake, and these, if anywhere in abundance, would suffice for the sustenance of these pickled mollusks.

Nor is the general impression of the great briny sea—that it is a Dead Sea, silent and avoided by birds and beast—at all in accord with the fact that at certain seasons of the year Egg Island is one of the busiest, liveliest spots on the whole earth, while at all times of the year wild fowl

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seek the refuge of its islands and waters at night. Egg Island during the nesting season is the haunt of innumerable gulls, of flocks of pelicans, and some cormorants and cranes, and it is one of the most remarkable facts of ornithology that the parents should, several times a day, make a journey of at least thirty miles each way to bring their nestlings the necessary food. Among the rocks and vegetation on the shores of the lake all kinds of bird and beast life find a place; the sage-brush is full of rabbits, gophers, "and small deer"; the brackish marsh-lands are the haunt of curlews, avocets, plovers, and other wading birds, while wild duck and geese (and sometimes swans) are found at times in great abundance on the very margin of the lake. Flowers of many beautiful kinds grow close to the margin, and attract a large variety of insect life.

Where have I not seen sunsets—by land and by sea—in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America? And where can I say I have ever seen more wondrous coloring, more electrifying effects, than in the great Salt Lake? They were too baffling in their splendor for any attempt at description, but it seemed, evening after evening, as if a whole world in flames lay on the other side of the craggy islands that stud the lake, and I shall carry in my memory forever and forever that terrible range of crimson peaks standing up from the water —that seemed all stained and streaked with crimson — and then the gradual change from the hues of catastrophe, of conflagration, and carnage, to the loveliest shades of the loveliest colors, the daintiest pinks of the daintiest roses, and all the shifting charms of Alcinous's golden-gated cities in his kingdom of the clouds. It was a veritable Apocalypse of beauty and of power.

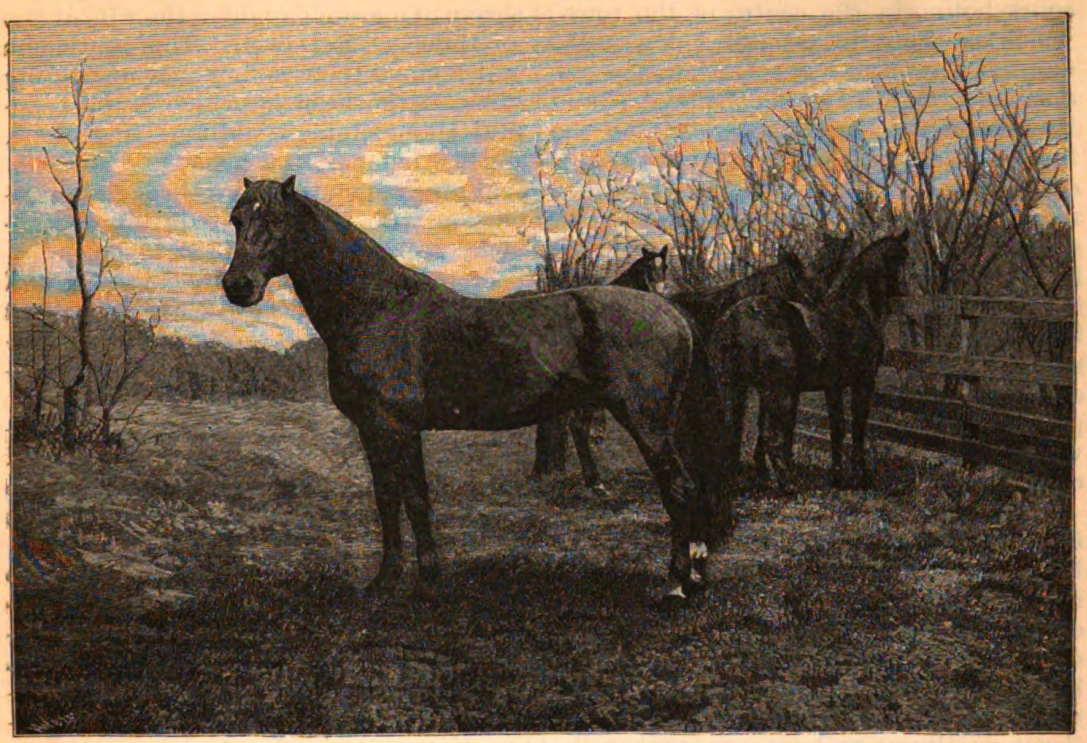
Needless to say, the lake is a place of legend and superstition. The Indians of all tribes agree in venerating this mysterious body of water, and their traditions have been handed down by the old trappers and hunters to the present day. The suddenness of storms upon the lake, and the extraordinary force of waves of such heavy water, the mere buoyancy of the water itself, filled the red man with awe, and the stern islands, rising so precipitously from the surface, were supposed to be the abodes of the spirits of the storms.

Nor are the other lakes of Utah exempt from the same superstitious associations. The Utah Lake (a fresh-water lake south of Salt Lake City) has a legendary "monster" that inhabits it. Panguitch Lake is haunted by the ghosts of dead Navajo chiefs. But Bear Lake is perhaps preeminent for its mysterious reputation, inasmuch as there is abundant testimony on record—or the formally registered oath, moreover, of men whom I know from personal acquaintance to be incapable of willful untruth—of the actual existence at the present day of an immense aquatic animal of some species as yet unknown to science.

Now credulity is both a failing and a virtue—a failing when it arises from ignorance, a virtue when it arises from an intelligent recognition of possibilities. Any ignoramus, for instance, can believe in the existence of the sea-serpent. And Professor Owen, one of the very wisest of living men, is quite ready to accept testimony as to the existence of a monster of hitherto unrecorded dimensions. But while the former will take his monster in any shape it is offered to him, the professor, as he told me himself, will have nothing unless it is a seal or a cuttle-fish. In these two directions recent facts as to size go so far beyond previous data that it is within the scientific possibilities that still larger creatures of both species may be some day encountered, and until the end of time, therefore, the limit of size can never be positively said to have been reached.

With this preamble, let me say that I believe in the Bear Lake monster, and I have these reasons for the faith that is in me: that the men whose testimony is on record are trustworthy and agree as to their facts, and that their facts point to a very possible monster — in fact, a fresh-water seal or manatee. Driving along the shore of the lake one day, a party surprised the monster basking on the bank. They saw it go into the water with a great splash, and pursued it, one of the party firing at it with a revolver as it swam swiftly out toward the middle of the lake. The trail on the beach was afterward carefully examined, and the evidence of the party placed on record at once. Other men, equally credible, have also seen "the monster," but, *in my opinion*, the experience of the one party referred to above sufficiently substantiates the Indian legends, and establishes the existence of this aquatic nonpareil. Let the Smithsonian see to it.

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KING RENÉ.

AMONG THE BLUE-GRASS TROTTERS.

"WE Kentuckians are never in a hurry."

"But your horses are, for you, and they make ample amends," said I.

"Why, yes, they do not seem to waste a great deal of time, that is true."

These words were spoken, as the stories are fond of beginning, apropos of some slight delay, at the railway station at Lexington, in the heart of the blue-grass country, and my interlocutor was a courteous ex-Confederate general who was waiting to take me to see one of the great breeding-farms on which the American trotter has been brought to his highest grade of perfection.

The blue-grass country is reached by traversing central Virginia and Kentucky along the line of the picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, unless, indeed, one prefers the swift and solid Pennsylvania route to Cincinnati, and drops down to it from the north. On this particular journey, at any rate, it was reached past the battle-fields and springs of Virginia, and up and down the long slopes of the Blue Ridge and gorges of the Greenbrier and Kanawha, in the wilder Alleghanies. It is found to be a little cluster of peculiarly favored counties in the centre of the State. Marked out on the map, it is like the kernel, of which Kentucky is the nut; or like one of those "pockets" of precious metals happened upon by miners in their researches. The soil is of a rich fertility, the surface charmingly undulating. Poverty seems abolished. On every hand are evidences of thrift corresponding with the genial bounty of nature. A leading crop in times past has been hemp, and land that will grow hemp will grow anything. This is being more and more withdrawn in favor of stock-raising exclusively, but the tall stacks of hemp, in shape like Zulu wigwams, still plentifully dot the landscape.

Lexington is its capital. It is a place of some eighteen thousand people, and has five important railroad connections. It is comfortably built of red brick. Its hotel, which has occasion to entertain not a few distinguished people, is on quite a large scale, and unexpectedly well kept. On a prominent knoll is the rusty-looking building of the Kentucky University, *alma mater* of Jefferson Davis. The old

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court-house, in the centre of the town, which is about to be pulled down—the more is the pity—has echoed to the eloquence of Clay, Marshall, Crittenden, and Breckinridge. On "court days," in the first of each month, the plaza about it, called Cheapside, is the scene of a bustling market sale of horses, cattle, mules, and sheep. A dozen mounted auctioneers are heard shouting at once. The whole area is a confusion of tossing horns, kicking legs, and blatant noises, among which the negro custodians keep such order as they can. These court days are held at other places in turn, and the stock is to be met with on the roads trooping from one to the other.

It must not be supposed that our blooded horses are thus disposed of. The very best must be sought on the stock-farms individually; at the same time, on court day, perhaps there may be found a choice of a hundred or more good saddle and harness horses on sale in a quieter way. Here is a long clean stable, for instance, almost as long as a rope-walk, next to the Phœnix Hotel, which is a typical establishment, and where they can be found. The owners gather them in from the breeders, and have themselves also a training and breeding establishment in the suburbs.

Ashland, once the home of Henry Clay, is to be seen, and again the cemetery, in which a tall column, somewhat resembling that in the Place Bastille at Paris, with his statue in a Senatorial attitude on the top of it, has been raised to his memory. Harry of the West, in earlier days the humble Mill Boy of the Slashes, came in time to have the prevailing taste for fast horses, and it is not likely that he was injured by this in the eyes of his peculiar class of constituents. He owned Yorkshire and a number of imported mares, which he left to his only surviving son, John M. Clay. The Ashland place is in the suburbs. It has a charming location and view, but the residence itself is disfigured, in a rebuilding of late years, by tawdry modern cast-iron work, "sanded" to represent stone. There are vestiges of a track behind it, where another son, James B. Clay, first brought out the capabilities of the great Mambrino Chief, a trotting stallion notable in the annals of horse-flesh. It is gratifying to know that, after a long sequestration, the place has again passed into the hands of the family, in the person of a granddaughter, the wife of Major Henry C. McDowell. This gentleman will remove there a fine stud of trotting stock, at the head of which is the beautiful Hambletonian stallion King René, and the name of the place will no doubt again be frequently heard through its connection with a leading industry of Kentucky.

At one side of the town is the track of the Lexington Jockey Club, the oldest active association of the kind in the United States, founded in 1795, only a year after Mad Anthony Wayne had broken the power of the Indian tribes on the Maumee. On the other are the track and much finer grounds and buildings of the quite modern Kentucky Trotting-horse Breeders' Association. The running track, formerly used for trotting as well, has naturally seen some notable achievements in its long existence. The immortal Lexington, bred by Dr. Elisha Warfield at The Meadows, within a stone's-throw of the town, Ten Broeck, Longfellow, King Alfonso, Kentucky, and Asteroid may be mentioned among the runners that have sped around its circuit. Lexington, whose influence is more potent than any other in the present American breed of runners, begot in his time no less than 236 winners of races, with aggregate winnings of $1,160,000. Of trotters it saw in early times of the movement such stallions as George Wilkes, Sentinel, Strathmore, Dictator, Banker, New York, Happy Medium, Administrator, Aberdeen, and Alexander's Abdallah, all sons of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and brought out from the East to become progenitors of the stock which has since added millions of wealth to the State. It has historic memories from the late war. Ridden over by Morgan's men—Morgan himself having been a Lexingtonian, and originally commander of the Lexington Rifles—and bivouacked upon by both armies in turn, not a stick of value was left standing. Nowhere is there less trace of war or a more good-humored way of speaking about it than in this section, but its retarding effect upon the horse industry, through the scattering and loss of so many fine animals, was very great.

The Kentucky Trotting-horse Breeders' Association offer at their annual meeting in the fall only colt stakes and purses, the limit being at four years of age. They have also established of late a Trotting

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Register of their own, to which the terms of admission are much more severe than to that of the National Association at New York. The amphitheatre on their track is a gay turreted edifice following the bend of the course, and accommodating 10,000 people. Here Aldine, one of William H. Vanderbilt's fast pair, made a great exhibition of staying power. She lost three heats, "tied" the fourth, and finally won the fifth, sixth, and seventh, "distancing," or leaving eighty yards behind, the horse which was at first in the van. Monroe Chief here made the best four-mile record, in the fall of 1882, and what is the more remarkable, each mile in exactly the same time, 2 minutes 23 seconds.

There are some regulations in force here which might well serve as a model throughout the country. The association has by its charter absolute control of its grounds, and allows upon them neither gambling, drinking, nor side-shows. Freed thus from all obnoxious elements, the racing on this track is patronized without fear by people of the best standing.

One or other of these tracks, up to two years ago, had kept the highest one, two, three, and four year old records. When the two-year-old filly So-and-So made her mile here in 2.31 in 1877, it was openly scoffed at on the receipt of the telegrams in New York, and deemed incredible. Since then the prestige has momentarily departed. The great Californian colts have come up. As the record now stands, Governor Stanford heads the yearling list with his Huida Rose in 2.36½, and the two-year-olds with Wildflower in 2.21. Next comes the three-year-old Phil Thompson, a Kentucky-bred horse, however, in 2.21. The four-year-olds are led by a Kentucky horse also, Jay Eye See, in 2.19. It is said by some, however, that the Californians, raised in a climate which is favorable to precocious development, can not hold out to the maturer ages.

One drops into horse talk immediately on alighting from the train at Lexington, and does not emerge from it again till he takes his departure. It is the one subject always in order. Each successive proprietor, as he tucks you into his wagon, if you will go with him—and if you will go with him there is no limit to the courtesy he will show you—declares that now, after having seen animals more or less well in their way, he proposes to show you a HORSE. Fortunately there are many kinds of perfection. He may have the best horse or colt of a certain age, the one which has made the best single heat, or fourth heat, or quarter of a mile, or average at all distances, or the best stallion, or brood-mare, or the one which has done some of these things at private if not public trials. Each one has, at any rate, the colt which is *going to be* the great horse of the world. This is an amiable vanity easily pardoned, and the enthusiasm is rather catching. A man's stock is greatly to his credit and standing in this section while he lives, and when he dies is printed prominently among the list of his virtues.

But meanwhile we keep waiting the courteous host with whose words the chapter is opened, and to whom, in recognized story fashion, we now return. He is a Confederate general, who commanded the artillery at Vicksburg. Before that he was a soldier in the Mexican war, and wounded at Buena Vista under Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, "Young Henry," who lost his life there. He is a college graduate, lawyer by profession, was ruined by the war, but recovered himself afterward, considers it an easy matter to make fortunes, and has made the best of all of them by his high-grade horse farm, conducted on enlightened principles. He has one hundred and twenty brood-mares, and two hundred and seventy-six blooded animals of all sorts and sizes set down in his catalogue.

The possession of a fast horse curiously gives a kind of vicarious merit to his proprietor. We are to esteem him too something of a high-stepper and flyer, and as likely to run his factory, his newspaper or railroad, or whatever it may be, a little better than other people. It is the best advertising medium known. An audacious patent-medicine firm is said to have offered $25,000 for the bare privilege of changing the name of Vanderbilt's Maud S., when it would have made it, of course, that of the nostrum in question. Maud S., it will be remembered, is the fastest trotter in the world, having made a mile in 2.10¼. Again, we have the story of the impecunious suitor who promised his prospective father-in-law that within forty-eight hours after getting control of his daughter and her fortune he should secure a greater reputation than Queen Victoria.

"How will you do it?" the affluent but stern parent inquired.

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"I shall buy Maud S."

The proposition of genius is said to have been interrupted at this point by the wails and discomfiture of speedy ejectment. If, however, such reverence is to be evoked by the owner of a single fast horse, what shall we say to one who has well nigh three hundred? But these questions pass away, and, hardened no doubt by familiarity, we soon find ourselves treating our entertainers quite on the terms of ordinary mortals.

General William T. Withers's "Fairlawn" is just at the edge of Lexington. It is a comfortable modern stone house in the midst of fine shade trees of the natural woods of Kentucky. It is approached up an avenue through a patent self-acting gate. Around it are scattered numerous barns, stables, and other out-buildings. The land is divided into various paddocks and pastures, in which the reddish spots of feeding colts are scattered about, by stretches of excellent white fence. A fence here, according to a saying of the section, must be "mule-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight." This place has but two hundred and forty acres, but the brood-mares are kept on another farm, of five hundred acres, elsewhere. At one side of the grounds is a commodious training track, laid out like one of those mythical fairy circles on which the spinning of rapid feet weaves spells of enchantment and prosperity. It is visible from the library window, and the general may stand there, even with the curtains closed, and see the performances of his horses, and act as a check on any negligent practices of his grooms.

The host seats us in this comfortable library, and explains to us his theories and shows us his books of record. Every birth, every pedigree, is accurately entered. It is a business, as thus conducted, which calls for a high order of intelligence. Horse-breeding as at one time conducted was but an innocent form of gambling. The processes were hap-hazard and the result of ignorance. Again, much money was lost through the choice of inferior stock. Of late the theory prevails that the very best is not too expensive; a great deal of valuable certainty has been deduced from the collective wisdom of the past, and, as a rule, money is made instead of lost.

The library cases are lined with books on the horse; the walls, with those of the house generally, and indeed of the blue-grass region throughout, are hung with his pictures. Over the door is the historic Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Roman-nosed, hollow-backed, and far from a model of good looks, upon a field of plain grass and sky. Opposite is a canvas showing Happy Medium in his stable. At the right is Cassius M. Clay, Jun., and at the left Almont, flying at the top of their speed, till their sulky wheels are but a ghostly blur. In the main hall are Almont and Clay again, standing; and in the hall above, on the way to my chamber—set apart also, it seems, in his time, for King Kalakaua, who has been a visitor and buyer of horseflesh here—are Almont and Hambletonian respectively in large landscapes of a purplish tinge and crude workmanship. Who are these horse artists? Well, they are specialists who have reduced the pose and rendering of the animal to a mechanical formula in obedience to the commands of their patrons, and though sometimes displaying not a little skill in color and modelling, would hardly be accepted in any recognized exhibition. More often they are irresponsible floaters, broken-down German noblemen, perhaps, according to their own story, who profess to ability in this direction, and produce daubs of the most hopeless kind. The pictures of an early artist, Edwin Troye, where extant among the blue-grass breeders, seem to be more esteemed than any others.

An amusing chapter might be devoted by itself to the caricatures on the subject, which have been profuse from the days of Cruikshank down. We might see the humors of the fancier with his sorry jade booted, blanketed, and weighted up to the nines, the shrewd bargainers endeavoring to overreach each other, the ambitious cockney setting out for a brush on Harlem Lane, beaten by an ash cart or beer wagon, and finally "hung up" in a tree with a buggy wheel around his neck; but these things are found mainly in the stables and hotel lobbies, and the breeders take quite a serious view of their case.

Now for out-of-doors to see the place in detail. In the first place, the blue-grass! Perhaps one has expected to see vegetation of such colors as it often displays on china plates or in young women's worsted-work; but it is not blue at all. The general pulls up a tuft of it in the pasture. It grows in bunches, is fine and wiry, and has no other stalk than the

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Aberdeen. Almont Lightning.
Ethan Allen, Jun. Happy Medium.

AT THE STABLES.

seed-stalk. It remains fresh all winter, thrives under the snow, and is not cut, since it keeps itself better than it can be kept as hay. It is "blue limestone grass" properly, though there is a popular belief that it really takes a bluish color in June, and it is from the peculiar rock stratum of the country on which it grows that it takes its name.

The best stock is said to follow the limestone rather than clay and sandstone formations, the world over. It forms a perpetual fertilizer for the land, and gives out a pasturage upon which is knit fine bone and firm muscular tissue. The Kentucky blue limestone too is a quarry for the turnpike-roads, which are of phenomenal excellence, and the even stone walls, used for fencing, with a park-like effect, everywhere throughout the section. It crops up in picturesque ledges in the landscapes, and forms bold and striking palisades along the rivers. Curious caverns are sometimes formed in it, in which the streams disappear, to come up as mysteriously elsewhere. I have seen such a stream come out of the ground like a spring, but strong enough to turn a mill wheel at the start.

General Withers's principal stable is a kind of horse cathedral. This is by no means common. Many a fine animal, almost as much the pride and pet of its owner's family as if they were of Arab stock, is led out from but shabby quarters. The stables of the region are clean and wholesome, but do not incline to fantastic elegances of adornment such as are growing in favor among ourselves in the Northern cities. Here the light strikes down upon us through colored glass windows; the whole interior is faced up with hard woods; and the floor of the principal aisle, or nave, strewn with soft straw for exhibiting the paces of the animals upon, could not be neater if it were that of a drawing-room. The main dimension is 155 feet, and this is crossed by a transept of 100. The stalls are toward sixteen feet square. They have outer as well as inner doors for egress in case of fire, and these are never kept locked. Little or no fancy iron-work in the way of stable fittings is used, wooden racks and mangers being preferred. Wide

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open spaces over the partitions and transom ventilators carry off all odors. The clean hay is piled in mows above, and the corn and oats slide down by traps into convenient bins. Then there is a place for sulkies and road-wagons, a harness room and harness-mending room, and a great collection of the mysterious-looking boots and weights used in breaking in the trotter.

These accommodations are for the benefit of the horses whose education is completed, so far as this is done at a breeding-farm, and which are for sale. There are, in fact, very few wholly mature horses of the best sort, except those reserved for stock purposes, to be found among the breeders. They are bought up at an early age, and taken away to professed trainers, or out of the State, to be prepared for their future triumphs. It is chiefly to a display of beautiful colts, with their sires and dams, that the visitor to the "horse-pasturing Argos" of Kentucky is invited.

An adjoining stable of an older fashion, though equally as neat, is devoted to the colts, taken up from those running at large in the fields, to be broken in. The stalls here are eight feet by ten for a single inmate, and ten by twelve for two. A narrow aisle runs through the centre, into which project from the stalls wooden troughs, by which food is expeditiously delivered. Next comes a long row of low brick buildings, containing the superintendent's house, and carpenter, paint, and blacksmith shops. The last is redolent of the peculiar smell of burning hoof, and merry with the clink of iron and gossip of the negro grooms, who will tell you wonderful stories all day long of the doings of their equine charges. Near by a little court-yard is reserved as a hospital, and in it stand a few animals awaiting dolefully the end of their woes.

"I am no great believer in veterinary doctors," says our host. "They kill more than they cure. I blanket my patients, protect them from sudden extremes of the weather, and give but little medicine. That is my system."

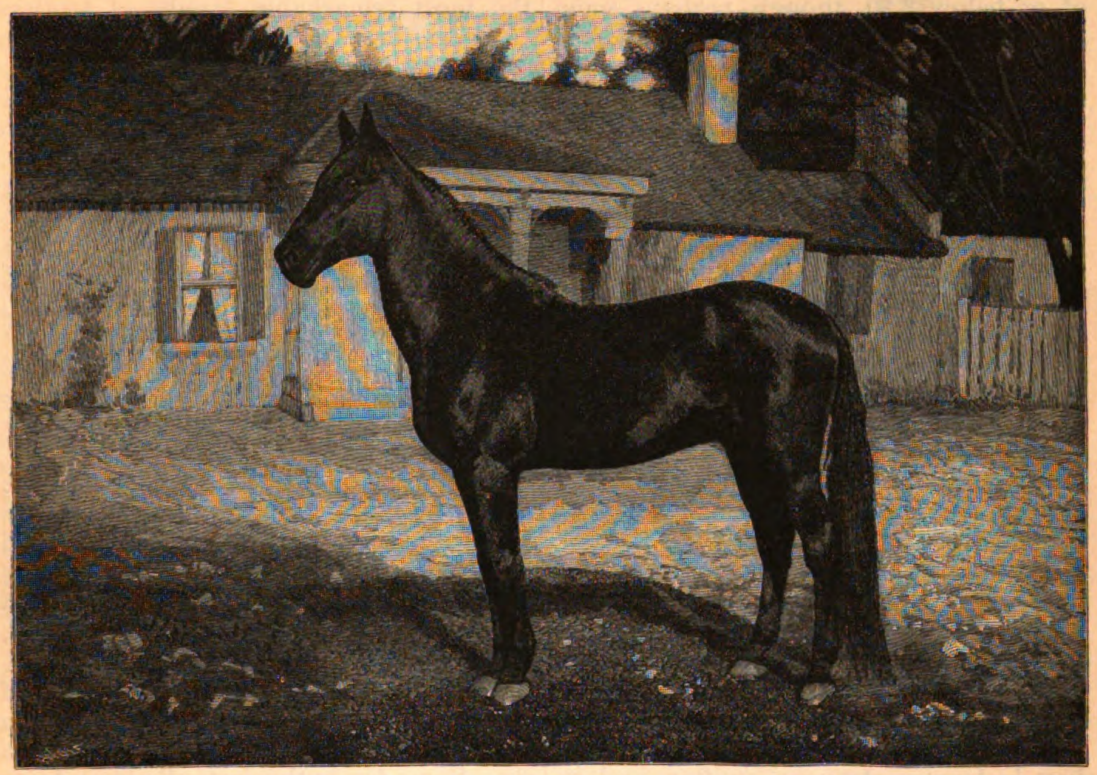
Visitors sit comfortably in chairs in the cathedral-like stable, and the horses are brought out before them. Representatives from this stable have gone to many climes. They have been sent to Canada and Prince Edward Island, to Oregon, to Australia and New Zealand, to Italy, and to the Russian province of Bessarabia, to mingle with the Orloff trotter, which is not greatly unlike our own.

Make way! make way! The spirited young stallion Almont Lightning, son of Almont, is led out into the straw-covered aisle. He is good nature itself, yet it would not be comfortable to be knocked by his heels into the middle of next week, even in play. What power and fire! He is sixteen hands high, dark bay, and has black points extending up to the knees and hocks. His groom, pressing one hand on the withers, and holding the halter in the other, runs with him up and down. It is like another representation of Alexander and Bucephalus.

In a house of his own, on another part of the place, is his sire, Almont, and near the latter the stallions Aberdeen, Happy Medium, and Ethan Allen, Jun., who all together constitute the strength of the estate. Almont, though a little rounder in the barrel and lower, and eighteen years of age, is full of exuberant life, and hardly to be distinguished from his son, who is six. He is spoken of as now the best in the State, Mr. A. J. Alexander's Harold, sire of Maud S., probably coming next. He is the best son of Alexander's Abdallah, as Abdallah was the best son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. He is the sire of Aldine and Early Rose, who have trotted together in 2.16½, and of Piedmont, who made 2.17 in a fourth heat, and he has to his credit twenty sons and daughters with records of from 2.30 down, three of these being below 2.20. A great breeding sire may or may not be a flyer himself. It is said that the famous Hambletonian could not go inside of three minutes. It is his progeny that rise up and call him blessed. The prize most valued by the breeder of all that are offered at the exhibitions is for "the best stallion with the best three of his get."

If the pedigree of Almont, in the male line, were succinctly stated after Scriptural fashion, it would be somewhat as follows: The Darley Arabian, imported into England in the year 1709, begot Flying Childers, and Flying Childers begot Blaze, and Blaze begot Sampson, and Sampson begot Engineer, and Engineer begot English Mambrino, and English Mambrino begot Messenger (imported into the United States), and Messenger begot Abdallah, and Abdallah begot Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and Rysdyk's Hambletonian begot Alexander's Abdallah, and Alexander's

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ALMONT.

Abdallah begot Almont. The pedigree in the breeder's catalogue, however, follows back his dam and granddam in the same way, the first tracing through the divergent stream of Mambrino Paymaster to the Darley Arabian also, and the second through Alexander's Pilot, Jun., and imported Diomed to the Godolphin Arabian. It traces also each male factor to his first, second, and third dam, and sets down his famous progeny and his time, so that the whole occupies two closely printed duodecimo pages.

The stallion Aberdeen is a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian by the Star mare Widow Machree. The Widow was one of the gamest mares that ever lived. She would go in any condition of health, and in her greatest race had to be helped to her feet, and "could scarcely put one foot before the other" when she first came on the track. Happy Medium is another son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, by Princess, the great rival of Flora Temple. Ethan Allen, Jun., represents the hardy Morgan family. Cassius M. Clay, Jun., lately dead, introduced into the Fairlawn stud the blood of the Clay family, descended from imported Grand Bashaw, a barb presented by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson. It is a strain rather weak and faint-hearted by itself, apt to give out before the mile is over, but of great value in combination with others. The varieties mentioned sum up most of the favorite strains known to the breeder's art.

All these names, periods, families, and records, together with the other paraphernalia with which the professed horseman delights to surround himself, are something of a chaos at first to the beginner. By a little pains, however, the mystery may be dispelled, and at the same time the theory of breeding upon which the leading blue-grass residents are mainly agreed in their practice may be arrived at.

A horse must have made a mile in 2 minutes and 40 seconds to find admission to that Burke's Peerage of the race, the American Trotting Register. The Kentucky breeders have reduced this in their register to 2.30. Certain blood-relatives of these favored ones are also ennobled by their performances, and find a place.

There are no more than ninety-nine

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horses in the world which have records of or below 2.20, though perhaps some fifteen hundred of or below 2.30. This simplifies the number of those important enough to be specially looked after, and it will be seen that all descend from a few leading sources. Where names are reduplicated the name of the owner of each is attached—as Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Bishop's Hambletonian, Vermont Hambletonian—to prevent confusion.

About all the trotting stock extant traces to some five families, based originally on the English thorough-bred, or running, stock. They are not at all of equal size; some are of a very minor sort; and by far the most prominent is that outlined in the descent of Almont, through imported Messenger. The Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian—whom Eugène Sue has celebrated in his romance as "the King of the Winds"—and one or two others were brought over from Arabia in the early eighteenth century to improve the common stock of England. From them chiefly has been developed the whole English race of thorough-breds. The product is larger, stronger, swifter, and in most respects an improvement on his ancestry; but in the process he has lost the gentleness, the almost human intelligence, of the Arabian, and become overbearing and surly in temper. As original aristocracy derives from the Arabians, it would seem to be an easy matter to keep up the importations, and thus maintain the standard of form and temper at any pitch required. This has in fact been tried, and hundreds more of the horses of the East imported into the country since those times, but hardly ever with success. The belief went out, therefore, that the Arabians had degenerated, which was strengthened by the fact of English horses having beaten some of those of the Khedive in Egypt; but a Mr. Keene Richards, who imported Arabians into Kentucky, and whose story is an interesting one, maintained that the failure was due to not having secured horses of the best sort; and he adduced reasons to show the excessive difficulty of doing it, even with the best intentions.

However that may be, the English thorough-bred Messenger was brought to America before 1790. Though a runner by nature, he proved to be exceptionally strong in the trotting action, and to have the power to transmit it to his descendants as well. He was the progenitor of the most remarkable family of trotters the world has ever seen. To descend from Messenger, for a horse, is a good deal like having come over with the Conqueror, or landed with the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. But with animals as with men, great powers are transmitted only along certain lines and to a limited few. Although he left after him more than a thousand children, and these a myriad of others, but a very small number continued his dynasty and became centres of power themselves. His son Bush Messenger propagated his blood in Maine; his grandson Hambletonian, in Vermont; his son Mambrino, two best grandsons, Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief, and some few others in New York and the Central States, and later in Kentucky and the South.

Trotting, it is well known, is of recent date as compared with the running gait. The thorough-bred running horse has almost innumerable crosses to his coat of arms, while the highest-bred trotter can not possibly at present show more than six. Some few enthusiasts all along, from the time of Messenger down, we may suppose, met together and celebrated this amusement. Hiram Woodruff, the veteran trainer, who was a large part of what he describes, has given us a book of memoirs, full of the rattle of hoofs and genial horse talk, which make it interesting reading. The period it covers, up to about 1860, may be called the last part of the dark age of the art. The trotters were ridden under saddle when he began. The participants in the sport were rather looked askance at, but perhaps enjoyed it only the more for their partial proscription. Now a vast interest has grown up, and while the runner still remains an exotic, the trotter is recognized as so essentially American a product that he might almost be engraved on the national shield. A national association has been formed, with head-quarters at Hartford, Connecticut, which holds congresses and courts of arbitration, and has supervision of some one hundred and eighty tracks throughout the country, and these represent property to the value of $200,000,000. The latest phase of the subject is the withdrawing of the best horses from the racing arena entirely by gentlemen of means, who reserve them for their own driving.

The general situation being as described,

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THE STRANGER.—[SEE PAGE 725.]

John W. Hunt, toward forty years ago, brought out to Kentucky Commodore and Old Abdallah, grandsons of Messenger. They were not greatly appreciated just then, and were taken back. The list of horses mentioned in connection with the older Lexington track shortly followed, but it was not until Mambrino Chief was brought out in 1854, and Alexander's Abdallah in 1858, that the movement in the blue-grass region, which has had such notable results, really began. Mambrino Chief, sire, among others, of Lady Thorne, proved a prolific sire of mothers of trotters. He left after him in the direct male line seventy-four trotters with records of 2.30 or better. Alexander's Abdallah, though starting later and happening on the disastrous times of the war—in which he finally perished of ill usage at the hands of guerrillas—left thirty-nine trotters with records of 2.30 or better, one being Goldsmith Maid, whose record is 2.14. In these two names is epitomized a history of equine greatness. It is found in all breeding that the best results are realized from uniting again divergent streams of kindred blood which have been separated for a certain time; and this brings us to the theory of raising the fast trotters at present in favor in Kentucky.

"I take a list of all trotters which have ever made a record of 2.20 or better," says our host, the general, settling comfortably down to his demonstration, "and ascertain to what families they belong. This gives me at once the leading sources. I next trace the number of representatives in 2.30 or under belonging to each family, and find the test begun with the first experiment confirmed. Nearly all belong to a very few families, and as the speed test is increased, more and more belong to that of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. These are naturally the families to breed from, since if there is certainty anywhere, it is here, while outside, the domain of chance is too large."

Acting upon these principles, such a selection of stallions has been made, with Belmont at the head, as to include one from each of the main families. At the same time, in the large list of one hundred and twenty brood-mares an effort has been made to comprise some representative of every minor strain of blood as well which has ever accomplished anything of importance, in order to secure all the chances of happy combinations in crossing that are possible.

"But there seem to be now, as there always have been," I offer by way of ar-

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gument, "soldiers of fortune who owe their position to their own good exertions solely. Flora Temple was taken from the tail of a drover's wagon, Dutchman from a brick cart, Justin Morgan had no ancestor that ever was known; and here in last year's list of winners are Joe Rhea, for instance, record 2.23, and Valley Boy, 2.24½, opposite whom is set the notice, 'pedigree unknown.'"

"That is true, but there are fewer every year, and it is more probable that the pedigrees have disappeared—gone down, like some of our Kentucky streams, to reappear elsewhere—than that they did not exist. If you will look at the head of last year's list you will see that the leaders are Clingstone, with a record of 2.14, and Jerome Eddy and Edwin Thorne, with 2.16½ each, and that these, with most of the rest of the long list, are out of the highest-bred trotting stock. It is but a short time, I know, since people have begun to be convinced that the trotter was not merely a happy accident, and could be bred at all; but look at the uniform improvement in the record since scientific breeding began:

Lady Suffolk,	one mile	1849	2.28
Flora Temple,	"	1859	2.19¾
Dexter,	"	1867	2.17¼
Goldsmith Maid,	"	1874	2.14
Rarus,	"	1878	2.13¼
St. Julien,	"	1880	2.11¼
Maud S.,	"	1881	2.10¼

Failures are frequent, of course, but nothing is more certain now than that trotters are begotten by trotters. As any thorough-bred can beat any common horse at the run, so that it is not even necessary to have a trial to be sure of it, we expect to arrive at the same accuracy with the trotting horse."

"And what is the limit of time at which you will finally arrive?"

"Two minutes now is not more incredible than was two-twenty a quarter of a century ago," replies the general.

This is an interesting problem to speculate about, as it is always interesting to approach final facts. Will the trotter go on improving indefinitely till he reaches, with his less natural gait, the time of the running horse, which yet stands, as made by Ten Broeck in 1877, at 1.39¾, or will the very perfecting of the machine destroy it at a fixed point, causing it to flame out, perhaps, in some splendid effort like a costly fire-work? A practitioner of high rank in the veterinary art testifies that of two thousand trotters examined by him fully one-half were unsound. He holds that training for trotting predisposes to diseases, and that there is more probability of finding some capital blemish in a trotter of great speed than in others.

But we have not yet inquired the cause of Kentucky's superiority—why it is that the same pains expended here produce better results than elsewhere. It is ascribed, first, to the character of the pasturage adverted to, and next to the existence in the State of an exceptionally good class of common stock for the new experiments in breeding to be based upon. Kentucky was settled up by Virginians who brought their Cavalier taste for fox-hunting and running horses into the State with them. We hear of Washington and Jefferson running horses at Alexandria in the year 1790. Colonel John Hoomes and Colonel John Tayloe, of Virginia, brought over, immediately after the Revolution, some of the best English thorough-breds, the latter bringing Diomed, the first winner of the Derby. The descendants of these constituted a stock of "warm blood," from which Richard Ten Broeck was enabled to derive horses to carry off the honors of the British turf between 1857 and 1867, and from which also have come Mr. Sanford's Preakness, winner of the Brighton cup in 1876, and later Mr. P. Lorillard's Iroquois, winner of the Derby and St. Leger, and Parole, winner at Newmarket and Epsom, and Mr. Keene's Foxhall, winner of the Ascot cup, the Grand Prize of Paris, and others.

The thorough-bred blood has always been a resource to draw upon to give the trotter "game" and "staying" power. It is a mooted question just how much of it can be used without overcoming the trotting tendency which it is desirable to cultivate. Some few trotting sires, and notably Alexander's Pilot, Jun., have had the power to transmit to their progeny the proper gait even when crossed directly with a thorough-bred, but as a general thing this is dangerous. Many consider two trotting crosses upon a thorough-bred foundation the nearest to perfection that has been reached, and as this process has produced Maud S., bred on the neighboring Alexander estate, it has no mean argument in its favor.

There are charming rural scenes on

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such a place as this at which we find ourselves, quite irrespective of the merit of the animals. Goubie's pleasing picture "La Visite aux Mères" will often be recalled. We too drive over to the distant pasture, and make our visit to the drove of brood-mares. Few would take them, running abroad in comfortable plebeian fashion in their woodland, for the valuable beings they are. Who would suppose yonder unkempt bay, round-barrelled and lazy, to be the dam of the tireless Piedmont, with his record of 2.17¼ in a fourth heat? The group gather round in a staring meditative way, as if we should have had something more for them to eat. How naïvely they are governed by their appetites—the poor animals! Here is one with a wooden yoke about her neck—a jumper of fences, and a kicker of the rest at the feeding trough. Are you not ashamed to be seen in such insignia of disgrace, rogue? What! you take the pointed finger of scorn as an invitation, and come nosing too to see if there be not something for you in our pockets? Why, then, there is nothing for it but to go away ourselves.

A chief curiosity here is the Arab mares, offspring of stock brought over in person by a gentleman of romantic history, Keene Richards, Esq., and claimed by him to be of the purest blood extant. The pedigree of one of them, to quote a typical part of it, declared him to be "a Kobeylan, the son of a Kobeylan, and his mother is a Kobeylan purer than milk. He was born and brought up in the land of Nejd. This is the genealogy of the said horse, as God is omnipotent." They are small, these Arabians, none of them standing over 15¼ hands high, and exhibit grace and intelligence rather than power. This group of three, two grays and a chestnut, are children of Fysaul, of the choice Sacklowie race, and the mare Loulie, of the Kobeylan race, older yet. Are they reflecting still perhaps on the desert, the tents, the spears, the camels, and praying-carpets from the midst of which their fathers were brought here to consort with Yankee mates? The Arabs have but lately passed into the hands of General Withers from their owner, who died impoverished. The results of crossing them with native breeds have not yet proved remarkable in any way. Local peculiarities have hampered the experiment, which may be more successful under better conditions.

The groups of colts on the main place have a thousand poses and humors of graceful interest. Here is a delegation of the tender yearlings at a fence, looking over with shy boldness. The 1st of January is the common birthday of all of them, no matter when they were foaled—a convenient practice in reckoning. They are of many sorts and sizes, "dish-faced" and Roman-nosed, white stars, silver manes and tails sparkling among them, big-stepping clumsy colts, and glib low-going fillies as feminine as girls of thirteen. At a word they are off like the birds in a sudden panic, or create one for themselves for the pure delight in the exercise. Again they are snuggling up against the golden ground of a clean straw stack as if they meant to push through it, or they are munch, munch, munching all together in a row at the long crib of one of their shelter sheds, provided for them to run into and out of freely as a change from the pastures. As to securing their likenesses by photography, they know perfectly well that the camera is designed to shoot them, and they will never submit to so dreadful a fate while it can be avoided by motion.

They are distributed into separate paddocks, not more than a dozen or twenty in company. Those used to consort together in this way form a kind of close corporation to which a stranger is only admitted with difficulty. They let fly their light heels at the new-comer, and give him a casual nip or so as he approaches the feeding trough, so that he stands disconsolately about for several days, till by a gradual assimilation he is finally received on equal terms.

As the object in raising horses is to put bone and muscle upon them, and not, as with cattle, fat, they are encouraged to run about as much as possible, and made hardy by being kept out-of-doors all but a few days of the most exceptionally inclement weather. They are taken up from their mothers when weanlings, and put in a stall two together, supporting better in this way the novel experience. A man enters every day for a while, rubs and handles them gently, and familiarizes them with human society. Then they are halter-broke, and turned loose again, not to be taken up till they are well matured yearlings. By that time they have grown rather wild again, and the process is repeated. Harness-breaking is added im-

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mediately after, and once more they are turned out to wait till the age of two years, when, if forward, they are trained a little, and if not, a beginning is not made till a year later. The old days of battle and conquest by main force have passed away forever. With the best breeders all the processes are characterized by the utmost gentleness. It is impressed upon the colts from the first that they are to have nothing to fear, and that man is their friend and not an enemy.

Perhaps it would be no such great hardship, one is inclined to think, when looking on, were there some means of bringing up human beings to the perfection of their powers in the same way. Could the race be checked on the side of its vices and encouraged to the utmost on the side of its virtues, from generation to generation, by some arbitrary power, no doubt we should arrive at the dreamed-of millennium with considerable rapidity.

What is once learned by animals of this high grade of intelligence is rarely forgotten. To teach stopping at the word "whoa," as an example of the methods in use, a piece of soft webbing is attached first to one fore-foot, then the other, and the end held in the driver's hands with the reins. At the word he pulls the foot clear of the ground, and repeats this till the horse grasps the idea of an absolute connection between the sound and the act. In bringing out the speed of the younger animals on the training track the practice of leading them around with a running mate under saddle is growing in favor. If the pupil does not show a promising gait he is shod in various ingenious ways, or loaded with toe-weights of several ounces, that he may throw out his feet in a bold and open manner. If he "interferes," there is a multiplicity of boots and pads to protect every irritated point. His first race is an occasion for which he is prepared with as much pains as a young girl for her coming-out party.

Every morning in pleasant weather all the conveyances on the place are brought into use, and the animals taken out for a jog on the road. These processions of sulkies and road-wagons become a characteristic feature. The hands in charge are chiefly negroes, men and boys, who have a natural fondness for the horse. Over them is generally a white superintendent, like our friend Mr. Dillon, whose round-shouldered pose, from much sitting in sulkies, the fore and aft rake of his cap, and the worsted comforter about his neck, irresistibly stamp him as much a part of his horse as a centaur of old. The trainer, unlike the poet, is made, not born. He begins in the stables as a rubber at an early age, and works his way up.

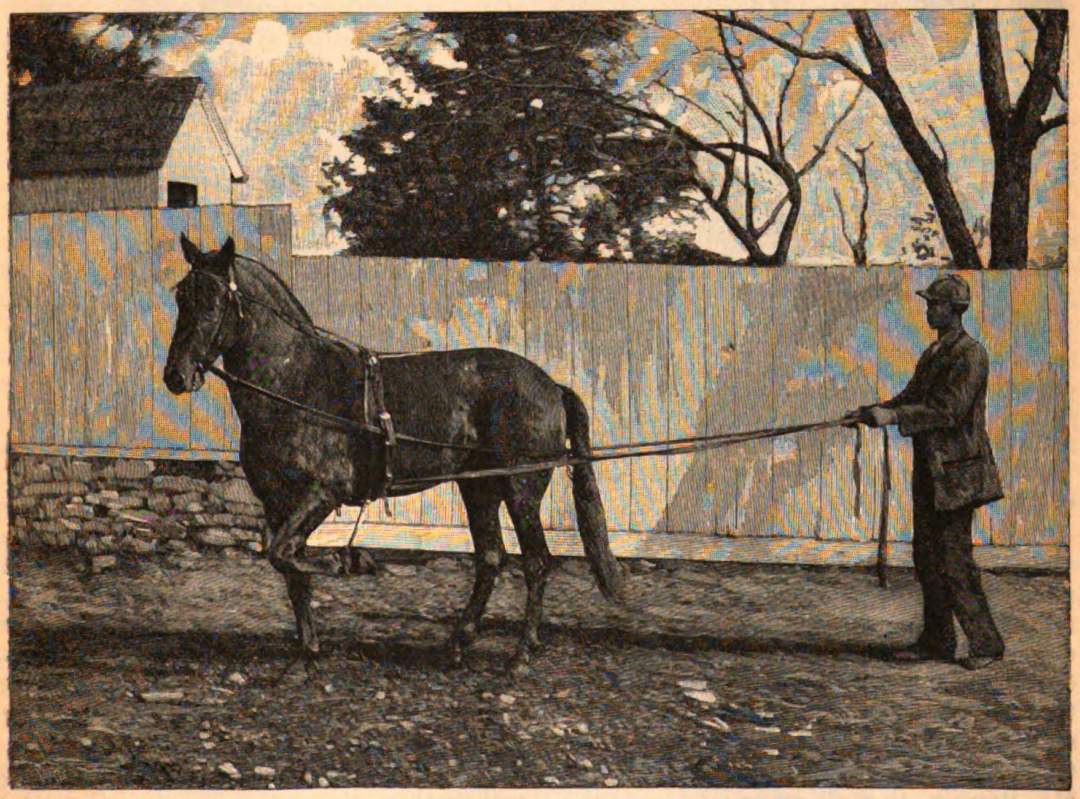
Among the minor problems of the business that of finding names for all these new aspirants appearing every year is not always as easy as it may seem. Poetry and romance are ransacked by the more scholarly; others invent outright appellations which they think to have a musical flow. Many endeavor to carry regular systems, at least through particular lines of descent. Thus John M. Clay had a series of the principal battles of Napoleon, Arcole, Lodi, Borodino, and the like. At the Alexanders' place a series has been Nut-wood, Nut-shell, Nut-gall, etc. Dr. Herr, a veteran trainer and promoter of the trotting interest, owner of Mambrino King and Mambrino Patchen, the best survivors of the Mambrino Chief blood, makes his chiefly Boys and Girls and Kings and Queens. There is a series of dances, as War-dance, Reel, and Waltz, and affiliations of the precious metals, as Gold Fringe, Gold-dust, Goldbeater. Again, there are family names, names of politicians, and simple initials.

The high-bred American trotter, as thus far developed, is not so finely drawn out and whalebone-like as the thoroughbred, and does not "stand over so much ground." He has a more stocky build, more sloping pasterns, and a shorter and wider neck, through which plenty of air can be pumped to supply a deep full chest. It is a question whether there is not dead weight forward which will be bred off by successive stages. He has a fine intelligent face, wide between the eyes, rather low withers, powerful hind-quarters, and especially powerful hocks, the initial points from which his great bursts of speed proceed. If with such a structure he is low-going, and a wide-goer behind, that is to say, if he gets a long reach with his hind-legs by overlapping those in front, which should play between, then he is a good one, and more than likely a great one.

See him come down the track. I do not wish to disparage the free and spontaneous rush of the runner, but there is something in the gait of the trotter which

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grows on one, and ends by having a strong fascination. Perhaps it is its very artificiality. The trotter has been trained to make the distance, not the most quickly—for the runner surpasses him half a minute in time—but in a certain way. He is not to "break" under any circumstances, and his self-control when forced is intelligence of a high order. The difference in the rhythm of the hoof beats tells the story. The runner passes like a whirlwind, the double stroke upon the ground of his wild leaps almost merging into one. But on comes the trotter with his tap, tap, tap, tap, steady and accurate though making twenty feet to the stride. He marks off his paces like the ticking of an exquisite clock.

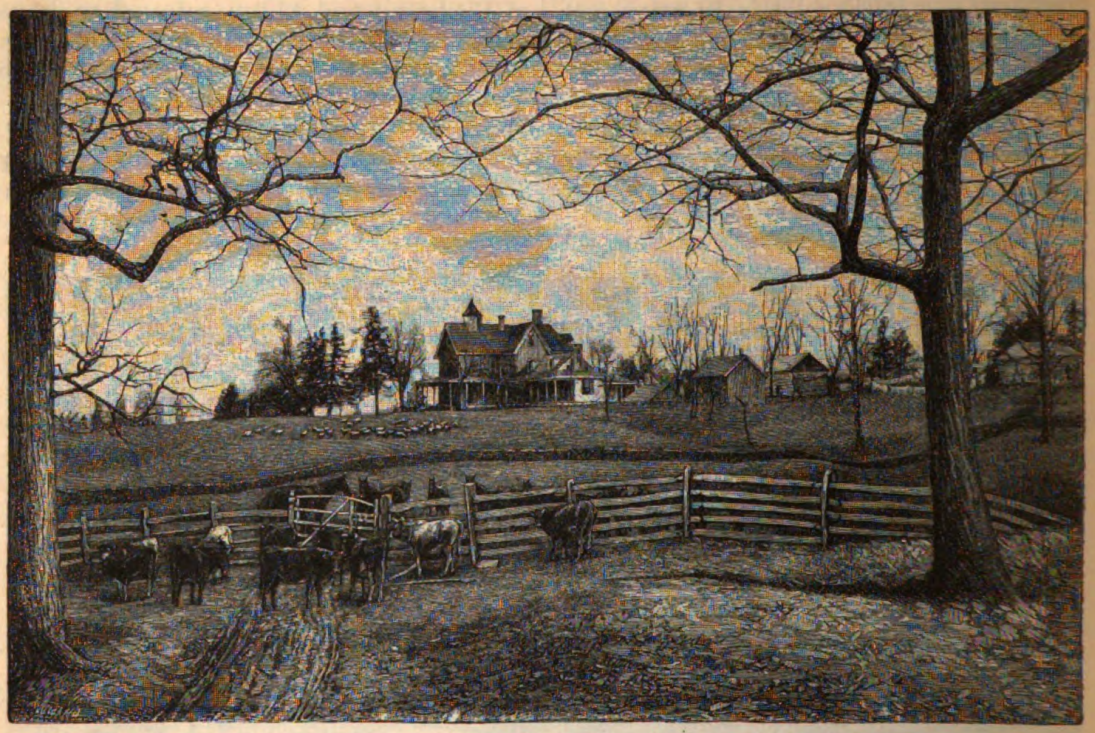


"WHOA!"

The tests demanded of him are much more severe than those demanded of the runner, now that the system of short dashes, after the English practice, for the latter, has succeeded the four-mile races formerly in vogue. The trotter is often called upon to go eight and nine heats of a mile each, and, what is most remarkable, some of his best achievements, like those of Piedmont and Aldine referred to, have been made at the middle and close of such ordeals. It appears from these that while it is not so rapid, it is the best gait for endurance.

The growth into favor of the trotting gait in the last thirty years may be somewhat connected with the improvement of the roads of the country. Whereas travelling in the saddle was formerly a necessity, wheeling is now everywhere easy. Driving as a diversion is more easily learned and carried on than riding; and while a thorough-bred must be almost necessarily devoted to racing, so that if he is not a good one, he is good for little or nothing at all, a trotter, though he may not be among those who win laurels on the track, can still be both serviceable and ornamental on the road. We have a business-like way, too, of concentrating on the main point. The trotter with his outfit is like a piece of our light and elegant machinery. The point at issue being the motion of the horse, no side interest in the

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WOODLAKE.

way of a rider with gallant and statuesque poses is brought in to interfere with it. It may be connected, too, with some slight deficiency in the artistic sense. The director of the trotter crouched behind him in the sulky has but slight relations with the sublime and beautiful. Even General Grant, driving out behind Dexter with Mr. Bonner, though he might be lithographed perfectly well for every horse-fancier's wall in the country, could never be utilized thus for his monument.

The nine or ten small counties belonging to the blue-grass region are liberally sprinkled over with places bearing titles of their own, such as "Blue-Grass Park," the former seat of Mr. Keene Richards, "Castleton," "Walnut Heights," "Woodland Hall." In riding through the country the life upon these is found to be a good deal after the English fashion. The proprietors live upon them all the year round, and are rather country gentlemen than ordinary farmers. The houses upon them are generally large and comfortable, with tall porticoes in the old-fashioned classic style. The only difference to be noted as compared with their aspect in slave times is that the negro cabins, which formerly clustered near them, have been swept away, and the occupants have largely moved to town. The negro no longer submits with grace to be called "uncle" and "auntie" as of yore, nor wears the becoming bright-colored bandana and large golden ear-rings. The juniors tend to shiftlessness and vice, and often aspire to play the piano, and such like elegances, rather than the serious business of life. Still, after all that is necessary has been said about their idle habits, they are preferred to any other labor, and you hear from many mouths the opinion that "it is the whites and not the blacks who have been most emancipated." Not a few of them are seen making excellent progress. They are found living in very good brick houses. I was told of one who had raised a $1500 colt, and had others under way. They hold every year near Lexington a display on fair grounds of their own. The judges are barbers and hotel waiters, and are inclined to make the awards according to the neatness of the grooming, and the blue ribbons with which the aspirants for favor are tied up; and yet in this region everybody is more or less a judge of a horse.

"Woodlake," in Franklin County, near Frankfort, the State capital, may be called

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a fair example of residences of a more modern style. It is the home of the Major McDowell before mentioned as the late purchaser of Ashland, and within it are some of the best portraits of Henry Clay, together with one of "Young Henry," over which hangs the sword he carried to the field of Buena Vista. The Gothic house, of blue limestone, with rustic gates of approach and bridges, might easily pass for one of our villas up the Hudson. The ground hereabouts is boldly undulating. It is well scattered with groves of fine forest trees, and one of these on the place has a great oak which might rival the famous redwoods of California. We come to a point where the mansion, on its knoll, is reflected in a pond. The farther slope is spotted with grazing South-downs, the hither one with a herd of Alderney cattle, upon whose leader tinkles a bell which might have a place in a collection of bric-à-brac, while between them pasture the beautiful high-bred colts. The lines of life under such circumstances as these certainly seem cast in pleasant places. The flocks and herds are all of the most costly and gentle sorts, and might become such a dainty pastoral life as that shown in the canvases of Boucher and Watteau.

On another part of the estate, a centre for unstudied groupings of the colts, which wander thither from the vicinity of the stables and track near by, is an old house known as Llangollen. It has gone to decay now, and is occupied by a familiar figure in local horse circles, the trainer, "Old Buck"; but it has been in its time the residence of a family of ministers, the Lewises, who brought race-horses hither from Virginia, and later it was a boarding-school. Many amateurs of the curious would still prefer it, with the proper repairs, to those of the newer style.

But of all the old dwellings which yet survive to typify the ideal of an "old Kentucky home," such as may have been that of the Shelbys of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the most curious is probably that on the Alexander estate of "Woodburn," in Woodford County. This great estate is well known as the home, and one of the earliest breeding-places, of some of the very best American running stock. Of late it is becoming equally famous for trotting stock, into which, like others of the breeding establishments, it inclines to merge its activity in preference to the first. King Alfonso (sire of Foxhall), Glen Athol, Pat Molloy, Falsetto, Powhatan (brother of Parole), and Asteroid, and their progeny, of the one breed, are to be seen about the place, with Harold (sire of Maud S.), Miss Russell (her dam), Lord Russell (her brother), Belmont, and Annapolis, and their progeny, of the other. Lexington was very early purchased by the Alexanders for $15,000. The price was deemed exorbitant at the time, till one son of Kentucky was sold for $40,000, and $50,000 was refused for another, Asteroid.

The house is not now occupied by the family, who have taken the Buford house, in the neighborhood, instead. It was built originally by a younger brother of a Scotch baronet, whose wandering fancy led him to settle and marry here in the Western wilderness. He refused to leave the spot even when his brother died and he became a baronet in his turn. He drew the revenues, however, and expended them in improving the large tract he had purchased till it had become, as it now is, quite a princely domain. He contem-



OLD ALEXANDER HOUSE, WOODBURN, KENTUCKY.

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plated a new mansion, with the rest, but this was never carried out, and so he contented himself with additions to the old one. It is low and rambling, part brick, part wood, which is silvery gray with the weather, and has its chimneys outside, and a dilapidated modern veranda in front. It is like some quaint foreign grange, and makes an excellent subject for the water-color artist.

A son of the original Alexander, a brother of the present resident owner, was living in this house during the war, when guerrillas came down upon him twice, and carried off the most valuable of his animals. On the first of these raids the great trotting sire Abdallah, heretofore spoken of, and Bay Chief were taken. The superintendent endeavored to throw the robbers off the track by substituting inferior animals, till brought to a sense of the error of his ways with a rope around his neck. It is remarkable to say, as showing the completeness with which the issues of the civil war are over, that the only one of the guerrillas wounded in this foray, after having first been condemned to be hanged, then, as a commutation, to imprisonment for life, and finally set free altogether, was this last year employed as a harvest laborer on the Alexander place.

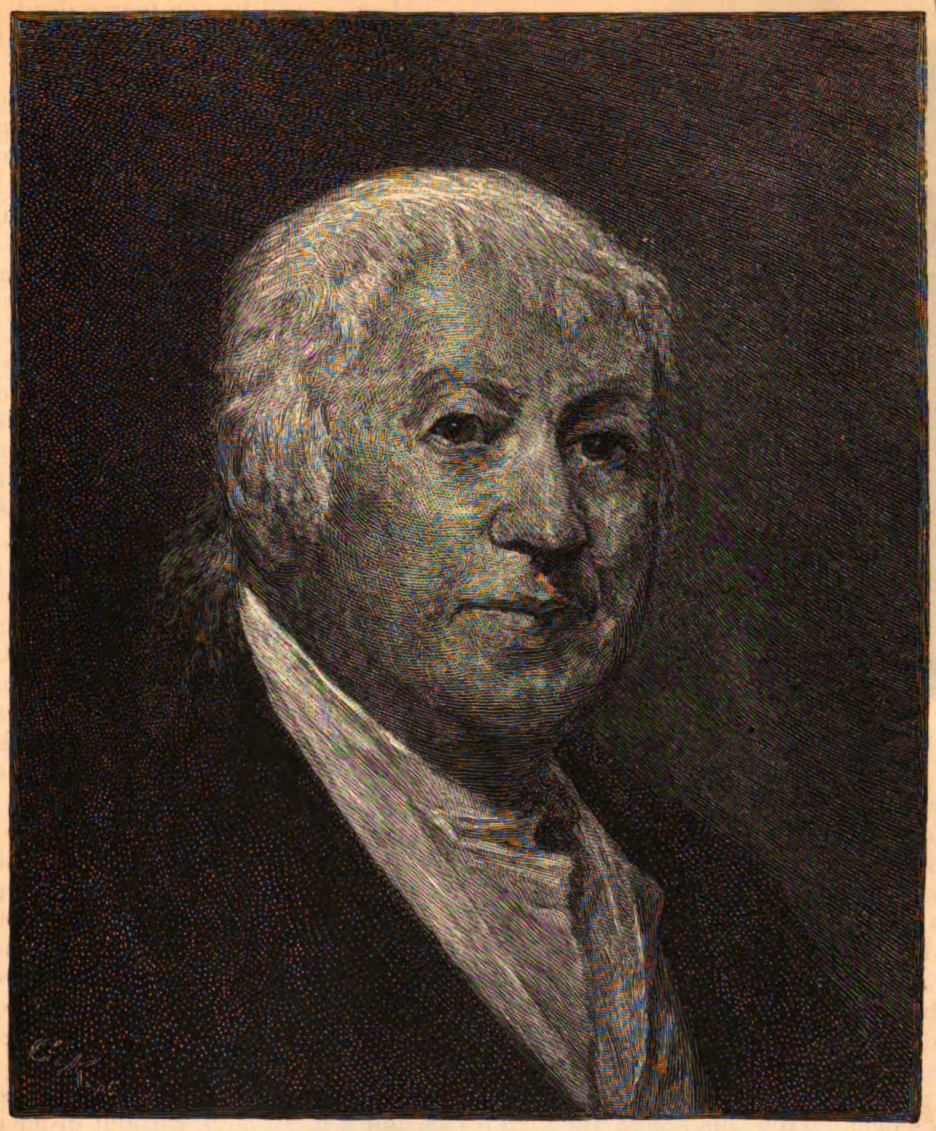
On the next occasion it was the thorough-bred Asteroid that was run off. The artist Troye was engaged in painting his portrait at the time, and his principal rage was at the interruption of his work. This portrait, in which the trainer, "Old Ansel," and the jockey, "Brown Dick," are introduced, though on a reduced scale, with a quaint idea of not detracting from the importance of the horse, was completed on the subsequent recovery of Asteroid, and hangs in the dining-room of Mr. L. Brodhead, the general manager of the estate; and Asteroid himself, long past his usefulness, now browses out a comfortable existence on the place, till he be overtaken by the usual lot of men and horses.

A radical difference is found in the education of the runner and the trotter, corresponding somewhat to the demands put upon them. The rule for the thorough-bred may be called "a short life and a merry one." He is brought on on the forcing system, expected to do his best on the turf at two and three years of age, and shortly after is good for little or nothing. The trotter, on the other hand, is developed much more slowly, and lasts for far more than a corresponding time. Of some of the greatest that may be mentioned, for instance, Dexter did not begin a racing career till the age of six, Lady Thorne till eight, Goldsmith Maid till nine; and the last mentioned made her great time of a mile in 2.14 at the age of seventeen.

Each blue-grass breeder of prominence has his regularly printed catalogue of stock, revised yearly, generally with a wood-cut of his best stallion on the cover. Some, as General Withers, insert the selling prices, from which "no deviation" is advertised. In looking over such a catalogue, from $400 up to $2000 are found to be demanded for the younger animals, with proportionately more for older ones that could be at once made useful. But when a horse has really entered the ranks of the great "flyers," there is hardly any limit to his value. One with a record of 2.30 may be estimated in a general way worth $10,000. From 2.30 down to 2.20, $1000 may be added for each successive second. When we come into the teens, and near the head of the record, juggling with gold and diamonds is a coarse occupation in comparison. Mr. Bonner is said to have paid $33,000 for Dexter, and $36,000 for Rarus, and Mr. Vanderbilt $20,000 for Maud S. But this last was before she had made her great time; now that she has made it, you are told confidentially that a person stands ready to draw his check willingly for $75,000 whenever he can get a horse that will lead her, and give him the distinction of having the fastest trotter in the world. But how does it *pay*? Well, it pays first in stock-raising; it pays next in the opportunity to take purses and stakes afforded by the great system of racing circuits; and no doubt even those gentlemen who withdraw from racing, and do their driving in private life, find it pay in a pleasure and improved health from this kind of recreation, extravagant as it is, which they might not be able to procure so well from the expenditure of equal sums in any other direction.

The blue-grass proprietors are, on the whole, of a sober-minded, even religious cast. Whoever has expected to find them of the Swashbuckler, rioting sort will be much mistaken. There are exceptions, it is true, but as a rule there is little drinking, or even going to races, grace is said before meat, and the family conveyance is regularly got out on Sunday mornings for driving to church in the next town.

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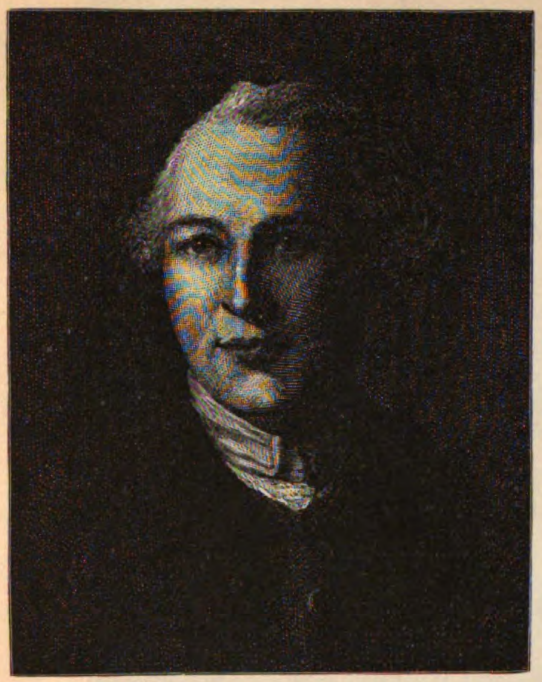
PAUL REVERE.

THE DAWNING OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN France, in 1763, surrendered Canada to England, it suddenly opened men's eyes to a very astonishing fact. They discovered that British America had at once become a country so large as to make England seem ridiculously small. Even the cool-headed Dr. Franklin, writing that same year to Mary Stevenson in London, spoke of England as "that petty island which, compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above-water to keep one's shoes dry." The far-seeing French statesmen of the period looked at the matter in the same way. Choiseul, the Prime Minister who ceded Canada, claimed afterward that he had done it in order to destroy the British nation by creating for it a rival. This assertion was not made till ten years later, and may very likely have been an after-thought, but it was destined to be confirmed by the facts.

We have now to deal with the outbreak of a contest which was, according to the greatest of the English statesmen of the period, "a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war." No American writer ever employed to describe it a combination of adjectives so vigorous as those here brought to-

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DR. JOSEPH WARREN.

gether by the elder Pitt, afterward Lord Chatham. The rights for which Americans fought seemed to them to be the common rights of Englishmen, and many Englishmen thought the same. On the other hand, we are now able to do justice to the position of those American loyalists who honestly believed that the attempt at independence was a mad one, and who sacrificed all they had rather than rebel against their King. "The annals of the world," wrote the ablest Tory pamphleteer in America, Massachusettensis, "have not been deformed with a single instance of so unnatural, so causeless, so wanton, so wicked a rebellion." When we compare this string of epithets employed upon the one side with those of Pitt upon the other, we see that the war at the outset was not so much a contest of nations as of political principles. Some of the ablest men in England defended the American cause; some of the ablest in the colonies took the loyal side.

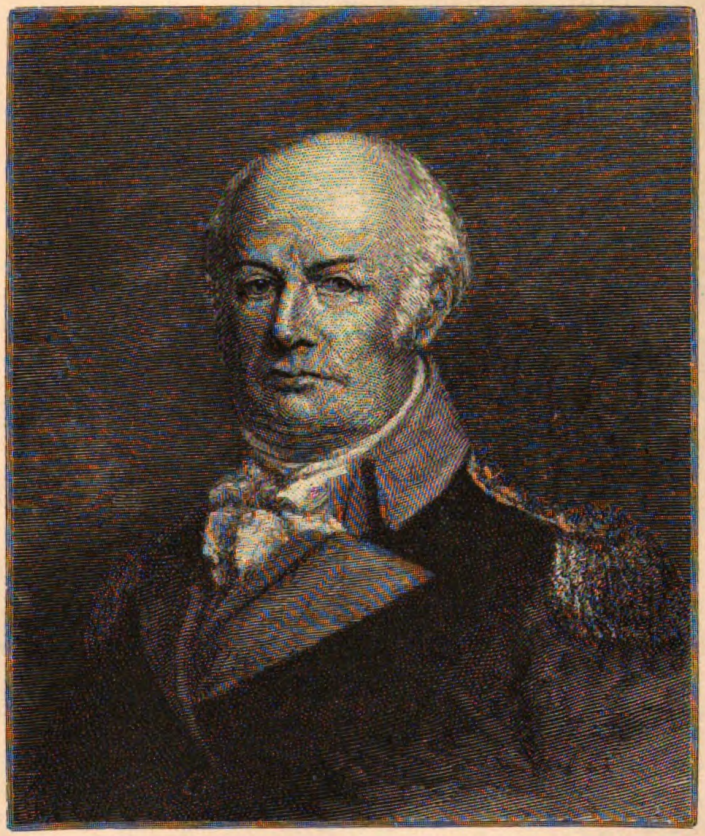
Boston in the winter of 1774–5 was a town of some 17,000 inhabitants, garrisoned by some 3000 British troops. It was the only place in the Massachusetts colony where the royal Governor exercised any real authority, and where the laws of Parliament had any force. The result was that its life was paralyzed, its people gloomy, and its commerce dead. The other colonies were still hoping to obtain their rights by policy or by legislation, by refusing to import or to consume, and they watched with constant solicitude for some riotous demonstration in Boston. On the other hand, the popular leaders in that town were taking the greatest pains that there should be no outbreak. There was risk of one whenever soldiers were sent on any expedition into the country. One might have taken place at Marshfield in January, one almost happened at Salem in February, yet still it was postponed. No publicity was given to the patriotic military organizations in Boston; as little as possible was said about the arms and stores that were gathered in the country. Not a life had been lost in any popular excitement since the Boston Massacre in 1770. The responsibility of the first shot, they were determined, must rest upon the royal troops. So far was this carried that it was honestly attributed by the British soldiers to cowardice alone. An officer, quoted by Frothingham, wrote home in November, 1774: "As to what you hear of their taking arms to resist the force of England, it is mere bullying, and will go no further than words; whenever it comes to blows, he that can run the fastest will think himself best off; believe me, any two regiments here ought to be decimated if they did not beat in the field the whole force of the Massachusetts province; for though they are numerous, they are but a mere mob, without order or discipline, and very awkward at handling their arms."

But whatever may have been the hope of carrying their point without fighting, the provincial authorities were steadily collecting provisions, arms, and ammunition. Unhappily these last essentials were hard to obtain. On April 19, 1775, committees of safety could only count up twelve field-pieces in Massachusetts; and there had been collected in that colony 21,549 fire-arms, 17,441 pounds of powder, 22,191 pounds of ball, 144,699 flints, 10,108 bayonets, 11,979 pouches, 15,000 canteens. There were also 17,000 pounds of salt fish, 35,000 pounds of rice, with large quantities of beef and pork, etc. Viewed as an evidence of the forethought of the colonists, these statistics are remarkable; but there was something heroic and indeed

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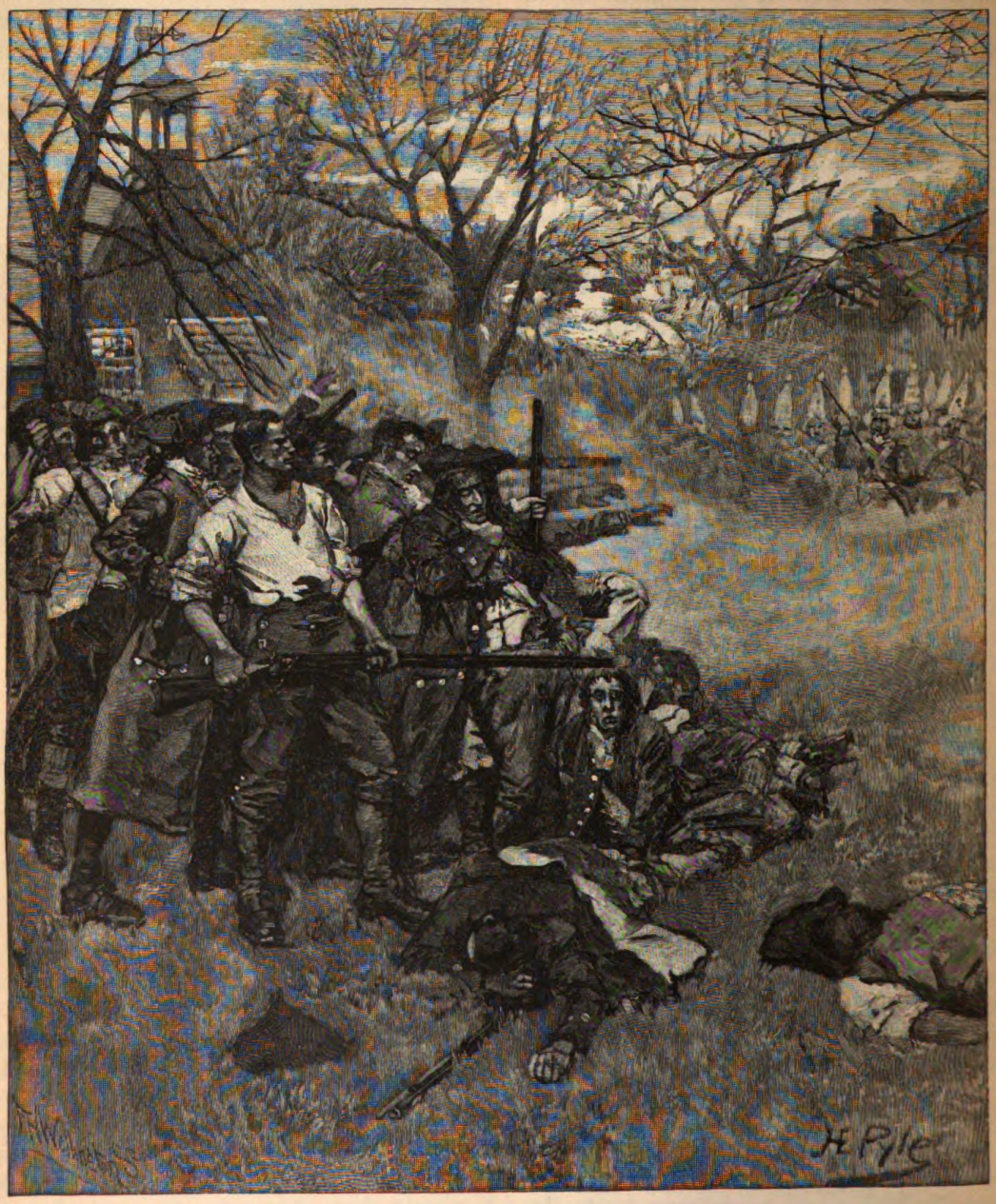
almost pathetic in the project of going to war with the British government on the strength of twelve field-pieces and seventeen thousand pounds of salt fish.

Yet when, on the night of the 18th April, 1775, Paul Revere rode beneath the bright moonlight through Lexington to Concord, with Dawes and Prescott for comrades, he was carrying the signal for the independence of a nation. He had seen across the Charles River the two lights from the church steeple in Boston which were to show that a British force was going out to seize the patriotic supplies at Concord; he had warned Hancock and Adams at Rev. Jonas Clark's parsonage in Lexington, and had rejected Sergeant Monroe's caution against unnecessary noise, with the rejoinder, "You'll have noise enough here before long—the regulars are coming out." As he galloped on his way the regulars were advancing with steady step behind him, soon warned of their own danger by alarm-bells and signal-guns. By the time Revere was captured by some British officers who happened to be near Concord, Colonel Smith, the commander of the expedition, had already halted, ordered Pitcairn forward, and sent back prudently for re-enforcements. It was a night of terror to all the neighboring Middlesex towns, for no one knew what excesses the angry British troops might commit on their return march. The best picture we have of this alarm is in the narrative of a Cambridge woman, Mrs. Hannah Winthrop, describing "the horrors of that midnight cry," as she calls it. The women of that town were roused by the beat of drums and ringing of bells; they hastily gathered their children together and fled to the outlying farm-houses; seventy or eighty of them were at Fresh Pond, in hearing of the guns at Menotomy, now Arlington; the next day their husbands bade them flee to Andover, whither the college property had been sent, and thither they went, alternately walking and riding, over fields where the bodies of the slain lay unburied.



GENERAL WILLIAM HEATH.

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LEXINGTON GREEN—"IF THEY WANT A WAR, LET IT BEGIN HERE."

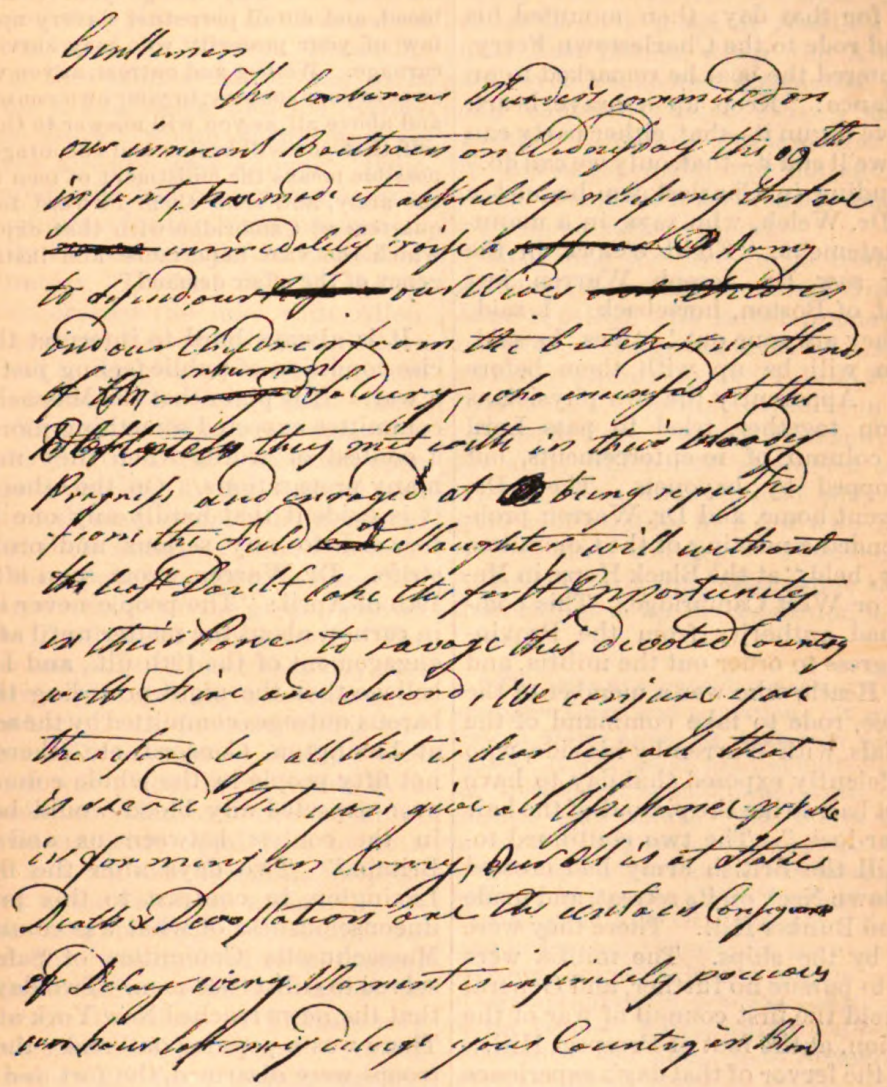
Before 5 A.M. on April 19, 1775, the British troops had reached Lexington Green, where thirty-eight men, under Captain Parker, stood up before 600 or 800 to be shot at, their captain saying, "Don't fire unless you are fired on; but if they want a war, let it begin here." It began there; they were fired upon; they fired rather ineffectually in return, while seven were killed and nine wounded. The rest, after retreating, re-formed and pursued the British toward Concord, capturing seven stragglers—the first prisoners taken in the war. Then followed the fight at Concord, where 450 Americans, instead of 38, were rallied to meet the British. The fighting took place between two detachments at the North Bridge, where

> "once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

There the American captain, Isaac Davis,

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was killed at the first shot—he who had said, when his company was placed at the head of the little column, "I haven't a man that is afraid to go." He fell, and Major Buttrick gave the order, "Fire! for God's sake, fire!" in return. The British troops met the returning fugitives, and formed a hollow square, into which they ran and threw themselves on the ground exhausted. Then Percy in turn fell back. Militia still came pouring in from Dorchester, Milton, Dedham, as well as the nearer



FAC-SIMILE OF WARREN'S ADDRESS.

detachment retreated in disorder, but their main body was too strong to be attacked, so they disabled a few cannon, destroyed some barrels of flour, cut down the liberty-pole, set fire to the court-house, and then began their return march. It ended in a flight; they were exposed to a constant guerrilla fire; minute-men flocked behind every tree and house; and only the foresight of Colonel Smith in sending for reenforcements had averted a surrender. At 2 P.M., near Lexington, Percy with his towns. A company from Danvers marched sixteen miles in four hours. The Americans lost 93 in killed, wounded, and missing that day; the British, 273. But the important result was that every American colony now recognized that war had begun.

How men's minds were affected may best be seen by a glimpse at a day in the life of one leading patriot. Early on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, a messenger came hastily to the door of Dr.

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Joseph Warren, physician, in Boston, and chairman of the Boston Committee of Safety, with the news that there had been fighting at Lexington and Concord. Dr. Warren, doing first the duty that came nearest, summoned his pupil, Mr. Eustis, and directed him to take care of his patients for that day; then mounted his horse and rode to the Charlestown Ferry. As he entered the boat he remarked to an acquaintance: "Keep up a brave heart. They have begun it—that, either party can do; and we'll end it—that, only we can do." After landing in Charlestown he met a certain Dr. Welch, who says, in a manuscript statement: "Eight o'clock in the morning saw Dr. Joseph Warren just come out of Boston, horseback. I said, 'Well, they are gone out.' 'Yes,' he said, 'and we will be up with them before night.'" Apparently the two physicians jogged on together, tried to pass Lord Percy's column of re-enforcements, but were stopped by bayonets. Then Dr. Welch went home, and Dr. Warren probably attended a meeting of the Committee of Safety, held "at the Black Horse in Menotomy, or West Cambridge. This committee had authority from the Provincial Congress to order out the militia, and General Heath, who was a member of the committee, rode to take command of the provincials, with Warren by his side, who was sufficiently exposed that day to have a musket ball strike the pin out of the hair of his ear-lock." The two continued together till the British army had crossed Charlestown Neck on its retreat, and made a stand on Bunker Hill. There they were covered by the ships. The militia were ordered to pursue no further, and General Heath held the first council of war of the Revolution, at the foot of Prospect Hill.

With the fervor of that day's experience upon him, Warren wrote, on the day following, this circular to the town in behalf of the Committee of Safety. The original still exists in the Massachusetts archives, marked with much interlineation.

"GENTLEMEN,—The barbarous murders committed on our innocent brethren on Wednesday, the 19th instant, have made it absolutely necessary that we immediately raise an army to defend our wives and our children from the butchering hands of an inhuman soldiery, who, incensed at the obstacles they met with in their bloody progress, and enraged at being repulsed from the field of slaughter, will without the least doubt take the first opportunity in their power to ravage this devoted country with fire and sword. We conjure you, therefore, by all that is dear, by all that is sacred, that you give all assistance possible in forming an army. Our all is at stake. Death and devastation are the instant consequences of delay. Every moment is infinitely precious. An hour lost may deluge your country in blood, and entail perpetual slavery upon the few of your posterity who may survive the carnage. We beg and entreat, as you will answer to your country, to your own consciences, and above all, as you will answer to God himself, that you will hasten and encourage by all possible means the enlistment of men to form the army, and send them forward to headquarters at Cambridge with that expedition which the vast importance and instant urgency of the affair demand."

It is always hard to interpret the precise condition of public feeling just before a war. It is plain that the Massachusetts committee expected something more than a contest of words when they made so many preparations. On the other hand, it is evident that hardly any one looked forward to any serious and prolonged strife. Dr. Warren wrote, soon after the 19th of April: "The people never seemed in earnest about the matter until after the engagement of the 19th ult., and I verily believe that the night preceding the barbarous outrages committed by the soldiery at Lexington, Concord, etc., there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest between us and Great Britain." Two days after the fight at Lexington, in contrast to this previous unconsciousness of what was coming, the Massachusetts Committee of Safety resolved to enlist 8000 men. Two days after that the news reached New York at noon. There was a popular outbreak; the royal troops were disarmed, the fort and magazines seized, and two transports for Boston unloaded. At five on Monday afternoon the tidings reached Philadelphia, when the bell in Independence Hall was rung, and the people gathered. When it got so far as Charleston, South Carolina, the people seized the arsenal, and the Provincial Congress proclaimed them "ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes." In Savannah, Georgia, a mob took possession of the powder magazine, and raised a liberty-pole. In Kentucky a party of hunters, hearing of the battle, gave their encampment the name of Lexington, which it still bears.

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Meanwhile on May 10 the Continental Congress convened, and on the same day Ethan Allen took possession of the strong fortress of Ticonderoga. It was the first act of positive aggression by the patriotic party, for at both Lexington and Concord they were acting on the defensive. The expedition was planned in Connecticut and re-enforced in Western Massachusetts, but the main reliance was to be placed on Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys," whose daring and energy were already well known. Benedict Arnold, who had been commissioned in Massachusetts for the same purpose, arrived only in time to join the expedition as a volunteer. On May 10, 1775, eighty-three men crossed the lake with Allen. When they had landed, he warned them that it was a dangerous enterprise, and called for volunteers. Every man volunteered. The rest took but a few moments. They entered with a war-whoop the open wicket-gate, pressing by the sentinel, and when the half-clad commander appeared and asked their authority, Allen answered with the words that have become historic, "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The Congress was only to meet that day, but it was already exercising a sort of antenatal authority. A fortress which had cost eight million pounds sterling and many lives was placed in its hands by a mere stroke of boldness. Crown Point gave itself up with equal ease to Seth Warner, and another dramatic surprise was given to the new-born nation.

In the neighborhood of Boston the month of May was devoted to additional preparations, and to what are called, in the old stage directions of Shakspeare's plays, "alarums and excursions." At one time, when a sally from Boston was expected, the Committee of Safety ordered the officers of the ten nearest towns to assemble one-half the militia and all the minute-men, and march to Roxbury. While this was being done, General Thomas, with an ingenuity quite in the style of the above stage motto, marched his seven hundred men round and round a high hill, visible from Boston, to mislead the British. At another time, when men were more numerous, General Putnam marched all the troops in Cambridge, twenty-two hundred in number, to Charlestown Ferry, the column being spread over a mile and a half, and passing under the guns of the British, without attack. At another time, "all of Weymouth, Braintree, and Hingham," according to Mrs. Adams, turned out to drive away a British detachment from Grape Island, where the Americans then landed, burned a quantity of hay, and brought away cattle. A larger skirmish took place at Noddle's Island, near East Boston, where the Americans destroyed a schooner, dismantled a sloop, and captured twelve swivels and four 4-pound cannon. Putnam commanded in this engagement, and the enthusiasm which it called out secured his unanimous election as major-general.

Meantime the Provincial troops were gathering for what the *Essex Gazette*, of June 8, called, with rather premature admiration, "the grand American army"—an army whose returns for June 9 showed 7644 men. "Nothing could be in a more confused state," wrote Dr. Eliot, "than the army which first assembled at Cambridge. This undisciplined body of men were kept together by a few who deserved well of their country." President John Adams, writing long after (June 19, 1818), thus summed up the condition of these forces:

> "The army at Cambridge was not a national army, for there was no nation. It was not a United States army, for there were no United States. It was not an army of united colonies, for it could not be said in any sense that the colonies were united. The centre of their union, the Congress of Philadelphia, had not adopted nor acknowledged the army at Cambridge. It was not a New England army, for New England had not associated. New England had no legal legislature, nor any common executive authority, even upon the principles of original authority, or even of original power in the people. Massachusetts had her army, Connecticut her army, New Hampshire her army, and Rhode Island her army. These four armies met at Cambridge, and imprisoned the British army in Boston. But who was the sovereign of this united, or rather congregated, army, and who its commander-in-chief? It had none. Putnam, Poor, and Greene were as independent of Ward as Ward was of them."

This was the state of the forces outside, while the army inside was impatiently waiting for re-enforcements, and chafing at the ignoble delay. On May 25 three British generals (Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne) arrived with troops. The newspapers of the day say that when these officers were going into Boston harbor they met a packet coming out, when General Bur-

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goyne asked the skipper of the packet what news there was. And being told that the town was surrounded by ten thousand country people, asked how many regulars there were in Boston; and being answered, "About five thousand," cried out, with astonishment: "What! and ten thousand peasants keep five thousand king's troops shut up! Well, let us get in, and we'll soon find elbow-room." After this conversation the nickname of "Elbow-room" was permanently fastened on General Burgoyne. He used to relate that after his reverses, while a prisoner of war, he was received with great courtesy by the people of Boston as he stepped from the Charlestown ferry-boat, but was a little annoyed when an old lady, perched on a shed above the crowd, cried out in a shrill voice: "Make way! make way! The general's coming; give him elbow-room."

Two days before the battle of Bunker Hill, Mrs. Adams wrote to her husband, John Adams: "Gage's proclamation you will receive by this conveyance, and the records of time can not produce a blacker page. Satan when driven from the realms of bliss exhibited not more malice. Surely the father of lies is superseded. Yet we think it the best proclamation he could have issued." This proclamation announced martial law, but offered pardon to those who would give in their allegiance to the government, "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose offenses are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." He afterward remarked that the rebels added "insult to outrage" as, "with a preposterous parade of military arrangement, they affected to hold the army besieged."

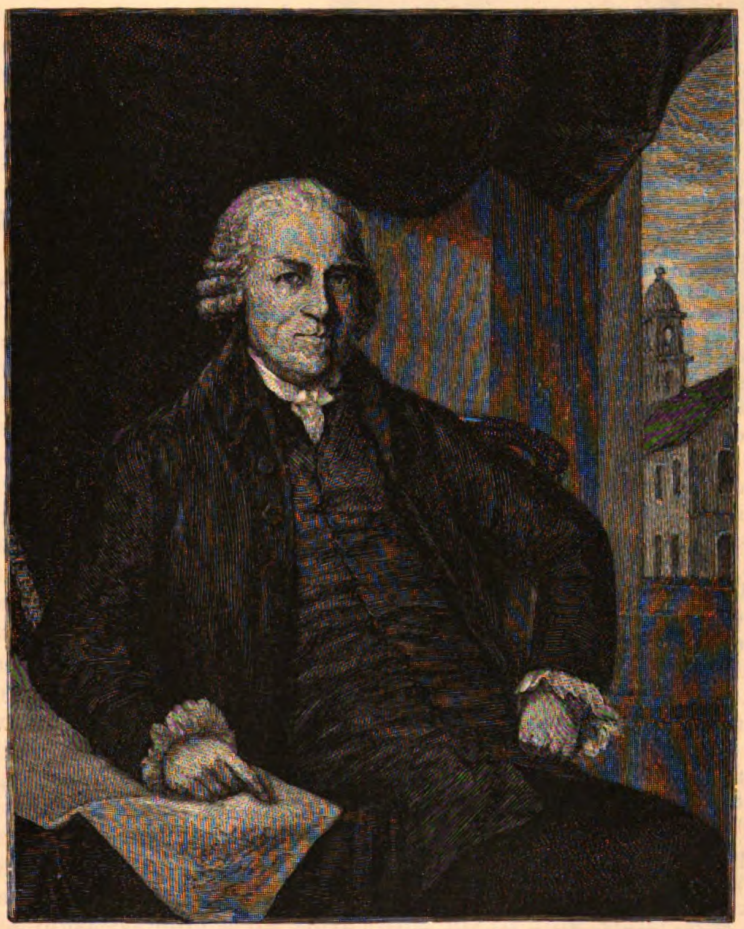
Two things contributed to bring about the battle of Bunker Hill: the impatience of British troops under the "affectation" of a siege; on the other hand, the great increase of self-confidence among the provincials after Lexington and Concord. It was a military necessity, no doubt, for each side, to occupy the Charlestown heights; but there was also a growing disposition to bring matters to a crisis on the first favorable opportunity. Captain (afterward Lord) Harris wrote home to England (June 12): "I wish the Americans may be brought to a sense of their duty. One good drubbing, which I long to give them by way of retaliation, might have a good effect toward it." Dr. Warren, on the other hand, wrote (May 16) that if General Gage would only make a sally from Boston, he would "gratify thousands who impatiently wait to avenge the blood of their murdered countrymen." With such dispositions on both sides, the collision could not be far off. Kinglake says that the reasons for a battle rarely seem conclusive except to a general who has some positive taste for fighting. Had not something of this impulse existed on both sides in 1775, the American rebels would probably not have fortified Bunker Hill, and the English general might have besieged and starved them out without firing a shot.

It is needless to add another to the innumerable descriptions of the battle of Bunker Hill. Every Englishman who comes to America feels renewed astonishment that a monument should have been built on the scene of a defeat. Every American school-boy understands that the monument celebrates a fact more important than most victories, namely, that the raw provincials faced the British army for two hours, they themselves being under so little organization that it is impossible to tell even at this day who was their commander; that they did this with only the protection of an unfinished earth-work and a rail fence, retreating only when their powder was out. Tried by the standards of regular warfare even at that day, a breastwork twice that of Bunker Hill would have been accounted but a moderate obstacle. When in the previous century the frightened citizens of Dorchester, England, had asked a military engineer whether their breastworks could resist Prince Rupert's soldiers, he answered, "I have seen them running up walls twenty feet high; these defenses of yours may possibly keep them out half an hour." The flimsy defenses of Bunker Hill kept back General Howe's soldiers for two hours, and until the untried provincials had fired their last shot. It was a fact worth a monument.

The best descriptions of the battle itself are to be found in the letters of provincial officers and soldiers preserved in the appendix to Richard Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*. It is the descriptions of raw soldiers that are always most graphic; as they grow more familiar with war, their narratives grow tame. It is a sufficient proof of the impression made in England by the affair that the newspapers of that

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nation, instead of being exultant, were indignant or apologetic, and each had its own theory in regard to "the innumerable errors of that day," as the London *Chronicle* called them. Tried by this test of contemporary criticism, the Americans do not seem to have exaggerated the real importance of the event. "The ministerial troops gained the hill," wrote William Tudor to John Adams, "but were victorious losers. A few more such victories, and they are undone." By the official accounts these troops lost in killed and wounded 1054, about one in four of their number, including an unusually large proportion of officers, while the Americans lost but half as many, about 450, out of a total of from two to three thousand. But the numbers were nothing; the fact that the provincials had resisted regular troops was everything.



SAMUEL ADAMS.

The "great American army" was still growing at Cambridge; it had been adopted by Congress, even before the battle, and George Washington, of Virginia, had been unanimously placed in command, by recommendation of the New England delegates. He assumed this position standing under the historic elm-tree at Cambridge, July 3, 1775. On the 9th he held a council of war of the newly organized general officers. The whole force was still from New England, and consisted of 16,770 infantry and 585 artillerymen. These were organized in three divisions, each comprising two brigades, usually of six regiments each. They had a long series of posts to garrison, and they had nine rounds of ammunition per man. Worst of all, they were still, in the words of Washington, "a mixed multitude of people, under very little discipline." Their whole appearance under the new organization may be best seen from the contempo-

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rary description by Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of our great poet and essayist:

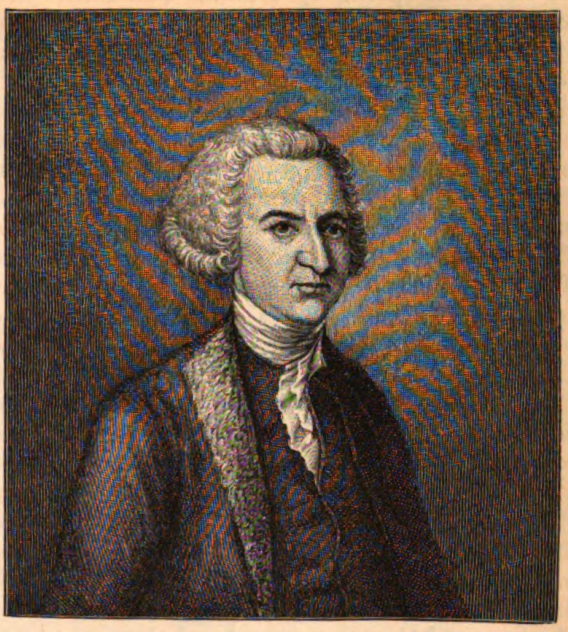
"There is great overturning in the camp, as to order and regularity. New lords, new laws. The Generals Washington and Lee are upon the lines every day. New orders from his Excellency are read to the respective regiments every morning after prayers. The strictest government is taking place, and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers. Every one is made to know his place, and keep in it, or be tied up and receive thirty or forty lashes, according to his crime. Thousands are at work every day from four till eleven o'clock in the morning. It is surprising how much work has been done. The lines are extended almost from Cambridge to Mystic River, so that very soon it will be morally impossible for the enemy to get between the works, except in one place, which is supposed to be left purposely unfortified to entice the enemy out of their fortresses. Who would have thought, twelve months past, that all Cambridge and Charlestown would be covered over with American camps and cut up into forts and intrenchments, and all the lands, fields, orchards, laid common—horses and cattle feeding in the choicest mowing land, whole fields of corn eaten down to the ground, and large parks of well-regulated locusts cut down for fire-wood and other public uses! This, I must say, looks a little melancholy. My quarters are at the foot of the famous Prospect Hill, where such great preparations are made for the reception of the enemy. It is very diverting to walk among the camps. They are as different in their form as the owners are in their dress; and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards, and some of sail-cloth. Some partly of one and some partly of the other. Again, others are made of stone and turf, brick or brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others curiously wrought with doors and windows, done with wreaths and withes, in the manner of a basket. Some are your proper tents and marquees, looking like the regular camp of the enemy. In these are the Rhode-Islanders, who are furnished with tent equipage and everything in the most exact English style. However, I think this great variety is rather a beauty than a blemish in the army."

All that was experienced on both sides at the beginning of the late American civil war in respect to rawness of soldiery, inexperienced officers, short enlistments, local jealousies, was equally known in the early Continental army, and was less easily remedied. Even the four New England colonies that supplied the first troops were distrustful of one another and of Washington, and this not without some apparent reason. In a state of society which, as has been shown, was essentially aristocratic, they had suddenly lost their leaders. Nearly one-third of the community, including almost all those to whom social deference had been paid, had taken what they called the loyal, and others the Tory, side. Why should this imported Virginian be more trustworthy? Washington in turn hardly did justice to the material with which he had to deal. He found that in Massachusetts, unlike Virginia, the gentry were loyal to the King; those with whom he had to consult were mainly farmers and mechanics—a class such as hardly existed in Virginia, and which was then far rougher and less intelligent than the same class now is. They were obstinate, suspicious, jealous. They had lost their natural leaders, the rich men, the royal councillors, the judges, and had to take up with new and improvised guides—physicians like Warren ("Doctor-General" Warren, as the British officers called him), or skilled mechanics like Paul Revere, or unemployed lawyers and business men like those whom Governor Shirley described as "that brace of Adamses." The few men of property and consequence who stood by them, as Hancock and Prescott, were the exceptions. Their line officers were men taken almost at random from among themselves, sometimes turning out admirably, sometimes shamefully. Washington cashiered a colonel and five captains for cowardice or dishonesty during the first summer. The Continental army as it first assembled in Cambridge was, as was said of another army on a later occasion, an aggregation of town-meetings, and, which is worse, of town-meetings from which all the accustomed leaders had suddenly been swept away. No historian has yet fully portrayed the extent to which this social revolution in New England embarrassed all the early period of the war, or shown how it made the early Continental troops chafe under Washington and Schuyler, and prefer in their secret souls to be led by General Putnam, whom they could call "Old Put," and who rode to battle in his shirt sleeves.

And, on the other hand, we can now see that there was some foundation for these criticisms on Washington. With the highest principle and the firmest purpose, his views of military government

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were such as no American army in these days would endure for a month. His methods were simply despotic. He thought that the Massachusetts Provincial Legislature should impress men into the Revolutionary army, should provide them with food and clothes only, not with pay, and should do nothing for their families. He himself, having declined the offered $500 per month, served his country for his expenses only, and so, he thought, should they, overlooking the difference between those whose households depended only on themselves and those who, like himself, had left slaves at work on their broad plantations. He thought that officers and men should be taken from different social classes, that officers should have power almost absolute, and that camp offenses should be punished by the lash. These imperial methods produced a good effect, on the whole; probably it was best that the General should err on one side if the army erred on the other. But there is no doubt that much of the discontent, the desertion, the uncertain enlistments, of the next two years proceeded from the difficulty found by Washington in adapting himself to the actual condition of the people, especially the New England people. It is the highest proof of his superiority that he overcame not merely all other obstacles, but even his own mistakes.



JOHN DICKINSON.

Such as it was, the army remained in camp long enough to make everybody impatient. The delay was inevitable; it was easier to provide even discipline than powder; the troops kept going and coming because of short enlistments, and more than once the whole force was reduced to ten thousand men. With that patience which was one of Washington's strongest military qualities he withstood dissatisfaction within and criticism from without until the time had come to strike a heavier blow. Then, in a single night, he fortified Dorchester Heights, and this forced the evacuation of Boston. The British generals had to seek elbow-room elsewhere. They left Boston March 17, 1776, taking with them twelve hundred American loyalists, the bulk of what called itself "society" in New England. The navy went to Halifax, the army to New York, whither Washington soon took his Continental army also. Once there, he found new obstacles. From the very fact that they had not sent away their loyalists, there was less of unanimity among the people, nor had they been so well trained by the French and Indian wars. The New England army was now away from home; it was unused to marches or evolutions, but it had learned some confidence in itself and in its commander, though it did not always do credit to either. It was soon re-enforced by troops from the Middle States, but a period of disaster followed, which severely tested the generalship of Washington. He no longer had, as in Massachusetts, all the loyalists shut up in the opposing camp; he found them scattered through the community. Long Island was one of their strongholds, and received the Continental army much less cordially than the British army was received at Staten Island. The Hudson River was debatable ground between opposing factions; Washington's own military family held incipient traitors. The outlook was not agreeable in any direction, at least in the Northern colonies, where the chief contest lay.

There was a disastrous advance into Canada, under Montgomery and Arnold, culminating in the defeat before Quebec

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December 30, 1775, and the retreat conducted the next spring by Thomas and Sullivan. It was clearly a military repulse, but it was a great comfort to John Adams, looking from the remoteness of Philadelphia, to attribute all to a quite subordinate cause. "Our misfortunes in Canada," he wrote to his wife, June 26, 1776, "are enough to melt a heart of stone. The small-pox is ten times more terrible than Britons, Canadians, and Indians together. This was the cause of our precipitate retreat from Quebec." Thus was disappointment slightly mitigated; but in the Carolinas, about the same time, it was the British who were disappointed, and the defense of Fort Moultrie especially gave comfort to all the patriotic party. It was a brilliant achievement, where the fate of Charleston and the Carolinas was determined by the defense of a fortress of palmetto logs, manned by less than five hundred men, under Moultrie, aided by Motte, Marion, and the since-renowned Sergeant Jasper. They had thirty-one cannon, but only a scanty supply of powder. Over them waved a flag of blue, with a crescent inscribed, "Liberty." Against them was a squadron of British ships, some of them carrying fifty guns; and they defended themselves so successfully for ten hours that the British invasion was checked, and then abandoned. This happened on June 28, 1776, just in time to counteract the discouragement that came from the fatal Canadian campaign.

The encouragement was needed. Just before the time when the Continental Congress had begun its preliminary work on the great Declaration, General Joseph Reed, the newly appointed Adjutant-General, and one of Washington's most trusted associates, was writing thus from the field:

> "With an army of force before and a secret one behind, we stand on a point of land with six thousand old troops, if a year's service of about half can entitle them to this name, and about fifteen hundred raw levies of the province, many disaffected and more doubtful. Every man, from the General to the private, acquainted with our true situation, is exceedingly discouraged. Had I known the true posture of affairs, no consideration would have tempted me to take part in the scene; and this sentiment is universal."

Washington himself wrote almost as discouragingly, and it is scarcely strange that under these circumstances there should have been in the Congress a minority that shrank from adopting the Declaration; and perhaps one ought not to be surprised that the chief spokesman of this caution should have been that very John Dickinson who had, as the "Pennsylvania Farmer," done more than any other writer, save Thomas Paine only, to bring about the separation. It is often seen in history that the very sense of responsibility which rests on the early advocates of a measure makes them recoil when the time for action comes. Dickinson pointed out that the Declaration of Independence would not strengthen the colonies "by one man or by the least supply"; that it would expose the soldiers to new cruelties; that without some trial of their strength they ought not to risk "an alternative where to recede would be injury, and to persist might be destruction"; that it would be a menace to England, an affront to France, and a cause of dissension among the colonies themselves. Others joined him, and Rutledge, of South Carolina, said privately that "it required the impudence of a New-Englander for them in their disjointed state to propose a treaty to a nation now at peace." John Adams, on the other hand, believed that the whole thing should have been done seven months earlier. But the will of the Congress was so clear that Rutledge at last joined in the vote for the sake of unanimity, and the Pennsylvania Farmer could only absent himself from the Congress. On the day after the adoption of Richard Henry Lee's original resolutions as to declaring independence and entering into foreign treaties, John Adams wrote, "Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater perhaps never was nor will be decided any more."

Two days after, the draft of Jefferson's "Declaration," with its few amendments, was adopted by Congress, and three days later John Adams wrote to his wife, "Our army at Crown Point is an object of wretchedness enough to fill a humane mind with horror—displaced, defeated, discontented, dispirited, diseased, naked, undisciplined, eaten up with vermin, no clothes, bed, blankets, no medicines, no victuals but salt pork and flour." On the same day—such is the power of the human mind to restore itself by a change of thoughts—he sent her a much longer epistle on the varieties of English style and the

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SERGEANT JASPER AT THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

importance of a careful perusal of Rollin's *Belles-Lettres*. Fortunately no human being can live always on the heights of great historic events; every day must be diluted with a little commonplace, and must seem to those who live through it rather less great and eventful than it is. Probably no man at that period set the great Declaration quite so high as John Adams; but Rollin's *Belles-Lettres* must also by all means be kept in mind.

The Declaration of Independence was publicly read throughout the colonies, and was communicated by Washington in a

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general order, July 9, 1776, with the following announcement: "The General hopes this important event will serve as an incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend (under God) solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a State possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit and advance him to the highest honors of a free country." Thus early did this far-seeing Virginian give his allegiance to the new government as a nation, "a state," "a free country"; not an agglomeration of states only, or a temporary league of free countries. And he needed for his encouragement all the strength he could gain from this new-born loyalty.

It was a gloomy and arduous year, the year 1776. The first duty now assigned to Washington was that of sustaining himself on Long Island and guarding New York. Long Island was the scene of terrible disaster; the forces under Putnam were hemmed in and cut to pieces (August 27), making Greenwood Cemetery a scene of death before it was a place of burial. In this fatal battle 8000 Americans, still raw and under a raw commander (Putnam), were opposed to 20,000 trained Hessian soldiers, supported by a powerful fleet. Washington decided to retreat from Long Island. With extraordinary promptness and energy he collected in a few hours from a range of fourteen miles a sufficient supply of boats, this being done in such secrecy that even his aides did not know it. For forty-eight hours he did not sleep, being nearly the whole time in the saddle. He sent 9000 men with all their baggage and field artillery across a rapid river nearly a mile wide within hearing of the enemy's camp: "the best-conducted retreat I ever read of," wrote General Greene. Then began the desertions, by companies and almost by regiments. They continued during all his memorable retreat through the Jerseys, when his troops were barefooted and disheartened, and yet he contested every inch of ground. At the beginning of his march he heard of the loss of Fort Washington with 2600 men, their ordnance, ammunition, and stores. The day before he crossed the Delaware the British took possession of Newport, Rhode Island, signaling their arrival by burning the house of William Ellery, who had signed the great Declaration.

Yet amid all these accumulated disasters Washington wrote to Congress that he could see "without despondency even for a moment" what America called her "gloomy hours." He could breathe more freely at last when, on December 8, he crossed the Delaware at Trenton with what the discouraged Reed had called "the wretched fragments of a broken army," now diminished to 3000 men. As his last boat crossed, the advanced guard of Howe's army reached the river, and looked eagerly for means of transportation. Washington had seized everything that could float upon the water within seventy miles.

On December 20, 1776, Washington told John Hancock, then President of the Congress, "Ten days more will put an end to the existence of our army." Yet at Christmas he surprised the Hessians at Trenton, recrossing the river and returning on his course with what was perhaps the most brilliant single stroke of war that he ever achieved. A few days later he defeated Cornwallis at Princeton with almost equal ability; and all this he did with but 5000 men, one-half militia, the rest little more. During that year there had been in service 47,000 "Continentals" and 27,000 militia. Where were they all? These large figures had only been obtained through that system of short enlistments against which Washington had in vain protested —enlistments for three months, or even for one month. It is useless for this generation to exclaim against what may seem slowness or imbecility in the government of that day. Why, we ask, did they not foresee what the war would be? why did they not insist on longer enlistments? We have seen in our own time the uselessness of these questionings. Under popular institutions it is hard to convince a nation that a long war is before it; it is apt to be easily persuaded that peace will return in about sixty days; its strength is seen, if at all, in its reserved power and its final resources. The dawn of independence seemed overcast indeed when the campaign of 1776 closed, and Washington, with only three or four thousand men, went sadly into winter-quarters at Morristown.

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CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH DOLORES RE-APPEARS IN THE ACT OF MAKING A RECONNOITRE.

HARRY had already been set free, but Ashby was held as a prisoner. At first he remained in the room where Lopez had found him, along with the Carlist guard, but after a few hours he was removed to another chamber. This was chiefly to prevent any possible attempt at escape which Ashby might make, with the assistance of the other prisoners, who, knowing the weak points of the castle, might be able, with a bold leader, to strike an effective blow for liberty.

The moonbeams now were streaming in upon the stone floor where the six Carlist prisoners were lying. They were sound asleep, and their deep breathing was the only sound that could be heard. Two of them were in the bed, the other four were on the floor. But these men were used to roughing it, and on the flinty pavement they slept as soundly as on a bed of down.



"SHE SAT WITH CLASPED HANDS AND BOWED HEAD."—[SEE PAGE 748.]

Suddenly, in the neighborhood of the chimney, there was a slight noise.

No one in the room heard it, for they were all sleeping too soundly.

The noise ceased for a time; then it was renewed. It was a rustling, sliding sound, as of some living thing moving there.

After this the noise ceased.

There was another long pause.

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"HE FLUNG HIMSELF ON HIS FACE ON THE STONY FLOOR, AND LAY THERE LONG."—[SEE PAGE 756.]

Then came a whisper:

"*Assebi!*"

No one heard. The sleepers were all far away in the land of dreams.

The whisper was repeated:

"*Assebi!*"

There was no answer. Nor did any of the sleepers awake. Out of such a sound sleep nothing could awaken them that was of the nature of a mere whisper.

Of course this moving body was our friend Dolores. There is no need to make a mystery of it. She alone now had access to this room; she alone would come here. She alone, having come here, would utter that one word,

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"*Assebi!*"

It was Dolores.

She had come back to this room to seek after Ashby; to see him; if not, then to hear of him; and, if possible, to help him.

After assisting "his Majesty" to effect his escape, Dolores had thought for a few moments of surrendering herself. After further thought, however, she had concluded not to. She saw that nothing could be gained and much would be risked by such an act. The knowledge which she had of all the interior of the castle gave her an immense advantage so long as she was free; and until she saw how things were it would be better for her to remain free. There would be great danger in confiding too readily. She knew that the Republicans were no better than the Carlists, and perhaps these were merely a rival band of the same ferocious marauders. Ashby, being a foreigner, was perhaps in as great danger as ever; and if so, she should preserve her freedom, so as to be able to help him.

After waiting until the noise in the castle had ceased, Dolores approached the room and reached the place of descent. Here she stopped and listened.

She heard the deep breathing of the sleepers. By this she knew that several men were now in the room.

But was Ashby there?

She could not tell.

That he was not asleep she felt sure. He would be expecting her, at any rate, and that would serve to keep him awake.

She determined to try still further. So she began, as cautiously as possible, to make the descent. She succeeded in doing this without waking any of the sleepers. For a while she stood in the deep impenetrable shadow, and surveyed the apartment. She saw, where the moonbeams fell, the outlines of figures on the floor and on the bed. The remoter parts of the chamber were hid in gloom.

Then she called, in a low and penetrating whisper,

"Assebi!"

There was no answer.

Dolores conjectured that Ashby was not there; but, in order to fully assure herself, she repeated the call.

There was still no answer; and now Dolores felt certain that he had been taken away.

Once more she determined to satisfy herself as to the people who were in the room. It was a hazardous thing to do, but it had to be done. She must see. She had matches in her pocket. She resolved to throw a little light on the subject.

She struck a match. The flame burst forth. Holding it above her head, Dolores peered into the room. The flame illumined the whole apartment. A second or two was enough to show her the whole. There were six men. They were Carlists. They were prisoners. Ashby had been taken away.

So much was plain enough.

Ashby was not there. He had been removed—but how? That was the question, and a most important one. Was he free, or was he still a prisoner? This must be ascertained before Dolores could decide anything.

Gliding swiftly and noiselessly to the nearest sleeper, Dolores caught his hair, and giving it a sudden violent pull, she darted back quickly, before she could be discovered.

It was effectual.

The sleeper started up with a violent oath, and began abusing his comrade. This one also awaked, and a fierce altercation went on between them, wherein the one charged the other with pulling his hair, and the other denied it with oaths. In the midst of this Dolores had ascended into the passageway, and stood there waiting for a chance to be heard. At length the noise subsided, and the two began to settle themselves for sleep, when Dolores, seizing the opportunity, called out, in a low but clear and distinct voice,

"Viva el Rey!"

The Carlists heard it.

"What's that?" cried one.

"Some one's in the room," cried the other.

"Viva el Rey!" said Dolores once more, in the same tone.

At this the two men started to their feet.

"Who goes there?" said one, in a low voice.

"A friend," said Dolores.

"Where?" asked the man in surprise.

"Come to the chimney," said Dolores.

The two men went there, till they reached the fire-place.

"Where are you?" asked they.

Dolores did not think it necessary to tell them the truth just yet.

"I'm in the room above," said she. "I'm speaking through an opening in the

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flue. I can help you, if you will be cautious and patient."

"Who are you?"

"A prisoner. I know the way out. I can help you. Be cautious. Is the English prisoner with you?"

"No," said the Carlist, wondering what sort of a prisoner this could be, and why this prisoner asked after the Englishman.

Dolores questioned them further, and the men told all they knew. They had overheard the words that had passed between Ashby and Lopez, and told what they had heard.

From these Dolores gained new light upon the facts of the case. Having been a witness to the scene in the station at Madrid, she at once perceived that this enemy of Ashby's could be no other than that man in civilian dress, but of military aspect, with whom he had had the quarrel, who had been forced to leave the Russells' carriage. This man had travelled in the same train. He had been captured, plundered, and then set free with the other Spaniards. Dolores conjectured that he had obtained some soldiers, surprised the castle, and freed Katie. She also felt sure that Ashby was now a prisoner once more, in the hands, not of a mere robber, but of his bitterest enemy.

Thus the whole truth flashed upon her mind.

But where was Ashby?

That she could not tell as yet. She could only hope, and make plans.

"Can we come up to you?" asked the Carlists.

"No," said Dolores. "Besides, there's no escape here. I can come to you, and I will do so before long. Do not sleep too soundly. Do not wake the others. Be ready to act when I come."

The men readily promised this.

"But why can't we go now? why can't you help us now?" they asked.

"We can't go away from this," said Dolores, "without the English prisoner. But with him we shall surely escape; so be ready to act when I give the word."

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW KATIE FEELS DEJECTED, AND HOW LOPEZ FEELS DISAPPOINTED.

THERE is no need to enlarge upon Katie's feelings, as she sat in her lonely chamber, buried in thoughts which were both sweet and painful. She sat with clasped hands and bowed head, looking care-worn, dejected, and utterly miserable; and it was in this state of mind that Lopez found her on the following morning.

He felt again disappointed (in fact, Lopez was apparently always feeling disappointed), though why he should feel so is somewhat singular, since Katie would have been more than human, or less, if she had shown a joyous face in such a situation.

Lopez gave a sigh by way of salutation. Katie did not look up, but knew perfectly well who it was and what he wanted.

"I hope you have found this room more comfortable than the last," he began, after the usual salutation.

"I'm sure I don't see what comfort one can expect in such a place as this," was the reply.

"I'm sorry that I haven't anything better to offer," said Lopez. "Anything that is in my power to grant I will do for you."

"Those are merely idle words," said Katie. "There is one thing, and one only, that I wish, and that you can give: that one thing you have no right to keep from me, and yet it is useless to ask you for it."

"Useless—oh, do not say that! Tell me what it is."

"My freedom," said Katie, earnestly.

"Freedom!" said Lopez; "why, you are free—free as a bird!"

"Yes, as a bird in a cage," was the bitter reply.

"Ladies must always be under some restraint," said Lopez: "otherwise you are perfectly free."

"This, sir," said Katie, hotly, "I consider insult; it is nothing less than mockery at my distress. Is it freedom to be locked up in a cell and cut off from all my friends?"

Lopez gave a gasp. He was anxious to please Katie, yet this was a bad, a very bad beginning.

"Why," said he, "where can you go?"

"You will not even let me go about the castle," said Katie. "If you barred your gates, and let me move about inside, even then it would be imprisonment; but you lock me in this cell, and then you come to mock me."

"Great Heaven!" said Lopez. "Oh, señorita! won't you understand? Let me explain. This castle is full of rough, rude men. It would not be safe for you to move

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about. They are not trained servants; they are brutal and fierce. If you went among them you would be exposed to insult."

"My attendant comes and goes," said Katie; "she is not insulted. Why may I not be at least as free as she is?"

"Because," said Lopez, "you are a lady; she is only a common woman. Things would be insults to you which she only laughs at. I can not allow you to expose yourself to the brutal ribaldry of the ruffians below. If a father had his daughter here he would lock her up, as I do you, out of affection."

At this Katie turned her head away, with the air of one who was utterly incredulous, and felt the uselessness of argument.

Lopez was silent for a few moments. Then he went on.

"Listen," said he, "and see if you have reason to be angry with me. Let me tell you some little of what I have done. But for me you would still be a prisoner in the hands of a remorseless villain, a common brigand. Listen to me, I entreat you, and then tell me if you are right in blaming me. As soon as I was freed I hurried on to Vitoria, the nearest military station. I had but one idea—the rescue of you from the hands of those villains. At Vitoria, after incredible effort, I succeeded in getting a detachment of men from the commandant. With these I set forth on the following morning, trying to find my way to you. It was an almost impossible task. The country, never thickly inhabited, was literally deserted. I could find no one to ask, and could find no trace of your captors anywhere. I did, however, what I could, and sought everywhere most painfully and perseveringly. At length, just as I was beginning to despair, chance—the merest chance—threw in my way a couple of fugitives. These, fortunately, were able to give me the information I wanted. One of them knew all about this castle, and knew that you were here. With this help I was able to find my way here. And now I was once more favored by the merest chance. Had I tried to capture the place in a regular fashion I should have been driven back, for this castle is impregnable except to artillery; but my guide knew of a subterranean passageway, and guided me through this into the courtyard. Once here, I found all the men in a careless condition, and made a rush upon them before they could get their arms. Over and over again I risked my life in the fight that followed, while pressing forward in my eagerness to find you before they could get you off. I found you at last. I was full of joy and triumph at the thought of rescuing you from a loathsome captivity. Judge of my surprise and bitter disappointment when I saw you so indifferent, when you met me so coolly, and, instead of showing gratitude, seemed rather angry at me than otherwise."

Lopez paused here to see the effect of his eloquent speech.

Katie looked up.

"It was not captivity, as you call it," said she; "and if it was, it was not loathsome. That word, señor, is far more applicable to my present condition."

"You don't know," said Lopez. "You can't understand. You must have been under some fatal misapprehension. Is it possible that you were ignorant of the character of your captor—a mere brigand—one who pretends to be a Carlist merely that he may rob passengers, or capture them and hold them to ransom? Have you been all this time in such ignorance?"

"No, señor; I knew in whose hands I had fallen—he is a man of honor."

"A man of honor!" cried Lopez, in amazement.

"Señor, you can not know yet who he is. I must tell you. He is the King of Spain—his Majesty King Charles!"

"Don Carlos!" cried Lopez.

At this information he stood transfixed with amazement. Nothing was more probable than that Don Carlos had been in the castle, though he did not suppose that Don Carlos would rob travellers or hold them to ransom. And then there came upon him the bitter thought of all that he had lost by the escape of this distinguished personage. Had he captured him, he would have been certain of immortal glory—of advancement, of high command, honor, wealth, everything which a grateful government could bestow. And all had slipped out of his hands by the narrowest chance. The thought of that lost glory well-nigh overcame him.

"I didn't see him," he groaned, as he stood clasping his hands in an attitude of despair. "He must have left before I came."

"He left," said Katie, "while you were in the castle."

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"Ah!" said Lopez, "how do you know that?"

"Because," said Katie, "I saw him when he left."

"But you were in that room. How could he leave that room?"

"I saw him when he left," said Katie: "that is all. You need not believe me unless you wish, but it is true."

Lopez had to believe her.

"And what is more," said Katie, "you will not remain here long. He will soon be back."

"Pooh!" said Lopez; "he can do nothing. He can't get in here. This castle is impregnable to anything less than an army."

"But you got in."

"But I've guarded that passage so that others can not," said he.

"Do you think," said she, "that there are no other secret passages than that?"

Katie had drawn a bow at a venture. She knew from the statements of Dolores that there were secret passages all about; but whether there were any others that ran out into the country outside she did not know. Still, she thought she would try the effect of this on Lopez. She was fully satisfied with the result of her experiment.

Lopez started and stared.

"Other secret passages!" he said. "Do you know of any?"

"If I did I would not tell," said Katie.

Lopez was much disturbed. He did not know but that there really were other secret passages. The escape of "his Majesty" seemed to point to this. He determined to institute a thorough search.

"I'll find out every passage in the castle before evening," said he.

Katie smiled. She did not believe that he would find one. Lopez felt nettled at her smile.

"You don't believe I shall find them," said he. "If I don't find them I shall conclude that they are not there."

"A very safe conclusion!" said Katie.

Lopez felt angry. He had come hoping to make an impression on Katie by telling her of his love and devotion. In this he had been miserably disappointed. He had become angry and excited. He was no longer in a fit mood to appeal to her feelings. He therefore concluded that it would be best to retirefor the present, and come again after he had grown calmer.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOW LOPEZ HAS ANOTHER CONVERSATION WITH KATIE, AND FEELS PUZZLED.

It was not much more than an hour afterward when Lopez paid Katie a second visit. By that time he had overcome all his excitement, and had settled upon a plan of action of a different kind. It was of no use, he saw, to appeal to Katie's feelings, and so he thought that he would try the effect of a little pressure of a moral character.

"I hope you will pardon me," said he, "for troubling you again, but it is necessary for us to understand one another, and I think you do not see exactly how I am situated."

At this Katie made no observation, but drew a long breath, and leaned back with the air of a martyr. This was excessively aggravating to Lopez, but he managed to smother his irritation, and proceeded:

"Pardon me, señorita, if I have to recall the past. I saw you, as you remember, some months ago for the first time, and found you not unwilling to receive my attentions. From the first moment of my acquaintance with you I loved you, and thought that I had reason for hope. Lovers are always sanguine."

"I can assure you, señor," said Katie, "I do not see how you could have found any reason to hope in this case."

Lopez felt this rebuff very keenly, but kept his temper.

"I was merely speaking of my own hopes," said he, mildly, "and you certainly were far more amiable than you now are."

"I'm sure, señor, I should be sorry to be otherwise than amiable, but sleepless nights and solitary confinement must necessarily affect one's temper. I can only say I do not wish to be rude."

"Pardon me—rude? That is impossible," said Lopez, grasping eagerly at this as at some small concession. "I only want you to give me now a fair hearing. Let me say, once for all, that I loved you then, and have loved you ever since, most devotedly."

"I suppose I must listen," said Katie, "as I am your prisoner; but I will only hint that before speaking of love it might be as well to set me free."

Lopez drew a long breath. It was hard indeed for him to keep down his anger.

"Very well," said he, taking no notice

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of her words. "In the midst of my hopes there came this English Ashby, and at once I felt that I was pushed into the background. I bore my disappointment as well as I could, and in addition to this I put up with things of which you never knew. That man had a most insolent manner. He was wealthy. He was purse-proud, and excited universal hate by his overbearing ways. There was always the clink of gold in his voice, and even in his step. I have even received insults from him."

"Why did you put up with insults?" asked Katie. "I thought that no Spaniard ever allowed himself to be insulted?"

"For your sake," said Lopez, in a tender voice — "for your sake I endured all."

"For my sake! I am at a loss to see why you should allow any one to insult you for my sake."

"Ah! there were many reasons why I had to be very, very patient for your sake. In the first place, I saw that you preferred him to me, and I feared that if I quarrelled with him you would hate me; and that would have been worse than death. Again, if I had quarrelled with him you would have been known as the cause, and would have been talked about; and in Spain it is a great dishonor to a young lady to be talked about. But do not suppose that I would have allowed him to insult me with impunity. No; a day was to come for a settlement, and he knew it. When we left Madrid we had agreed upon a meeting."

"I didn't know that," said Katie, carelessly.

Lopez was struck with this careless tone with regard to a matter which affected the life of Ashby; for it was hardly possible that Ashby could have come unharmed out of a mortal combat, but he took no notice of it.

"Such," said he, "was the state of affairs up to the hour of our journey. Then the train was stopped, and I moved heaven and earth to follow you and effect your rescue, with what success you perceive; for here I am, and this castle is in my hands."

"I must protest," said Katie, with much dignity, "against your using such a word as 'rescue' with reference to me. I consider that I have been seized and thrown into prison. I do not wish to be unkind; I merely say this in justice to myself, and also to 'his Majesty' the King, of whom I was merely the honored guest, with plenty of friends around me."

At this Lopez was struck dumb with vexation. Never could Katie be brought to look upon his really gallant and daring exploit in its proper light. And yet he could not disprove her assertion. He did not know what had been her position here. If the King had really been here, it was, after all, quite possible that she had been, as she said, an honored guest.

"'His Majesty,'" said Katie, in a calm and placid tone, "was most attentive. He did his utmost to alleviate our dullness. He paid us constant visits, and assured us over and over again that our stay was to be but short. Never have I met with one who was more kind, more considerate, and at the same time more lively. Always laughing and cheerful, he seemed more like some well-known friend than the great king of a great country. With us he forgot all the cares of his situation. He was gallant, chivalrous—more, he was even pleased to be merry, and to indulge in many little pleasantries. And now you perceive, Señor Captain, what the real change in my situation has been. It has been from sunshine to gloom; from laughter to tears; from bright and pleasant society to loneliness and despair."

This was putting it strong, very strong indeed, and Lopez felt it in his very soul. He at once gave up any further efforts in this direction. He had nothing more to offer in answer to such a statement as this. He felt it to be a fact that Katie had been happy before he came, and that she was now miserable. Whatever the cause was, there was the unanswerable fact.

He now adopted a severe tone.

"You are aware, señorita," said he, "that when I captured this castle there were several prisoners."

Katie nodded.

"I suppose so," said she. "I don't know."

"Very well. Among them was your dear friend—"

"My dear friend? Who? Not 'his Majesty'?"

Lopez laughed bitterly. "How transparent that little trick is!" he said to himself. "By 'your dear friend,'" said he, "I mean, of course, Mr. Ashby."

"Mr. Ashby! Oh!" said Katie.

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To tell the truth, by this time Katie had almost forgotten his existence. She seemed to herself to have lived years since last she spoke to Mr. Ashby. So she said, in an indifferent tone, "Mr. Ashby? Oh!"

Lopez of course thought this a part of her assumed indifference, and smiled at his own penetration. He could see through her little arts, and he knew something which would soon force her to tear away her mask.

"He is arrested as a spy," said Lopez, abruptly.

"A spy!" said Katie; "Mr. Ashby a spy! Why, he hasn't been a spy. I don't understand."

"Whether he is one or not," said Lopez, harshly, "will soon appear, as he will be tried by court-martial to-day. In times like these no mercy is shown to spies. The country is swarming with them. They have a short trial, a quick sentence, and a summary execution."

"Still," said Katie, "I don't see how you can make out that Mr. Ashby is a spy."

Katie showed no horror at all, no excitement whatever, and Lopez was proportionally amazed. He had not expected this.

"I can't tell," said he; "the court-martial will deal with him. I dare say he is a spy, and I fully expect that he will be shot."

"Well," said Katie, "I dare say he must be, you seem to hate him so; and you say he has insulted you, so you will take this way of being revenged. All the same, I shouldn't like to deal that way with my enemy. Poor Mr. Ashby! It's very, very sad! Oh, what would 'his Majesty' think if he were to hear this!"

Once more Lopez was struck dumb. He had counted with certainty upon producing a strong effect on Katie. By holding Ashby's doom over her head he hoped to influence her. But this tremendous blow had fallen, and had evidently not been felt. For Ashby and for his fate Katie had nothing but the most commonplace expressions of pity—no horror, no grief, no despair, nothing of the sort.

In fact, so completely overcome was Lopez by this unexpected result of his interview with Katie that he left abruptly.

He was full of wonder. "Is it possible," he thought, "that this is her English stubbornness? Can she have so much of that infernal English stolidity as to be able to conceal so perfectly her deepest feelings? Impossible! Does she love Ashby? She can not! Does she love anybody? No! Can she love? I don't believe it! What a girl!—what a girl! And she seems so gentle, so timid, but in reality she's as bold as a lion and as fierce as a she-tiger. By heavens! she shall be mine, if she's the Evil One himself! And that poor fool Ashby thinks she loves him! Bah! she cares no more for him than she does for me. The idiot! This is a sweeter vengeance for me than anything else. And, by heavens! he shall be present at our marriage. For married we shall be in spite of fate, even if I have to gain her consent with the muzzle of my pistol against her brow."

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH HARRY ASKS A FAVOR, AND LOPEZ BEGINS TO SEE A LITTLE LIGHT.

WHILE Lopez was thus chafing and fuming he was accosted by Harry.

Harry's position was peculiar, and not particularly enviable. He had been informed that he was a free man, and master of his own actions. Lopez had nothing against him, and by this time had forgotten even his existence. After his deliverance Harry had gone mooning about, stared at by all in the castle, until at length he had fallen asleep.

In the morning he made a great discovery. This was the fact that his freedom to go was useless, and that he was still a prisoner here—a prisoner, though a voluntary one—a prisoner bound to this place by bonds stronger than iron manacles or walls of stone. These bonds were the feelings which had started up within him before he was aware, and now held him fast tied to Katie. He awoke to feel that his present freedom was far less sweet than his late captivity—that delightful captivity with its stolen interviews, and the sweet thoughts of her who was so near.

And where was she now? He had seen nothing of her. Had she fled? But how, and why, and where would she have fled from him? Had she been captured? But why? Who would capture her? Yet where was she? These were the questions that came thronging upon him to vex his soul and destroy his peace, so that it was for the purpose of finding out something

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definite about her that he had sought out Lopez.

He looked pale and agitated. Lopez, preoccupied though he was, could not help noticing this, and he thought that Harry must be suffering from anxiety about his friend Ashby. This, however, he immediately found, from Harry's first question, to be a great mistake.

Harry was far from suspecting the state of mind in which Lopez was—how full of love and jealousy and suspicion; how at that very moment he was eager to penetrate into the secret of Katie's heart. In fact, Harry suspected nothing at all, and so was not at all on his guard, but blurted out all his feelings.

"Captain Lopez," he began, "did you see a young English lady here last night—a Miss Westlotorn?"

"Yes," said Lopez.

"Did you— Is she— Did— Is—is—is she in—in the castle?" stammered Harry, in distress and deep agitation.

There was not one expression on Harry's face nor one tremor in his faltering voice that was not instantly marked by Lopez. There seemed in this to be some clew to the mystery.

"She is in the castle," said Lopez.

"Where—when—where?" said Harry, excitedly. "I've been looking for her everywhere. I've gone over the whole castle. I hope she isn't hurt? Is she safe? Did she fall into the hands of the soldiers?"

"She fell into my hands," said Lopez, bluntly.

Harry fastened on him a look of devouring anxiety.

"Did you— Is she— What did— When—that is—is she safe?"

"She is safe," said Lopez.

Harry drew a long breath.

"You see," said he, with a little more composure, "I have felt anxious about her. I have been worried, you know, and I have felt anxious about her—in fact, you know, I have felt anxious about her."

"She is kept out of the way just now," said Lopez, "on account of the riot in the castle, and the dread we have of an attack. I don't care about letting the men know she is here."

Harry drew a breath of relief.

"I am glad," he said.

Another sigh followed. Then he looked wistfully at Lopez.

"Would it be too much to ask—if I were to ask—if you would present me—to—to pay my respects to her, as an old friend?"

"Impossible, señor," said Lopez. "She is with the women; you couldn't visit her. You will be able to pay your respects to her after she reaches Vitoria, or some other place of safety. Until then it is impossible. As for yourself, I hope you are comfortable; and whenever you wish to go you may go."

Harry sighed, and stood as one in a dream.

"I think," said he, "I shall not go—just yet. Perhaps I may wait till the rest are going."

"Pardon, señor," said Lopez, "but it seems to me that you take a deep interest in the señorita. May I ask if she is a relative? In that case some allowance might be made: she might not object to see a relative."

"Oh," said Harry, eagerly, his whole face gleaming with joy, "she will never object to see *me*. Ask her—ask her. She will be delighted to see *me*."

At this there were two distinct feelings struggling for the mastery in the breast of the Spaniard; one was exultation at the ready way in which Harry had fallen into his trap; the other was one of jealousy at Harry's easy confidence. He had never felt such confidence at finding a welcome reception from Katie. However, he was now on the right track, and he determined to follow it up.

"Are you a relative of the lady's?" he asked.

"Well, no—not exactly a relative," said Harry.

"Ah! perhaps a connection by marriage?"

"Well, no—not exactly a connection, either."

"Well, you see, señor, in Spain etiquette is very strict, and our ladies are under more restraint than with you. I must treat this lady in accordance with my own feelings, and a Spanish gentleman would feel as if he were slighting a lady if he were to act out of accordance with Spanish etiquette."

"Oh," said Harry, earnestly, "she is an English lady."

"But I am a Spanish gentleman."

Harry drew a long breath. He was in despair. Oh, how he longed to be Katie's third cousin for a few minutes!

"I am very sorry," said Lopez; "but you see I have to be guided by my own

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sense of propriety. I suppose you are a very old friend, señor; yet I have been quite intimate with the señorita myself, and never heard her mention your name."

"Well," said Harry, "I have not known her *very* long."

"She used to speak freely of all her English friends," continued Lopez; "for you see she had not many, having lived so long in Spain; and so I was surprised to hear you speak of her as so intimate a friend."

"Well," said Harry, "my acquaintance with her is not of *very* long standing."

"You were not acquainted with her at Madrid?" said Lopez.

"No," said Harry, dreamily.

"Nor at Cadiz?" continued Lopez.

"No—not Cadiz."

"Then, señor, you could only have made her acquaintance on this journey," said Lopez, with a smile, which was not merely put on for a purpose. He felt like smiling, so successful had he been in getting at the truth.

Harry looked confused.

"Well, you see, señor, in captivity or on a journey people are very much thrown together, and they make friendships very fast."

"Oh yes," said Lopez, "I understand. In short it amounts to this, that one day of such intercourse, so free, so unconventional, is equal to a whole year, or even a whole lifetime, of the formal intercourse of ordinary social life. Well, señor, I am sorry. I came back thinking that you might be some near relative or connection. My own ideas and habits do not allow me to permit what you ask; but the señorita will be her own mistress in time, and then, of course, she can see whom she chooses."

And Lopez walked away, thinking that he understood all. "Another victim," he thought. "And in two or three days: in that time she has turned his head. And does she return his passion? Is she as indifferent to him as she is to me and to Ashby? I will soon find out."

CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH LOPEZ MAKES A FRESH ASSAULT, AND KATIE BREAKS DOWN UTTERLY.

ONCE more Lopez called upon Katie: it was about two hours after his last call. This was his third call in one day. She looked surprised, and also vexed.

"A little matter has occurred to me," said he, "which I thought I would mention to you, as it ought to be of some concern to you."

"Ah!" said Katie, languidly, as Lopez paused. She seemed to be more indifferent, if possible, than ever; more self-absorbed, and more bored with his society.

"It's about a certain Mr. Rivers," continued Lopez.

It was not without very careful premeditation that Lopez had entered upon this interview, and the result of his thoughts was that he had decided upon introducing this matter in the most abrupt manner possible. But in all his speculations as to the possible effect of this new scheme he had never imagined anything like the reality as he now witnessed it.

At the mention of that name Katie's manner changed instantly and utterly. From languor, from indifference, and from boredom, she started up erect with wild excitement and terrified interest. In her face there was a perfect anguish of fear and apprehension. Her eyes stared upon him in utter horror; she gasped for breath, and it was not until some time that she could articulate a few words.

"Mr.—Mr.—Rivers!" she gasped. "Did you say—Mr. Rivers?"

However amazed Lopez was at Katie's intensity of excitement, he made no reference to it, and answered in a quiet and matter-of-fact tone:

"He said he was acquainted with you, and wanted to see you."

"To see me?—Mr. Rivers?" said Katie, still agitated. "And can—can he—will he—will you let him? Did you consent?"

"Well," said Lopez, "you see, there were reasons—"

"Reasons!" repeated Katie, all tremulously, and in dire suspense—"reasons!" she waited his reply breathlessly. The thought of Harry being in the power of Lopez, of the hate and malignant vengeance which Lopez might pour forth upon his devoted head, had all occurred to her at once at the mention of his name, and still overwhelmed her.

"In Spain, you know," said Lopez, "there is not such freedom of social intercourse between young unmarried ladies and gentlemen as in England, and I did not think that you would feel like violating our Spanish etiquette."

"Spanish etiquette!" cried Katie, with

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nervous eagerness; "oh, that is nothing—Tell him he may come—he may come; tell him he may come—I shall be most happy to see him—I shall be so glad to see him! I shall—oh, I shall—be—I shall be—oh yes, glad to see him!"

Katie was struggling with intense feeling. Her feelings carried her away completely. Lopez saw this plainly, and felt, as he had felt in Ashby's case, partly triumphant exultation, partly the bitterest jealousy. But he had a careful guard over every exhibition of his own feelings. And yet, in the midst of his exultation, his jealousy, and his efforts at self-control, he marvelled greatly at the intensity of feeling displayed by this girl whom he had believed to be so immovable. And for whom?—for an acquaintance of three days' standing!

"Oh, but you see," said he, "there is something else to prevent, unfortunately."

"Something else!" repeated Katie, in a low, trembling voice: "and *unfortunately!* did you say *unfortunately?*"

"I said *unfortunately*," said Lopez. "You see—I forgot to mention it before, as I did not know that you were acquainted with him—but this Rivers has been arrested as a spy."

This was, of course, untrue; but Lopez was merely trying an experiment on Katie. The experiment was fearfully successful.

In an instant all that Lopez had said at their last interview about the fate of spies rushed to her mind. Ashby's fate she had regarded with mild pity, but the fate of Rivers seemed to crush her down into the dust.

She clutched the arm of Lopez convulsively with both her hands; she raised up her face, white with horror; she gasped for breath.

"Oh, señor! oh, señor!" she cried, "what is it that you mean? A spy? Harry a spy, and arrested! Oh, you can not mean it! Say that you do not mean it! Oh, say it—say it!"

She could say no more. Her grasp loosened. She fell back, and burying her face in her hands, burst into a passion of tears. Sobs convulsed that slender frame. Lopez sat with a bitter smile regarding her.

"You seem to value the life of this Rivers," said he, at length, after a long silence.

Katie lifted her face, and regarded him with eyes all red and swollen.

"His life!" she exclaimed, with a shudder—"his life! Ah, that is it! And I see in your face that there is—no—hope. Oh, Harry! oh, Harry! Harry!"

Her voice died away in a low shudder. Lopez himself was moved. He had not been in the least prepared for such an utter breakdown as this. Ah! now he saw that Katie could love, and how she could love! At the force of that love all else passed away—pride, shame, hate, all; everything was forgotten except that name, upon which her voice dwelt with such longing.

"Yes," he said, "he is a spy. He is now being tried, or rather, he has been tried—for I may as well tell it—and has been condemned. I need say no more about it; I have already said enough. You know the fate of a condemned spy. Before another hour all will be over."

At first Katie seemed about to faint, but the last sentence roused her. She started up, and again seized his arm with her convulsive grasp. With white, tremulous lips she said, in a low voice which had sunk to a whisper:

"An hour! an hour! Did you say—another hour?"

Lopez bowed his head in silence.

"But *you—you—you*," said Katie, fiercely—"*you* do not believe him guilty?"

"I have nothing to do with it," said Lopez, coldly.

"Nothing to do? Are you not commander here?"

"Yes."

"Can you do nothing?" she asked again.

"No. The trial is over. His fate has already been decided. In another hour all will be over."

The repetition of these words roused Katie to a fresh outburst of despairing grief.

"Oh!" said she; "in so short a time! so short!"

"It was because he was so near his doom," continued Lopez, "that the condemned prisoner requested to see you, and I thought I would mention it. Had it not been for this request he would have been shot without your knowing it."

Katie wrung her hands, in a blind passion of despair.

"Oh!" she burst forth, "something must be done! He shall not die! He must not! Oh, heavens! how can I live, and think of it? Harry! Harry! was there no one to speak for you? A *spy!* It's false! He was a simple traveller.

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Oh, Captain Lopez, there must be some way of saving him, or at least of deferring his doom. Can it not be put off—for one day?"

"That would be of no avail," said Lopez.

"One day!" pleaded Katie, in eager tones.

"It's useless," said Lopez; "it's impossible. The sentence of the court can not be revoked."

"But time flies! Oh, Captain Lopez, can you not let him go?"

"Oh yes," said Lopez, "I can do that, easily enough. I could let him out, so that he could escape."

At this Katie fell on her knees, and clasped the hands of Lopez.

"Oh, Captain Lopez, I kneel to you! I pray to you! On my knees I pray for his life! Let him fly! Oh, let him fly! Oh, I pray—I pray on my knees!"

Lopez drew a long breath. This scene was terrible to him in many ways; but, above all, it was terrible to see what love was thus lavished on this comparative stranger, when he would risk his life, and had risked his life, for a single smile.

"Think," said he, "what it is that you ask. The moment I let him go, that moment I myself am a criminal, I myself am condemned. I must fly—I must become a ruined man. Ruined? Worse: dishonored, disgraced in my native land—I who have had high ambitions, and have won no mean distinctions. And yet do you ask this of me?"

Katie bowed her head down; she kissed his hand, and in tremulous tones said:

"Oh, I must—I must! I do!"

Lopez was trembling from head to foot. He himself could now scarcely speak from agitation.

"And may I," he said, in a low voice—"may I—ask—nothing from you—when I give up—honor, life, hope, all—for your sake?"

There was a suggestiveness in this question which flashed at once in all its fullest meaning into Katie's mind. She dropped her hands; she sank upon the floor; she bowed her head tremblingly and despairingly. Lopez looked at her with an agitation equal to her own, and a despair only less. She loved another—she could never love him; she loved another; oh, how vehemently, how dearly she loved him! Yet she *must* be his.

"One hour was allowed him," murmured Lopez—"one hour to prepare. Much of that hour has already passed. Say, will you save his life? and shall I set him free? Say, shall I go to ruin? Say, will you give up as much for me as I am ready to give up for you? Quick—another minute, and it may be too late!"

Katie started up wildly.

"Go! go!" she said, in a hot, feverish whisper. "Haste—fly—save him!"

"You promise?" said Lopez.

"Oh my God!—yes?" cried Katie, and fell senseless on the floor.

"See to your mistress," said Lopez, in a faltering voice, as he went outside and met the attendant there.

Then Lopez went away, not to free Harry, for he was already free, but to a lonely room, where he flung himself on his face on the stony floor, and lay there long, weeping like a child.

For the agony of this man at winning Katie thus was equal to that of Katie over her act of self-sacrifice.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOW LOPEZ GOES TO SEE THE PRIEST ABOUT HIS MARRIAGE.

AFTER leaving Katie, Lopez decided to give notice to the priest about the nature of the ceremony that was to be performed, and also to appoint the time for its performance on the following morning.

As he entered the room Talbot saw in his face the sign of some important purpose. At once she divined it. She had already made up her mind as to what that service would be that Lopez expected of her, and what her own action should be. Brooke also, in spite of his plausible arguments, was afraid that she was only too near the truth, and such terrors gathered around the prospect that he could not think of it. But now all suspense was at an end. The truth was about to be made known, and, whatever it was, they would have to face it.

"Señor," said Lopez, addressing himself to Brooke, yet courteously including Talbot in his glance, "I have now come to tell you why I have required thus far the company of your friend the priest, and you may explain to him what I have to say. It is for a very simple and pleasing ceremony—namely, a marriage."

"A marriage!" repeated Brooke, in a low voice.

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That word, sometimes so full of joyous meaning and so surrounded with associations of mirth and festivity, now rang in Brooke's ears with a sound as harsh and terrible as that of a death-knell. It was the word which he dreaded more than all others to hear from the lips of Lopez. His heart sank within him, and he knew not what to think, or where to turn for hope. That Talbot would refuse to perform this ceremony he felt convinced, but what would be the consequences of such a refusal under such circumstances?

"The priest," continued Lopez, who had not noticed any difference in Brooke's manner, and was not at all aware of the intense agitation which now pervaded all his frame—"the priest will be ready to perform the ceremony at an early hour to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" repeated Brooke, mechanically.

Worse and worse! This man was hurrying matters so that he did not leave any time for thought, much less for action. To-morrow morning, at an early hour! Oh, terrible haste! Oh, fearful flight of time! Was there, then, so short a time until this new ordeal, with its new dangers? Brooke shuddered.

A sudden thought now came to him, at which he grasped eagerly. It was utterly useless, and he knew it, but it was all that he had to offer against this man's resolution.

"Can the priest officiate without the government license?"

"Government license!" repeated Lopez. "Of course. The Church does not ask permission of the state to perform the solemn sacraments. What has the state to do with the acts of a priest of the Church?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Brooke, dejectedly; "it's different in other countries."

"Spain," said Lopez, severely—"Spain is a Christian country."

"True, true; I forgot," said Brooke.

"In an infidel country," continued Lopez, "like England or America, the state regulates marriage, of course; but it is different in Spain—very different."

Brooke scarcely heard this. He was groping about mentally in search of an idea. Another one came—a hopeless one, like the last—but he caught at it, since there was nothing else to do.

"This priest," said he, "is an Englishman."

"Well?" said Lopez, with a slight expression of surprise.

"I didn't know but that it might make some difference," said Brooke, meekly.

"Difference! How?"

"Not—not knowing your language, you know."

"My language!" said Lopez; "what does that matter? He has the language of the Church, and that language every priest uses in the formulas and services of the Church, whether he is a Spaniard, or an Englishman, or an African negro. He celebrates the sacraments in the words laid down by the Church, and the languages of the various nations have nothing to do with these holy rites. I fear, señor, you are raising objections which will seem as strange and unreasonable to your friend, this good priest, as they do to me."

At this Brooke was struck dumb. He had nothing more to say.

"You will tell your friend," said Lopez, "to be ready at an early hour to-morrow morning. I also will do myself the honor, señor, to invite you to give us the pleasure of your company on this occasion."

Brooke bowed, and murmured something about the consciousness which he had of the honor that Lopez had done him; and in the midst of these commonplaces Lopez retired.

After his departure Brooke remained silent for a long time. Talbot feared the worst, and as she had divined already the meaning of this visit, she understood perfectly the feelings of Brooke. So she said not a word, but patiently waited until he chose to speak. At length he told her all.

"I thought so," said Talbot.

"What will you do?" asked Brooke, in a low voice.

"Nothing," said Talbot, simply.

"Nothing?" repeated Brooke.

"What can I do?"

"Can you not do what he requests?" asked Brooke, in a trembling voice.

"What! and marry them?"

"Why not?"

"It is impossible!" said Talbot, firmly.

"Oh, heavens!" moaned Brooke, in a tone of despair.

"Oh, Brooke, do not talk like that!" said Talbot, entreatingly. "Have I not already said all that can be said?"

"Well," said Brooke, "listen to reason for a moment. Only think what marriage is. It is a union of two loving

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hearts. In Scotland people marry themselves. Why can not you do in Spain what you might safely do in Scotland?"

"Yes," said Talbot, "and in Turkey a man may marry a hundred wives. Why may not you do in Spain what you may safely do in Turkey? Oh, Brooke! Brooke! Are you altogether candid now, and true to your better self? Do not tempt me, Brooke. Do not try to shake me. My mind is clear on this point. I can not do wrong, not even to please you, Brooke."

As Talbot said this she looked at Brooke with a glance that penetrated to his soul. Her eyes showed unfathomable tenderness and devotion, yet her face and her voice told of a resolve that was immutable.

Then Brooke tried another tone.

"Confound these Spaniards!" he cried. "Talbot! Talbot! Come, why not marry this couple of cursed fools and have done with it?"

Of these words Talbot took no notice whatever. She was silent for a time and thoughtful. Then she went on to speak:

"I know. I begin, I think, to understand all about it. The girl he means to marry is this English girl, the daughter of Mrs. Russell. Captain Lopez loved her, as we were told. He has followed her here, and effected her deliverance from her Carlist captors, and now, as a matter of course, she feels grateful to him and is willing to marry him. But how can I do anything? I can not. It is horrible sacrilege. It is frightful sin. No; I will tell him the whole truth."

Brooke looked at her with a face of anguish.

"Oh, Talbot," said he, "if you do, what will become of you?"

"What?" said Talbot, in a firm voice.

"He will kill you—and worse than that," said Brooke.

"Why should he kill me?" said Talbot. "It will do him no good. What cause will he have to kill me?"

"I have thought it all over," said Brooke—"all over a thousand times. I have speculated as to the possible result of a frank disclosure, and I've come to the conclusion that it is better to run every risk in this disguise, and go even to the verge of death, rather than divulge your secret now."

"Divulge my secret!" said Talbot, in surprise. "And why not? What is there to divulge? I have only to say that I am not a priest—I am an English lady, who has assumed this disguise as a safeguard."

Brooke sighed.

"It's too late—too late! Oh, fool that I was—cursed, cursed fool! But I was afraid to trust those republicans; I feared that they might harm you if they knew you to be a woman. It was for your sake that I kept your secret, and now it has turned out to be the very worst thing that I could have done."

"I deny that it was the worst," said Talbot, calmly. "Thus far it has protected me most effectively. As for the future, we have yet to choose our plans."

"Too late!" said Brooke.

"I do not think so," said Talbot. "You do not give any reasons. At any rate, I will try—"

"Do not! do not!" said Brooke, earnestly. "It is too late. I will tell you. You see, this deception has gone on so long, and his trust in you is so profound, that the shock would be more than he could bear. As a priest you have won his confidence, even his reverence. If you now tell him that it was all a cheat, his wrath would burst forth beyond all bounds. He would consider it an outrage on his holiest and most generous feelings. He would believe that you had wantonly trifled with all that is most sacred and most sensitive in the heart. Then there is more than this. For some reason he is bent on marrying this girl. If you refuse now, and tell him the truth, it will only intensify his resentment against you, and turn it into a vengeful fury. There is no pain that he will not inflict. There will be nothing too horrible for his revenge. He will say that you deceived and cheated him unnecessarily and persistently; that even if there was a necessity for it in the first place, you might at least have confided in him after he had shown himself so merciful to me. He will say that you must have found him out to be a chivalrous gentleman, in whose protection you would have been safe, and this maintenance of your disguise all this time and up to the last moment was a mockery and a sham. And therefore," concluded Brooke, "every other resource ought first to be tried, and this should not be made use of till all others have failed. It will be useless at any time, but if it is resorted to at all, it ought to be last of all."

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"Well, I don't know," said Talbot, doubtfully. "I will do as you say, Brooke; but to go on in this way, and keep up this disguise to the last, seems to me to involve certain destruction. I suppose he can not be persuaded to postpone the marriage?"

Brooke shook his head despondingly.

"No," said he, "that is not probable. There is some strong reason for this haste. He has perhaps extorted some promise from the girl. Perhaps she does not love him. Perhaps he is afraid if he gives her time that she will back out of it, and is determined to marry her while he has the chance."

"If that is the case," said Talbot, "it only makes it worse for me. If she does not love him, and all this is as you suggest, there is another and a stronger reason for my refusal to have anything to do with such sacrilege and sin."

"Oh, Talbot!" said Brooke. He turned his face toward her. It was a face of agony; there was despair in his look. "Oh, Talbot! I could bear this trial—any trial—for myself; but for you—for you, Talbot," he continued, in thrilling tones, "for you I can not bear it. Think! Can you not do something?"

Talbot trembled. Her eyes filled with tears. For a time she stood thus with quivering lips and trembling hands, struggling with her emotion, but without much success. When she was able at last to speak, it was in tremulous, broken tones.

"Oh, Brooke!" she said, "for your sake I would do anything—anything; but I can not, even for your sake, do wrong to others. For you—if it were myself alone that were concerned—I might be tempted to do an act of sacrilege, or sin. Ask me to suffer for you, Brooke, and I will suffer—oh, how gladly! Yes, Brooke," she continued, in a voice that sent a thrill through all his being—"yes, Brooke, ask me to die for you, or let the chance arise in which I may die to save you, and I will die. But do not look at me so, Brooke! Your face is full of despair; your look is the look of one whose heart is breaking; and this, Brooke, this seems worse than death! Be yourself, Brooke! rouse yourself! Can not you take refuge in some other thoughts? The very worst of your songs might rouse you now. Sing, Brooke—sing anything. Talk nonsense, and save your heart and mine from breaking!"

Brooke turned away, and walked up and down for a few minutes, while he struggled to regain his composure. The struggle was a severe one, but he succeeded in assuming an outward calm. He at length returned, and placing himself before Talbot, gave that short laugh of his, and said, with some of his old rattle:

"Well, Talbot lad, you're more than half right. And, as I've always said, there's nothing like a good song—and I've lots of good songs; but as you suggest a bad song—in fact, the worst of all my songs—why, I dare say it wouldn't be a bad idea to sing it. By-the-bye, Talbot, you ought to learn to sing—at least to hum tunes? I'll teach you how to whistle, if you like. I wonder if this Spanish cur likes music. I'll sing you a song, if you like, and I'll bet ten cents you never heard it before."

And Brooke sang, to a most extraordinary tune, these most extraordinary words:

"Oh, a raggedy gang to the piper danced,
Of tatterdemalions all,
Till the corpulent butler drove them off
Beyond the manor wall.
The raggedy piper shook his fist:
'A minstrel's curse on thee,
Thou lubberly, duck-legged son of a gun,
For settin' dorgs on we!'"

"Brooke," said Talbot, with her usual calm, sad face, "I'm glad that you are singing, though your song is certainly slightly vulgar."

"Oh, I know it," said Brooke; "but then vulgarity is sometimes a very good thing. It don't do for people to be too fastidious. The fact is, this age is overrefined, and I'm bound to reform it, or perish."

CHAPTER XLVII.

HOW LOPEZ INVITES HARRY TO HIS WEDDING, AND HOW HARRY MAKES A DISTURBANCE.

On the following day the prisoners were roused at dawn. First of all, Ashby was taken to the room in which the marriage ceremony was to be performed, which was the same room where the Russell party had been confined. Half a dozen soldiers came for him, and went through the solemn mockery of treating him as an invited guest. He had scarcely arrived here when Harry also reached the place. A special invitation from Lopez to be pre-

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sent at a wedding had attracted him, and filled him with wonder and curiosity. His anxiety about Katie and his longing to see her were as strong as ever, and the effect of these feelings was manifest in his pale face and agitated manner; but his desire to please Lopez and retain his good-will had drawn him here to be a spectator, though his abstracted air showed that his thoughts were elsewhere. Thus, silent and preoccupied, Harry stood apart; and Ashby, mindful of their recent hostile meeting, kept to himself, and made no motion toward holding any communication whatever.

As they stood thus, a third comer appeared upon the scene.

This was Russell. He still wore his woman's dress, having a vague idea that it might prove of service in some new attempt to escape, though quite unable to imagine any way in which such escape could be possible. Harry, attracted by this singular figure, looked at him, and recognized him at once, and the effect upon him was so strong that in spite of his melancholy he burst into a roar of laughter.

Russell at this threw toward him a piteous look of appeal, and then approached him in search after sympathy. The two were soon engaged in conversation, while Ashby, whom this ludicrous figure had very forcibly affected, stood aloof, watching him with a smile on his face which he was unable to repress.

The unhappy Russell, full of horror at the prospect before him, still clung to some vague and undefined hopes that at the very last moment some change might intervene to prevent the terrible tragedy of a marriage with Rita. The appearance of Harry seemed a good omen. He hailed it as such, and had an angel appeared the sight could scarcely have afforded more joy to the virtuous Russell than that which he felt at the sight of Harry.

While these two were conversing, Brooke appeared, followed by Talbot. Harry's back was turned to the door, so that he did not see Talbot, and Talbot did not see his face. But even if Harry's face had been full before her she would not have seen it. With a slow step, a face pale as marble, and eyes fixed on the floor, deep in thoughts which were far, far removed from this room and its surroundings, Talbot entered, following Brooke, who was as blind to the assembled company and as deeply preoccupied as herself.

While Harry was talking with Russell he threw a casual glance around, and caught the outline of Talbot's figure. He saw—what? Only the priest, as he thought. It was enough for him. A mere priest was a profoundly uninteresting personage. His eye saw no deeper than the external dress, and he went on talking with Russell.

Two or three more soldiers now came in, until at length there were about a dozen. All the other soldiers were outside. At any other time this unusual ceremony would have attracted a few idle gazers, but just now all the rest of the men were intent upon the important business of breakfast, which was just being ladled out to each from a huge caldron.

Now Rita entered, and with her came Katie, leaning feebly on her arm.

Lopez followed.

At the sight of these two women Russell and Harry stopped their conversation abruptly. For each one the sight was an overwhelming sensation. To Russell it was as though his last hour had come. Here was his persecutor, his tormentor, who was resolved to marry him whether he would or not. He had confided his grief to Harry, but had been unable to obtain from him any satisfactory advice. What should he do? He could not say; he could not even think. Could he dare to say "No," when Lopez and Rita and the priest and all the soldiers expected "Yes"? Could he face the awful result of disobedience to Lopez, of defiance to Rita? His whole nature shrank back in terror from the thought, and prompted him, in this dire emergency, of two evils to choose the least.

To Harry, also, the sight of Katie was equally overwhelming. He was struck dumb. He stood rooted to the spot, while wonder, suspicion, and fear all struggled together within him.

What was the meaning of all this? A marriage?—a marriage of this Spanish captain? With whom? Who was the bride? What was Katie doing here? And why was Katie coming here in such a manner, with downcast eyes, death-pale face, and drooping, trembling figure, scarce able to walk, and leaning so heavily upon the arm of this Spanish woman? Such were the questions which Harry, in his bewilderment, asked himself, and could

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not answer. To see Katie thus was like the stroke of a thunder-bolt, and he was dumb with wonder. She came with no word, no smile, no look for him; she came like a helpless victim destined for the sacrifice.

Ashby also saw all of this. He had felt already the extremest bitterness toward Katie, yet the sight of her now was powerful enough to awaken within him the deepest pity. What was the meaning of this? Was Katie the bride? Was she about to marry Lopez? Was this the revenge which Lopez had planned? It was manifestly so; and yet why had Katie consented? He could not understand it. It seemed like a fresh proof of her frivolity and falsity; and at such an exhibition he felt bewildered. She had been false to him for the sake of Rivers; was she also false to Rivers for the sake of Lopez?

Harry felt an almost irrepressible impulse to spring forward and greet her, but something there was in her look which deterred him. It was her face of despair, her attitude of utter weakness and prostration, her downcast eyes, her averted look. He could not move; he was petrified. There came over him something like a feeling of horror. He shuddered at the sight. All his thoughts and all his soul were fixed on her, while he kept asking himself: What is this? What does it mean? A marriage? And is this the bride—Katie?



"HARRY, WITH HIS HANDS TIED BEHIND HIM, ROSE UP, AND LOOKED ALL AROUND IN DESPAIR."

Meanwhile Lopez had taken up a posi-

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tion at the upper end of the room, and, looking around with a sarcastic smile, began to make a few remarks:

"Señores," said he, "I have done myself the honor of requesting your company on this occasion, so as to have your presence on the happiest moment of my life, on the joyful moment when I am to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to one whom I have long loved, and whom I have at last won by rescuing her from a fearful peril. I shall expect your warmest congratulations; but, however warm they may be, they can not be adequate to the occasion that calls them forth."

At this speech Harry stood transfixed. Then his whole nature and aspect changed instantly and utterly. His face grew death-white, there glowed a burning spot on each cheek, and his eyes, as he stared at Lopez, blazed with the fury of a madman.

"Señor," said he, feverishly, and in a loud voice, "who is the lady?"

Lopez smiled scornfully, and took Katie's cold hand in his.

"This," said he, "is the lady—my chosen bride."

Scarce was the action done, scarce were the words spoken, when Harry's hand, quick as lightning, had plunged into his breast pocket and snatched forth a revolver. In an instant it was levelled. Lopez saw the act, and with great presence of mind dropped Katie's hand and flung himself flat on the floor.

At the same instant two shots in immediate succession came from Harry's revolver. In another instant Lopez was on his feet, and had bounded against his assailant. A fierce struggle followed. Harry hurled Lopez to the floor; but the soldiers rushed up, and those without, hearing the noise, hurried in. All was the wildest confusion, in the midst of which was Harry struggling like a wild beast with overpowering numbers. He was at length held fast by the fierce soldiers, who wished to kill him on the spot, but were restrained by Lopez.

"Tie his hands behind him," he cried, in a loud voice, "and leave him here. Don't hurt him. It's nothing at all. It's all a mistake."

But amidst the crowd of those who rushed upon Harry, Katie, with a wild scream, had flung herself; and as they now retreated at the command of their leader, she caught her prostrate lover in her arms and fainted. Lopez dragged her away rudely. Harry, with his hands tied behind him, rose up, and looked all around in despair.

Amidst that wild uproar, Talbot had been roused from her deep abstraction. She looked up, and as the struggle subsided she saw rising full before her out of the crowd of combatants the face of Harry Rivers. She recognized it, and there came over her heart a cold shudder, followed by a dark despair, in comparison with which her late troubles now seemed trivial.

For this was Harry Rivers, the man for whose sake she had come to Spain!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HOW LOPEZ INVITES THE PRIEST TO MARRY HIM, AND HOW THE PRIEST MAKES A DISTURBANCE.

ALL was wild confusion.

Katie had fainted, and Rita was endeavoring to bring her back to consciousness. Russell stood amazed and bewildered. His chief fear now was one of being implicated in this mad outbreak of Rivers, who had been his companion in the train and in the castle, and might be taken as his confidant.

Talbot stood staring at Harry in wonder and in dark perplexity. Harry, however, saw her not, but thought only of Katie, whom he had failed to save. Struggles were now useless. He could only fall back in despair.

Brooke noticed a new expression on Talbot's face, and marvelled, but thought it merely arose from natural wonder or natural sympathy with this unhappy man, who by his madness had rushed upon his doom.

Ashby meanwhile stood calm. He saw and understood the act of Harry and Katie. He wondered somewhat to find that their acquaintance had gone so far. He knew that both had been false to him, but had no idea that either had grown to feel such passionate love for the other. And there came over him a passing feeling of jealous anger, together with a natural indignation at the baseness of these two—the one his love, the other his friend—who had both betrayed him. So he looked with cold complacency upon their woes, and thought that they were both receiving

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such severe retribution that he had no need for further revenge.

Lopez, having seen that Harry's hands were firmly bound, turned to Katie, who at length came to her senses, and looked around with a shudder. He was anxious to soothe her, so as to finish the ceremony.

"Be calm," he said, in a low whisper, "for *his* sake. He may even yet be saved —I swear it. If you perform your promise, I will forgive him. As you value your life, control yourself. If these men understand how it is, they will kill him on the spot."

At these words Katie shuddered the more, and with a violent effort attained to something like calmness. She then stood up, more tremulous and weaker than ever, and stood thus, leaning upon Rita, without daring to encounter Harry's look.

"The ceremony shall go on," said Lopez, aloud. "This fool's-play shall not stop it."

"Keep calm," he whispered to Katie. "His life now depends on you altogether."

Harry still stood there, with soldiers around him, his hands bound, his face bloodless, but with the eyes of a madman.

"Señor," said Lopez, coolly, "I had no idea that you were a lunatic. You must submit to temporary restraint."

Harry made no reply. He looked all around, as though trying to see if there might be any sign of sympathy in the faces of the others, as though seeking in his despair for some faint ray of hope. He saw the cool sneer of Ashby; he saw the fierce frown of Lopez; he saw the trembling figure of Russell; he saw the anxious face of Brooke; and then, last of all, he saw—Talbot!

This was the first time that he had got a sight of her face. In that instant, in spite of her disguise, there came in one flash the recognition of the whole truth. He saw that she had been lost—had been captured—had put on this disguise. At this discovery there followed within him nothing less than a complete paralysis of thought and feeling. In the shock of his sudden amazement he could only ejaculate, in half-audible tones, the one word—"Sydney!"

Lopez heard this, but did not understand it. He wondered why Harry should exhibit such emotions at the sight of the priest, but hastily concluded that it was some more of his wild and insane excitement over this marriage ceremony.

Brooke heard it, and stared in bewilderment first at one and then at the other.

Talbot stood as before. She moved not, she spoke not, she was solid and stiff, like a statue of ice; but there was in her face a new horror—it was the face of one who sees a ghost.

To both of these it was a terrible moment. For Talbot saw Harry, and Harry saw Talbot, and each recognized the other fully, though neither ventured to address the other. This, then, was the meeting of these two who had once loved and exchanged vows; who had suffered and rejoiced together; who had parted in sorrow, and looked forward to a reunion with joy; who but a short time since had desired nothing so much as the sight of each other —this was their meeting, and thus it took place, at the very climax of that new and more passionate love which had been conceived by each for another!

Had Harry only recognized her a few minutes before, the sight would have effectually chilled his hot blood, and saved him from his mad assault on Lopez. He was calm enough now, however, and this was quite sufficient for the latter.

"Señor," said he, "you deserve to be shot on the spot without mercy, but out of regard for this lady, and at her solicitation, I spare you. And now, Señor Priest, let the ceremony begin, for this lady seems feeble."

Lopez waited, expecting Brooke to translate this to Talbot.

Brooke hesitated.

Lopez, in surprise, repeated his words. "Why do you not interpret?" he added.

It was the crisis of Talbot's fate. How could Brooke decide? Why should he interpret at all? Should he do this? No; better draw upon himself the wrath of Lopez. And yet what could he accomplish by a refusal to interpret? These other prisoners could act. They understood Spanish as well as English. Such were the questions in Brooke's mind, and he could not decide.

Suddenly the decision on this matter was taken away altogether, and assumed by Talbot herself. She would not let the vengeful wrath of Lopez fall on Brooke or on any other than herself. She understood his feelings fully, and therefore, to put an end to all suspense, she took the matter in her own hands.

She thereupon came close up to Lopez, and fixed her large, dark, solemn eyes

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sternly yet mournfully upon his. Her face bore witness to a resolution that was immutable. Lopez could read its expression, and see all that was in her mind.

She pointed to Katie, then to herself, and then to him. Then looking fixedly at him, she shook her head violently and with



"SHE HURLED THE BREVIARY UPON THE FLOOR."

emphasis, and then hurled the breviary upon the floor. The act and the expression were more eloquent than words. Lopez understood all perfectly. His eyes flashed with just indignation, and a savage smile came over his face.

"Oho, Señor Priest," said he; "so you think that, because I have once or twice restrained my anger, I can be set at defiance with impunity? I'm tired of being magnanimous; so let me tell you that I will show no mercy now. You must go on. I will allow of no hesitation. Tell him that," he added, to Brooke.

"He says," said Brooke, "that you must obey."

Talbot scarcely heard this. She never moved her eyes from Lopez; she simply shook her head, with her immutable resolve as visible as ever.

Lopez could see that the priest, for some motive or other, was bent on self-sacrifice. He took out his watch. "I'll allow five minutes," said he, "for decision. If at the end of that time you refuse, I will blow out your brains with my own hand. Tell him that."

"Señor Captain," said Brooke, impetuously, "let me say one word."

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"Translate for me, I say!"

"One word first."

"Not one—obey me!" cried Lopez, in fury.

"Señor Captain," said Brooke, not heeding him, "this is a priest. It is a matter of conscience."

"Silence!" roared Lopez. "Tell him what I said. His time will soon be up!"

Brooke turned to Talbot.

"He'll only give you five minutes, Talbot," said he. "I'll try to dissuade him."

"No use, Brooke," said Talbot, mournfully. "I came prepared for this."

Brooke turned again to Lopez.

"The priest says that his vows forbid him to blaspheme the holy sacrament of marriage in this way. He says he will die rather than risk his soul by an act of sacrilege."

"A curse on his soul!" cried Lopez. "What do I care?"

"Look out for your own soul!" cried Brooke.

"Aha! are you too a priest? Beware, sir! your life is already in peril."

At this moment Harry cried out in a loud voice:

"Stop, Captain Lopez—stop, for God's sake! This is a mistake—a terrible mistake."

Lopez turned round in a fury.

"Gag that devil!" he roared.

In a moment the soldiers had seized Harry, and bound a bandage over his mouth, by which they effectually stopped any further remarks.

The last chance yet remained which Brooke might seize for Talbot—it was to divulge her secret and tell about her disguise. To divulge it to this enraged and furious chieftain might now only render him ten times more furious and vengeful; it might only aggravate the doom of the prisoner; but the risk must be run.

"Stop!" cried Brooke. "Señor Captain, listen. It's a mistake— She is—"

"Silence," roared Lopez, "or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Señor, this priest is not—"

"Seize this fellow!" yelled Lopez. "Bind him! Gag him!"

Several of the men sprang toward Brooke, who struggled madly, shouting at the same time words which soon were drowned in the uproar that followed.

Lopez now snatched a rifle from one of his men. Katie gave a loud scream; Russell fell on his knees; Ashby shuddered.

Lopez took deadly aim at Talbot.

"Your time is up!" he said, coolly.

Talbot stood motionless, with a face of marble and an attitude perfectly rigid; not a nerve quivered as she looked into the muzzle of the rifle, but her lips moved as if she were murmuring a prayer.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN WHICH AN INTERRUPTION OCCURS IN A MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

TALBOT stood; the rifle was levelled at her; Lopez had taken deadly aim; his finger was on the trigger; she felt that her last hour had come, and that naught could avail her now but prayer.

Brooke was struggling like a madman. Two of the soldiers had been hurled to the floor; another was clinging to his neck; a fourth was savagely trying to gouge out his eyes.

Lopez pulled the trigger. The report rang through the hall.

At that very instant, as the fire and smoke went flashing and blazing at Talbot—or rather, the very instant before—a figure dashed toward her. It was Brooke. By one supreme and convulsive effort he had torn himself away from his assailants, and with one great bound had flung himself at Talbot. At the rush which he made she fell backward, and the next instant Brooke fell upon her. Talbot then struggled up to her feet, and through the dense clouds of smoke reached down to raise up Brooke. He was senseless.

With a low moan like the cry of a suffering animal, Talbot threw herself upon the senseless form. From his forehead there trickled several streams of blood, which fell to the floor in a pool. She pressed her lips again and again to the wound, and then through the dense smoke she rose and looked around, confronting Lopez with the blood of Brooke's wound staining all her face. It was a face beautiful in its marble whiteness as the face of a statue of Athena, yet terrible in the fixed and stony horror of its eyes, and in the blood-streaks that covered it, and in the incarnate hate of its expression—terrible in all this as the Gorgon face of Medusa.

Lopez shrank back: his vengeance was

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satisfied, his fury had all subsided, and there flashed through every nerve a thrill of horror. It was then to him as though the dead—the priest whom he had just slain—had sprung up by an immediate resurrection from death to punish him for such atrocious sacrilege. All the superstition of his Spanish nature now rolled in one wave over his soul, overwhelming it with panic fear. The dead! the dead! he thought—the priest with the angel face—murdered because he would not sin—it was he! But the angel face was now the awful head of a haunting and avenging demon.

And now at this very instant, while the smoke was still hanging in dense folds half-way between floor and ceiling, while Brooke still lay in his blood, while Talbot still glared in fury upon Lopez—at this very moment there arose a wild cry, sudden, menacing, irresistible, by which the whole face of the scene was changed.

"Viva el Rey!"

Such was the cry that now resounded in the midst of the amazed republicans. There was a rush and a trample. Then followed the thunder of rifles, and through the smoke dusky figures were visible rushing to and fro.

Once again, once more, and again, and yet again, report after report rang out. All the room was dense with smoke, and in that thick darkness nothing was visible; but voices yelled in fear, and other voices shouted in triumph, while far above all sounded the war-cries, "Viva el Rey!" "Down with the rebels!" "No quarter!"

Shrieks arose in the hall without. Then cries followed—"Treason! treason! We are betrayed! Fly! fly!" These words were screamed in the shrill tones of a woman. The terror of that cry communicated itself to all. A universal trample and a rush succeeded, and the whole band of Republicans in mad panic fled away.

Out they went, that panic-stricken band, into the court-yard, and out through the gates, and far away through the open country, each one seeking his own safety, and hearing in his disordered fancy the sound behind him of hot pursuit. There was no pursuit, no enemy followed close behind, but in that crowd of panic-stricken fugitives each heard the swift rush and the quick trampling footfalls of all the rest, and as none dared to look back, so all continued to run, and so they ran, and ran, and they have probably been keeping it up ever since, unless, indeed, they thought better of it, and concluded to stop and rest.

The reason why there was no pursuit is a very simple one. The fact is, the attacking force amounted to no more than six, these six being no others than our friends the imprisoned Carlists, headed by the intrepid, the ardent, the devoted, the plucky little Spanish maid Dolores. She had contrived to pick up some stray arms and ammunition, with which she had supplied her Carlist friends, and waiting for some opportune moment, had made a sudden rush, like Gideon upon the Midianites, with the startling results above described.

But let us on with our story.

The smoke rolled away, and there was disclosed a new scene.

Two or three wounded Republicans lay writhing on the floor. Lopez lay near, bound tight, and surrounded by the six Carlists, who, I am sorry to say, insulted their captive by fierce threats and unnecessary taunts. At all this Lopez seemed unmoved, though the expression of his face was by no means a happy one.

Dolores flew to Ashby in a perfect abandon of joy. She had found him! that was bliss indeed. She had saved him! that was joy almost too great for endurance. The impetuous and ardent nature of Dolores which made her so brave made her also the slave of her changing moods, and so it was that the heroine who had but lately led that wild charge on to victory now sobbed and wept convulsively in Ashby's arms. As for Ashby, he no longer seemed made of stone. He forgot all else except the one fact that Dolores had come back to him. Lopez might have perceived, if he had leisure for such observations, that Ashby's English phlegm formed but a part of his character, and the sight of that young man's rapture over Dolores might have made him think the English a fickle and volatile race.

The scene disclosed Harry and Katie in an equally tender situation, for Harry's bonds had been cut, and he had flown at once to Katie's side. But the prostration consequent upon all this excitement was so great that he found it necessary to carry her to the open air.

Dolores now roused herself.

"Come," said she, "let us close the gates before they rally."

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With these words she hurried out, followed by Ashby. Then the Carlists followed.

Russell still remained. As yet he could scarcely believe in his good fortune. Over and over again had he felt himself carefully all over to assure himself that no bullet had penetrated any part of his precious skin, and gradually the sweet conviction of his soundness pervaded his inner man. Then there was another joyful discovery, which was that Rita had disappeared. In the wild tumult and dense smoke he had lost sight of her. What had become of her he could not imagine. Whether she had fled in the wild panic, or had remained and concealed herself, he could not say. His knowledge of her character made him dread the worst, and he felt sure that she was not very far away. So he thought that the safest place for himself would be as near as possible to those Carlists whom Rita had betrayed, and whom she now justly dreaded more than anything else. So he hurried out after the noble six.

On the floor Brooke lay, and there Talbot was seated, holding his head on her lap. He was senseless, yet she could feel that his heart was beating, and in that pulsation she found her hope. His wounds did not seem deep, for she had felt with tender fingers along the place where the blood was flowing, without detecting anything that seemed formidable. Still, the sight of his prostrate and bleeding form, as he lay senseless in her arms, after he had flung his life away for her sake, was one that moved her so profoundly that all the world for her was now at that moment centred in that prostrate figure with the poor, piteous, bleeding head. With tender hands she wiped away the blood that still oozed from the wound and trickled down his face; more tenderly still she bowed down low over that unconscious head and kissed the dear wound that had been received for her, and thus hung over him in a rapture of love and an agony of despair.

Lopez saw this, and wondered, and looked on in still increasing wonder, till this was all that he saw, and all else was forgotten in a sudden great light that flashed into his mind.

He saw it all. "So this," he thought, "was the reason why these two held such self-sacrificing affection; this was the reason why one would persist in risking everything for the other. The priest would not leave the spy when freedom was offered; the priest had stood before the spy, interposing between him and the bullets; the spy had flung himself into the jaws of death to save the priest. Priest! Ah, thou of the angel face! thou so calm in the presence of death for thy beloved! thou! no angel, no demon, but a woman, with a woman's heart of hearts, daring all things for thy love!"

A mighty revolution took place in the breast of Lopez. Bound as he was, he struggled to his feet, and then dropped on his knees before Talbot. He then bent down and examined Brooke very carefully. Then he looked up, nodded, and smiled. Then he kissed Talbot's hand. Then he again smiled as if to encourage her.

Talbot caught at the hint and the hope that was thus held out. Lopez was offering his assistance. She accepted it. She determined to loose his bonds. True, he might fly on the instant, and bring back all his men; but the preservation of Brooke was too important a thing to admit of a moment's hesitation. Besides, had she not already discovered that this Spaniard had a heart full of noble and tender emotions? that he was at once heroic and compassionate, and one on whose honor she might rely to the uttermost?

With a small penknife she quickly cut his bonds.

Lopez was free.

But Lopez remained. He bent over Brooke. He raised him up to a more comfortable position, and examined him in a way which showed both skill and experience.

Then he suddenly rose and left the room. Talbot heard his footsteps outside. Was he escaping? she asked herself, and her answer was, No.

She was right. In a few moments Lopez came back with some cold water. He bathed Brooke's head, loosened his neckcloth, and rubbed his hands as skillfully as a doctor and as tenderly as a nurse.

At length Brooke drew a long breath, then opened his eyes, and looked around with a bewildered air. Then he sat up and stared. He saw Lopez, no longer stern and hostile, but surveying him with kindly anxiety. He saw Talbot, her face all stained with blood, but her eyes fixed on him, glowing with love unutterable and radiant with joy.

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"Oh, Brooke," said she, "tell him to fly! He is free—tell him."

Not understanding any of the circumstances around him, Brooke obeyed Talbot mechanically, and translated her words simply as she had spoken them.

"'Fly!" said he; "you are free."

A flush of joy passed over the face of Lopez.

"Noblest of ladies!" said he, looking reverentially at Talbot, "I take my life from you, and will never forget you till my dying day. Farewell! farewell!"

And with these words he was gone.

CHAPTER L.

IN WHICH TALBOT TAKES OFF HER DISGUISE.

BROOKE and Talbot were now alone; for, though there were one or two wounded in the room, yet these were too much taken up with their own pains to think of anything else.

Brooke's wound, after all, turned out to be but slight. The bullet had grazed his skull, making a furrow through the scalp of no greater depth than the skin, and carrying away a pathway of hair. The sudden and sharp force of such a blow had been sufficient to fell him to the floor and leave him senseless; but, upon reviving, it did not take a very long time for him to regain his strength and the full use of his faculties. The traces of the blow were soon effaced, and Brooke at last showed himself to be very little the worse for his adventure. His face was marked here and there by spots from the powder; but the blood-stains were quickly washed away, and his head was bound up in a narrow bandage made of Talbot's handkerchief. His hat, which had fallen off during his struggles with the soldiers, was now recovered, and as it was of soft stuff he was able to wear it.

"With this," said he, "Brooke is himself again."

Talbot now proceeded to wash the blood-stains from her own face.

"That looks better," said Brooke. "Streaks of blood did not improve your personal appearance."

He tried to speak in his usual careless tone, but his voice was tremulous and agitated.

"Your blood, Brooke," said Talbot, in a faltering voice—"your blood—poured out for me!"

There was a solemn silence after this. Then Brooke leaned back and gave a heavy sigh.

"I feel a little shaky still," said he.

"Let me support you," said Talbot, with feverish eagerness. "You must be weak still—very weak. You must not exert yourself too much."

She held out her arms as though to raise him up; but Brooke drew back.

"No, no," he murmured, in a faint voice; "it's no matter—no matter at all."

Talbot looked down and said nothing.

"I don't know what happened," said Brooke. "Where is everybody? And Lopez—why did you tell him he was free? Was he a prisoner? And how? Tell me all about it."

Upon this Talbot narrated as briefly as possible the circumstances of the recent struggle.

"Where is everybody now?" asked Brooke.

"I don't know. It is enough for me that you are here, and alive and safe."

"And so you let Lopez go, after all?" asked Brooke, after another pause.

"Yes," said Talbot; "he did what I was praying for—he brought you back to life. Was I wrong?"

"Wrong or right," said Brooke, "I approve of it. Everything that you do is right in my eyes."

Talbot now began to take off the priest's dress.

"What are you doing?" asked Brooke, hastily, starting up to his feet with a quickness which showed that, as he had said, he was quite himself again.

"I have no further use for this dress now," said she. "I will take it off."

"Don't," said Brooke, imploringly. "Wear it still—at least as long as you are with me; for I shall think of you, Talbot, in that dress always, until my dying day—you in that dress—in that priest's dress, with the face of an angel of heaven. It was thus that you looked as you came between me and the levelled guns of the soldiers at the old mill. Talbot, I should now be a dead man but for you."

Talbot looked at him earnestly, and a sad smile stole over her face.

"Brooke," said she, "I should now be a dead girl but for you."

They both stood face to face. Brooke's memory was now fully restored, and in

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his mind there was the clear and unclouded recollection of that scene which had called forth his act of self-surrender. As he looked at Talbot, he saw her eyes fastened on his with an expression such as he had seen there before more than once—a look which told him of all that was in her heart. He held out his hands. She held out hers to meet them, and he seized them in a convulsive grasp. Thus they stood, holding one another's hands, and looking into one another's eyes and hearts.

Talbot's eyes were moist with tears that trembled in them, and her lips quivered as though she was about to speak. But Brooke said not one word.

At last Talbot burst forth.

"Brooke," said she, impetuously, "you may keep silent if you choose, but I will not, for I can not. I will speak, Brooke. My life is yours, for you have saved it, and henceforth all old ties belonging to my old life are broken. From this time I fling all the past away forever, and begin life anew."

Brooke looked at her with unutterable agitation.

"Oh, Talbot, Talbot, what do you mean?"

Talbot drew nearer and spoke further. Her eyes were fixed on his with a deeper and more earnest gaze; her voice was low and slow and tremulous, and at every word there went a thrill through all the being of the man to whom she spoke. And this man to whom she spoke was one whose idol she had already grown to be; whose heart her presence filled with silent delight; through whom her glance flashed with the force of lightning; through whose frame her lightest touch could send a tremor of ecstasy. This man she now held, her hands clasped in his, her eyes fixed on his, and her lips uttering words such as he had never heard before.

"Oh, Brooke," said Talbot, "I will speak! Brooke—noble, tender heart!—you love me, and with all the strength of your soul. Honor forbids you to say this in words, but you say it in every look, and it is spoken in every tone of your voice, and I feel it in every touch of your hands. Can I not read it in your eyes, Brooke, every time that you look at me? Most of all, can I not see how you love me when you fling your life away for me? But what is that last act of yours? It is nothing more than the sequel of long acts of self-sacrifice for me! Brooke, I know that you love me, and that you love me better than all the world, and better than life itself. Keep your words to yourself, if you choose. Lock your lips tight. Save your plighted word, if you can; but, after all, your heart is mine. I know that you love me, and me only, and, Brooke—oh, Brooke! you know—well—well you know how dearly I—love—you!"

It was his Talbot who said this, and she said it to him, and she said it at the very time when he was all quivering under the influence of his own mighty love, and the magnetism of her look and of her touch. His head fell bowed down nearer to her as she spoke; he trembled from head to foot. He tore away his hands from her grasp, flung his arms around her, and strained her again and again to his breast in a convulsive energy of passion. His voice was all broken, and was scarce audible as in agitated tones he murmured in her ear:

"Talbot! Talbot, darling! I love you! I adore you! I never knew what love was till I met you!"

Talbot now proceeded to take off the priest's dress, in which task she had been interrupted by Brooke. He again tried to dissuade her, but in vain.

"No," said she; "it only gets me into trouble. If I am to be taken prisoner again, it shall be in my true character. This disguise may be useful to you."

And with these words Talbot removed the dress, and stood forth in her own proper costume, that of an English lady, as she was when Brooke first met her.

And now the two went out to procure water for the wounded prisoners.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORROW.

THE fires are all burned out, the lamps are low,
The guests are gone, the cups are drained and dry.
Here, then, was somewhat once of revelry,
But now no more at all the fires shall glow,
Nor song be heard, nor laughter, nor wine flow.
Chill is the air; gray gleams the wintry sky;
Through lifeless boughs drear winds begin to sigh.
'Tis time, my heart, for us to rise and go
Up the steep stair, till that dark room we gain
Where sleep awaits us, brooding by that bed
On which who lies forgets all joy and pain,
Nor weeps in dreams for some sweet thing long fled.
'Tis cold and lonely now; set wide the door:
Good-morrow, heart, and rest thee evermore.

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LADY MARY EVELINA ANGELINA TERESA TALBOT, *ætat.* seventeen and a half, sat in the garden of her aunt's house on Campden Hill, Kensington, and tried hard to draw a cow from memory.

It was June, and the sun glanced amid the golden threads of her hair, and danced in her great blue eyes, and played about the corners of a mouth framed to weaken men's virtue. She wore a yellow dress of soft material that was neither too loose nor too constraining, and from beneath the edge a shoe with strap unfastened, and in the shoe a yellow silk stocking, and in the stocking a foot that Cinderella might have envied, escaped and showed themselves fearlessly.

"A cow is a horrid thing to draw; I wonder whether I could turn it into a sheep?" said her ladyship.

It was a very pleasant place where Lady Mary sat. The house itself was low and wide, with a veranda, vine-grown and shady, running the whole length of it. Windows on either side the door opened upon the lawn, which was verdant and velvety. The garden was long and fairly broad, laid out at the end nearest the house in small beds, the brightness of which was a sort of avowal that the gardener had some potent charm against the demons of smoke and fog. At the lower end the garden became a miniature orchard, studded with gnarled and moss-grown apple and cherry trees, whose quaint forms compensated in some degree their almost total barrenness. In the midst of the fruit trees, and towering high above them, was an oak, well-branched and leafy, around whose spreading base ferns and ivy grew in rich luxuriance.

It was, in a word, such a house and such a garden as one might look to find in some quiet corner of the country, set in the midst of wide windy fields and shadowy lanes, but which in London, and even on Campden Hill, had an appearance of being deliciously out of place.

"A sheep is a more horrid thing to draw than a cow," said her ladyship. "I wonder if I could turn it into a horse?"

In plain truth, Lady Mary had no business to be drawing either cows, sheep, or horses, from memory or otherwise. She was, to be sure, a student at the South Kensington School, but the progress she had made during six or eight months had not been of a kind to justify ambitious undertakings on her own account, unaided and without copy. Something simple, in the way of a barn, a pump, or a hay-stack, might have been forgiven her, but her ladyship was self-willed and a trifle spoiled, and being in the mood to draw a cow from memory, a cow from memory she would draw.

Her father was a marquis, poor, and a passionate lover of art. He had endeavored to imbue his only daughter with something of his own taste for painting and sculpture; and she, loving her father dearly, had tried to please him in this, as in most other things; and, though curiously inapt with pencil and brush, had cultivated them both as diligently as she ever cultivated anything. But her ladyship was perfectly aware that she had undertaken a hopeless task, and laughed at herself and her efforts in the frankest manner possible. The marquis was in Italy, worshipping, as he had done a hundred times before, in every gallery, cathedral, and church, and while he was away his daughter staid with her aunts, the Honorables Susan and Ethel Talbot, at their house on Campden Hill, the better to prosecute her studies at the school.

"A horse is a more horrid thing to draw than a cow or a sheep," said her ladyship, and poked her pencil into the eye of the nondescript beast upon the paper. "I think I have done quite enough drawing for to-day," she said, presently. "I'll go and read in the tree till lunch-time."

She picked up a French novel which lay on its face beside her, and went toward the oak in the orchard. "The flies are a great nuisance," observed her ladyship. "Why can't we have summer without flies? In the winter, when it's cold, and you don't go out in the garden, there are none. It is a most ridiculous arrangement."

She reached the tree, and prepared to mount into her favorite seat. "But I really must do something with the flies," remarked her ladyship. "Let me see: they like cows, don't they? I wonder if they'd know this was a cow if I pinned it to the tree? It isn't much more like a cow than a sheep since I've mended it, and not much more like a cow or a sheep than a horse; but the flies might take it for one or the other, and I believe they like all

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three. I'll try the pious fraud on them anyhow." And she took a couple of gold-headed pins from her dress and attached the drawing to the trunk of the tree.

Then, being observed of no observers, Lady Mary, with all the ease in the world, swung herself on to the nearest bough, and climbed from that to the bough above it, where, with neighboring twigs, and a quantity of ferns and grass, sprinkled over with rose leaves, which she had carried from below, she had made herself a seat and a bower. Here she ensconced herself, and found Dumas *fils* more interesting than the cow.

The garden was joined by another garden, and against the low boundary wall was built a studio, which had been empty for months past. One of the great windows of the studio commanded a full view of the garden where was the oak-tree in which Lady Mary studied nature in the pages of Dumas *fils*. Her ladyship had often looked toward the studio, in the emptiness of which she found another of those ridiculous arrangements for which, in her estimation, nature was to be accounted blameworthy. In this instance she had gone so far as to inveigh against the builder of the studio, who, she said, ought to have known better than to put up a studio which it did not appear that anybody intended ever again to occupy.

"I think he might pull his studio down if he can't let it, or, at the least, he might give it away to somebody," her ladyship had frequently said to herself—an observation which makes it evident that her ideas on the subject of political economy were scarcely more distinct than her recollections of the outward and visible form of a cow.

Having finished her book, Lady Mary fell into a maiden's reverie, from which she was presently roused by an unwonted sound in the direction of the studio. She looked that way, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. "My!" said her ladyship, "there's a man in the studio!"

This was evident; and, what was more, the man was apparently putting the studio in order with intent to occupy it.

"After all, it's really a very good place for a studio, you know," said Lady Mary to herself; "and of course the landlord couldn't help its lying empty for a while. I wonder who the man is?"

He was busy, whoever he was, and with him was another man, seemingly an assistant, who was doing the rough part of the work. Presently this other man began to carry in busts and full-length figures, in plaster, terra cotta, and marble, and to arrange them under the direction of his superior.

"Ah!" said her ladyship, softly, "he's a sculptor. Those are his numerous works of art. How stupid that I'm not learning to model instead of to draw! *How glad papa would be if he knew that a sculptor had come to work in the next garden!*" which shows that an Arcadian simplicity reigned in the youthful bosom of Lady Mary.

"I'll write and tell papa—*at least I'll think about it*," which shows that with the Arcadian simplicity was combined a certain useful gift of after-thought in the youthful bosom of Lady Mary.

By-and-by the putting in order seemed to come to an end, and there ensued a brief pecuniary transaction between the first man and that other man, in which some silver and copper coins were transferred from the pocket of the former to the palm of the latter. Then that other man went away, and the first man was left alone.

Presently he stepped out of the studio, and stood in the garden close by the boundary wall.

Lady Mary with quiet haste opened the volume of Dumas *fils*, and read the last page over again, upside down. And all the while she did this she observed the man attentively. She saw that he was young and well made, and that his figure deserved a better coat; that he had brown hair and brown eyes, and a brown beard trimmed in the fashion of Vandyck. All this Lady Mary saw and noted while reading Dumas *fils* upside down.

"There being a man in sight, it is of course natural that my shoe should be unfastened," said her ladyship, levelling a mild sarcasm at her own neglect of her person. "But I don't think," she added, curling herself daintily amongst the leaves, and gently drawing in the foot with the offending slipper—"I don't think the young man can see me."

Oh, fie, Lady Mary! Your little ladyship is perfectly aware that that is a fib. The young man can see you very well indeed, and is wondering with all his artistic soul what rare bird you are that have nestled so sweetly in the boughs of the venerable oak. Possibly even he is call-

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ing to mind that one Dante, a poet, saw men transformed into trees in a certain place which you must know at least by name if you have read your Bible as diligently as you read Dumas *fils*, and is ardently wishing that Providence, or the ruler of that certain place where Dante went, would give him for a few moments the form of an oak, with your ladyship perching on one of his branches.

"Mary, will you come to luncheon?" a lady's voice called, in low grave tones.

"I am coming, auntie dear," cooed the pretty bird in the oak; and flying lightly to the ground, with Dumas *fils* under her wing, she sped over the grass, and disappeared through the open window.

The brown beard trimmed in the fashion of Vandyck was visibly agitated; and after casting another glance at the nest whence the bird had flown, the owner of the beard returned to the studio, arrayed himself in a big apron, and went to work on a plaster figure in the centre of the room.

After luncheon the barouche which was engaged for the season drove up from the livery-stables, and Lady Mary accompanied her aunts on a constitutional in Hyde Park. In the evening there was a meeting, at the house of the rector, of one of the philanthropic societies which enjoyed the patronage of the Honorable Susan and the Honorable Ethel, which those ladies and their niece attended: so the garden was deserted for the rest of the day.

But the next morning the sun shone brightly, and after breakfast Lady Mary said to herself, "I'll tackle the cow." She searched for that animal, but could not find it; neither could Wilkins, her ladyship's maid; neither could Charles Edward, the footman.

"You are sure, Wilkins and Charles, that you know a cow when you see a cow?" said Lady Mary, and both those well-trained domestics answered that they did; though, to be sure, they might have known cows intimately from their youth up, and have failed nevertheless to recognize in the handiwork of Lady Mary a counterfeit presentment of one of the race.

"Lor', my lady, aren't that the hanimil a-stickin' to the hoak-tree in the garding?" exclaimed Charles Edward, when the house had been turned upside down in the search.

"Oh yes, to be sure; I put it there to catch the flies yesterday," answered her ladyship. "Thank you, Charles; thank you, Wilkins; I'm afraid you must be quite tired. Oh, my poor cow! and I meant it for a birthday present for papa."

However, the creature had suffered nothing worse than a slight wetting by the dew, for the insects, by general consent, had contemptuously let it alone.

Lady Mary took up a position a little nearer than usual to the boundary wall, doubtless because, the day being more than ordinarily warm, the shade was thicker at that spot.

She had not been long at work when she heard the side window of the studio softly lifted, but she bent her beautiful head over the drawing-board in her lap, and diligently shaded the cow's back. Presently she knew that some one sprang gently out of the window on to the grass; but she bent her beautiful head more closely than ever over the drawing-board, and laid on patches of shading so thickly that the cow appeared to be breaking out in all parts of its body with some curious and dire disease. By-and-by her ladyship was aware that her performance was being watched from the other side of the wall; and then, though she never once lifted her beautiful head from the paper, she shot a single swift glance from under her silken eyelashes in the direction of the house.

Seconds slipped into minutes, during which the pencil of Lady Mary performed wondrous feats on the drawing-paper, and the cow was made to suffer from ever new and more dire diseases. Then, on the other side of the wall, there burst, not rudely, nor loudly, but, as it seemed, involuntarily, this singular exclamation:

"Shade of Correggio! she has left out the tail!"

Lady Mary started and looked quickly round, and saw the brown eyes and the Vandyck beard of the sculptor. If her ladyship was slightly startled, the sculptor on his part appeared to be overwhelmed with confusion, nor did his interesting beard conceal his quickly gathering blushes.

His head being bare, of course he could not lift his hat, but he said, "I beg your pardon; it was exceedingly rude of me, but—but you have left out the tail."

Lady Mary turned her head again, and looked at her drawing. "Good gracious! so I have," she said; "I thought there was something wrong with the animal."

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In point of truth, there was a good deal that was wrong with the animal; but the sculptor, not being her ladyship's drawing-master, did not feel called on to expose its manifold short-comings. He only said, "And I am really afraid that you have hardly left room to put it in."

Her ladyship frankly acknowledged that she did not think she had, "unless it was a very little tail."

"But the cow, you see, is a very large cow," urged the polite sculptor.

"So it is," said Lady Mary, sadly; "rather too large for the picture, I'm afraid. I think I'll let the tail alone."

"But if you do that, the cow will hardly be true to nature." The sculptor was well aware that the addition of a tail would not bring that cow within a long distance of nature, but he kept his knowledge to himself.

"I suppose there are no cows without tails," observed Lady Mary, despondently.

"I believe not, in the natural state. I have not met with the breed. But you might represent it to be an Irish cow, which a moonlighter has just mutilated by way of expressing his sense of his country's wrongs."

"But I wanted the picture to suggest peace and bliss and—and that kind of thing," she said.

"And it would be neither blissful nor peaceful for the cow if she had just lost her tail," observed the sculptor. "But," he said, suddenly, "if you would lend me the drawing for a short time, I think that I could get over the difficulty."

"You are very kind indeed," answered Lady Mary, and handed the cow over the wall without more ado. "The drawing is for papa," she added, "and I should like it to be as nice as possible. Please don't talk to me any more now, for the False Prophet is looking down the garden;" and her ladyship became absorbed in studying the ivy plants along the wall.

The Vandyck beard and the cow vanished into the studio.

The next day Lady Mary did not appear in the garden at all, but the sculptor's eye caught the flutter of a yellow dress at an upper window, and after that he worked with greater zest throughout the afternoon. The cow stood on the chimney-piece in the studio, furnished with an elegant tail, which had been attached to the body in the deftest manner possible.

The sculptor was one Hubert Hinton, twenty-four years of age, who, though he loved his art, had not as yet found it a golden one. He did not support an aged father, or a bedridden mother, or any brothers or sisters, for he had none to support; and this was perhaps fortunate, for hitherto he had barely been able to support himself. He had genius, so the *Academy*, the *Pall Mall*, and the *Times* had said; but his genius had not yet made itself patent to the eyes of the purchasing public. He had exhibited for four years both at Burlington House and the Grosvenor; but his commissions had been few, and he had more than once been obliged to proffer small amounts "on account" to his landlady and his laundress, instead of settling their bills in full. Having no friends amongst countesses, earls, members of Parliament, queens, chaplains, or stock-brokers, he had not been successful in any public competition; and being sufficiently inexperienced to retain what he called a conscience, he had persistently refused to do work which he said would have lowered him in his own estimation as an artist. Naturally, then, he was, in point of pocket, about as poor a sculptor as might be met with in all Kensington, Brompton, and Chelsea; and he had thankfully accepted from a friend the loan of a studio on Campden Hill, in which, as has been seen, he had just taken up his quarters.

In the afternoon of the day following, while the aunts were driving in the Park, Lady Mary received from her cousin, Lady Ellen Barbecue, a brown paper package containing two lively and moving works in the French language, and selecting that which appeared to be the liveliest and most moving, carried it into the garden to read. From the open window of the studio issued, in an agreeable barytone voice, a song charged with the most sorrowful sentiment, in which the singer told how the scorn of a lady had driven him into rapid consumption, from which the most eminent London physicians assured him that he could not recover.

"He sings very nicely," said Lady Mary to herself; "but I wish he would sing something less doleful." In a moment, as if by magic, the burden of the song changed, and the singer told how the lady had relented at the eleventh hour, and recovered him from galloping consumption to the most perfect health.

"That is something like," said Lady

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Mary. "I wonder what has become of the cow?"

Then, as before, she heard a light spring from the studio window to the ground, and was aware of a human presence at the boundary wall. But her eyes were riveted to the page of the French author, and she did not so much as move her beautiful head.

"I beg your pardon, but I have brought the cow."

"Oh, thank you—thank you so very much! Will you please drop it over?"

The cow fluttered over the wall, and alighted on the grass by the side of Lady Mary. Her ladyship, without lifting her beautiful head, picked up the cow and held it before her.

"Oh, what a lovely tail! How cleverly you have put it in!"

"Thank you; I am glad that you like it."

"Oh, I think it is quite perfect. Papa will be so glad."

"He is fond of drawings?"

"Oh yes; he delights in every kind of art. That is why I try to draw cows. I can not draw them a bit, you know. But papa wants me to learn, so I am anxious about it."

"A most commendable and dutiful anxiety."

"Now you are laughing at me."

"I am not, indeed. I think there is great promise in your drawing. It shows—what shall I say?—feeling."

"You may say that if you like. I should think it shows feeling as much as anything else."

"Forgive me; but indeed I think that you underrate your work. If you had drawn from a model you would have done much better: one can hardly expect to draw living animals out of one's head."

"I think my animals would look pretty much the same from whatever source I drew them. The False Prophet says I ought to give it up, and take to something useful."

"I beg your pardon—who says so?"

"The False Prophet. Oh, I forgot you don't know. Aunt Ethel is the False Prophet, and Aunt Susan is the Beast."

"Those are curious names."

"I did not invent them: they come in the Bible. We were in church once, and the curate read something in Revelation about a Beast and a False Prophet, and I thought the names would suit Aunt Ethel and Aunt Susan, so I adopted them."

"They are not exactly pretty names."

"No; that is why they are so suitable. The Beast is not so bad, but the False Prophet is unspeakable. The reason I am obliged to talk to you with my back turned is that the False Prophet has just come home, and is sitting in the drawing-room with her eye upon me. I should not wonder if she had the other eye on you."

"Perhaps I had better retire."

"I am afraid that perhaps you had."

"Good-afternoon."

"Good-by; and thank you so much for the tail."

A day or two after this the Honorable Ethel and the Honorable Susan attended a public meeting at the Mansion-House in connection with the Home for Indigent and Distressed Tallow-Chandlers. Lady Mary excused herself from accompanying her aunts on the ground that as she had spent her last allowance of pocket-money she would have nothing to put on the plate; and at the moment when the barouche containing the two charitable ladies turned the corner of the street her little ladyship, watching it from her bedroom window, dispatched Charles Edward into the garden with the wicker chair, and tripped after him, trailing her hat by the strings.

Look not on that radiant vision, O young sculptor in the studio. Take no note of that wealth of golden hair which glitters in the sunlight, of those great blue eyes, looking anywhere but toward the studio, of that soft white throat which the yellow robe leaves just exposed, for that way danger lies. Keep your eyes upon the marble shape before you, and let your faithful chisel drown the bird-like voice that warbles its little song in the next garden. You have your fame to win, and, before that, your daily bread. There are three little bills, unreceipted, on the chimney-piece. Let down the blind, I beseech you!

He crossed the window: she saw him, and smiled; she had never smiled on him before.

"Your chisel has such a cheery sound!" she said.

"Is it not rather monotonous?" he answered. "I am afraid lest it should annoy you in time."

"I could sit at the other end of the garden then, could I not?" said Lady Mary.

"You could sit at the other end of the

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garden then," replied the sculptor, and regretted his first answer.

"But I am quite sure it won't annoy me at all," said Lady Mary.

"I do hope not," he said, and was glad of his first answer.

"You seem to be very busy," said her ladyship. "Your studio has a most interesting appearance; so cool and shady, too."

"Will you not come a little nearer and look inside?"

Lady Mary paused a moment and thought: "The F. P. and the B. must be getting near the Mansion-House by this time; the Tallow-Chandlers will occupy them at least an hour, and they will be forty minutes in driving home. Papa would like me to see the inside of a studio."

"I *should* like to see your studio very much," she said.

"Please come, then," said he. "I will help you over."

But gymnastic exercise in connection with the oak-tree had given her ladyship an ease and an elasticity of movement that required no sort of assistance. The corner of the wall farthest from the studio was broken and low, and it was the work of a moment for her to step upon a stump of a tree beside it, from that to the top of the wall, and from the wall, with one fairy spring, to the ground beneath. The studio window was open wide. Lady Mary went timidly, and leaned her two little hands on the ledge, and peeped in.

"Oh, what a delightful place!" she cried. "Oh, how I should like to work in there!"

It was a big, bright, airy room, lofty and wide, crammed with all sorts of sculptor's "properties," and pervaded, as the rapturous people say, by a delicious air of artistic negligence; in simpler phrase it was deliciously untidy. A heap of tall dried stems and leaves of some tropical plant stood in one corner, and over the mantel-piece was a great Venetian mirror framed in brass. For covering to the floor there were mats and skins, which the sculptor—when the fever was on him, and his eye in a fine frenzy rolled—had trodden almost threadbare, and bright-colored draperies festooned the walls. Ranged on shelves which ran all round the room were a crowd of busts, finished and unfinished, in plaster and marble, casts of hands, arms, and limbs; and beneath these were larger works, mounds of drab-colored clay, and half-hewn blocks of marble. The few simple tools of the craft—chisel, hammer, spatula—lay in various places.

"What a delightful place!" said Lady Mary, for the second time, as she looked from one object to another, and took in the whole scene with childish wonder.

"You would see much better if you stepped inside," said the sculptor with the Vandyck beard, whose heart, I fear, was subtle, though his eyes were brown.

"Do you think I should?" asked her ladyship, and looked over her shoulder in the direction of the house. "It takes a good while to drive from the Mansion-House to Campden Hill, doesn't it?" she said.

"I have known it take an hour," replied the sculptor, who had driven the distance in a hansom in thirty-five minutes.

"Have you *really*?" said Lady Mary, and sprang through the window. "Oh, this is charming!" exclaimed her ladyship, glancing round at the portraits on the shelves. "Why, you have got all the celebrities there. Let me see: there's Cardinal Manning, and Mr. Toole, and Baron Rothschild, and the dear old Archbishop, and Mr. Archer the jockey (I know his face because my cousin Bob has his photo in an album), and that sweet pale drooping duck Mr. Irving, and that terrible Mr. Spurgeon—how ever *could* you model him?—and Miss Terry, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Mrs. General Booth, and ever so many more. How nice to be a sculptor, and model all those grand people! Don't you think papa would be glad if he knew that I was studying sculpture in a real sculptor's studio?"

"I hope that he would, and your aunts too."

"I'm not quite sure about them; but they've gone to the Mansion-House. Do you really think it takes an hour to drive from the Mansion-House?"

"I have known it take much longer, when the streets were crowded."

"Well, I think they are sure to be crowded this afternoon, because—because—I don't know what would happen if the False Prophet were suddenly to appear on the scene. Is that coffee-pot one of your artistic properties?"

"No. It serves the baser purpose of ministering to my thirst."

"How nice to make your own coffee in your very own coffee-pot!"

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"Will you allow me to make a cup for you?"

"Yes, please."

And her ladyship, allaying her fears, seated herself comfortably on a faded ottoman in the middle of the floor, and watched with twinkling eyes while the sculptor, whose culinary apparatus was scanty and primitive, made coffee over a gas jet, and washed the single cup and saucer under a tap in a corner of the room.

"Thank you. It is much better coffee than I ever tasted before. How did you learn, please, to make such good coffee?"

"Perhaps because I had no one to teach me, and have generally had to make it for myself."

"I think you are exceedingly clever, to be able to make coffee, as well as to model all those beautiful busts. Is that an apron, that great thing there?"

"Yes; that is what I work in sometimes."

"Please put it on. How funny you look in it! Now please model me."

"With pleasure. Sit as you are, and lift your eyes and look at me."

He took a lump of moist clay, and standing before her, began rapidly to work it up with his hands, first poking two holes in it with his fingers.

"What are the holes?"

"Those are your eyes."

The lithe nervous fingers of the sculptor went deftly here and there over the clay, Lady Mary looking on the while with breathless interest. A touch here, and she saw the ripples of her hair take form in a moment; a touch there, and she saw her little saucy mouth; a touch on either side, and two tiny ears grew under the marvellous fingers of the artist; and, more wonderful than all, the laughing, half-doubting expression with which she watched him at work was caught and stamped upon the clay. In a very few minutes the work was done. It was not a portrait, of course, but it was a sketch, and a very clever one, and Lady Mary was entranced.

"Oh, that is wonderful," she said, walking round and round the bust. "Will you give this to me?"

"I would rather keep it, if you will let me."

On a table beside Lady Mary lay two or three casts of hands in plaster.

"What are these?" she said.

"They are casts of hands that I have just been taking."

"Are they taken from living hands?"

"Yes."

"Some of them are very beautiful. This, now, is a lovely hand."

She took up and examined a small delicate cast, taken evidently from the hand of a young girl.

"I have seen a hand which I should like to add to my collection; it would be a more beautiful one than any there," said the sculptor, and a slight tremor disturbed the Vandyck beard.

"Do you mean my hand?" asked her ladyship, mildly.

"Yes."

"You may take a cast from it if you like."

"Oh! thank you: will you please give me your hand?"

She laid her hand in his.

The Vandyck beard absolutely shook.

He shaped the hand so as to show most fully the delicate perfection of its form; then overlaid it with plaster, putting it on first with his hand and then with the spatula.

"Please say again how long you think it takes to drive from the Mansion-House."

"It took me once an hour and twenty minutes."

"They have been away a long while now. I should think they would be home almost immediately." And Lady Mary gave a little frightened look at the hand which was cased in plaster. "I can't get away till this comes off, can I?"

"No; and it can not come off until the plaster is hard, or the cast will be spoiled. But please do not be frightened; it is hardening, and I shall draw it off in a moment."

"There; now I think it is quite hard," she said presently.

"Yes, it will do now. Please give me your hand again, and be sure you cry out if I hurt you."

"I shall be certain to do that," answered her ladyship.

He began gently to draw off the mould. There was a sound of carriage wheels coming up the hill.

"Oh, please make haste! I am sure that is the carriage: the horse goes down hard on his hind-hoof."

But the mould was stiff and intractable, and would not leave the hand.

The sculptor saw fear in the blue eyes

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of his model, and tried to hasten; but it was no use: the mould would not come.

The sound of wheels drew nearer, and a distinct peculiarity was audible in the way in which the horse put one of his hoofs to the ground.

"Oh, do pull! pull hard! Don't mind hurting me," pleaded Lady Mary.

There was no help for it, though the sculptor's heart bled, and his brown eyes were filled with concern.

"I'll hurt you as little as possible," he said. Then he gave a little tug, and her ladyship a little scream, and the mould was off.

"Has it hurt you very much?" he asked.

"Oh no," she said. "It is quite well now. But I mustn't stay another second. The carriage is stopping at the door."

She let him, however, take the little bruised hand for an instant; and then through the window, and on to the wall, as with the soft, noiseless wings of a dove; and, glancing back once as she pressed the lawn in her flight, ran a dead-heat with the False Prophet at the veranda.

The reader who has his moral sense properly developed—and I trust that there is no reader of this Magazine who has not his moral sense properly developed—will have no difficulty in perceiving that all this was exceedingly improper. Matters were of course moving at a speed the reverse of sober in a direction the reverse of wise; but even at this stage Lady Mary might have mended them had she chosen to do so. She ought to have gone straight and given a personal explanation to her aunts. She should have selected a fitting opportunity after luncheon (while the Honorable Ethel read *Don Quixote* in the original with the help of a Spanish dictionary, and the Honorable Susan embroidered blankets for the Italian greyhound) to offer to them some modest and maidenly observations somewhat in this fashion:

"Dear aunts, there has lately come a sculptor to the studio in the next garden. He is young, and, I must confess, rather good-looking, particularly as he wears his beard after the manner of Vandyck. You have perhaps observed, Aunt Ethel and Aunt Susan, that the studio is built close to the boundary wall between the two gardens, and as one of the windows overlooks your garden, it follows that when the sculptor is engaged on his modelling in the studio, and I am engaged on my drawing in the garden, the sculptor can scarcely avoid seeing me, and I can hardly avoid seeing the sculptor. I mention this to you because I am desirous of knowing whether it is an arrangement which meets with your entire approval. You are aware, dear aunts, how anxious papa is that I should make progress with my studies in art, and it has occurred to me that if, after inquiries made by you into the antecedents, the family, and the personal character of the young sculptor, you should arrive at the conclusion that no possible harm could result from my becoming acquainted with him, I might through such acquaintance, and always of course under your kind and watchful eyes, derive much useful assistance in those studies in which, for the sake of dear papa, it is my sincere desire to excel."

This, no doubt, would have been the natural and proper course for Lady Mary to take. Her aunts might then have followed up the matter in this wise: They might have left their cards at the studio, or perhaps have commenced by instructing Charles Edward to observe the movements of the young sculptor when he left the studio, with a view to ascertain whether he ate his luncheon at the tavern at the bottom of the mews, or at the eminently respectable pastry-cook's in the High Street. The result of the preliminary inquiry being satisfactory, they might have advanced a step, and in the course of a few weeks, having previously bowed to him in the street, and occasionally, perhaps, given him a more neighborly greeting in the garden, they might have sent him an invitation to five-o'clock tea, when he, having borrowed a frock-coat from one friend and a hat with a respectable nap from another, would have presented himself in the drawing-room, where, while the Honorable Ethel plied him with warm weak tea, and wondered (mentally) why sculptors in the embryonic stage wore such queerly fitting coats, the Honorable Susan would have questioned him as to the best and most economic means of keeping Italian greyhounds warm in winter; and when the tea-pot was on the point of running dry, Lady Mary, in a neat black gown, would have been requested to come forward, and have been introduced as "Our young niece, Lady Mary Talbot, who is pursuing her studies, Mr. Hinton, at South Kensington."

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"Just so!" exclaims the reader with the properly developed moral sense. "That is precisely the way in which it ought to have been done."

It comforts me to hope that the feelings of the moral reader would be partially soothed could he see at what a prodigious rate I am blushing while I write that that is precisely the way in which it was not done.

So far from fairly and fully explaining matters to her aunts, Lady Mary told them positively nothing; but said to herself, "I think the F. P. and the B." (the initial letters of the opprobrious epithets she had applied to the honorable ladies) "are better out of this." And the intimacy between her ladyship and the sculptor, instead of declining, increased, and the meetings over the garden wall grew to be of daily occurrence. Her ladyship, seeing that the sculptor was poor, had represented herself to be poor likewise; and as the marquis derived most of his income from a nearly exhausted coal field, she had told him that her father was a coal merchant, and that she herself had thought of training for a governess. He, on his side, painted his future in glowing terms, and told her with emphasis what magnificent sums Mr. Boehm received for his statuary. All this they kept to themselves.

One morning, seeing him put on his best coat instead of his apron, she called out,

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to find a model."

"A man model?"

"No."

"A woman model?"

"Yes."

"How consummately shocking!"

"Not in the least. It is a necessary part of my work."

"What do you want the woman model for?"

"For an ideal study that I am planning."

"Do you know the model you are going to get?"

"Yes."

"Is she a good model?"

"She is the best I can get, but she is not perfection."

"But if the model is not perfection, your work will not be perfect."

"It will not be that in any case."

"But it would approach nearer to perfection if you had a perfect model."

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, I suppose you must go and get your model."

"I am going."

And he put on his hat, and opened the door of the studio.

"I am sorry that you can not get a perfect model. Are there no perfect models?"

"I know of one only."

"Why do you not get her?"

"I do not know that she would sit to me."

"Have you asked her?"

"No."

"Hadn't you better do so?"

"Will *you* be my model?"

"Am I the model you want?"

"Yes."

"What is the work to be?"

"It is to be a statue of a wood-nymph. You should sit in the oak-tree as you were sitting on the day I first saw you, and I would model you from there."

"I will do that."

And the work was begun that morning. Lady Mary climbed into her old seat, and the sculptor from his studio directed her how to pose herself; then, bringing his materials close to the window, he commenced at once to model. The work was continued the next day and the next, and so on from day to day and week to week, Lady Mary mounting into the oak every morning after breakfast—the weather was abnormally fine that summer—and the sculptor taking his place before the studio window. At favorable moments the little wood-nymph, whose sweet face and supple form were taking shape in the pliant clay, would steal to the window and give a wondering glance at the model. The sculptor, viewing it with practiced eye, knew that he was doing a thousand times the best work he had ever done. The weeks slipped into months, and soft September was at hand. The colors of the garden began to change, the leaves of the oak passing from green to gold, and the trees in the orchard showing red, russet, and yellow. One night the moon shone, and Lady Mary walked in the garden without her hat. She wore a pale blue dress of gossamer texture; one gold bracelet was on her arm, and two pink rose-buds in her hair.

What small thing is it that burns red on the other side of the wall? Is it the cigarette of the sculptor? Yes, that is what it is.

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Go not that way, Lady Mary, for you are but seventeen and a half; and the moon it shines, and the sculptor's voice is tender, and the manner of his beard is Vandyck. Go not near the boundary wall, sculptor, for your heart is not of brass; and the moon it shines, and the eyes of the maid are witching, and a most sweet peril lurks about her mouth.

An hour passed, and the moon it shone, and still they stood together in the shadow of the nut tree. In his were her two hands, and face was near to face.

"The statue is nearly finished. I wonder who will buy it when you show it at the Academy," she said, softly.

"I shall not sell it," he answered.

"It is late," she whispered. "They will be looking for me. You must let me go."

But he held her.

"You have two rose-buds," he said, "I have none."

She took one from her hair and gave it him.

"If I were to go to-morrow, you would have forgotten me before the bud was faded," she said.

"Rose leaves pressed together keep their sweetness long; but your memory would be fresh with me when the leaves were tasteless dust," he answered.

He drew her a little closer, and there was a sound as when the tiniest wavelet breaks on a silver beach. But what noise was that that followed? Lady Mary trembled, and turned her head. There, in the centre of the right-hand path, stood the False Prophet, glaring coldly; in the centre of the left-hand path stood the Beast, coldly glaring.

Lady Mary paled, her blue eyes dilated, and the hands that the sculptor held in his grew cold. Then she wrested herself from him, and with one low cry of terror ran swiftly over the lawn.

The sculptor was at his place in the studio the next morning, but the model did not come. He was there the day following, but she came not. He looked for her on the third day, but the nest in the oak was empty. He waited and watched, but she never came again. He went back to his work then, working now from memory; but the memory was faultless, and in due time the statue was finished. On the 1st of May in the year following it had a place of honor in the Academy, and by-and-by all London was talking of it. An art journal said: "Mr. Hubert Hinton's 'Wood-Nymph' is beyond doubt the most interesting piece of statuary in the exhibition. The young sculptor has surpassed by an immeasurable distance all his previous performances, and won for himself a place in the front rank of his profession. In a technical point of view the work is almost perfect, but infinitely finer than its finest technical qualities are the glow of feeling and the passion that give the look of life to the marble. The face and the form of 'The Wood-Nymph' are singularly beautiful, and Mr. Hinton is to be congratulated on his choice of a model. The work is finished with so minute a care in every part that we can not help thinking the artist must have found his task a deeply interesting and pleasurable one."

So Hubert Hinton began to be a famous man, and he paid the bills of his landlady and his laundress.

But from the hour that "The Wood-Nymph" left his chisel he had ceased to love his work; for the nest in the oak was there, but the bird came not in it any more.

II.

One morning in July Hubert found the following note awaiting him at the studio:

"SIR,—I have seen and greatly admired your statue 'The Wood-Nymph' in the exhibition at Burlington House. I should very much like you to model a bust of my daughter, and am anxious, for special reasons, that the work should be put in hand at once. We go for a few weeks to the sea-side on Wednesday, and if you will accept the commission, and can spare time to visit us for a while, I shall, with very great pleasure, place my house at your disposal. Our address on and after Wednesday will be Ravenshoe, Redmonton. I am, sir, Yours faithfully,

"BALLATER."

"Lord Ballater, eh?" said Hubert, when he had read this letter. "That sounds rather well. He is a good friend of art, I believe, and said to be a pleasant old gentleman. I want a holiday, and am not particularly busy. I think I'll accept his lordship's invitation. I fancy I have been told that Lord Ballater has a very beautiful daughter, but I am very sure that that is no concern of mine. Even if circumstances were other than they are I hope I

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know enough to be aware that a particularly wide gulf is fixed between sculptors and the daughters of noblemen. All things considered, however, if I am to model the lady, she may as well be good-looking."

So he packed a portmanteau—for the success of "The Wood-Nymph" had enabled him to procure the wherewithal to fill one—and took a train which carried him southward to Redmonton.

At five in the evening he alighted at the station, and sending his portmanteau before him, started to walk the three miles along the coast to Ravenshoe, his lordship's villa by the sea. The tide was flowing in, and the evening sun sparkled over the gently rippling waters, and made a shining path over the wide wet sands. Hubert clambered down the cliff, and walked along the beach, going out a little distance till he met the sea, and standing until the waves lapped his feet, and the white foam frothed over them. Far out at sea big ships lay idly at anchor, and little ships were spreading their sails to catch the rising breeze. The waters—green and blue and gray as the light fell upon them—were level and glassy smooth in-shore, ruffled and dimpled a little further off, and just passing into foam-tipped wavelets far out in mid-ocean, where the wind played freely over their tops. Hubert was moody in those days, as a young man will be who is in love and has lost his love; but he had the artist's soul, and could not but be moved at sight of a flowing sea and a sun declining in a cloudless sky. He sat on the sand under a grass-grown rock, forgetting Lord Ballater, and Lord Ballater's dinner hour, until a church clock somewhere inland struck a quarter past six, when he started up, climbed the cliff again, and hurried along in the direction of Ravenshoe.

It was a low white house, standing not a hundred yards from the shore, with a semicircular belt of trees behind, and wide sloping grounds in front, divided from the beach by what looked like a tiny strip of moorland covered with gorse and bracken.

It was striking a quarter to seven when Hubert entered the grounds, and was met by a tall, elderly, and courtier-like gentleman, with white mustache and imperial, in Panama hat, loose jacket, and duck trousers, whom he knew to be Lord Ballater. His lordship, whose manner was rather polished than grand, greeted his visitor with much friendliness, said a little about sculpture, and a good deal about "The Wood-Nymph," and at about seven o'clock led the way to the house. His lordship himself showed him to his room, begged him not to dress for dinner, and was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs when he came down.

"I am very glad that you will do this work for me," said Lord Ballater, when they stood in the drawing-room. "Indeed, I may tell you now that I was most anxious you should undertake it. Don't laugh at my reason, though you may think there's a trifle of sentiment in it: but when I stood before your statue at the Academy I was struck by what seemed to me an extraordinary resemblance between the features of your 'Wood-Nymph' and those of my daughter."

Hubert started; but smiled, and said, "Indeed?"

"Yes. You smile. It sounds trivial, eh? But the likeness is there, I assure you; as you will say when you have seen my daughter."

A curious sensation passed over Hubert, and his part in the conversation began to flag, though Lord Ballater endeavored to draw him out by exhibiting some wonderful little figures in bronze of wild animals, which he had discovered in the studio of an unknown artist in Vienna.

But Hubert was seized with a fit of nervousness, and could not talk.

Lord Ballater consulted his watch, and said:

"Five minutes to eight. They should be home by this time. My daughter and her cousin went out boating," he added, explanatorily; "and when Mary is on the water, there is never any knowing when she will bring herself home again. Ah! here they come."

A girlish figure raced past the window, singing a snatch of a song; a man followed with an oar on his shoulder.

> "And brown, brown eyes are sweeter
> Than any eyes on earth,"

sang the voice, as light footsteps entered the hall and tripped up the stairs.

Hubert heard not the words, but the voice thrilled him.

> "And brown, brown eyes are sweeter
> Than any eyes on earth,"

sang the voice again, as the feet ran swiftly down the stairs and stopped outside the door.

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"No, not your eyes, Bob; yours are not brown. I say, Bob, what color *are* your eyes? Come here and let me look at them. They're a kind of pink, you old muff! Go upstairs and put a clean collar on; there's a gentleman coming to dinner."

The door opened, and Hubert, whose back was turned to it, lifted his eyes to the mirror over his head, and almost let fall the bronze that he held in his hand, for the mirror reflected the face and figure of his "Wood-Nymph."

"You are late, my dear, but that is not an unusual circumstance, is it?" said Lord Ballater, in a pleasant tone of resignation. "Mr. Hinton, will you allow me to introduce you to my daughter? Lady Mary Talbot—Mr. Hinton."

Hubert turned and came forward, scarcely lifting his eyes. A tiny white dog that Lady Mary held under her arm squeaked as if it had been suddenly and violently squeezed. She bowed, blushing crimson, but did not speak, and her blue eyes had a look of bewilderment.

"Now, Mr. Hinton, what do you say?" asked the marquis, triumphantly. "Is she not your 'Wood-Nymph' alive?"

"I really believe," stammered Hubert —"I really believe there is a resemblance between the features of the young lady and those of my statue."

"A resemblance? The shape of the head, the outline of the face, the very poise of the figure, are alike, are almost identical, in my girl here and your 'Wood-Nymph.' She can not speak as to the likeness herself, for she has not been to the Academy, and for the matter of that I believe she did not know who it was that I had asked down here to take her portrait. But I do assure you, my dear child, that you are Mr. Hinton's 'Wood-Nymph' incarnate."

"Dinner is waiting, papa," said Lady Mary.

"Then let us go to it, by all means; for you and the earl have kept Mr. Hinton and me waiting quite long enough. Mr. Hinton, will you take my daughter?"

Without speaking, he gave her his arm; and she, without looking at him, laid on it the little hand he had bruised when taking its shape in plaster.

They were just seated at table when a little, spare, pale man, with a bald spot on the top of his head, and a decidedly horsy tone about his clothes, came in and took the place next to Lady Mary.

"My cousin, the Earl of Broadlands—Mr. Hubert Hinton," said the marquis; and Hubert bowed to the bald spot.

"Sorry to be late," said the earl; "but Mary's to blame; she made me put on a clean collar; didn't you, Mary?"

"Yes, Bob; it was necessary," answered her ladyship.

There was an air of constraint over the dinner table, which the marquis endeavored in vain to dispel. He could not imagine what had come to Hubert, whom during their conversation in the garden and the drawing-room he had set down for a good talker and a capital fellow. Hubert hardly spoke at dinner. To Lady Mary he addressed only the commonest of commonplaces, and as the earl's talk was confined chiefly to coming events on the turf, he was not able to hold much converse with him. Lady Mary spoke scarcely more than Hubert, and not at all to him unless he spoke first to her. In this way dinner was got through, and Lady Mary retired, Hubert opening the door when she rose to go. When the gentlemen were alone his tongue returned to him, and he and the marquis talked shop until the earl began to be bored, and, saying that he believed he would take a turn in the garden, retired to the stables and smoked with the groom.

"My cousin is a great man for horses," observed the marquis when the earl had gone out. "I should tell you, perhaps, Mr. Hinton," he continued, "that my daughter and the earl, who are second cousins, are engaged to be married. The marriage is to take place shortly, and I intend the bust which you are kindly going to model to be for a present to him on his wedding day. You are not taking wine. You will find that Château Margaux excellent."

Hubert swallowed a glassful of the claret, and with it, as best he might, the interesting intelligence he had just received from Lady Mary's father. He was glad when the marquis observed that the air on the beach was pleasanter than the air in the dining-room, and suggested a stroll. The soft music of a harp was wafted through the open window of the drawing-room, and mingling with it the bird-like notes of the voice that had made his heart sigh first in the studio on Campden Hill. But the sighs of those days had been sighs of deepest pleasure: there was something else than pleasure in the sigh

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that he sighed while walking with the marquis on the beach.

The poor fellow passed a miserable night. The situation seemed to him to be one of hopeless difficulty. He was in love with Lady Mary, and Lady Mary was engaged to be married to her cousin the earl. Looked at in any and every aspect, his case was one to be despaired of. Mary Talbot, the poor niece of rich aunts in Kensington, with notions of training for a governess, and a charming desultory interest in sculpture, was one person; Lady Mary Talbot, the lovely daughter of the Marquis of Ballater, was another and a very different person. The one he might have made his wife, had she been as free as he supposed her to be; the other, even setting aside her engagement to the earl, was high above his boldest hopes. Then, too, his discovery in Lady Mary of the little laughing "Wood-Nymph" who had sat as his model a year ago caused him, if he remained at Ravenshoe, to stand in a false position toward the marquis, his kindly host. The marquis had seen the resemblance between his daughter and the "Wood-Nymph" in the Academy, but believed it to be nothing other than a curious accident. What would he say if he knew that his daughter was indeed the original of the statue? Ought not Hubert to tell his story to the marquis, acknowledge frankly that he had fallen in love with the marquis's daughter, throw up the commission he had accepted, and return at once to town? These questions forced themselves on him again and again as he sat by his open window long into the night, and listened to the breaking of the waves upon the shore. But he parried them, for it was hard to find and lose again in one day the love that he had sought in vain for nine long months. He searched his mind for an excuse to stay and do the work that he had undertaken. Of course there could be no love henceforth between Lady Mary and himself; but could he not summon honor to his aid, could he not put a restraint upon himself, and remain as the simple guest of the marquis until the task that he had taken on himself was finished? After that he would go back to his studio in town and live for his art alone. So he reasoned against his wiser self, and sat through the night until the dawn streaked the sky, and the tide had ebbed and was returning to the shore again.

The next morning the marquis was full of eagerness to see the modelling commenced, and led the way after breakfast to a large room at the top of the house, which he had had fitted up for the purposes of a studio.

"I leave the treatment to you entirely, Mr. Hinton," he said. "My confidence in you is unbounded."

Hubert had brought his materials with him, and was not long in placing the model and making the necessary preparations. He wondered whether, and half hoped that, the marquis would remain through the sitting; but his lordship waited only to see the work begun, and went away, promising to look in before the sitting was over. Hubert and his model were left alone. For a long time there was silence between them, he giving his whole attention to his work.

"Won't you speak to me?" Lady Mary said at length.

"I hope that your ladyship does not feel the constraint of your position," he answered.

"Yes, my ladyship does; I'm not half as comfortable as I was in the oak."

"Neither am I as comfortable as I was in my studio."

"I'm very sorry, but it isn't my fault. I didn't know that you were coming."

"Your ladyship would doubtless prefer that I had not come."

"Well, you must confess that you haven't come in a very entertaining mood."

"Haven't you anything else to say to me?" she asked again.

He paused a moment, and replied, "You told me that your father was a coal merchant."

"Well, he is a sort of coal merchant. He has coal mines, and he sells coals. You don't need to sell scuttlefuls over a counter and have grimy hands to be a coal merchant. Certainly papa is a coal merchant."

To this he did not reply.

By-and-by she said: "Do you think that coals will go up next winter?"

"I can not say; but I trust they will, for the sake of the marquis."

"And not for my sake?"

"And for the sake of your ladyship."

"You're making my nose too short," she said presently.

"I will add to the nose of your ladyship," he replied.

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"You're making my mouth too wide," she said again.

"I will compress the mouth of your ladyship," he answered.

"I don't like the bust a bit."

"Then I will be bold enough to say that your ladyship has grown fastidious, and a little hypercritical."

"I don't like to be 'your ladyship'; it sounds as if Wilkins or the coachman were modelling me."

The marquis came in, and thought that the work was proceeding admirably, and the luncheon hour interrupted the sitting.

Hubert felt his position growing more difficult every day. What was play to Lady Mary, whose nature was buoyant, easy, and careless, was a very different matter to him. His love deepened hourly, and it was the harder for him to follow the path of honor because he saw that she did not really care for her cousin the earl. The marriage that had been arranged between them was, truth to say, a marriage of convenience. The earl's property was worth a clear £40,000 a year. The marquis was his heir, but the marquis was five-and-twenty years his cousin's senior; and as it was thought well that the property should be kept in that branch of the family, Lady Mary had been betrothed to the Earl of Broadlands, her second cousin. The earl, indeed, loved her heartily, and would have chosen no other wife; and she, liking him as a play-fellow, and having up to the time of her engagement known no deep attachment, pledged herself to him readily enough. But she was not in love with him, and she knew it. And as the modelling went on, and model and sculptor fell back gradually and insensibly into their old easy relations, Lady Mary's feelings toward her cousin began to undergo a change. The earl was a good little fellow, mild, and of imperturbable good-humor; he had never been known to quarrel with anybody, and nobody had ever been known to quarrel with him. The bad blood of jealousy was not in him, and he left Hubert and Lady Mary alone with the utmost complaisance while the modelling was in progress. At other times he followed his cousin about like a dog, and indeed she treated him not unlike a favorite spaniel. In the country the earl loved a life of primitive simplicity, but he had a reputation for living hard when in his chambers in town; and at thirty-seven he had made rather serious drafts upon a constitution that was not naturally strong. He spent one-half of his income on his racing stud, and a good part of the remainder was squandered amongst his friends; for no man took greater delight in giving costly presents on the smallest provocation. He tried hard to give Hubert a taste for the stables, and Hubert liked him as much as it is possible for one man to like another who is engaged to the girl with whom himself is in love. Lady Mary began to talk to the earl about cultivating his mind.

One day she went into her father's study, and saw the marquis poring over a big faded volume.

"What are you reading, papa?" said her ladyship.

"Plato, dear."

"And who is Plato, papa?"

"Plato, dear, was a great philosopher who lived and wrote in Greece about two thousand years ago."

"Two thousand years! And has he not grown musty, papa?"

"No, dear; his wisdom has kept him sweet through two thousand years."

"I have been telling Bob, papa, that he ought to read good books. Would Plato be a good book for Bob to read?"

"An admirable book for Bob, dear," replied the marquis, with a twinkle of the eye, which his daughter did not observe. "A man who knew the maxims of Plato would have a sure guide in most of the affairs of life. Let Bob read Plato by all means."

That afternoon Lady Mary sat under the cliff, and the earl drew near with a straw in his mouth.

"Come here, Bob," said her ladyship, "and throw away that straw. I won't have you chewing straws all over the sands. Bob, I was quite serious when I told you that you must read good books. You don't talk to me about anything but horses, and I can not marry a man who would give me horses for breakfast, horses for lunch, and horses for dinner."

"There are dogs, dear," suggested the earl, casting an eye on the bull-terrier at his heels. "We might fall back on dogs occasionally."

"No, Bob; dogs would become as monotonous a diet as horses. You must improve your mind by reading good books."

"Yes, dear; what shall I begin on?"

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"Let me see: there is Plato. Have you ever read Plato, Bob?"

"I don't think I have read Plato, dear. Who is he?"

"He is not anybody now. He died about two thousand years ago."

"Good gad, Mary, you don't want me to read up a stale old party like that!" exclaimed the earl, aghast.

"He is not stale, Bob. His wisdom has kept him sweet all these years. Plato was a philosopher."

"Was he, though? I never was nuts on philosophers, so to speak, dear."

"I know it, Bob. But you must be in the future. And why I suggest Plato to begin with is because I feel so strongly that a man who knew the maxims of Plato would have a sure guide in most of the affairs of life."

"If you really think, Mary, that old Plato has go in him, after two thousand years, I'll bet on him henceforth."

"I don't want you to bet on Plato, Bob, but to read him."

"So I will, dear. I'll get him in at once, and put him on the same shelf with the Bible."

The earl was in town the next day, and strolling through Piccadilly on his way to Tattersall's, noted the time-stained quartos in the window of a famous bookseller.

"I'll bet a pony to a fiver they've got him here," the earl said softly to himself. "But I've forgotten the beggar's name." He went into the shop, and said, "I want a fellow whose name begins with P."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," answered the gentleman in charge.

"He wrote books. His name begins with P," explained the earl.

"Is it Pocklington?"

"No; but not so very unlike Pocklington. There's an *l* and an *o* in it. Try again. Sit close and give him his head. One, two, three—"

"How would Peebles do?"

"Peebles is devilish near. You'll win in a walk next time. Now, are you all ready? One—"

"Do you know the name of the work? Is it a romance, or a history, or—"

"The chappie was a philosopher; one of that sort that you feel, if you know his maxims, you've got a sure guide in most of the affairs of life."

"He is not living?"

"Lord, no! Didn't I say that? Died two thousand years ago; but—you'll laugh at this, I know; *I* did—his wisdom has kept him sweet all the while. Oh, you may go your pile on him!"

"Ah! you mean Plato."

"That's the Johnny. I said you'd have him next time."

"Will you have him in Greek, or in English?"

"That's good. I've heard much worse than that. You're a sort of wag. My dear fellow, since they whacked me at Eton for having a crib of Xenophon on the lining of my waistcoat, I've had a very poor opinion of Greek. Let me have him in English."

And the earl, having received and paid for the volume, thrust it into his pocket, in which receptacle the sage of old Greece consorted with a sporting journal and a cigar case.

The next time the earl was at Ravenshoe he was paler than usual, and looked altogether out of sorts.

"Have you been reading Plato, Bob?" asked Lady Mary.

"I have been reading Plato. Let us drop the subject, dear," answered her cousin, and Plato was not referred to again; and Lady Mary tried no more to improve the mind of the earl.

These days were very troublous days to Hubert. His model had become his idol. She was as a witch who had cast some subtle spell over him, a witch whose charms bound him more closely to her every day. It was a pain to him to go through the two hours of the sitting, from ten to twelve, every morning, talking idle nothings, his heart burning all the while, and he longed to say to her, "I love you." Then, with the selfish wrong-headedness of a man, he began to cast blame upon Lady Mary, and to tell himself that because she was always full of gayety, and laughed and gossiped every hour they were together, she was therefore heartless, and was making sport of him. Against this feeling he strove, for he knew that he deceived himself, and that she was true to the heart. It became daily more difficult to him to meet the marquis, who, as he knew, had grown to like him, and was glad to have him for a companion, and talked with him freely and unreservedly. He shrank from the company of the earl, who was always good-humored and friendly; and he began even to shrink from himself, and to

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dread the companionship of his own thoughts. He felt that he was playing a false part. He was deceiving the marquis, who trusted him implicitly; and playing the traitor toward the earl, who was no more jealous of him than of the waves that made their idle music all day long upon the beach. Much of this was neither more nor less than fancy, the workings of a brain which was growing morbid under the influence of hopeless and despairing love. He had never declared himself to Lady Mary—had striven, indeed, to hide his real feelings from her, and tried to appear to her no other than she appeared to him. But it was torment, and he felt that it must end, and end quickly. He walked one night along the beach when the tide was full, and the waves broke with a weary sound upon the sands. It was a sultry night, the moon darkened by the clouds, and the wind moaning heavily in the west. The sea was black, and blacker by contrast with the foam that gleamed an instant along the tops of the waves. Hubert was wrestling once more with that same inward foe, Conscience, that had struggled with him every night for weeks past. "Dally no more," whispered the voice within; "you've dallied long enough. Be true to yourself, make your confession, and go home." This same thing did the murmuring waters whisper: "Make your confession, and go home;" and the rustling wind said, "Make your confession, and go home."

"I will make it," said Hubert at length, "and I will go home to-morrow." But the next day the marquis had business that called him to town, and he left home after breakfast, saying that he should return at night. He left Hubert and his daughter together. They had their sitting in the morning as usual; it was a silent one almost from beginning to end. There was something in the manner of Hubert that checked the girlish humor of Lady Mary's talk, and they had hardly exchanged a dozen words when the sitting was adjourned at mid-day. Lady Mary kept to her own room in the afternoon; Hubert lounged in the garden and on the sands. In the evening he was out again, and as he was returning he met Lady Mary face to face under the acacia in the garden. For a second time their old unconventionality of manner seemed to have deserted them, and there was an awkwardness between them. But Hubert had taken his resolve, and after a moment or two he said to her, "I want to say good-by, for I am going away to-morrow."

She seemed to divine his meaning, for she looked at him an instant, then turned away her eyes, not speaking, but her cheeks crimsoned, and then paled.

"It is best that I should go," he said, "for I have no right to be here. There was a time when we knew or seemed to know one another as equals, but it was not really so, and now it would be base in me to speak my heart fully; and if I speak at all I must speak everything; so let us part quickly. Good-by."

"You are angry with me," she said.

"Indeed I am not. How could I be?" he answered.

"But I deceived you," she said, tremblingly, and her blue eyes seemed to swim. "I played a false part when we first met."

"It was a sweet part," he said, speaking low, "whether a true one or not. I can not say even now that I would have had you play another."

"But indeed I am sorry, truly sorry," she said; "and I am very, very sorry that you are going."

"But it is best, is it not?" he asked.

She lingered a moment, and said, "Perhaps it is; best for—for both of us."

She half put out her hand, but drew it timidly in again. He took it, however, she not resisting, and held it just long enough to feel its quick pulsations.

That was all that passed between them, and he went on and left her there. The marquis did not return until late, and Hubert had no opportunity to speak with him that evening. But he made his preparations, resolved to go the next day. He had a simple and plausible excuse to offer to his host, viz., that the bust was sufficiently advanced to make it possible for him to finish it in his own studio, and that he could not afford any longer to neglect his other works.

But an untoward event happened the next day. The False Prophet, on her way to a watering-place farther along the coast, paid an unexpected visit to her brother the marquis, and seeing Hubert as he went up the stairs to the studio, recognized him as the hero of the adventure in the garden. The False Prophet scented mischief, and followed up the scent with unerring instinct. She went

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straight to the marquis in his study, and said, "You can not, I think, be aware, John, who this young man is whom you have brought into your house and thrown into intimate relations with Mary."

"I know him, my dear, for a distinguished young sculptor and for a very pleasant fellow," answered the marquis.

"Yes, but I presume you do not know him for the young man who carried on a clandestine flirtation with Mary when she was staying with us in Kensington, and met her, on one occasion at least, by moonlight?"

"Good heavens, Ethel, what are you talking about?" and the marquis made a frantic dive into his waistcoat for his eyeglasses.

"I am talking, John," replied his sister, with deliberate and hideous particularity, "of an event which caused the deepest concern to Susan and myself about nine months ago, when Mary was staying with us in our house at Kensington."

"Ethel, you astound me!" exclaimed the marquis.

"I feared that I should do so, John," answered the False Prophet, with malignant enjoyment of her brother's discomfiture.

The Beast and the False Prophet had persistently upbraided their brother for allowing his daughter a freedom which they said was in no way compatible with the training up of a young girl in the way in which a young girl should go. The marquis had hitherto had his own opinions on the subject of his daughter's education; but if what his sister had said were true, his opinions would seem to have received a practical confutation. The Honorable Ethel was having her day of triumph, and meant to make the most of it.

"But," said the marquis, "why did I not know of this before? Surely you should have spoken to me at the time of the occurrence."

"You were in Italy, John, and Mary seemed so penitent that we thought a single exposure was punishment enough for her. We agreed, however, that it would be better she should return home, and that was the reason I came down with her here so suddenly in September."

"Well, I am obliged to you, Ethel," said the marquis, reluctantly. "I will clear this up at once."

And the False Prophet beat a victorious retreat.

The marquis touched his gong, and requested that Lady Mary might be told he desired to speak with her at once.

"So the matter of 'The Wood-Nymph' is explained," said his lordship to himself. "What a model she made him, though! Brought him fame at a stroke. By Jove! if I'd been a struggling sculptor in his place, I'd have done the same thing. I wonder if he's in love with the girl? Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him."

Then the marquis heard his daughter at the door, and assumed a severe paternal air and his eyeglasses.

"Come here, dear," he said, as Lady Mary entered the room. "Who is Mr. Hinton?"

Lady Mary knew very well who had inspired this question, and what was coming, and seemed inclined to cry.

"You and Mr. Hinton had met before he came here, had you not?" asked the marquis.

"Y-yes, papa."

"You must tell me about it, dear. How did it begin?"

"It began with a t-tail, papa."

"With a what, my love?"

"With a tail, papa—a cu-cu-cow's tail."

"What do you mean, Mary? Can you be referring to that singular animal you presented me with on my last birthday?"

"Y-yes, papa; and it would have been more s-s-singular if he had not helped me with it. I f-forgot the tail, and he poo-poo-put it in for me. And—boo-hoo—one night the moo-oon shone, and I was in the garden, and he was there too, and—oh, boo-hoo—the False Proph—I mean Aunt Ethel—she was there too, and then there was a—boo-hoo—a sc-sc-scrimmage, and—and that's all. Oh, papa, how can you make me cry, and you a mum-mum-marquis?" And at this point Lady Mary laid her head on the shirt front of the marquis, and cried as copiously and as loudly as if she had been quite an ordinary young lady without any title at all.

"And is that all, my dear? You have never seen or communicated with him since then?"

"N-no, papa, of course not; and I wish—boo-hoo—I wish I had n-never seen him at all. Oh, boo-hoo-ooo."

"There, there, darling, don't cry. I don't think you have done anything so very wicked, for you were not engaged to Bob then. Only I think you should have told me about this when Mr. Hinton came

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here. So you *were* 'The Wood-Nymph' after all, you puss. Well, you are a jewel of a model."

"Y-yes, papa. That's what Hu—what Mr. Hinton used to say. And all the other sc-sculptors said the same to him when he showed them the statue."

"Did they, indeed? Well, now you may run away, dear."

"But, papa, you are not to—to be angry with Mr. Hinton, because he is g-going away, g-going to-day. He told me so last night."

The interview between the marquis and Hubert did not last long. It ended in this way:

"It is quite unnecessary for you to tell me," said the marquis, "that you have made no love to my daughter since you have been here. I know you well enough to be sure that you would not and could not do such a thing. Of course we can both of us see now that it was hardly a wise thing for you to remain, but I should have been very sorry, after all, had you not done the bust; and I am convinced that you have not dishonored your position here. So you will take the bust back with you, and finish it in town? Write me when you have finished it. Good-by. We have, I think, enjoyed one another's companionship, and I hope that we shall meet again in circumstances rather happier. Good-by."

So they parted, and that afternoon Hubert took a solitary walk of three miles along the cliff to Redmonton, and was carried back to town, and with his arrival there he felt that the last chapter of his romance was written. A chill air was in his studio when he reached it in the evening, and through the gathering dusk he could just see the nest in the oak which the bird had deserted forever.

But Hubert was determined to have done with brooding, and he set to work at once to put his studio in order, that he might be busy with the first light of morning. A certain bust which he had brought to town with him rested on a stand in the centre of the room. Hubert wrapped it about with wet cloths, and it had a cold and ghostly effect in the gaslight.

That same night the earl entertained at his chambers a select party of friends, consisting of his favorite trainer and jockey, a leading low comedian, and a city alderman. In the course of the evening his lordship made a bet with the jockey on the subject of a bottle of brandy. He won the bet, was assisted to his room an hour or two later, and found dead in his bed the next morning. All the sporting papers published lengthy articles eulogistic of the deceased earl, in whom they said the British turf had lost a liberal and intelligent patron. A Liberal daily dismissed the event in a twelve-line paragraph, in the course of which it stated that the late earl was better known at Tattersall's than in the House of Lords, and that his voice was more familiar to the frequenters of the betting ring at Epsom than to his brother peers in the Upper Chamber. So the Earl of Broadlands died and was buried, and his title, style, dignity, and estates descended to his cousin the Marquis of Ballater.

Hubert of course saw mention of the death in the papers. He wrote a brief letter to the new earl, conveying an expression of sympathy, and was answered by a kindly note wherein the earl said that in view of the sad circumstances which had occurred there was no need for Mr. Hinton to finish immediately the bust upon which he was engaged. Mr. Hinton might therefore consult his own convenience as to setting it aside for a while, and the earl would at a later date communicate with him again on the subject. But Hubert finished the original model, and went to work upon the marble. No hand but his touched it, and he gave to it the best hours of the day, going over every feature again and again, until at length he found no excuse for fresh labor upon it. Then he put the marble aside until it should be sent for, and the original model he placed by itself on a small shelf in a corner of the room. Every one who came to the studio noticed and praised the marble bust; but Hubert answered very briefly all inquiries on the subject, saying merely that it was a portrait of the Earl of Broadlands' daughter, which the earl had commissioned him to do. Some of his intimate friends used to say in joke that he must have found it pleasant work modelling such a lovely girl; but Hubert was not responsive to jokes on that subject.

He turned to other work then, for since the success of "The Wood-Nymph" a pleasant stream of commissions had begun to flow toward his studio, and he no longer lacked employment.

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The death of the earl had affected him but slightly. He knew that it set free the girl whom he loved, but he felt that it placed between her and him a barrier greater almost than the first. Free or not free, could he have hoped ever to marry the daughter of a marquis? And if not the daughter of a marquis, how much less the daughter of an earl? So he stifled his love, and gave himself to his art, and worked with an unresting desire for fame.

One day in November, when the winds had scattered almost every trace of the nest in the oak, Hubert was plying his chisel in the studio, when he heard a well-known step coming up the garden path, and opened the door to the Earl of Broadlands. The earl was cordiality itself, shook Hubert warmly by the hand, and took a seat by the fire to watch him at work. He was, he said, paying a flying visit to town, and could not resist the temptation to come and see how the bust had progressed. He expressed himself delighted with it, said it was better than "The Wood-Nymph," and that he was very glad he could now keep it for his own. "But," he said, "would it not be well that you should see the model once more before you send the bust finally from your studio?"

Hubert answered that it was well as a general rule to give the last touches in the presence of the model, but he had, he said, bestowed so much pains on this portrait that he did not think it would be possible for him to add anything to it.

The earl left, promising to send for the bust. He did not send, but came himself again in the spring, and spent a morning in the studio. On leaving he made another half-suggestion that the sculptor should see his model again before letting the portrait go from his hands. Hubert replied that the matter rested with the earl. The earl came once more, and was heartier in his manner than ever. He said, however, nothing about the bust, except that, as his house in town would very shortly be out of the hands of the decorators, he intended to send for it in a few weeks, and accompanied this statement with an apology for leaving it so long in the studio.

A few weeks after this—just twelve months from the date of his letter from the Marquis of Ballater—Hubert received the following missive from the Earl of Broadlands:

"DEAR MR. HINTON,—I intended, and indeed ought to have written to you before on the subject of the bust. I am perfectly satisfied with it as it stands, but I can not help thinking that full justice would not be done to you unless you were enabled to pass the chisel over it once again with the model before you. My daughter and myself are going on Friday for a short stay at our little villa by the sea, and it would give us great pleasure if you would join us there. If you will come, pack up the bust and bring it with you. Yours, very faithfully,

"BROADLANDS.

"P.S.—I rather fancy that Lady Mary would be glad of help in another drawing which she has in hand. It is a study of a cow—she is fond of cows—standing under an oak-tree beside a pool of water. The oak and the water are really creditable, but when I compared the copy with the original, a few days ago, I found that she had *left out the cow*. Do you feel equal to putting in the cow?"

This letter astonished Hubert beyond measure. Did the earl really mean— But he could get no further than that. He could not frame a question to which, so far as he could see, there was no possible answer. But of one thing he was very certain, viz., that he meant to accept the earl's invitation. He did not send his acceptance through the post, which after all is but a slow-going thing when a man is in love, but fled, bare-headed and in his apron, to the telegraph office round the corner, and dispatched a wire.

He packed the portmanteau again, and went by express to Redmonton. The sea was there as usual, and so was the sun; but Hubert did not sit upon the sands and forget the earl's dinner hour. He was something more than an artist now—he was a man who was madly in love.

The next morning there was a sitting in the familiar upper room, and the earl was present only for a few minutes. There was another sitting the next day, and there was a third sitting on the day after that; indeed, to save repetition, it may as well be said at once that there were a great many more sittings than were at all necessary—so many more that the marble must at length have come to resent the continuous chip, chip, of the sculptor's chisel.

One night the moon shone, and Lady

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Mary walked on the beach without her hat.

What small thing is it that burns red close by the ancient boat-house? Is it once more the cigarette of the sculptor? Yes, that is what it is.

You will, I know, go what way it pleases you, Lady Mary, for you are now nineteen and a half; and the moon it shines, and the sculptor's voice is more tender than of yore, and his beard is still in the fashion of Vandyck.

And you too, Sculptor, of what use would it be that I should counsel you? For you are now growing to be a person of importance; and the moon it shines, and you fear not the witchery of the maiden's eyes, perhaps not even that most sweet peril that lurks about her mouth.

An hour passed; and the moon it shone, and the maiden had a slender waist, and the sculptor an adventurous arm.

By-and-by she lifted her eyes that were blue to his that were brown, and said:

"I left out that cow on purpose, dear;" which was the truth.

"And why did you leave out the cow, dearest?"

"I—I don't know, love;" which was not the truth.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE notable event of the midsummer was the great strike of the telegraph operators, which was less startling but not less suggestive than that of the railroad men six years ago. The tendency of the time and the natural phenomenon of an age of invention is the consolidation and organization of labor as well as of capital. The click of the mowing-machine, the rapid sweep of the tedder and the horse-rake, foretold a new epoch in agriculture of which the vast Western farms are the illustration. The spinning-wheel has given place to the factory, the hand-press to the magnificent "Hoe." It was inevitable that the myriad single stage-coach companies all over the Union should yield to the railways, and that the scattered railway lines should combine into "systems." It was in obedience to the same tendency that the telegraph became practically one huge web of communication under one control. As nothing is more obviously true than that in union is strength, and as this truth is the corner-stone of our political greatness, it was natural that it should be universally applied to industrial enterprises.

But when its application makes all rai... as practically one railroad and all telegraphs practically one telegraph, several consequences ensue that are not always foreseen. Capital instinctively combines to monopolize the ownership of all the means of communication both by the wire and the rail. But actual communication is feasible only by the labor which operates both, and therefore the returns of invested capital are dependent upon labor. Labor in this country is both intelligent and politically enfranchised. It thinks and it votes. Naturally, therefore, like capital, it combines to monopolize the operation both of the wire and the rail which capital owns.

Here are two immense forces each indispensable to the other, and the condition of their happy co-operation and mutual advantage is friendly understanding. The less friendly understanding there is, the closer and more rigid will be the organized combination jealously to maintain supposed rights. But open and resolute hostility between the two is not only fatal to both, but injurious to the community. Prolonged to an unreasonable degree, the hostility would compel the intervention of the community for its own security.

In every contest between these two forces one of them has the advantage because of its greater capacity of endurance. Capital has a reserve upon which to draw for daily support, but labor depends largely upon its daily wages. The remedy for this disadvantage of labor is found in the accumulation of relief funds. But these are necessarily limited, and inadequate for any long-continued idleness. The chief resource of labor, therefore, must be more and more thorough combination. This combination will be hastened and perfected in the degree of its intelligence and political power; and as these were never so great as in this country, it is here that the combination will be most rapidly developed. It will be hastened also by the situation and by experience. The railroad strike of 1877 was appalling because it was clear that its extension would isolate every part of the country. But a combined strike of the working force of railroads and telegraphs would immediately paralyze the industrial activity of the country, and it would be an intolerable public calamity.

This is to be avoided, without public action, as we said, only by a friendly understanding. There must be a reasonable forbearance and concession on both sides. A mere stubborn determination will settle nothing. Even if it succeeds at a particular time and in a single crisis, it only accumulates a heavier account for the future. Undoubtedly the bargain between a laborer and an employer is a private arrangement. When a man hires a groom, or when another man agrees for a certain sum and within a certain time to build a house, their bar-

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gains do not concern the community. But when there is a bargain between great bodies of persons which necessarily involves the order and convenience of the whole community the situation is very different, and the community will properly protect itself.

The telegraph strike has had the good result of promoting intelligent reflection upon the whole subject. It was plain, also, that without detailed information upon the reasonableness of the position of the operators, there was a general feeling that they were probably justified in certain demands. There is, indeed, no legal tribunal to which the demands could have been referred for judgment and adjustment. It was, as usual, a dead pull between the two forces, and the more fully organized naturally triumphed. But nothing was settled by the result; and certainly such movements were not made either less probable or less possible hereafter.

Yet promotion of the intelligent consideration of the whole subject is certainly a great gain. It is a gain that more persons see the folly of condemning the organization of labor. It is a gain that strikes are seen to be sometimes the only method of protest against injustice. It is a gain that the fact and the reason of the vast and unprecedented combinations of capital and of labor are more clearly perceived. And it is a great gain that the right of the community to regulate and restrain them for its own advantage and safety is acknowledged. It is also a gain that the strike has turned public attention to the question of a postal telegraph, and so strongly that the proposition of some scheme in Congress would not be surprising.

It is perhaps because the Easy Chair sometimes discusses questions of behavior that it is occasionally asked to express an opinion upon more difficult social points. Thus it was lately requested to say whether it did not think that the great want of our society is a social standard. The inquiry was made by the lovely Belinda, who was charmingly dressed for a select party, and the Easy Chair was obliged to own that it did not at once comprehend the scope of the inquiry, and to seek an explanation. As Belinda proceeded to elucidate her meaning it seemed to be tolerably plain that she was contemplating some kind of rank, or visible and recognized distinction, which should separate "society" from what is not society, and it was impossible not to feel that, however high the dividing line, and however small the circle which it inclosed, she was herself included within it.

The Easy Chair thereupon described to her a conversation which it held long ago with a distinguished man upon English social life and the advantages of an aristocracy. The distinguished man's views were very much like those which are set forth in Disraeli's *Sibyl* and *Coningsby*, and which were known forty years ago as those of Young England. They proposed a national life blended of feudal romance and modern philanthropy. There was to be a gracious nobility of very blue blood which had been clarified in the veins of the Plantagenets, who were to live in stately castles in the midst of superb demesnes, and to be exceedingly good to their tenants and retainers, for whom there were to be May-poles, and flitches of bacon at Christmas, and greased poles to climb at appropriate times, and sacks to run races in, and who were to be visited at their neat little cottages, when they were ill, by the ladies from the castle, and who were to be industrious and obedient and humble and grateful, and, above all things, to know their place. The nobility were to own the land, and govern the country, and live in splendid idleness, and the happy peasantry were to do all the work, and bow respectfully when the nobility passed by, and go to bed when the curfew tolled, and to make no trouble.

This was the Young England programme, and the Arcadia of the Disraeli novel. And this also showed its familiar features in the talk of the distinguished man as he bewailed the social bareness of American life and descanted upon the charm of an ancient and well-ordered society. But when the Easy Chair mischievously asked him whether he did not think that he might tire of the greased pole, and the dance upon the lawn, and the gracious patronage, and the respectful gratitude, the amusing bewilderment of the distinguished man showed that in his admiration of the society that he described he assumed always that he was to belong to the class that lived in the stately castles and benignly condescended to the humble cottagers. His view, therefore, was very simple. It was merely that he should like to live in splendid idleness, steeped in luxury, and surrounded by respectful servants.

Belinda listened to this story, of which the Easy Chair made no application, with a slight blush; and to the polite inquiry, what kind of social standard she contemplated, she responded that she meant a certain fixed line which should exclude the vulgar. But she was immediately silent, as if reflecting upon a difficult proposition, and did not answer when she was asked what she thought would be the consequence of removing the vulgar from the circles which she considered most select.

Her benevolent attention invited further question, especially as at the same moment a lady entered the room who bore one of the most noted family names in the country, and most familiar in fashionable annals, a family which delights to trace its lineage to a royal source. This proud dame had married her daughter as if by main force to a coroneted lord of hereditary acres. It was a familiar fact of the society in which she was a conspicuous figure, and it was impossible not to ask: "Can there be anything more coarsely vulgar

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than to sell a daughter for money and a title to a man for whom she does not care; and shall we begin to erect the social standard by expelling the vulgar offender?"

Belinda was still silent, and the brilliant rooms began to fill and murmur with a gay company. Among them came the loud and diamonded Mrs. Smasher, to whose unparalleled fêtes even Belinda would be almost willing to request a card. The Smasher lineage is not renowned or regal; the Smasher mind is imperfectly educated; the Smasher manners are those of the suddenly rich who are not also suddenly refined.

"Is any conceivable vulgarity greater than the Smasher vulgarity, O Belinda; and shall we continue these exercises by expelling also this essentially vulgar person?"

Belinda was still silent. She has remained silent even to this day.

THIS month of October will see at Newburgh upon the Hudson the last of the Revolutionary centennials. The scene and the occasion are harmonious, and the weather is so beautiful at this time of the year that, if the day be fortunate, nothing will be wanting to the pleasure and triumph of the event. It is only necessary to reflect how long ago now seems to be the celebration of the first of these centenaries, at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, to understand how endlessly long must have seemed the Revolutionary war itself.

In reading the story we are constantly aware of the weary delays, the ever-baffled anticipations, and the imminent despair in so many hearts. The intrigues and jealousies in Congress and in the army, the conflict of ambitions, and the personal disappointments must often enough have quite destroyed patriotic confidence in the result. Indeed, if Burgoyne could have pushed through upon the Hudson, or even if his defeat had been less overwhelming, France would hardly have made herself our ally, and without France, Lecky insists that we could not have won the day.

The Hudson River saw the crisis of the war, and its actual end in the last orders of Washington and the disbandment of the army. Fortunate stream! Nature decorates the scene with picturesque and imposing beauty, and the loveliest landscape is associated with the most significant historic interest, and with the romance of legend and of song. The centennial commemorations have been of peculiar service in New York, because the great State has been comparatively indifferent to its own renown, and these celebrations have refreshed the remembrance of its glories in the minds of its people. No nation has been more sturdily patriotic than the Dutch, but the inspiration of the lofty pride which results from the careful cultivation of local traditions and of the memories of great local figures has been wanting in the State to which the Dutch have given a certain general character, despite the mingling of other blood and other national feeling.

Doubtless New York has learned much of its own history from the Revolutionary celebrations, and it understands that no State has more interesting annals. The sentiment of local pride, however, naturally suffers from the want of homogeneity in the people. The larger part of the crowd on the streets of the city of New York upon the Fourth of July do not comprehend the day. They do not clearly know what it commemorates. It is a holiday, but not a holy day. And even among New-Yorkers and Americans this association of an element of population which is historically alien has weakened the force of local tradition and the inspiration of local pride. From the first, indeed, a true homogeneity has been wanting. At the end of the seventeenth century the population of New York was about 30,000, which was composed of English, Scotch, Irish, French, and chiefly Dutch. The echo of a gun fired upon Bedloe's Island would have reverberated among the scattered homes of half a dozen different nationalities. It is not in such a community that common memories are strong, and in one which is annually increased by large bodies of foreigners the sentiments which spring from homogeneity and are sustained by it disappear.

But the Revolutionary celebrations of the last few years have taught the immediate descendants of the newer comers the historical significance of the word American. From the noble address of Dr. Storrs before the New York Historical Society in the early spring of 1875 to the oration which Mr. Evarts will deliver at Newburgh, there has been a series of occasional addresses upon famous fields of New York which has shown the just causes of pride and satisfaction in the story of the State. These causes can be traced far back, even to the time which Diedrich Knickerbocker slyly illuminates, when the Dutch were brought in contact with the most powerful and intelligent Indian tribes upon the continent, and treated them with a wisdom and humanity which went far subsequently to secure this empire to the English instead of the French race.

Why should not this story of the State in which they live be taught with special emphasis to the children of the State? How many of those children in the schools of Central New York and along the valley of the Mohawk know anything of the Long House of the Iroquois, or of the great confederation of the Five Nations? How many in the schools along the Hudson are taught to look upon the stately river which is the most familiar object to them as the continental highway for which Europe contended, and the possession of which was the vital strategical point in the Revolutionary war?

It is for stimulating this generous local pride, as well as for stirring a lofty patriotic feeling, that the celebrations have been so service-

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able, and the series ends well upon Newburgh Bay, for that is the central spot of most varied associations. Just below is West Point, where still imagination may see the *Vulture* at anchor, and the slight figure of the young André, and the boat of Arnold flying from the shore. There, too, are Forts Clinton and Montgomery and Stony Point, and the shores between which the boom was stretched. At New Windsor was the last cantonment of the army and the soldiers' log chapel, and across the broad stream above is the Verplanck cottage, where the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, and at the foot of the Fishkill Mountains opposite, the little village in which the Provincial Congress sat. And of Newburgh, of the head-quarters, of the Armstrong letters, of the putting aside the offered crown, of the final orders, and of the actual surrender by Washington of his immortal command, the tale will be told by eloquent lips, and the citizen of New York will be unworthy of his home if, as he reads, he is not exalted with generous gladness that he is both an American and a New-Yorker.

In speaking a month or two ago of the various employments now open to women the Easy Chair did not especially mention what is called journalism, as it omitted to specify many others. But there is one general remark to be made upon the subject which is suggested by a recent inquiry. The nature of the work to be done is not changed by the fact that it is a woman who undertakes it. It may be done better, more delicately, more shrewdly, more honestly, but it is the same work, and requires the same qualities, whether the worker be a man or a woman. There are, indeed, some special branches of labor upon a newspaper, such as that which relates to the dress of women, to needle and other work of the kind, with which women are naturally more familiar than men, and women will therefore treat them more satisfactorily and intelligently. But "a woman's duty upon a newspaper" is substantially the same with that of a man.

Perhaps the most conspicuous and noted of women who have been employed in journalism was Harriet Martineau. For some years she wrote editorially for a London paper. Her articles were upon the current public questions of the hour—the policy of the government at home and abroad, the characters of eminent public men, and the various problems of political economy. There was no editorial contemporary of Miss Martineau's who was more fully equipped for the office of public censor, and the volume of obituary biographies which was collected from her contributions to the paper are as admirable and vivid as any which appeared in any journal of the time.

There was, however, nothing which Miss Martineau selected to do, or which was suggested to her to write, which could be defined distinctively as a woman's work on a paper. She wrote articles not as a woman, but as an editor, as Mrs. Somerville studied astronomy not as a woman, but as a scholar. If the Easy Chair may take an illustration close at hand, it would say that any woman who is anxious to know what is a woman's work upon a paper or in journalism has only to turn to the *Critic*, a weekly literary journal in New York. The *Critic* is edited by a woman, but it depends for the just and we hope assured success which it has achieved upon the ability with which it is edited, upon the tact with which public sentiment and interest are perceived, and upon the skill with which the books for review and the writers of the reviews are selected.

In such an office there is nothing which belongs peculiarly to sex, or which requires different training in a woman from that of a man. Miss Martineau was one of the most accomplished and shrewdest observers and students of politics and public affairs then living in England. She was much more capable of wisely directing the government than many men who were likely to be called into the administration. Her political views, especially upon economical subjects, were singularly enlightened and sagacious, and her series of tales illustrative of the principles of political economy were among the chief educators of public opinion in England. Her *History of the Peace* is a work so instructive and admirable that it is quite indispensable to the English legislator who would know both the course of politics in England during the first half of the century and the influences which really controlled those politics. But in all this there was nothing which was peculiar to a woman.

For that part of journalism, therefore, which concerns the treatment of great political and industrial questions, and comment upon public affairs, a woman must look for her outfit and qualification not in any distinction of sex, but in taste and education and literary faculty. For that other part which involves the treatment of special topics, or the work of selection and adaptation for the paper, her main reliance must be upon her quickness, intelligence, industry, experience, and temperament. Her womanly qualities, her patience, devotion, tranquillity, and conscientiousness, will be always most serviceable, but the work of journalism as such is of no sex, any more than that of setting type.

With that charming inconsequence which distinguishes so much reasoning upon this general subject, some stalwart defender of "the natural sphere of woman" may perhaps conclude that an employment which is of no sex is not "womanly" or "feminine." He is a little late. George Herbert's familiar line disposes of the matter:

> "Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
> Makes that and the action fine."

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Or the old adage, what man has done man may do, may be paraphrased, what woman can do women may do. Exceptional acts, like Mrs. Patten's steering the ship, will be infrequent. But all the employments developed by modern invention and by the greater perfection of machinery will be more and more open to women, not, however, as women, but as skilled and diligent laborers.

It is but another form of the proverb that a man is known by his companions to say that he is measured by those who praise him. To be warmly commended by rascals, to be the model great man of those whom everybody despises, is a cruel fate, because it is an unerring judgment. The qualities that secure the admiration of knaves are not the honorable qualities, and every superlative of admiration which a scoundrel bestows upon another man covers that man with suspicion. When a distinguished man showed his friend a letter of the heartiest admiration from one of the great men of his time, his friend replied that he would rather have that letter than a diploma from the first university. And when a graduating class of generous collegians spontaneously cheers a professor as a parting token of respect and regard, he may well feel that he is pledged to still greater devotion and diligence by the confidence which he has won from young men.

But if a thief and conspicuous reprobate should select a man for lavish public adulation, the unhappy victim might well reflect that however successfully he might have concealed himself, he was now revealed, and know that the time has arrived for him to swear to live cleanly henceforward, or to share the ignominy of his eulogist. The misery of his situation is his clear perception that he must be supposed to be in some way an accomplice of the eulogist, or, if the praise be really unselfish, to be possessed of rascally qualities which the rascal has instinctively perceived. There are men whose hostility and hatred are the best proof of a seasoned virtue, and their regard is for the same reason fatal to good fame. Had Catiline praised Cicero, the name of Cicero would not have been that of a patriot; and that Aaron Burr contemned and ridiculed Washington is another glory of the great man. The devil does not cross himself with holy water. "What crime have I committed," said a wise man, "that so utter a knave praises me?"

In estimating men whose names only are familiar it is necessary to know who it is that extols them and who sneers at them. It is this knowledge which makes honest public men absolutely impervious to the shafts of the most venomous ridicule, and unmindful of the heaviest missiles of abuse. The contempt of such men baffles the sneers of blackguardism as the sun extinguishes the feeble flicker of a match. Indeed, there is nothing more ludicrous than the constant and elaborate vituperation which is sometimes poured by a newspaper or a politician upon an opponent who is as absolutely unconscious of the incessant assault as a picture is heedless of the buzzing of a fly. Or out of sheer humanity toward suffering, such a man may so far reward the arduous struggle of the harmless traducer as to exclaim, good-naturedly, "Shoo, fly, don't bother me!"

No man who takes part in public affairs must be surprised or troubled to be placarded, as it were, upon all the dead-walls as a thief, a liar, a villain, a dude, or a donkey. Where the press is free, and where elections are constantly occurring without great issues to be decided, and nothing but personal considerations to determine votes, such placarding is sure to occur, and there is nothing to do but to do nothing. In the grave-yard, as Elia says in the familiar passage, to judge from the epitaphs, only good men seem to be buried, so at an election, to judge from the newspapers, only bad men are to be voted for. No sooner has the Convention decided that White, Black, or Green shall be the candidate than it appears that he is the personification of all mean and petty vices, and that his conduct in every relation of life has been nefarious. He lies and bribes and steals, and could the truth be known it would undoubtedly appear that he was the real murderer of the babes in the wood, and that his beard is blue. But his art has succeeded in concealing his actual character hitherto, and he has imposed himself for fifty years upon his associates and friends and the community at large as a good-natured, honest, industrious, public-spirited, and clever man.

And who has made the appalling discovery of this prolonged and triumphed duplicity, and at last unearthed this fox, this jackal, this hyena? Let the public benefactor stand forth and receive universal and grateful applause. Alack and alas! it is only the cry of a political opponent to whom everything is fair in practical politics, or it is some thief branded with public contempt who hopes to divert the finger of scorn from his own infamy. This revelation disposes of all that industrious placarding, and, like the bullet of an assassin, but commends the proposed victim only more closely to public confidence. But can any calamity be greater than the praise of the exposed and baffled rascal? The man whom he sought to blacken shines only more brightly and serenely from the futile assault. But the man whom he praises is ignominiously pilloried forever. Imagine some officer of the Revolution of whom Benedict Arnold should have said: "Him I worshipped as a great leader and a model man. Him I followed and obeyed, and proudly regard as my guide and captain." The name of the officer would be fatally tainted, and by the law of such loathsome loyalty it would be forever suspected and contemned.

Nature, it is said, provides an antidote against the poison of every venomous snake,

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and in like manner she makes this provision against false characters—that they shall be praised by those whose applause is certain exposure. That applause is a Nessus shirt. It is meant to decorate and attract, but it tears away the skin and the life. Such praise is meant to adorn and commend, but it leaves its victim blasted with suspicion and scorn.

In a recent article in this Magazine upon Hampstead, near London, the name of Sir Rowland Hill, one of the great public benefactors of our day, was mentioned as a resident of the town, and his daughter, now living in Halifax, Nova Scotia, sends us some pleasant notes upon the article:

"It is stated in the paper that the origin of the name of the Spaniards Inn is enshrouded in mystery. An old Hampsteadian is glad of the opportunity to lift the veil. The name, according to fairly creditable rumor, was bestowed, probably on a yet older building, in honor of some gallant Spanish gentlemen of the time of Philip and Mary who on that spot rescued from insult a party of English ladies.

"Several legends relating to Keats linger still about Hampstead, one of which, told by a contemporary friend and eye-witness, is to the effect that close by the White Stone Pond, which figures at page 169, the gentle Adonais was once roused to wholesome indignation, and into very soundly thrashing a brute who was beating his wife. The nightingales Keats so dearly loved have long fled the scene, retiring dismayed before the steady invasion of brick and mortar.

"King's Bench Walk is also often called the Judges' Walk, the story, whether apocryphal or not, being that while the assizes, in plague days, were held at Hampstead, 'my luds' were given to promenade beneath the leafy shade, and discuss their judgments and other weighty matters.

"On the highest heights of Hampstead lived and died Mrs. Agnes and her more famous sister Mrs. Joanna Baillie, both centenarians.

"Within the last few years a picturesque house known as the Priory has been cleared away. It overlooked that portion of the Finchley Road immortalized by Wilkie Collins in the opening scene of the *Woman in White*. It was a building not old as Hampstead houses go, but one which might be called a species of mosaic, being of ancient materials enshrined in modern brick and mortar. Some of the curious, small-paned, latticed windows and other accessories were genuine antiques, the most striking object being, perhaps, a large and elaborately carved and painted wooden mantel-piece with jambs, which did duty as entrance porch. This patchwork residence, to which a domestic tragedy attaches, was built by an auctioneer and antiquarian known as 'Memory' Thompson—a nickname said to have been earned by his ability to recollect every shop or public-house, together with the names appertaining to them, which stood at the corners of the different London streets.

"Near the corner of Belsize Lane and Haverstock Hill the gay visitors who had come from London to spend the day and drink the chalybeate waters were wont, on their return, to rendezvous in order to make up a party strong enough to defy the foot-pads and highwaymen who then infested the fields and waste places between the hamlet and the metropolis, now covered by the densely populated Camden Town and its surroundings. The one cab stand of Hampstead now marks the site. At present there is no break between London and Hampstead, which circumstance reminds one that a prophecy attributed to Mother Shipton, or some such worthy, exists, which may, of course, like Wardour Street old furniture, be a 'modern antique,' yet which, at any rate, declares that

"'When London shall to Hampstead gain,
A Queen shall both be loved and reign.'"

Editor's Literary Record.

There was a time, not very remote, when English biography had so generally assumed the form of prolonged and studied eulogy as to justify Macaulay's well-known sneer at the tendency of biographers to contract "the disease of admiration." It is probable that this was largely due to the circumstance that while writers of biography were often scholars and men of parts, they neither were nor presumed to be considered the full peers of those whose more commanding talents they celebrated and whose distinguished services they described, but contemplated them with the reverence due to superior beings. Of late years, however—whether as the result of a natural reaction, which may possibly have been influenced by the sting of Macaulay's sarcasm, and by the general recognition of the truth to which it gave expression, or because of the superior abilities and the self-assertion of writers of biography, together with the remarkable development among them of the critical and analytical faculty—the tendency has been in quite the opposite direction. Very commonly to-day the biographer is no longer a eulogist and blind admirer, and instead, feeling himself to be the full intellectual peer of the man whose life he portrays, he constitutes himself his censor, his judge, and even his anatomist, and his tendency is rather to contract the disease of disparagement and under-estimation than that of admiration. Neither of these would seem to be the right method, and it will probably be found in a mean between the two, where neither the fear of the imputation of the "disease of admiration," on the one hand, will prevent a biographer from doing full justice to the man whose life he undertakes to write, and from cordially according him the meed of praise and admiration that his distinguished character and career deserve, and where, on the other, the itch of microscopic criticism and analysis will not impel him to obscure great virtues and large endowments beneath a sneaping fog of inconsiderable blemishes and imperfections. The life of the late President Buchanan,[1] by Mr. George T. Curtis, has been written on this plan. Avoiding the

[1] *Life of James Buchanan, Fifteenth President of the United States.* By George Ticknor Curtis. Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 624 and 707. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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extremes of panegyric and of minute depreciatory criticism, Mr. Curtis describes the man, his public and private character, his acts, and his mental and moral equipment, with generosity, but yet with candor and discrimination. He does not conceal, nor does he parade, the coincidence of his own opinions and principles on most political and constitutional questions with those of Mr. Buchanan, but states them, as they arise in the course of the narrative, cogently, sympathetically, and without any manifestation of partisan heat, and at the same time presents the opposing views with fullness and fairness. Mr. Curtis has a rare faculty for condensation, and for the reduction of a long and intricate abstract argument to its simplest terms without abating its force and meaning; and although it is necessary at times to illustrate some of the more grave political or diplomatic issues which he discusses by the full text of original documents, yet for the most part these are felicitously abbreviated, and their essential purport is given in a few pregnant sentences. In this aspect, despite some minor errors and inadvertencies as to dates and facts, his biography is an exceedingly full and substantially accurate *résumé* of a long and unusually interesting period in the history of the country. Naturally the life of a man who filled as many important public stations as Mr. Buchanan—as Representative in Congress, minister to Russia, United States Senator for three terms, Secretary of State, minister to England, and President—derives its chief interest from its relation to national affairs, so that whatever of interest may attach to his personal and private life is due primarily to the influence and prominence of his public life. It is perhaps safe to say that save for the epochal events, ushering in the war of the rebellion, which occurred during the last year of his Presidency, immediately preceding and following the nomination and election of Mr. Lincoln, the life of Mr. Buchanan would not have been written; and yet, if his life had closed prior to his elevation to the Presidency, the incidents of his long and honorable antecedent career would have supplied ample materials for a most engaging biography. Of this antecedent portion of Mr. Buchanan's career, from his birth in 1791 until the Presidential election of 1860, a period of sixty-nine years, Mr. Curtis gives a graphic account, detailing with great but not undue fullness the course that he pursued, and the principles and policies of which he was the exponent, as a political leader, a legislator, a diplomatist, and a cabinet officer, analyzing the motives that actuated him in each of those relations with great minuteness and impartiality, and giving frequent, and it is no exaggeration to say really fascinating glimpses of his private and domestic life and of his personal traits and characteristics. This part of the work will compare favorably with any biography of a public man that has appeared in many years. Mr. Curtis is an admirable narrator. He understands the art of so blending the public and the private sides of life as to carry them forward *pari passu*, and at the same time so as to illustrate character under all its aspects, alike when subjected to strain and pressure and when enjoying the calm of repose and relaxation. Moreover, he has that intimate knowledge of the grave public transactions and events in which it was the lot of Mr. Buchanan to be a participant, that large familiarity with the constitutional questions he dealt with and the interpretations growing out of them, and that calm and judicial temperament which enable him to present Mr. Buchanan's acts and conclusions and his own judgments concerning them with such cogency and clearness as to command the respect of his reader even when they fail to convince him. In the light of Mr. Curtis's biography, so far as relates to all that portion of Mr. Buchanan's career which was antecedent to the election of Mr. Lincoln, it will be difficult—we shall not greatly err if we say impossible—for any candid reader to deny the rare purity and dignity of his life, his sterling honesty and integrity, the sincerity of his political convictions and the ability with which he maintained them, his patriotism, or the great value of his services to the country. With respect to the measures with which Mr. Buchanan was identified during this portion of his career, time has proven his wisdom as to some, the subsidence of party animosities permits us to take a more tolerant and doubtless a more just view of others, and simple candor prompts the frank acknowledgment that the discreditable motives and purposes which were attributed to him and the paltry acts which were charged upon him by his political adversaries in the heat of conflict had no other foundation than party passion or palpable misapprehension. However men may differ as to the wisdom or perniciousness of Mr. Buchanan's political maxims and principles, it must be admitted that his public life and private life during the time we have been contemplating were alike singularly pure and blameless. It is a more difficult matter, as yet, to bring the mind into such an attitude toward Mr. Buchanan as will enable it to judge his course during the last six or eight months of his administration as temperately and dispassionately as it judges his course in the antecedent portion of his career. Mr. Curtis's full disclosure and exhaustive analysis of this crucial period will go far, however, toward arousing for Mr. Buchanan that quick sense of justice and manly determination "to see fair play" which is so admirable a characteristic of the English-speaking race, and unless we are greatly deceived, it only needs the exercise of this spirit of "fair play" to insure a reversal of many judgments that have been passed upon him prejudicial to his reputation for patriotism and statesmanship. It may be that Mr. Buchanan erred in some important

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particulars of his policy on the eve of the rebellion, and his construction of the limitation of his constitutional powers, more especially with reference to the coercion of a State (however correct the construction may have been), was a cruel impediment; but that neither of these precipitated the war by a single hour, nor that any other construction of his powers as President than that which restrained him, as it subsequently restrained Mr. Lincoln, from prompt and decisive offensive action, would have been effectual to nip the rebellion in the bud and avert the war, seems now to be clearly established by the facts adduced by Mr. Curtis. That Mr. Curtis's biography will excite much controversy *pro* and *con* is inevitable; but fortunately the present is a most favorable juncture for it to take place. "Time, the healer," has cured many of the exasperations that once inflamed our judgments, and the hour is propitious for a calm and searching investigation of the facts underlying a most interesting and momentous episode in our history. If injustice has been done to Mr. Buchanan, the American people are generous enough to acknowledge and make reparation for it.

If the reader of Dr. Hammond's *Treatise on Insanity*[2] shall be able to escape the conviction that he is himself insane, he will at least be forced to exclaim with Faulconbridge, in Shakspeare's *King John*, that this is "a mad world." Viewing the subject of insanity from the standpoint of the *medical* rather than of the *legal* practitioner, Dr. Hammond gives an application to the term far transcending that in ordinary use. In his opinion, formed after close experimental study, the term "insanity" or "mental aberration" has hitherto been applied in altogether too limited and illogical a manner to those only who at some time or other present certain marked symptoms, which they can not avoid exhibiting, and which are sufficient to indicate to the world that they are not in their right mind. And further, starting from the assumption that the brain is the seat of the mind, or, in other words, that the mind is nothing more than the result of cerebral action, he regards all normal mental phenomena as the result of the action of a healthy brain, and all abnormal manifestations of mind as the result of the functionation of a diseased or deranged brain, and thereupon he concludes that all these latter should be included under the designation of "insanity" as properly as the former are embraced under the term "sanity," since there can be no middle ground; for the brain is either in a healthy or in an unhealthy condition—if healthy, the product of its action being "sanity," and if unhealthy, "insanity." In thus expanding the meaning and application of the term "insanity," Dr. Hammond has the distinctive object in view, not merely to ascertain the measure of the responsibility of a person to the law as the agent of society, but to discover the precise condition of his mental health, so as to avert mental disease, to prevent it when incipient from germinating into a more fully developed form, to mitigate it in its several stages, or when it shall have reached serious proportions, and to be prepared for its intelligent and beneficent treatment in each and all of its manifestations. Holding this *medical* purpose strictly in view, Dr. Hammond points out the distinguishing features and marks of difference between *legal insanity* and *medical insanity*, and as the result of the comparison and contrast he insists that they are two very different things, and that the two standards can never and ought never to be the same. His reasoning, briefly stated, is that the law establishes an arbitrary and unscientific line, and declares that every act performed on one side of this line is the act of a sane mind, while all acts done on the other side result from insane minds. This line may fluctuate from day to day with the caprice of legislators, and in fact does vary widely, not only in different countries, but in different States of our own country. In the State of New York it is now drawn at the knowledge of right and wrong, and this Dr. Hammond considers as, on the whole, about as correct a *legal* line as a due regard for the safety of society will permit to be made. But he declares that this line is absolutely untenable from the point of view of the physician, who knows that it is not a *medical* line, and that there are thousands of lunatics insane enough to believe themselves to be Julius Cæsars, and yet sane enough to know that a particular act is contrary to law, and to be fully aware of its nature and consequences. So that from the medical standpoint there is no middle ground between sanity and insanity; but the line of demarkation is sharply drawn, and it is but a step from one territory to the other. Dr. Hammond further emphasizes this view by the startling statement that a large proportion of the population of every civilized community is composed of individuals whose insanity is known only to themselves, and perhaps to some who are in intimate social relations with them, who have lost none of their rights, privileges, or responsibilities as citizens, who transact their business with fidelity and accuracy, and yet who are as truly insane, though in a less degree, as the most furious maniac, and to many of whom life is a burden they would willingly throw off if death concerned them alone, for they are painfully conscious of their condition, and morbidly apprehensive in regard to the future. Finally, Dr. Hammond enunciates the still more startling proposition that there are few people who have not at some time or other been medically insane, since he considers it an undoubted fact that a disordered mind is just as surely the result of a disordered brain as dyspepsia is of a

[2] *A Treatise on Insanity in its Medical Relations.* By William A. Hammond, M.D., etc. 8vo, pp. 767. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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deranged stomach, that a scarcely appreciable increase or diminution of the blood supply to the brain will lead as surely to mental derangement of some kind as an apparently insignificant change of the muscular tissue of the heart to fat will lead to a derangement of the circulation, and that in the one case there may be a hallucination, a delusion, a morbid impulse, or a paralysis of the will, just as in the other there may be an intermittent pulse, a vertigo, or a fainting fit. For these reasons Dr. Hammond is of the opinion that the time has arrived when the horror of the word "insanity" should be dissipated, and the facts just recited should be recognized and acted upon. And to this end he has prepared his treatise, and offers it as a systematic attempt to classify and analyze some of those states of mental aberration which he thinks must properly be classified as insanities, though not popularly so esteemed, to point out their clinical features, and to indicate the treatment proper for them. As a necessary preliminary to the determination of what states of mental aberration should be classed as insanities, Dr. Hammond devotes nearly a third of his voluminous treatise to a statement of the general principles of the physiology and pathology of the human mind, including an investigation of the nature and seat of the mind and its various divisions, and of the mental and physical conditions—such as eccentricity, idiosyncrasy, genius, habit, temperament, constitution, hereditary tendency, age, sex, race—which are inherent in the individual, and influence the action of the mind. And in this connection—because a very considerable proportion of cases of mental derangement have their origin in aberrations of some one or other of the *instincts*, or that principle of life which is present in all organic beings from the highest to the lowest; and also because a knowledge of the physiology and pathology of the function of *sleep* and its derangements should form the groundwork of any study of insanity, for the reason that it is in aberrations of sleep that the first indications of aberrations of mind are often revealed—Dr. Hammond further premises his specific description of medical insanity, and his account of the methods for its treatment, by an elaborate disquisition on instinct, its nature and seat, the analogies that exist between it and reason, and the differences that distinguish them from each other, and its influence upon the mind, and by several highly interesting chapters on sleep, its causes, the necessity for it, its physical phenomena, the state of the mind during its continuance, and on the physiology and psychology of dreams. The remainder of this important work is strictly confined to the classification and description of the different forms of insanity; to a minute examination of the history of each, under the heads of perceptional, intellectual, emotional, volitional, compound, and constitutional insanities; and to a series of elaborate dissertations on the causes of insanity, its prognosis, diagnosis, pathology, morbid anatomy, and treatment—the last-mentioned including a discussion of the questions whether insane persons should be treated at home or in an asylum, and if so, when; and a consideration of the problems connected with their mechanical, moral, hygienic, and medicinal treatment. While the work will be highly prized by the medical profession for its large and authentic contributions of specific technical knowledge as to the nature, seat, causes, diagnosis, prognosis, pathology, clinics, and treatment of insanity in all its forms, it is yet one that laymen may easily read with great advantage, if with painful interest, for its practical counsels and suggestions, and for its exhaustive historical and analytical outline of insanity, and of its inherent and external incitements.

MR. S. M. BURNHAM has rendered a substantial service to workers in marble, and to novitiates in the science of geology as well, by a practical digest of the *History and Uses of Limestones and Marbles*.[3] Although it is not and makes no pretensions to be considered a treatise on geology intended for scientific readers as such, and makes no claims to original investigations, nor advances any new and interesting geological theories, nevertheless as an introduction to the substantive object which he had in view in its preparation, and as being essential to an intelligent comprehension of the scientific and historical facts connected with the part played in the world by the various limestone formations, its author has felt that it was incumbent upon him to give at the outset a brief general outline of the different classes of limestones; to state the principles that governed men of science in their classification; to describe and classify the various fossils, or vestiges of organic life, to which they owe their origin; to define their various localities; to specify their varieties of color and structure, with the causes of each; and to summarize the conclusions of science with reference to their geological age, including a succinct statement of the methods which have been resorted to by geologists for determining the age of rocks generally. These more strictly scientific preliminaries are briefly disposed of, however, and with only slight recourse to technical terms; and when these are necessary they are accompanied by such simple and lucid explanations as enable the unscientific reader to understand the elementary facts of geology without reference to a text-book. The main purpose of this successful and useful compilation is the purely practical one of presenting the facts and speculations of original explorers and writers, so selected and arranged as to illustrate the value of limestones in some departments of geology, but more especially

[3] *History and Uses of Limestones and Marbles.* By S. M. BURNHAM. With Forty-eight Chromo-Lithographs. 8vo, pp. 392. Boston: S. E. Cassino and Co.

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the history of their use and application in the mechanic and fine arts, and the part they have borne in civilization. The general view of their nature, origin, and formation, and of the part they have played in the structure of the earth, to which we have already adverted, prepares the reader for a more specific description of them as they are found dispersed over particular geographical divisions, and of the uses to which they are severally adapted, and to which they have been or are susceptible of being applied by the sculptor or the architect for ornamentation and embellishment, for defense and habitation, and generally for the arts and industries of the world. Beginning with an account of the limestone areas of the United States, which he considers under the three general divisions of the Atlantic region, the Mississippi basin, and the Pacific slope, Mr. Burnham enters upon a short but minute description of every form of limestone that is to be found in the several States and Territories, in which he sets forth the extent, nature, and quality of the formation in each, and its special adaptedness for purposes of art or usefulness; and afterward he extends his descriptive and analytical survey, in like manner, to every country in which limestone deposits exist. The volume is freely illustrated by richly colored chromo-lithographs in fac-simile of the most remarkable, the most beautiful, and the most useful varieties, and it is diversified throughout with interesting historical and artistic facts and allusions bearing upon the working and use of limestones and marbles, in all parts of the ancient and modern world, for all the purposes to which they have been applied by the ingenuity of man for the gratification of his sense of the beautiful, or in obedience to the demands of utility or necessity. The four closing chapters of the work are appropriately devoted to a historical review of some interesting extant facts relative to antique marbles, alabasters, serpentines, basalts, granites, and porphyries, antique stones and works of art in modern Rome, and antique stones used to decorate Roman churches.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional inequalities and incompletenesses by which they are marred, the twelve lectures on *The English Novel*[4] delivered by the late Sidney Lanier at Johns Hopkins University in the spring and winter of 1881, and now collected and published in a posthumous volume, are deserving of an honorable place among the best examples of recent literary criticism and analysis. One of Mr. Lanier's chief defects was a tendency to indulge in ingenious but fine-spun speculations, which sometimes degenerated into vagaries and extravagances, and led him into a labyrinth of technical abstraction and crotchety philosophizing. But this defect, which had its origin in gifts of a rare order, in an intellect of exceeding subtlety and mobility, and perceptive powers of singular fineness and delicacy, has exhibited itself in his writings hitherto as a casual excrescence, and its unusual prominence in these lectures may be ascribed to the circumstance that they were hastily prepared for oral delivery before a youthful auditory, and have been published without the severe review to which they would doubtless have been subjected by the author if his life had been prolonged. The lectures are a series of studies in which it is proposed, first, to inquire what is that special relation of the novel to man in modern times by virtue of which it has become a permanent literary form, and secondly, to illustrate this abstract inquiry by some concrete readings in and critical analyses of modern novels. In prosecuting this inquiry, which he most appropriately designates as "abstract," Mr. Lanier dwells at much length, and with great variety and subtlety of illustration and comparison, upon the enormous growth in the personality of man, which our time reveals, since the time of Æschylus and other ancient writers, and he then elaborately discusses the proposition, which he emphasizes as a remarkable and suggestive fact, that music, the novel, and physical science all had their rise at the same time, as the result of this increased personality, his conclusion being that their simultaneous birth at the Renaissance, before which they had "no fixed or developable existence," proves that the spirit of man had now for the first time, as the fruit of the travail of ages, established for himself three new, great, and distinctive personal relations—a new and perfectly clear personal relation with physical nature, achieved through the agency of modern science; a new relation to the infinite and unknown, finding expression in modern music; and a new and greatly expanded relation to our fellow-man, voiced by the modern novel. After a prolonged and exceedingly abstruse historical and critical survey, in the course of which there are many ingenious, many fanciful, and many suggestive digressions—for example, upon the rhythmical origin of speech, upon the alleged probability that science is destined ultimately to destroy poetry, novel-writing, and imaginative work generally, and in refutation of the crude theories of imaginative art advanced by Walt Whitman and Émile Zola—Mr. Lanier devotes the remainder of his lectures to an elaborate exemplification of the theory that the increase of personality, or the growth of the feeling of a direct personal relation to each individual, high or low, which he demonstrates to have been going on in the world, has brought about such complexities of relation that the older forms of expression were inadequate to them, and necessarily the wonderfully free and elastic form of the modern novel has been developed out of the more rigid Greek drama through the transition form of the Elizabethan

[4] *The English Novel, and the Principle of its Development.* By SIDNEY LANIER. 12mo, pp. 293. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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drama; and further, that this comparatively new and highly influential form of literary art has at length in our day found its most perfect voice and expression—has, in fact, reached a sort of climax and apotheosis—in George Eliot, whose life and work, as he assumes, verify and illustrate the ingenious but highly sublimated theories and principles he advances and formulates in these studies.

If the reader of Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*[5] shall miss from its pages the abounding strokes of whimsical humor that have tickled the fancy in other productions of this popular writer, he will find their comparative absence amply compensated for by the amusing and interesting medley of fact and fiction—historical, topographical, autobiographical, and descriptive of aspects of life on and beside the Great River—of which it is the repository. In a preliminary sketch of the physical history of the Mississippi, Mr. Clemens groups some curious facts. That it is the longest river in the world is tolerably well known, but he states some other things not so generally known illustrative of its peculiarities and eccentricities, among others, that it is the "crookedest" of rivers, in one part of its journey using up 1300 miles to cover the same ground that the crow would fly over in 675 miles; that it discharges three times as much water as the St. Lawrence, twenty-five times as much as the Rhine, and three hundred and thirty-eight times as much as the Thames; that the area of its drainage is greater than that of any other river, and is equal to the combined area of all Europe outside of Russia; that it receives and carries to the Gulf water from fifty-four subordinate rivers which are navigable by steamboats, and some hundreds which are navigable by flats and keels; that instead of widening toward its mouth it grows narrower as well as deeper, being a mile in width and eighty-seven feet deep at the confluence of the Ohio, and a little over half a mile wide and 129 feet deep at its mouth; that its rise and fall is about fifty feet in the "upper river" above Natchez, and in the "lower river" is twenty-four feet at Bayou La Fourche, twenty-four feet at New Orleans, and only two and a half feet at the mouth; that it annually empties 406,000,000 tons of mud into the Gulf, or enough to make a solid mass a mile square and 241 feet high; that it is constantly straightening and shortening itself, in less than two centuries having diminished its length by "cut-offs" and otherwise at least 242 miles; and finally that it is constantly changing its "habitat" by moving bodily sidewise, until nearly the whole of the 1300 miles of the old Mississippi which La Salle floated down in his canoes two hundred years ago is now good solid dry ground. A graphic account teeming with solid information, occasionally alleviated by mirth-provoking oddities of thought and expression, is given by Mr. Clemens of what he denominates the "historical history" of the river, including a brief outline of its discovery, and a glance at its first slumbrous epoch, prelusive to a series of animated sketches of its second more wide-awake epoch, when steamboat navigation was in its adolescence; of its "flushest and widest-awake epoch," when it bustled with activity, and was the arena on which all shades of Western and Southern river life and character were profusely displayed; and of its comparatively tranquil present epoch. In these sketches Mr. Clemens revives the glories of the Mississippi steamboat, and in his character, first, as an apprentice to the occupation of a river pilot, and afterward as one exercising that perilous and responsible trust, describes the characteristic features of the river, and the art and mystery of its navigation, together with the numberless phases of character and incident that entered into and diversified the life of the river, and of the people, cities, towns, and plantations that lined its shifting banks. Aside from the humor with which the narration is enlivened, and the instances of personal adventure and heroism with which it is embellished, the volume is an invaluable souvenir of a phase of American life and manners that has passed away never to be revived.

No one can proceed far in the study of theology without discovering the need of a guide to its copious literature. The Bible has had more labor expended on it than any other book extant; and Christian theology, which is the product of the Bible, has branched into departments each of which is of itself a distinct science. Dr. Hurst's volume,[6] therefore, meets a want of theological students which has long been felt. It is select, giving mainly the choice books; fresh, giving the recent books; and yet so full that the most important theological works are included. In the distribution of his material the author follows the usual order, presenting in succession the English and American literature of exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. A full introductory division contains the titles of valuable collected works, such as the *Bampton Lectures*, the *Bridgewater Treatises*, the *Ante-Nicene Library*, *Publications of the Parker Society*, and Dr. Pusey's editions of the *Church Fathers*. To have these titles directly before him will save the student many hours of toilsome research. He can, for instance, determine in a moment when a particular Bampton lecture wanted was delivered, and the lecturer's name. In almost innumerable ways this work will prove its labor-saving quality. No theologian

[5] *Life on the Mississippi River*. By Mark Twain. With more than Three Hundred Illustrations. Sold by Subscription Only. 8vo, pp. 624. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[6] *Bibliotheca Theologica*. A Select and Classified Bibliography of Theology and General Religious Literature. By John F. Hurst, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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can do without some such help, and no such help as this has been heretofore offered in our language. Darling's *Cyclopædia* is too copious for a hand-book, Dr. Malcolm's *Index* is defective from its imperfect quotation of titles, and Spurgeon's *Catalogue of English Commentaries upon the Bible* relates to one department only of theology. Dr. Hurst's work strikes the mean between excess and defect, and with the revision which every such work requires from time to time, will take its place among the very first of theological bibliographies.

In the preface the author thus describes his method of citation: "It has been my purpose to do full and equal justice to all denominational and confessional literature. The plan in giving titles comprises the full subject as stated by the author, the number of volumes when more than one constitute the book, the size of the work, the number of pages, both those in Roman as well as in Arabic numerals, and the place, publisher, and date of issue." Full information is thus furnished to the student in search of any particular work, and still farther aid is given by two indexes, one of authors and the other of subjects. It is gratifying to know that this volume has already secured a favorable reception from theologians.

THERE is abundant food for thought for thinkers on religious subjects in a series of essays by the late Rev. E. A. Washburn, which have been collected in a volume entitled *Epochs of Church History, and other Essays*,[7] and edited by the Rev. C. C. Tiffany, of this city. Dr. Washburn was something more than a deep thinker and a ripe scholar. He was also a man of profound convictions. What he believed, he believed with all his might, since it was not taken on trust, but was the result of severe investigation, held in check by a faith that nothing could disturb. And although his temperament was not of that excitable kind which could be wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, no man could cling more tenaciously or more steadfastly than he to the truth when he had once found it, or be more intensely earnest in its defense or exposition. It is this quality of intense conviction and contagious earnestness that is the most impressive feature of these essays. With regard to the origin, functions, and authority of the Church, and of the ministry and sacraments, Dr. Washburn held the views entertained by the great body of Low-Church Episcopalians. He rejected, on the one hand, the traditional view accepted by High-Churchmen as to the scope and authority of the primitive Church with respect to matters of doctrine and church government, and was unable to find in it that complete form of Church life any departure from which is to be reprobated. And, on the other hand, he had no sympathy with the views of the destructive school which rejects the authenticity of the Scriptures received by the primitive Church, and which considers its whole system a fabric built upon fable or invention. As he conceived it, the primitive Church was not a completed ecclesiastical structure, but a simple and in a large degree a voluntary community, having in itself the inherent constructive growth of a social state, or, in other words, that it was a living germ—but yet only a germ—not yet ripened, and which was to ripen and become more perfect in the process of years and experience. Sacerdotalism and the doctrine of the "apostolic succession" were later ingraftments of human invention. The Church was and has ever been in a state of growth, and, in Dr. Washburn's estimation, most nearly fulfills the objects of its institution and the purposes of its mission when it adapts itself to the social and historical development of man, while at the same time it draws him closer to God by the practice of virtue and holiness and a living faith in Christ. But the general tenor of Dr. Washburn's arguments and conclusions as to the nature, origin, functions, sphere, and authority of the Church, and as to the principles of criticism that should be applied to Holy Scripture, preferably to the interpretations which have been imposed upon it by theologians and ecclesiastical systems, can not be more tersely and intelligently stated than they have been in an outline of them admirably epitomized by Mr. Tiffany in the preface to the volume under notice. "He had no sympathy," says Mr. Tiffany, "with that view of church history which kept it apart from the history of the civilization in which the Church lived and acted, which it influenced, and by which it was influenced in turn. It was as a vital factor in the life of men and nations that he found its value, not as a storehouse of ecclesiastical traditions or the manufactory of theological propositions. It was the growth of a kingdom which he saw in the rising walls of the city of God—a kingdom destined to elevate the whole life of mankind, individual, social, and political. In his view the kingdoms of this world were to become the kingdom of God and his Christ, not by the consolidation of an ecclesiastical hierarchy or by the elaboration of theological subtleties, but by the purification of all life through the application of the righteousness and truth of the Gospel to every department of living. The Church, in its truth and fellowship, was the leaven, but the whole mass of human society, permeated and restored, was the completed kingdom. Hence came his appreciation of forms of Church life and action in other days, which he nevertheless believed had passed and ought to have passed forever.....His belief in Christ as the Revealer of God's life to human life was so reverent and so intense that he was, above all, earnest to study the

[7] *Epochs in Church History, and other Essays.* By the late E. A. WASHBURN, D.D., Rector of Calvary Church, New York. Edited by the Rev. C. C. TIFFANY, Rector of Zion Church, New York. 12mo, pp. 389. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

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record of that life and word by all the light which Christian history and Christian scholarship could bring to bear upon it. That word and life were to him so truly divine that he believed they must find fuller vindication and ampler application as the mind of the Church was ripened in wisdom by the discipline of its history, and hence true criticism both of the Bible and of history was, in his view, no resting in the dicta of the early fathers nor acceptance of the discipline of earlier ages differently circumstanced from ours, but a reverent study in the light of all modern discoveries in every branch of literature or science which could elucidate the truth, and bring it to bear on the life of the present day." We add to Mr. Tiffany's epitome that while Dr. Washburn allowed and advocated the largest liberty to Biblical criticism, even of such as is destructive of many interpretations of Scripture that have received the sanction of particular schools and systems, and had hitherto entered into traditional beliefs, his reverent spirit prevented him from falling into any rationalistic extremes, and he found cause for congratulation in the fact, which the most destructive criticism demonstrated to his mind, that skeptical modern science, by compelling Christian science to follow strict methods of inquiry, has taught Christians to study the structure of the Bible so as to distinguish between its divine parts and its secondary historic form, has armed them more completely than ever they were armed before against the assaults of unbelief, and has demonstrated the strength of revelation in every battle it has had with each theory that sought to undermine or destroy it.

THE account of the *Virginia Campaign of* 1864 *and* 1865,[8] by Major-General A. A. Humphreys, is strictly a military memoir, in which the movements of the Army of the Potomac, and afterward of the combined forces under General Grant, are traced step by step from the passage of the Rapidan and the second battle of the Wilderness to the surrender of Lee. The various battles and operations in which the opposing forces were engaged during these movements are described with minute exactitude and exemplary brevity. General Humphreys's position as chief of staff put him in full possession of General Grant's plans and purposes in this closing campaign of the war, and enabled him to reach an accurate judgment of them from a military stand-point, as well as of their success or failure, and also to appreciate as it deserved his chief's readiness of resource when circumstances compelled a departure from or prompt modification of his original plans. In the course of the memoir General Humphreys is frequently obliged to correct erroneous statements made by General Badeau and others both as to the plans and purposes of General Grant, and as to the course of events during particular engagements, and the part borne in them by the various commanders and the troops under their direction. General Humphreys writes with a fuller and more exact knowledge than was possible to those who held a less central and responsible position, and with a degree of calm dispassionateness that could not be expected of those who described their own successes or failures. His memoir has a technical military value that is conspicuously absent from some of the former volumes of the series.

TWO exceedingly convenient and generally serviceable books for the library of the scholar, and admirably suited for reference volumes in public or school libraries, and on the editor's table, are an *Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology*,[9] and a *Glossary of Terms and Phrases*.[10] Both works comprise much that is to be found in the more unwieldly dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, but each covers a large ground outside of the scope of any dictionary. This is especially true of technical words, and where more than one word is used to describe a thing, or where the conjuncture of two or more words into a term or phrase occurs. The first-named of these volumes is more exclusively confined to words and terms that are used in works on architecture, arms, bronzes, art, color, costume, decorations, emblems, heraldry, lace, ornaments, pottery, and art generally, and its definitions and descriptions are largely assisted by copious and fine illustrations. The other volume is more popular in its character, although it embraces much that is to be found in the former, but without the aid of illustrations. Its intention is to bring together such words, expressions, phrases, quotations, etc., English or foreign, as are among those which are the more uncommon in current literature, and for the want of explanations of which, the meaning of a sentence or a paragraph, and even the drift of an argument, are often missed by the ordinary and unscientific reader. Both volumes may be consulted with the certainty of a material saving of time, and of full and accurate information conveyed clearly and concisely.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Rolfe's edition of *Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, and Other Poems*,[11] is printed in uniform style with his

[8] *The Virginia Campaign of* 1864 *and* 1865. The Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. Campaigns of the Civil War.—XII. By ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS. 12mo, pp. 451. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[9] *An Illustrated Dictionary of Words Used in Art and Archæology.* By J. W. MOLLETT, B.A., Officier de l'Instruction Publique (France). 4to, pp. 350. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[10] *Glossary of Terms and Phrases.* By Rev. H. PERCY SMITH, M.A., assisted by other English Scholars. 8vo, pp. 521. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[11] *Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, and Other Poems.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. Sq. 16mo, pp. 218. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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plays of Shakspeare, he has judiciously given their text without expurgation, for the reason, as he conclusively observes, that "'The Rape of Lucrece' needs none, and the 'Venus and Adonis' (like the sonnets on the same subject in *The Passionate Pilgrim*) does not admit of it without being mutilated past recognition." Mr. Rolfe further remarks that "of course these poems will never be read in schools or Shakspeare clubs," to which we may add that exquisite as these poems are as works of art, and interesting as examples of Shakspeare's earlier mind and style, they are unfit for reading by any but adults, and it would be difficult to decide how far they may be read with safety even by them. Mr. Rolfe has shown his usual soundness of judgment in pronouncing upon the question of Shakspeare's authorship of the minor poems usually attributed to him, and his notes and various readings are rich in material that scholars will recognize as possessing substantial value. All the minor poems, with the exception of the Sonnets, that may be certainly ascribed to Shakspeare are given in the text of this edition, and those which have been ascribed to him, but certainly are not his, are transferred to the Notes.

MR. THOMAS W. KNOX has brought to an end the wanderings of our old friends the Boy Travellers in the Far East in a companion volume describing their *Adventures in a Journey through Africa*.[12] The series now comprises five elegant and copiously illustrated volumes, severally describing Japan and China; Siam, Java, and the countries and islands adjacent; Ceylon and India, together with Borneo, Burmah, and the Philippine Islands; Egypt and Palestine; and Central Africa—the whole constituting quite a complete library of travel. Long before the days of Mungo Park, Africa was regarded as a land of mystery, and strongly appealed to the imagination and stimulated the spirit of adventure; but the explorations of the heroic Scot, his graphic record of them, and his pathetic end in their further exploration, gave a strong impetus to African exploration, and powerfully contributed to concentrate the interest of the world upon the dark continent. Since then nations have competed for the settlement and colonization of its coasts, the missionary and the philanthropist have redoubled their exertions for the conversion and civilization of its people and the destruction of the slave trade, men of science have enthusiastically prosecuted new plans for penetrating its great geographical mysteries and for solving its interesting climatic and topographical problems, and the merchant and capitalist have entered zealously upon enterprises for opening its vast interior to trade and commerce. The list of philanthropic and scientific African explorers, headed by the name of the illustrious Livingstone, is a long and brilliant one, and that of those who have been attracted thither by mixed or inferior motives is still longer, and increasing so rapidly that from present appearances it is probable that long before the close of the next century the steamer and the iron rail will penetrate to the very heart of the shadowy continent, and Africa will be robbed of its mystery and romance. At present, however, curiosity is still actively alive concerning this interesting land; but it is a curiosity which is not content with merely listening to travellers' tales, and is eager to see and perchance to occupy the land. The same spirit that has impelled individuals to encounter the perils of African exploration only waits a signal to precipitate a movement upon Africa like those which have poured a torrent of immigration and colonization upon California and Australia. And in view of this possibility, as well as from the intrinsic interest that attaches to the adventures and discoveries of past explorers, Mr. Knox's volume is a timely and welcome one. Leaving out of view those comparatively well-known portions of Africa, at the northern and southern extremities and along the line of European occupation on the coast, Mr. Knox accompanies his imaginary travellers through the less-known regions constituting Central Africa, which have been traversed in recent years by Livingstone, Schweinfurth, Barth, Speke, Burton, Baker, Serpa-Pinto, Stanley, and other celebrated explorers; and his narrative of the movements, observations, and adventures of his "Boy Travellers" is based upon, and in the main is a compilation of, the combined experiences of those distinguished travellers as recorded by them in their various works. While he has observed a literal exactitude in the statement of all matters of fact, the nature of his narrative, as a chronicle of personal adventure, has rendered an occasional resort to fiction necessary; but this is confined within the narrowest limits compatible with a vivid and life-like presentation of the subject. In all other respects save this, and that of the individual characters portrayed, the account of travel, adventure, and exploration contained in the volume is true in every material particular.

IF Mr. Andrew Carnegie's sprightly account of the drive of *An American Four-in-hand in Britain*[13] introduces the reader to no scenes that are remarkably novel, it has the merit of enabling him to see those with which he is tolerably familiar under unwonted and most exhilarating conditions. To drive in a well-appointed four-in-hand from Brighton to Inverness in the companionship of a coach-load of genial

[12] *Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Africa.* The Boy Travellers in the Far East.—Part Fifth. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 473. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *An American Four-in-hand in Britain.* By ANDREW CARNEGIE. 8vo, pp. 340. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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friends of both sexes, all of them with eyes wide open and spirits aglow, in their superb health indifferent to wind and weather, and while enjoying the sunshine yet finding a certain grim satisfaction in the storm, now chatting gayly or singing merrily, and now chaffing each other or comparing notes, as they roll over the perfect roads, or thrid their narrow way through the bosky lanes of rural England, or dash through the streets of its historic towns and cities, wherever they go creating and themselves experiencing a sensation, is certainly a mode of going a-touring which has the charm of freshness, strongly in contrast with the dreary and hackneyed methods of the conventional tourist. Mr. Carnegie writes as if he were still under the spell of the enchantment of the "gay charioteers," whose trip "to paradise for three months on a coach," as one of their number of the gentler sex by a pretty euphemism characterized their jaunt, he so pleasantly chronicles. His pages sparkle with hilarity and a sense of free movement, and impart to the reader a goodly measure of his own enthusiasm and keen enjoyment.

THE next best thing to a visit to Italy and a sojourn among its people in field and mountain, city and village, is to lose one's self in fancy in the perusal of a volume of sketches by Mr. James Jackson Jarves, entitled *Italian Rambles*.[14] These "rambles" are the fruit of a long experience of old and new Italy by the author, and, as he justly remarks, many of the topics treated seldom fall within the observation of one who is not an old inhabitant of the country, and familiar as well with its by-ways as its highways. In this instance the author is not only a keen observer, who looks upon all the phases of the Italian life of to-day with an artist's sympathetic eye, but he is also a contemplative student of antiquity, whose poetic fancy enables him to bridge over the chasm that divides the past and the present, and to couple them in the interested attention of the reader. Mr. Jarves gives some exquisitely graceful sketches of portions of sylvan and urban Italy lying outside the track of the ordinary tourist, and besides embodying in them glowing and life-like transcripts of the life, manners, customs, and social peculiarities of the people with whom he came in contact, more especially those in the more secluded country and mountain districts, he occasionally envelopes them with a glamour of romance by coupling with them the story of some associated erratic or gifted or passionate life, or of some historical or legendary incident which has happened amid the scenes he describes. Nor is this all; in the brief compass of his companionable little volume he finds room for interesting accounts of the curious or useful arts and industries that once flourished and still exist in parts of Italy, and in which its craftsmen have excelled all others, together with some appetizing details for the connoisseur in bric-à-brac, terra cotta, and Venetian and Muranese glass.

[14] *Italian Rambles.* Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. 16mo, pp. 446. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE fiction of the month gives no signs of a new departure such as marked the transition from Richardson to Fielding, from Fielding to Scott, and from Scott and his followers, by a sort of middle passage through Bulwer and Disraeli, to Dickens, to Thackeray, and to George Eliot. There is no lack of talent, there is a fair mastery of art and expression, but the one thing wanting is genius. Their creations are various enough, and pleasant enough as companions for the moment, but they do not live in our memories. We look on them, and straightway we forget what manner of men and women they are. We shall probably give expression to the experience of most of our readers when we say that of the thousand characters that have figured in the hundreds of novels that have been published this year scarcely half a score have made a permanent lodgment in our minds. And the same observation applies to their incidents and situations. For the most part, the effect produced upon us by the modern novel resembles the effect produced upon children by the card houses with which they amuse themselves. We are interested while we are engaged upon them, but when we lay them down we drop them from our thoughts just as the child drops his card houses. If so be we retain a memory of their titles, we lose all sense of the distinctiveness of their actors and incidents. The principal office of the average recent novel, even the best of its kind, is thus to entertain and amuse for the moment, and perchance, though not invariably, to refine the taste and purify the morals and affections. And although this may not be the highest office possible to it as a work of art, it is no mean office, nor do we know of any other popular agency that could fill its place or do its work with equally pleasing and salutary results. The novels that we shall select for brief mention from the accumulations of the month are fairly up to the modest standard we have indicated, and as is our wont we shall announce them as nearly as may be in the order of their interest and literary merit. Thus: *The Senior Songman*,[15] by the author of "St. Olave's"; *Sir Tom*,[16] by Mrs. Oliphant; *Thicker than Water*,[17] by James Payn;

[15] *The Senior Songman.* A Novel. By the Author of "St. Olave's," etc. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 65. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Sir Tom.* A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 79. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Thicker than Water.* A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 408. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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The Downward Path,[18] by Émile Gaboriau; *Times of Battle and Rest*,[19] by Z. Topelius; *What Hast Thou Done?*[20] by J. F. Molloy; *Robert Reid, Cotton-Spinner*,[21] by Alice O'Hanlon; *A Washington Winter*,[22] by Mrs. Dahlgren; *A Foolish Virgin*,[23] by Ella Weed.

[18] *The Downward Path.* From the French of Émile Gaboriau. Paper, 8vo, pp. 236. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[19] *Times of Battle and Rest.* The Surgeon's Stories. From the Swedish of Z. Topelius. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 393. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

[20] *What Hast Thou Done?* A Novel. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 55. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *Robert Reid, Cotton-Spinner.* A Novel. By Alice O'Hanlon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *A Washington Winter.* By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 247. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[23] *A Foolish Virgin.* A Novel. By Ella Weed. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 46. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of August.—The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention met at Harrisburg, August 1, and nominated for Auditor-General Robert Taggart, and for State Treasurer Joseph Powell.

Hon. Austin F. Pike was elected United States Senator from New Hampshire August 2, on the forty-second ballot, by 181 votes, or 23 more than necessary for a choice.

The Minnesota Democratic State Convention met at St. Paul August 2, and nominated as follows: For Governor, W. W. McNair; Lieutenant-Governor, R. L. Frazee; Secretary of State, J. J. Green; State Treasurer, John Lodwig; Attorney-General, J. W. Willis; Railroad Commissioner, P. Lindpolm. Anti-Prohibition resolutions were passed. The platform declared for a tariff for revenue only, approved the River and Harbor Bill, and called for a revision of the patent laws.

The New Jersey National Party's Convention met at Ocean Grove August 8, and nominated Benjamin Urner for Governor.

Proctor Knott was elected Governor of Kentucky August 6, by a majority of 37,000.

The Louisville (Kentucky) Exposition was opened by President Arthur August 1.

In the British House of Commons, July 27, a motion expressing regret that part of the cost of the Egyptian war had been charged to India was rejected by a vote of 210 to 55.

Motions offered in the British House of Commons, August 6, against the policy of the government in regard to the Transvaal and Zululand were defeated.

The National Debt Bill passed to a second reading in the British House of Commons August 7, by a vote of 149 to 95. It proposes to replace terminable annuities expiring in 1885. The effect will be in twenty years to cancel £173,000,000 of the public debt.

The English Channel Tunnel Bill was abandoned by the British government.

The International Rifle Match at Wimbledon, July 20 and 21, resulted in a victory for the British team by 45 points, the score being 1951 to 1906.

The French Chamber of Deputies adjourned August 2.

Elections held August 12 for members of the French Councils General resulted in a net Republican gain of 100.

The French troops in Tonquin made a sortie from Namdirih July 19, killing one thousand natives and capturing seven guns.

A revolt in favor of a republic occurred among the Spanish troops in the city of Badajos August 6. The soldiers declared for the Constitution of 1869 and Ruiz Zorilla for President. The insurgents were captured or put to flight. There were outbreaks also at Seo de Urgel, Barcelona, and other places. Owing to the unsettled state of the kingdom, the King and Queen returned to Madrid, and were enthusiastically cheered.

Another collision occurred between the Russian troops and the populace at Ekaterinoslav, in which one hundred persons were killed.

Twelve Egyptian officers were sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for complicity in the Alexandria massacres of last year

DISASTERS.

July 23.—Sixty-five persons drowned at North Point, Tivoli, near Baltimore, by the breaking in of the wharf.

July 27.—Nineteen persons killed by a railroad collision at Albion, New York.

July 28.—Earthquake in the island of Ischia, near Naples. Four thousand lives lost.

July 29.—Thirty-five miners killed by an explosion at Caltanisetta, Sicily.

August 12.—The Kimball House, in Atlanta, Georgia, the largest hotel in the South, destroyed by fire. Loss $1,000,000.

OBITUARY.

July 20.—The King of Annam, after a reign of thirty-six years.

July 22.—In Havana, General E. O. C. Ord, U.S.A., aged sixty-four years.

July 24.—Near Leesburg, Virginia, Ex-Governor Thomas Swann, of Maryland, aged seventy-eight years.—In the Whirlpool, at Niagara, while attempting to swim through them, Captain Matthew Webb, aged thirty-five years.

July 27.—At Silver Springs, Maryland, Hon. Montgomery Blair, aged seventy years.

July 29.—In New York, by his own hand, Señor Don Francisco Barca, Spanish Minister to the United States, aged fifty-two years.

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Editor's Drawer.

SOME races seem to have been "measured" —to use a sartorial expression—for the climates they occupy. The people suit their climates, and are in accord with them. This is true of Egypt, Italy, France, the Sandwich Islands, as examples. We in America are a chance lot—it is said with all respect—coming from everywhere, and bringing or inheriting a hundred different predilections about climate. We took our climate as we found it, without any reference to its adaptability to us. Born with these hereditary prejudices, it happens that a large portion of the population is more or less dissatisfied; many always long for the sun and the easy-going ways of the tropics, while others pine for more northern rigors. It seems a pity that people in this small world can not pass their brief lives in regions congenial to them. However it comes about, there is more grumbling about the weather in the United States than in any other country on the globe except England. And as our climate has immense general advantages over most others, the reason of the dissatisfaction must be inherent in our composite population. The Egyptians, the Italians—indeed, most other peoples—even the Germans, who have abundant occasion for mutiny, never rise in rebellion about their weather. It is so important with us that we had to make it a government department, and invent a bureau for it.

But whatever may be the general insubordination and discontent in regard to most of the months—always excepting an affection for June—there is universal consent that October in the United States is just about right, and that a year made up of Octobers would be a thing fit to be incorporated in our Constitution. The reasons for the partiality to it are many and obvious. Some like it because it is the month in which they can get back to the city from the country. Others enjoy the tone of gentle melancholy that pervades the closing scenes of the year—a sort of sadness without personality, that is as pleasing as any excitement of joy. Some find in it a tonic that stimulates to briskness and business. But what especially distinguishes the month with us is the quality of the atmosphere. The fault with our scenery usually is that it is too much "out-doors," too unked, undoubted, sharp, and photographic. Our blazing sun and clear air do not, for some reason, give us the same effects that dry air and sunlight produce on the Nile. In October, with ripened vegetation, superb color of forests, and a certain humidness in the atmosphere, which is not felt as dampness, the sky takes a tender hue, the fields a poetic light, the hills are draped, but not concealed, and we see nature through a liquid medium that invests every view with the charm that nearly all the year round characterizes Southern Italy and Sicily. We never show our English cousin—who is in rapture with all he beholds, and immensely enjoys *Our American Cousin* on the stage—a landscape in any other month of the year without saying, "You ought to see this in October." We think that if everybody could see the United States in October, the rest of the world would be deserted. It is our show month. Nothing but our national modesty, and a recollection of the other months, prevents our bragging about it as it deserves.

If we are united in the opinion as to which is our best month, we are equally of one mind who was the greatest man that the United States has produced. That has become a traditional article of belief. But the question now is, Who was or is our second greatest man? This is a question which the Drawer refers to the autumn and winter debating societies for solution. It will be a good exercise for the young gentlemen and young ladies—for we remember what age we are living in, that we are living in a grand and awful time, and perhaps it was a woman—to bring forward their candidates for the second honor, and to refresh the mind of their audiences with the virtues of these rival claims to greatness. The question is an old one, for we learn in Judge Curtis's able *Life of James Buchanan* that it was asked in 1833 in the Alexander Institution in Moscow. In one of his letters Mr. Buchanan says that he heard the boys examined there, and to the question, Who was the greatest man that America had produced? a boy promptly answered, "Washington." But on the second question, who was the next in greatness, the boy hesitated, and the question never has been answered. The same boy, who might have settled this question if he had not hesitated, was asked who was the celebrated ambassador to Paris, and instantly answered, as if he had been in a civil service examination, Ptolemy Philadelphus. But he at once corrected himself, and said Franklin. And the Drawer thinks that Franklin wouldn't be a bad second to start on.

In this *Life of Buchanan* a story is told in regard to the famous French treaty of 1831 which has a high historic interest. The treaty with France, by which that government agreed to pay twenty-five million francs in liquidation of certain claims of American citizens (which our government still dishonestly keeps back), was made in 1831, and ratified February 2, 1832. The first installment of the amount due became payable February 3, 1833, and our government drew a bill of exchange for it, which the French treasurer refused to pay, because the Chambers had made no appropriation for it. The French government shilly-shallied about the matter, and delayed to bring it before the Chambers, and in his annual Message,

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in December, 1834, President Jackson, to the great credit of our country abroad, made severe comments upon the course of all branches of the French government, and recommended a law authorizing reprisals on French property, in case the appropriation should not be made at the ensuing session of the Chambers. The secret history of such collisions between governments, says Judge Curtis, not infrequently throws an unexpected light upon their public acts. When General Jackson was preparing this Message some of his friends in Washington were very anxious that he should not be too peremptory on the subject of the French payment. At their request, Mr. Justice Catron, of the Supreme Court, waited upon the President, and advised a moderate tone. The President took from his drawer an autograph letter from King Louis Philippe, and handed it to the judge to read. In this letter the King represented that a war between the United States and France (which, as one of the concessions of the treaty, had been favored with the right to import wines upon the terms of the treaty) would be especially disastrous to the wine-growing districts, and that the interests of those provinces could be relied upon to oppose it, but that it was necessary that the alternative of war should be distinctly presented as certain to follow a final refusal of the Chambers to make the payment demanded. The King therefore urged General Jackson to adopt a very decided tone in his Message, being confident, if he did so, the opposition would give way, and war would be avoided. We may add that in all this transaction Louis Philippe appears weak and double-dealing.

Another anecdote concerning this Message was communicated to Judge Curtis from an entirely authentic source. After the Message had been written some of its expressions were softened by a member of the cabinet, before the MS. was sent to the printer, without the President's knowledge. When it was in type the confidential proof-reader of the *Globe* office took the proof-sheets to the President, and he afterward said that he never before knew what profane swearing was. General Jackson promptly restored his own language to the proof-sheet.

At the recent meeting of Episcopalians at Woodbury, Connecticut, to celebrate the centennial of the installation in this country of Bishop Seabury, the first Episcopal bishop, it occurred to the assembly that it would be fitting to hold a social session, perhaps drink a cup of tea, and spend an evening in the ancient house in the town in which Bishop Seabury lived. The house was occupied by a very old lady, and a committee of clergymen was appointed (on which, we believe, was Bishop Williams), to confer with her. The committee went to the house, and had a formal interview with the occupant, informing her of their feeling in regard to the almost sacred associations of the house, and their desire, in honor to the memory of the good bishop, to meet there, assuring her that they would give her as little trouble as possible. The venerable woman heard the case fully stated, and thought there would be no objection—in fact, they were welcome to come. "But," she added, "you must understand one thing, gentlemen—I am a strict Methodist, *and there must be no dancing.*"

Connecticut appears to run to semi-religious stories. At a dinner party a good deacon was assigned to the head of the table. Feeling that a blessing should be asked, and too modest to officiate himself, he ran his eye down the table until it rested on a man with a very solemn countenance. "Will you ask a blessing, sir?"

The man addressed put his hand behind his best ear and shouted: "I would thank you to repeat your remark. I am so —— deaf that I didn't hear you."

Still about dinner. The Drawer would not believe this story about an alleged Bostonian if it had not happened forty years ago at the hospitable and elegant mansion of a United States District Judge in Southern Indiana. The judge was blessed with a wife who was one of the most charming women of her time, and the house was famous in those days for its fine dinners. On one occasion, among the dozen guests, was a Boston man, whose chief recommendation seemed to be his city-cut clothes, who was always making himself disagreeable by comparisons between the cultured Bostonians and the uncultured Westerners. He was hardly seated at the table, next to the engaging hostess, when he poked his fork (it hurts us to write this about Boston) into a strange-looking dish near him, and with a look of curiosity exclaimed, "What have we here?"

"In my old Kentucky home," said the lady, "we used to call it bonaclapper." (It *was* a queer dish for a dinner table.)

"Ah!" said the Boston man; "we, in my old State of Maine home" (thank God! he was not born in Boston), "used to feed that stuff to the hogs."

"Indeed," quietly remarked the beautiful Mrs. H——, "we do here in Indiana sometimes. *Will you be helped to some?*"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN CAUGHT NAPPING.

President Lincoln, as is well known, was never a great stickler for ceremony or official etiquette. On the 15th of July, 1863, he lay stretched on a lounge in his private office in the White House, revising his proclamation for a general Thanksgiving-day on the 6th of August. The turning-point of the rebellion had been reached in the battle of Gettysburg twelve days before, and the surrender of Vicksburg on the following day, and the President felt that he was entitled to a little rest. He had stretched himself on the lounge in a com-

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fortable but rather ungraceful position, and with the rough draught of the proclamation held above his head, was revising it critically, and pencilling a few unimportant changes in its phraseology, when an attendant, a young man of sixteen, unceremoniously entered and gave him a card.

Without rising, the President read the note on the card, and said: "Pshaw! She here again? I told her last week that I could not interfere in her case."

The visitor was a lady who had been twice dismissed from the Treasury Department, and re-instated after the first dismissal on the recommendation of the President. He was unwilling to interfere again, as he was confident that she did not deserve leniency.

"I can not see her," he said, impatiently. "Get rid of her anyway. Tell her I am asleep, or anything you like."

Quickly returning to the lady in an adjacent room, this exceedingly bright boy said to her, "The President told me to tell you that he is asleep."

The lad's eyes sparkled as she responded, "Ah, he says he is asleep, eh? Well, will you be kind enough to return and ask him when he intends to wake up?"

We believe that this was the only time when President Lincoln was caught napping.

F. A. W.

THE WAYS OF WEYBRIDGE.

LAST summer, on vacation while away,
I whiled away my time beside the Wey;
Not by the road, although I said the way,
But by the river, spelled with *e*, not *a*.
Weybridge—a place in Surrey, by-the-way—
A place for staying, not a place to weigh,
Except the merits of the hosts you meet,
And mine I know would take a host to beat.
His genial face spoke welcome without words—
No skim-milk wheys, his way was of the curds.
So to his wife, his children—and the rays
Shone out as bright as twenty Milky Ways.

DURING the Indian war of 1882, General Sherman paid a visit to Camp Apache, in Arizona. While there a huge red-skin, who was captain of the scouts, followed the General wherever he went, and repeatedly begged as a present one of the small cannons standing on the parade-ground. Finally the general impatiently turned to the Indian, exclaiming: "What do you want of the cannon, anyway? Do you want to kill my soldiers with it?"

"No," replied the Indian in his guttural voice; "want to kill cow-boys with it. Kill soldiers with a club."

Frontiersmen will be quick to find the moral of this true story.

THERE are a great many lessons to be drawn out of the story of the Muncy dog which is sent to the Drawer by a clergyman in one of our largest cities. One of them is that the father of the heroine will do well to keep a sharp watch upon a child of so much talent and ingenuity, or she will engage herself as the editor of a daily newspaper before she passes her fifth birthday.

She is a little girl, just past four years old. She had been greatly excited by the story of a Muncy dog which once tried to eat her papa up. Now it so happened that burned matches were a drug in the house, and a proposal made to the child struck her fancy exactly. It was to gather up all the burned matches, put them in a place provided, and keep them until she went to Muncy, and then to cram them down the Muncy dog's throat.

For some days the interest was unflagging. It looked bad for the Muncy dog. Burned matches were at a premium, and the receptacle was well-nigh overstocked. But soon it was evident the novelty had worn off. Pride of consistency, however, kept up appearances for some time longer. But evidently a mental struggle was in progress as to an honorable retreat from the match business. The knot was at length cut in this fashion:

The child seemed to be intently poring over the morning paper, when suddenly she thus addressed the family seated around: "That Muncy dog that tried to eat my dear papa up is dead. I just read it in the paper. We won't want any more burned matches."

IN the Drawer for May, 1883, says a correspondent, are some questions and answers from a competitive examination in England which are very amusing, and especially so to me, as I have just been laughing over a somewhat similar list which originated in this country, in the great State of Illinois. My authority is Professor ——, the new County Superintendent of Schools, who told me he received the answers from county teachers—mainly men—who came to him expecting to renew the *first-grade* certificates under which they had taught in this county last year. The replies were received at different times during two or three weeks, and were nearly all from different teachers. Do you wonder that I feel that I am doing a missionary work for the cause of education with every book which I sell in such a country, and where people tell me that they have decided "not to *proscribe* for the *cyclopedo*"?

Question. Name three living American poets?

Answer. Shakspeare, Byron, and Longfellow. One thought that Shakspeare was dead.

Q. When did he die?

A. About twenty years ago.

Q. Where did he die?

A. I think in Indiana.

Q. Who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?

A. Lord Byron.

Q. Who wrote *Paradise Lost*?

A. Mrs. Stowe.

One thought a bicycle was a musical instrument. Another did not know what a telephone was. Another thought Illinois was entitled to ten United States Senators, and New York to twelve, and this man said that he

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voted for the Illinois Senators last fall. One did not know that Congress had been in session the past winter, and had not heard of the Star Route trial, or the floods in this or foreign countries.

Professor —— said that his gravity entirely gave way when he put out the word "Frelinghuysen," and one of the teachers replied, "I think that this is the name of a *machine*." (Perhaps that teacher may have had a dim idea of a *cabinet* machine or a *secretary*.)

J. P. C.

CAPTAIN SEABORN.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Our ship went down, and not a boat
Outrode the storm's intensity;
But I alone was left afloat
Upon the blue immensity.
My raft and I together lashed,
The wild seas racing under us,
Till land uprose, and breakers dashed
About us blind and thunderous.

Still like Mazeppa to his horse
I clung, while half submerging me,
On foaming shoals with fearful force
The winds and waves were urging me.
I swooned; I woke; my dim eyes glanced
Upon a hideous rabblement
Of islanders that round me danced
With frantic yells and babblement.

Half drowned they dragged me from the sea
Up the low beach, and seating me
Against a skull-encircled tree,
Made ghastly signs of eating me.
The frizzled women crouched to look
My body over curiously;
The tattooed braves above me shook
Their battle-axes furiously.

Forth from my sailor's pouch, to buy
My life of those fell savages,
I drew such slight effects as I
Had saved from the sea's ravages.
With thimble, coins, carved ivory ball,
I flattered and invited them;
A rusted jackknife, most of all,
Astonished and delighted them.

Then fruits they brought and mats they spread,
With singular celerity:
Not death I gained, but gifts instead,
And cannibal prosperity.
I lived with them and learned their speech;
I curbed their fierce brutality;
And strove with simple truths to reach
Their dim spirituality.

The arts of peace, the love of right,
I tried to teach; economy
Of health; what makes the day and night—
Some notion of astronomy;
Treatment of neighbors at a feast—
More genial ways of toasting them;
To love their fellow-men, at least
A little, *without* roasting them.

No white sail found those lonely bays,
Wide rings of reefs defending them;
And so I lived my savage days,
With little hopes of ending them.
Three frightful years! Though loved by some,
A priest-led faction hated me,
Until it seemed that martyrdom,
For all my pains, awaited me.

Fearful of change, and not content
With foiling and defeating me,
My enemies once more were bent
On finishing and eating me.
And so, not choosing to assist
At their proposed festivities
(All the more reason to resist
Their cannibal proclivities),

With scant provisions snatched in haste,
My small canoe encumbering,
Into the dim sea's rolling waste,
While all the isle was slumbering.
One midnight when the low late moon
Across the shoals was shimmering,
I paddled from the still lagoon
And channel darkly glimmering.

Five days adrift! the indolent
Warm waves about me weltering:
The suns were fierce, my food was spent,
And I was starved and sweltering;
When, ho! a ship! How strange to meet
Fair manners and urbanity!
How strange my native speech! how sweet
The accents of humanity!

Thus all my efforts to redeem
That sinister society
Were left behind, a nightmare dream
Of horror and anxiety.
My changeful life was full and fleet;
But long the hope attended me
To see that land again, and greet
The chiefs who once befriended me.

So, as I sailed those seas once more,
When many years had passed away,
My ship dropped anchor off the shore
Where I in youth was cast away.
Amid the reefs we rowed to land,
And, eager as a lover is
To seek his mistress, to the strand
I strode to make discoveries.

Less changed than my own life appeared
The wondrous island scenery:
Near by the groves of cocoa reared
Their fans of waving greenery;
There the old shaggy, cane-thatched town,
And, habited still sparingly,
The natives, who came straggling down,
And heard my questions staringly.

With signs of woe their arms they flung
When I, in broken sentences
Of their well-nigh forgotten tongue,
Inquired for old acquaintances.
"Dead! dead!" my friendly chiefs, and they
Who from the isle had driven me.
But when I spoke my sobriquet—
The name the tribe had given me—

'Twas strange, the sudden eagerness
And zeal with which they greeted it.
"Son-of-the-Great-Sea-Mother? Yes!"
They joyfully repeated it.
"He's there!" they pointed. Bound to know
What this amazing blunder meant,
Forthwith I followed to a low
Rude door in utter wonderment.

Their temple, lined with sacred stones
And heathen curiosities:
Dried birds and fishes, reptiles' bones,
And other such monstrosities;
Relics and charms strung round the place,
Trophies of fights and scrimmages;
And propped behind the central space,
The rudest of carved images,

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Which I myself with shells and knife
Had shaped in my captivity—
A task to keep my heart and life
From purposeless passivity.
The mouth too wide, too short the nose—
How well I recollected it!
Now here, a grinning idol, those
Sad wretches had erected it;

Breeched and bedizened in a style
Preposterous and laughable!
I gazed, the guardian priest the while
Eying me, fat and affable.
Swarthy and sleek, with unctuous smirk,
Admitting me to see it, he
Called it great magic handiwork,
And image of their deity!

"Out of the ocean, in his sleep"
('Twas hard to listen seriously)
"He came to us, and in the deep
Vanished again mysteriously.
He taught our people" (thus the priest's
Narration is translatable)
"To discontinue at their feasts
Some customs he found hatable.

"Not to hunt men, although we were,
As now, a strong and bold people,
Nor beat our women, nor inter
Alive our sick and old people;
To have more clothes and fewer wives,
With houses more commodious;
To speak true words, and make our lives
In other ways less odious.

"These changes we found politic,
Though backward in assuming them;
So now we leave our old and sick
To starve *before* inhuming them.
While yet some rich men on the coast
Practice the old polygamy,
The poor have one wife, or at most
Confine themselves to bigamy.

"And though some warriors of renown
Continue anthropophagous,
'Tis rare that human flesh goes down
The low-caste man's œsophagus.
Woman we seldom beat while she
Is faithful and obedient;
We only hunt an enemy,
And lie when it's expedient.

"Old men remember, still a few,
How he appeared and talked with them;
Though not till he was gone they knew
A deity had walked with them.
This image in his hands became
The very form and face of him;
So now we call it by his name,
And worship it in place of him;

"And in our sorceries draw from it
Responses and admonishment."
All which I heard with infinite
Misgiving and astonishment—
That fable thus should swallow fact,
And truth to myth degenerate,
And I by wooden proxy act
The god for tribes to venerate!

I said, "The being you adore,
Who came and went in mystery,
Was but a sailor washed ashore";
And told the simple history.
"My words and work your prophets foiled,
They treated me despitefully,
And I escaped." The priest recoiled,
And glared upon me frightfully.

"And as for this grim log"—I felt
Such absolute disgust with it,
I twirled my walking-stick and dealt
An inconsiderate thrust with it.
"Taboo! taboo!" Too late the call:
The clumsy idol fell at once
Against the mummies on the wall,
The rattling skins and skeletons.

The priest, in horror at my speech,
Had glared, aghast and stammering;
But now he raised his warning screech,
And half the tribe came clamoring.
My comrades hurried me away,
While close behind us clattering,
The mob pursued us to the bay,
And clubs and stones fell pattering.

Embarking, we in haste let fall
The gifts which I had brought for them;
But more than this—alas for all
My hopes!—I could do naught for them.
Nor could I safely land among
The clans of that vicinity,
Because I had with impious tongue
Denied my own divinity.

THE Drawer would not credit this story, illustrating the business aptitude of the gentle sex, if it did not come from a church member:

A young wife at the East who lost her husband by death telegraphed the sad tidings to her father in Chicago in these succinct words: "Dear John died this morning at ten. Loss fully covered by insurance."

A JUDGE of one of the judicial districts of Wisconsin having resigned before the expiration of his term, his place on the bench was temporarily filled by an excellent lawyer, who acquitted himself so well that he was considered a good candidate at the coming election. The County Board of Supervisors decided to indorse the Governor's selection, and at its meeting for this purpose, a Hibernian member, who had been, however it might from appearances seem otherwise, a stanch friend of the former judge, electrified the public by producing the following:

MANIFESTO.

THE undersigned freeholders, residents & tax payer's of B—— County, State of Wisconsin, serving said County, do hereby, having considered, contemplated, and maturely resolved to, do declare as follows:

TO THE HONORED JUDGE OF SAID COURT—
JUDGE GEO. H. M——

First—that as to his jurisprudence there is, and we believe cannot be any question.

Second—that, as man, and human being, we seek his equal. So, as to his views, in matters in law, generally as specially, publicly—the same imbuing us with the belief that he certainly must be so privately. So as to his manners and general genial deportment and demeanour; all and all taking as thorough integrity of character and sound reasoning, and consequent unbiassed judgment.

Third—(rendering no judgment nor giving any opinion or as to any former occupant of our honored seat of Circuit Judgeship) that we admire the tact, rules and general ameliorating persistency in urging the matters before him to termination, as we assume, knowing the enormous expense to the people of this court if tardiness and negligence predominate; that we ad-

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mire his condescension to the low as well as his *peremtore* to the high. So in general phrase understood.

Fourth—that upon mature consideration of these facts, we hereby respectfully lay before the Hon. Judge G. H. M—— our behest: That he will condescend to be our candidate for the 10th Judicial Circuit of the State of W. at the next election, to be held the first Tuesday in April of this year.

Respectfully, —— —— ——.

MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—
Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,
With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

G. T. L.

YES, sah. We quite agree with you, sah, that there is a sort of delicious frankness, sah, about the following that will be appreciated beyond the bounds of West Virginia:

Some five or six years ago, when the Greenback party held at least some strength in the West and South, one of their Columbian orators delivered an address for his party at Winfield, Putnam County, West Virginia. When in the zenith of his oration he was stopped by a powerful voice among the listeners.

"Look here, sah. May I ask you a question, sah?"

"Yes, sah; you may, sah."

"Well, sah, I want to know, sah, if you are not the man, sah, that I had down har in jail, sah, for hog-stealing, sah?"

"Yes, sah, I am, sah," came the response; "but I got clar, sah."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THERE are two charming little girls, just between the nursery and the school-room, orderly, well-disciplined, and studious, whose circumstances open to them every pleasure and experience proper to childhood. These demure and tender-hearted maidens have not exactly exhausted every resource, but they have begun to entertain "views of life," and to test their knowledge. Not long ago the children of the gardener of the family, four or five of them, were all down at once with scarlet fever, and after a few weeks of anxiety they all recovered. When their recovery was assured, one of the little girls received the news with discriminating thoughtfulness, and, after a pause, remarked to her aunt,

"I'm rather disappointed."

"Disappointed! Why, what in the world do you mean?"

"Well, you see, auntie, we've never had the experience of a funeral."

Several years ago some benevolent ladies of Louisville organized a Sunday-school, and found the children ready for instruction. A strange teacher, taking charge of a class for the day, asked, "Who made the world?" One little fellow answered: "Miss F—— L——, the *regular teacher*."

A girl of four years, who said she didn't remember much about her birth, but did know she was born in heaven, for she did 'member of walking in the golden streets, and didn't walk very well because she was so little, not only shows the best memory on record, but evidence of her heavenly origin in her elucidation of the subject of forgiveness. She had been punished by her mother, and confided her troubles to her father when he came home, who told her that God is not pleased with naughty little girls. "But," she argued, "He likes little girls who will forgive, don't He? And I am ready to forgive mamma."

The awful prevalence of pie in this country is illustrated by the remark sent to the Drawer by a grandfather, proud of his grandchild of three years who is visiting him. Enthroned in her high chair, she waited at table for the appearance of the dessert. The family pie was duly set before grandma, and baby's eyes were directed that way, when a small pie made for her Majesty was slipped before her. Equal to the occasion, her eyes dancing with delight, she burst out with, "Oh, auntie, I'm mamma of *this* pie!"

Dr. Granberry and family are Presbyterians. In the family is a baby boy of two years. Mrs. G. had been drilling the boy in the Shorter Catechism. Young Two-year-old, becoming unmanageable in the absence of his father, had been subjected to a mild application of the rod. When the doctor returned, and noticed the boy was in trouble, the following conversation took place:

FATHER. "What is the matter, my son?"

SON (*weeping*). "Mother whipped me."

FATHER. "What for, my boy?"

SON (*between his sobs*). "*For her own glory.*"

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"AT LAST."—From Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

See Poem by AUSTIN DOBSON.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCII.—NOVEMBER, 1883.—Vol. LXVII.

A VACATION IN VERMONT.

OF the Green Mountains one might probably say, paraphrasing Montesquieu's famous prediction about the *spirit of laws*, that they are more generally admired than visited. Poets sing without seeing them. They have furnished ready and familiar figures to orators who could hardly point them out on the map. That they stimulate the virtues of the patriot, and grow a stalwart race of men, is one of those axioms which one meets over and over again in the pages of writers who have never felt their rugged breezes, or measured the sons of Vermont in their own homes. Nor is this service which the State renders to rhetoric shared in anything like an equal degree by other States, which also have mountains, loftier perhaps and grander than its own. Even the White Mountains seem to be less frequently used, while the Alleghanies, the Rocky Mountains, and other noble chains throughout the country are almost unknown in literature and oratory. Only one thing is therefore wanting to complete the singular pre-eminence of Vermont. If her mountains and valleys were more often traversed and better known, if her children were studied through personal contact and acquaintance, the phrases of enthusiasm and admiration would not perhaps be subdued, but they would be well informed, just, rational, more serviceable to their authors, and not less complimentary to their objects.

The present article can, of course, repair this neglect only in part. To describe the whole State, or even all its leading beauties, would require a dozen volumes instead of as many pages; or if attempted on a small scale would be little more than a catalogue of natural objects, without those minute details which could alone justify them to the critical eye. We shall therefore take for description two favorite points in the Vermont landscape, and then invite the reader with their aid to complete the picture. One of these shall be the highest peak in the State; the other, one of the lowest valleys. The former is in the northeast, and stands guard over the Connecticut; the latter is in the southwest, and opens out into Champlain and the Hudson. Mount Mansfield will illustrate the grandeur and majesty of the Green Mountains themselves. Otter Creek irrigates a narrow vale between the mountains, and supplies the power for one of the leading industries of the State. Both regions, too, are somewhat frequented by tourists, and one of them is on the direct line of a railway.

Mount Mansfield is accessible either from the east or from the west. If from the west, the last railway station is Underhill, where there is a popular summer hotel, and whence carriages can ascend as far as the Half-way House. For the rest of the distance the tour is only for pedestrians, but there is a good foot-path, and a succession of views, as one ascends, affords a pleasant diversion, relieves the labor, and prepares for the final panorama which is revealed from the summit. The favorite route is, however, by way of Stowe, which lies southeast of the mountain. It is reached by stage from Morrisville, eight miles distant on the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad, or from the better known and more convenient station of Waterbury, ten miles distant, on the Central Vermont Railroad. This great thoroughfare furnishes the means of easy access from New York and Boston, and connects with the more important lines of communication in all directions.

The tourist who like myself chooses the last described course finds at Waterbury the final traces of a corrupt urban civili-

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zation. Beyond here all is primitive, idyllic, Arcadian; at Waterbury the contentious hackman still survives. But it is a mild form of contention, sobered apparently and rendered decorous by the clear air, or the solemn mountains, or the grave religious tone of a Vermont village. We had missed the stage, and the runners for several livery-stables offered to provide special transportation. Their rivalry, though really keen, was suppressed into a sympathetic desire to furnish the traveller the most comfortable, the swiftest, and safest conveyance; and from this desire every low, mercenary consideration was sternly banished. "Don't take that other fellow's team," said one of them, in a sad tone; "the last time he went over, a wheel run off, and he nearly killed his party." "That man," retorted the other, brushing a kindly tear out of his eye, "lost his way last week, and was five hours on the road." Then a third began, in a mild, expostulating voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, I wouldn't go with either of them men. If you *really* want to go, I have a team," etc. Thus the strife of these benevolent gentlemen went on. We finally decided to wait for the stage, and the three rivals walked off together with an air of pious resignation, humming in chorus one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. In some other parts of the world, I suppose, a writer who wished to show that the inherent friendship of these men could survive all brief professional differences would say that they repaired to the nearest bar and took a drink together. At Waterbury the evening prayer-meeting would seem to be a more fitting place for the fraternal reconciliation.

The stage is ready at last, and the two hours' drive, especially if one has an outside seat, is no unpleasant experience on a July evening. It is the very heart of the Green Mountains. The road is good; the hills are neither too prolonged nor too abrupt. Enticing trout streams shoot across the way or ripple along its side. Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump are seen, now on one hand, now on the other, as we pursue our sinuous course. The farms are neat, orderly, and apparently prosperous, although the oats and wheat seem to have a hard battle for life with the rocks and the sand. The people are plain, but cheerful, civil, and obliging. One observes little of that outward sullenness by which in some other parts of the country the poorer farmers take revenge on society for inequalities that are really due to their own idleness and improvidence. The Vermont farmer works, saves, keeps clear of mortgages, and—is polite.

At a little village where we stopped to water the horses a Green Mountain boy of some seventy summers, wrinkled and browned, but with flexible muscles in his gaunt frame and a smart twinkle in his eyes, entertained the passengers with some conversation.

"Goin' up to Stowe?"

"Yes."

"Ever been there?"

"No."

"Wa'al, our girls about these parts they've all gone to the White Mountains."

"Indeed! That's surprising. There's such fine scenery right here at home, why do they go to the White Mountains?"

"Why do they go to the White Mountains? Wa'al, they go there because they git three dollars a week."

"Oh!" rejoined the coach, hastily, with some embarrassment; "we had not thought of it in that light."

"Yes, sir," added the veteran, clinching his argument—"yes, sir, one of my girls gits three dollars a week, and don't have nothing to do but wash tumblers." And he bowed kindly as the stage moved away.

It seemed fitting to one of our party, a cynical person, to remark afterward that even washing tumblers day after day might become monotonous, and exclude the opportunities for that æsthetic culture now so much needed by domestic servants. "Still," he added, "if the newspapers may be trusted, they have the society of Dartmouth students in the busy season."

Let us respect honest toil. Not all Vermont girls are drawn to the White Mountains even by the liberal conditions which are there offered. Enough of them at least remain to do the service of the Mount Mansfield House, and to do it well. Neat, quick, intelligent, obliging, they lose no caste by earning their way; in winter they are the belles of "society." Brawny young farmers will find them the best of wives, and if another war should afflict the country, their sons will rush to arms not less promptly than did their fathers and brothers twenty years ago.

Stowe is a typical Vermont village of some one thousand inhabitants. The houses are nearly all white, and the white houses nearly all have green shutters,

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MOUNT MANSFIELD FROM STOWE.

though slight differences in the styles of architecture and a modest discrimination in the choice of flowers and the arrangement of flower beds afford a partial satisfaction to the eye. There is a small white church, and its spire, or "steeple," as the parishioners call it, shoots ambitiously upward into the clear blue air. There is a hotel, the Mount Mansfield House, built in 1864, and for some time in charge of a veteran Boston journalist—a spacious building, with broad verandas and long halls, with vast *salons*, where the waltz may safely be attempted, and well-disposed lawns, across which the croquet balls bound from morning till night, and the harmless missiles of tennis make their abrupt flights. From "Sunset Hill," a sharp elevation back of the hotel, the village resembles a flock of geese on the wing, the two main streets diverging toward the east and the west, while the apex, where the leader may be imagined, points timidly toward Waterbury on the south. Many other things may also be seen from Sunset Hill. In the rear is the Worcester range; south, Camel's Hump; west, Mount Mansfield itself; and in the intervals, especially toward the northwest, the green valley with its silver streams, its well-stocked farms, its neat farm-houses, with their barns and other buildings grouped in little colonies about them. This is, too, a good point from which to begin the work of seeing a man's face in the profile of Mount Mansfield. The illustration provides all the materials of the problem. The features are all there in bold relief—forehead, nose, mouth, lips, chin—and the reader who fails to catch the resemblance will never understand why the mountain was called "Mans-field." He will be reduced to the false theory that its namesake was a famous English judge.

The distance from Stowe to the summit of the mountain is about nine miles. For five miles the route follows the ordinary country road through a pleasant valley; then it breaks off into the mountain, and winds about by easy grades to the top.

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The carriage road has now been open several years, and the ascent can be made in any vehicle with the greatest comfort.

The way is thickly wooded—along the lower part with beech, maple, birch, and even oak, which, however, gradually disappear, until the evergreen varieties alone remain, and these seem ill satisfied with their existence. Shade is therefore abundant, and the sun's rays are little felt. But this is at the cost of another form of enjoyment. Short of the summit itself no satisfactory view is obtained, with perhaps a partial exception in favor of the Half-way House. This seems once to have been a habitable house, at least for horses; though, thanks to the fretful porcupine, it now offers hospitality neither to quadrupeds nor to bipeds. The hedgehogs have attacked the stalls and floor with ferocity and persistence, and have created vast intervals in the most solid partitions. The little animals are abundant all over the mountain, and many wild stories are told of their exploits. A horse belonging to the hotel was attacked by one, said John, the driver, and they afterward pulled seven hundred quills out of the poor beast; and if John had been coining a story he would not have been so recklessly exact.

Half a mile before the summit is reached the woods open, and the carriage climbs a stiff rocky ledge for the rest of the way. The Nose towers up directly above us, and the other features stretch away in the distance, massive, solemn, forbidding.

The description of the mountain and its views may properly be prefaced by a few useful facts and figures. The highest point, the Chin, is 4359 feet above sea-level, and 3670 above the village of Stowe. The Nose, the next peak, is 340 feet lower; the Forehead, 160 feet below the Nose.



THE NOSE AND SMUGGLER'S NOTCH.

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THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

From the Nose to the Chin—the extreme points of ordinary exploration—the distance is about one and a half miles. The mountain has long been accessible to adventurous tourists, but it is only within the last twenty years, or since the opening of the Mount Mansfield House, that they have come in any number or regularly. The completion of the carriage road to the summit brought, of course, a large increase of both transient and permanent guests.

We can now examine the face of the giant as calmly and fearlessly as the Liliputians walked about over the prostrate Gulliver.

To reach the point of the Nose involves a sharp though short climb, facilitated by a flight of rude steps which have been formed by the ledges of the rock. The old Latin line must be reversed before it can be applied to the Nose. The ascent is safe and not difficult, but the descent—*hic labor, hoc opus est.* The stone is as smooth and slippery as ice; and a single false step would precipitate one two hundred feet or more to the bottom. This is on the west. The northern side is nearly perpendicular; and although the process which shaped it began thousands of years ago, it has not yet ceased. From time to time immense masses of rock detach themselves and plunge into the abyss below, where they still lie heaped upon one another in wild disorder. One of these terrible bowlders was formerly poised on the very end of the Nose, almost without visible means of support. It was supposed that it could be pried loose by hand, but repeated attempts led only to disappointment. One day in 1859, however, it started voluntarily, and rolled down the precipice, shaking the mountain like an earthquake, and at the bottom bursting into a thousand fragments. A party of men and women had been on the rock but half an hour before it fell, and others had been strolling about the foot of the cliff where it lodged.

The Summit House is situated at the foot of the Nose, on the eastward slope of the ridge. It is a frame building of two stories, with ample balconies, comfortable rooms, and a satisfactory cuisine. Its

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MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM MOUNT MANSFIELD.

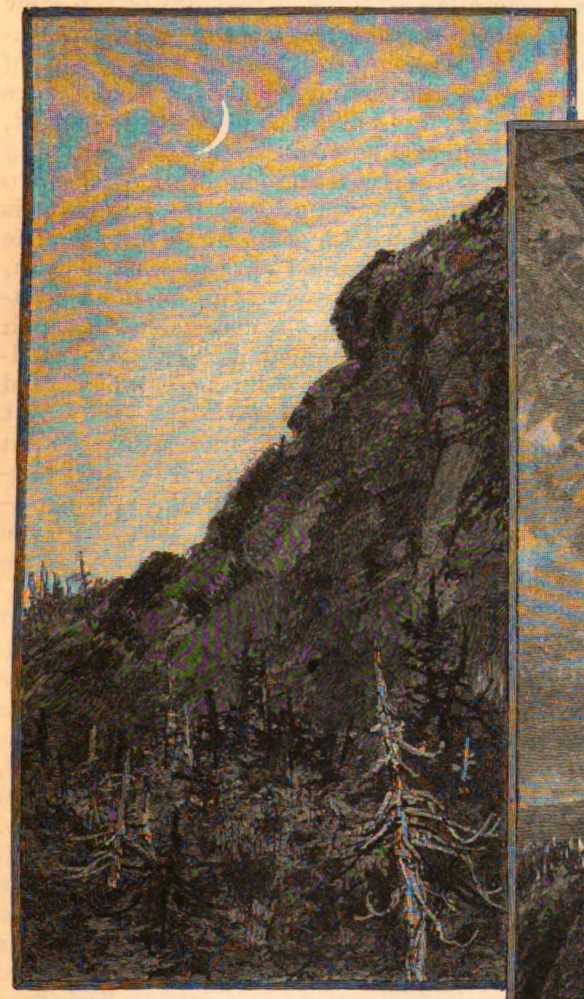
manager at the time of our visit was Demis, a French Canadian, who had been so long on the mountain that he could hardly walk on level ground. He was, of course, well stocked with stories, most of them based on personal experience. Thunder-storms on the summit are not infrequent, but Demis remembered one in particular which broke forth without any warning on a bright sunny day. He was sitting in the "parlor," when he saw a flash, and before he knew it the room was full of lightning, and he was up to his knees in the electric fluid. "I was half stunted to death," added the veteran Gaul, somewhat obscurely. And in proof of his story he showed us where the same bolt had struck the end of the Nose, leaving a long scar, brightly polished as by some mechanical instrument. Demis's only permanent companions on the mountain were five cats, a few chickens, and Dolly the cow. Dolly had lived nine years in this lofty region. Her predecessor was there seventeen years. An artificial grass-plot, built up much as the peasants on the Rhine create soil for vineyards, was her only pasture, except such browsing as she might get among the evergreens and ferns; but she seemed happy, and in the winter, when brought down to the village, she returned invariably to the summit as often as she could escape.

For the walk to the Chin some little time is necessary, though the rise is gradual and not troublesome. The ridge of the mountain is narrow and nearly bare, a few dwarfish cedars, and a carpet of moss softer and richer than the finest tapestry of Smyrna, being the only forms of vegetable life. By a brisk walk the visitor can in fifteen minutes reach the Lips. These are mere accumulations of great bowlders, deposited there by volcanic or glacial movements, and not specially interesting, except, perhaps, the so-called "Rock of Terror," which, poised precariously on its apex, seems ready on slight provocation to roll down, and the caves, which are formed by series of overlying bowlders, though one of them is of considerable depth. Geologists have found evidence for the glacial theory in scars or scratches made on the surface of the rocks

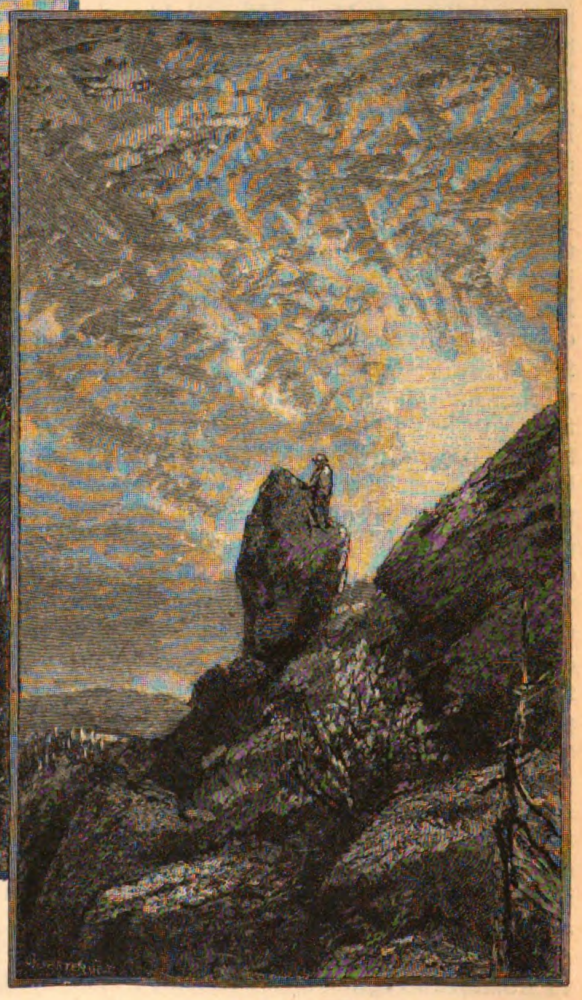
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here and there in a direction pretty consistently from the northwest to the southeast. But the eye of the layman will not readily find or recognize them.

From the Chin the spectator has one of the most comprehensive, variegated, and beautiful views to be found in all New England. Toward the west, the eye, starting from the base of the mountain, runs over the Winooski Valley, threaded by roads and streams, and dotted with countless white villages; takes in Lake Champlain, which on a clear day can be seen for nearly its entire length; and is arrested only by the Adirondacks in the remote horizon. On the north, the outlook is even more extensive, and at rare intervals, under peculiarly favorable conditions, even includes the spires and towers of Montreal, one hundred miles distant. Directly beneath, and between the first and second chins, lies the Lake of the Clouds; lower down, the dark recesses of the Smuggler's Notch; and across this, the Sterling Mountains. Moving to the east, the eye falls first upon a succession of dark and heavy ridges, thickly wooded, giving and receiving shadows in endless variety; farther away, the valley of the Connecticut; and beyond, the White Mountains. Mount Washington itself can sometimes be seen, though indistinctly. The picture is completed by Stowe and its neighbors, nestling in the rich valley, and directly south the rival peak of Camel's Hump and the main chain of the Green Mountains. Such is, in gen-



OLD WOMAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.



ROCK OF TERROR.

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eral, the scope of the view afforded from the summit of Mount Mansfield. The countless details which give it grace, picturesqueness, and value can not even be enumerated, but must be left with the assurance that not one which the imagination could crave will be found wanting by the most exacting lover of nature.

The neighborhood of Stowe affords a multitude of other charming resorts, some of which must be at least mentioned. One of these is the Smuggler's Notch, a narrow pass between Mount Mansfield and the Sterling Mountain. It is supposed to have been used in former times by smugglers, as it is an easy and convenient connection between western and eastern Vermont, and a link in the chain of communication between Montreal and Boston, once an important thoroughfare for contraband traffic. At the summit of the pass there is a deserted inn, the Notch House. The local guide-book says it affords accommodation for man and beast; and this is true, for if the visitor brings with him sandwiches for the man and oats for the beast, they can be eaten in the ruins of the edifice. Otherwise a common famine will be the result. A good road following the course of a noble trout stream ends only at the Notch House, and the source of the stream, the "Mammoth Spring," which is not improperly named. Beyond the house a foot-path leads through a succession of mighty bowlders which have fallen from the cliffs above, under abrupt precipices which stretch up on either side to appalling heights, through damp ravines where the ferns grow in fantastic luxuriance and beauty, finally issues at the western mouth of the pass, and then descends swiftly to the valley. It is customary in visiting the Notch to include also Bingham's Falls, named after an eminent citizen of Stowe, who has done much to make the region accessible and agreeable to tourists. They are composed of a series of chasms worn in the solid rock.

Other attractions are Moss Glen Cascade, only four miles from Stowe, in Worcester Mountains; Gold Brook, a favorite drive; Morrisville Falls and Johnson Falls, somewhat more distant; and various other choice rural nooks which will well repay a visit. The roads are, for mountain roads, uniformly good, and ladies unaccompanied ride in confidence and safety all over the country.

For loftiness, grandeur, and majesty, Mount Mansfield is, of course, inferior to Mount Washington. Its charms are of a more modest nature. But it has, nevertheless, peculiar advantages of its own, which will not escape the eye of discerning visitors, and which to a large class of persons will recommend it even above the White Mountains. One of these is the singular extent and freedom of the view which may be had from its summit. Instead of being only one of a vast army of peaks, and distinguished from its comrades merely by a slight superiority in height, it is more like an isolated structure rising out of a surrounding plain. In at least two directions, east and west, the landscape is unobstructed for a hundred miles. The country lies spread out in a vast plateau, beginning at the very base of the mountain, and enlivened by every element which belongs to a complete picture. The landscape itself is therefore an ample reward for the toil and expense of the visit. But there is a further felicity in the exemption of the real lover of nature from the intrusion of unsympathetic Philistines. Unfortunately no part of the world in these days of rapid and cheap travel is absolutely free from the shoddyite, the cockney, and the snob; but Mount Mansfield as a resort is in this respect at least comparatively favored. It is little frequented by "fashionable" people, and even less so by that still lower class who pursue and imitate fashionable people. Serious, thoughtful, and appreciative persons form the larger part of its summer patrons. They who spend there one season generally spend also the next and the next; acquaintances are renewed from year to year; and in this way Mount Mansfield is gradually enrolling a considerable band of faithful, zealous, and devout disciples.

The scene changes now abruptly to another part of Vermont, and to other elements of interest and attraction. Our route lies diagonally across the State, from the Alps to the Apennines; from Mont Blanc to Carrara; from a region newly settled and still full of a wild beauty and vigor to a region rich in colonial and Revolutionary traditions, and throbbing with a varied and active industry.

The history of southwestern Vermont goes back to a time when, strictly speaking, there was no Vermont; when there was a New Hampshire and a New York, but when it was uncertain to which of

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SMUGGLER'S NOTCH.

the two the valley of Otter Creek belonged. The settlers in the disputed tract hated, indeed, the "Yorkers." The bailiffs of the western tyrant found no little difficulty in performing their duties; and if the local chronicles are veracious, the sturdy villagers now and then tied one of them to a tree and, whip in hand, taught him the error of his ways. Incidents in this border warfare are given in Miss Hemenway's excellent *Vermont Gazetteer*, and in various productions, poetical and unpoetical, of home talent. Not even the outbreak of the Revolution wholly allayed this fierce hostility. There exists, for instance, the record of a meeting of delegates from "the towns on the west side of the Green Mountains," held September 25,

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1776, in Dorset, at the house of Deacon Cephas Kent, a leading patriot, and ancestor of many eminent men, Chancellor Kent being one. There were present Colonel Seth Warner, the Revolutionary hero, several Allens, and representatives of the Chittendens, Morgans, Fays, Saffords, Robinsons, and Marshes, all historic families of Vermont. The tone of the assembly may be learned from the resolutions which were adopted. They affirm that the people of that section were tired of the "tyranny of New York toward the New Hampshire Grants"; that, for geographical reasons, they could not well co-operate with New York in the war of Independence; and that they were determined, in their participation in the common cause, to recognize only the superiority of the Continental Congress. In virtue of this, and a still higher authority, Ethan Allen demanded and obtained the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga. On this basis the Vermonters fought the battle of Bennington, and thus prepared the way for the surrender of Burgoyne himself. Every town and hamlet throughout the region has its own proud Revolutionary legends, its own noble list of martyrs, its own heroes. Take Dorset again. The champion of Revolutionary Dorset is a valiant citizen who, aided by one ally, captured at Bennington seven prisoners, one of them a colonel, and brought them safely off the field. It is evident that such a people would not submit to the authority even of New York if it were unjust and distasteful. By their efforts they won, in fact, a double independence—first their independence, with the other colonies, from England, and then their independence as a State in the Union of States.

In the neighborhood of Dorset arise two streams, which, after this single early meeting, turn their backs rudely upon each other, and thenceforth flow in opposite directions. The Battenkill bears southward for twenty miles or more, then strikes westward through the mountains, and onward to the Hudson. Otter Creek is true throughout to its Vermont allegiance. Its course is north, and it finally empties into Lake Champlain, at Vergennes. The valley through which the two flow is narrowest about the point where the Battenkill leaves it; obtains its most striking natural characteristics near Manchester and Dorset, and then, proceeding northward, gradually widens out into a spacious and fertile plain, lying between the main line of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain.

The first of the towns just named, Manchester, is, in respect to outward beauty and to popularity as a summer resort, easily superior to all the others. It lies on a high plateau formed by a long, low spur of Mount Equinox; has one broad street, luxuriantly shaded; is calm, decorous, and soothing; and being well provided with hotels, is favorably known to the annual fugitives from New York and Boston. The ascent of Equinox is easily made, and the vicinity affords an abundance of delightful excursions.

One of these is, for example, to Dorset Mountain. It should first be explained, however, that the term Green Mountains is applied only to the range east of the valley, that on the west being known as the Taconic Mountains. Between the two chains there are also some striking differences. The Taconic Mountains are higher, bolder, and more imposing. The water which flows down from them is much harder than that from the east. They are also much richer in natural deposits, yielding marble, slate, and a superior quality of the ordinary building limestone. Mount Equinox is one of the peaks in the Taconic range. Dorset Mountain, five miles farther north, is another, and the one at which Otter Valley properly begins.

I have adhered to the older name, Dorset Mountain, although an attempt has been made to provide another, more ambitious, more sonorous, but not more honorable or dignified. This upstart term is Mount Æolus, and the author of the unhappy innovation is Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, who in 1861 visited the region with a class of students from Amherst College. Dr. Hitchcock gave the following explanation of the phenomenal absence of snow in Dorset Valley: "Æolus, the god of the winds, fled from fallen Greece, and took up his abode in the caves and marble halls of this mountain. When this god calls home Boreas, driving before him snow and hail, there comes also Auster, with warm breath and weeping showers, and the frost-work volute and scroll soon disappear." The ceremony of christening was performed. Standing on a natural platform near the mouth of the cave, the party broke a bottle of water over

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the mountain, the chorus of the winds furnished music, and when this had subsided a poem was read, of which the following stanza is a sample:

"Then blow, ye winds, ye breezes all,
Obey your king's command;
He sits in this grand marble hall;
Ye are his servant band."

Thus Dorset Mountain became Mount Æolus; for the new term has obtained some little currency, and has the authority even of print.

The cave to which allusion has been made is no insignificant affair. It is composed of a succession of rooms, one of which is eighty-six feet long and thirty-six wide, and it is said that explorers have penetrated forty or fifty rods without finding any end.

If Dorset Mountain is little favored by snow, it has plenty of snowy marble. Viewed from the east, the whole hill-side seems to be ridged and furrowed with quarries, and the vast accumulations of débris tell the tale of years of industrious burrowing in the earth.



SKETCHES NEAR STOWE.

The Dorset quarries were the earliest to be discovered and worked in Vermont, and their products are still, in respect to quality, among the best. The first quarry was opened in 1785,

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six years before the State was admitted into the Union, and it is still owned by the descendants of the original proprietors. This discovery was the great sensation of the day. People came hundreds of miles to get the crude slabs for fire-place stones and other domestic uses, and a brisk traffic in the new commodity soon sprang up. In 1808 a second quarry was opened, and subsequently many others, following in rapid succession. All but two of these are still in operation. The channelling process, now familiar to mining engineers, was introduced in 1841; the first derrick for hoisting the blocks in 1848; the first tunnelling in 1859. In 1818 the first attempt at sawing marble was made, but it was many years before the experiment proved successful. For a long time after these works were opened they had little competition, and the demand for their products far exceeded the supply; but the trade was subsequently injured by the introduction of Italian marbles, and the discovery of other Vermont quarries, especially those near Rutland.

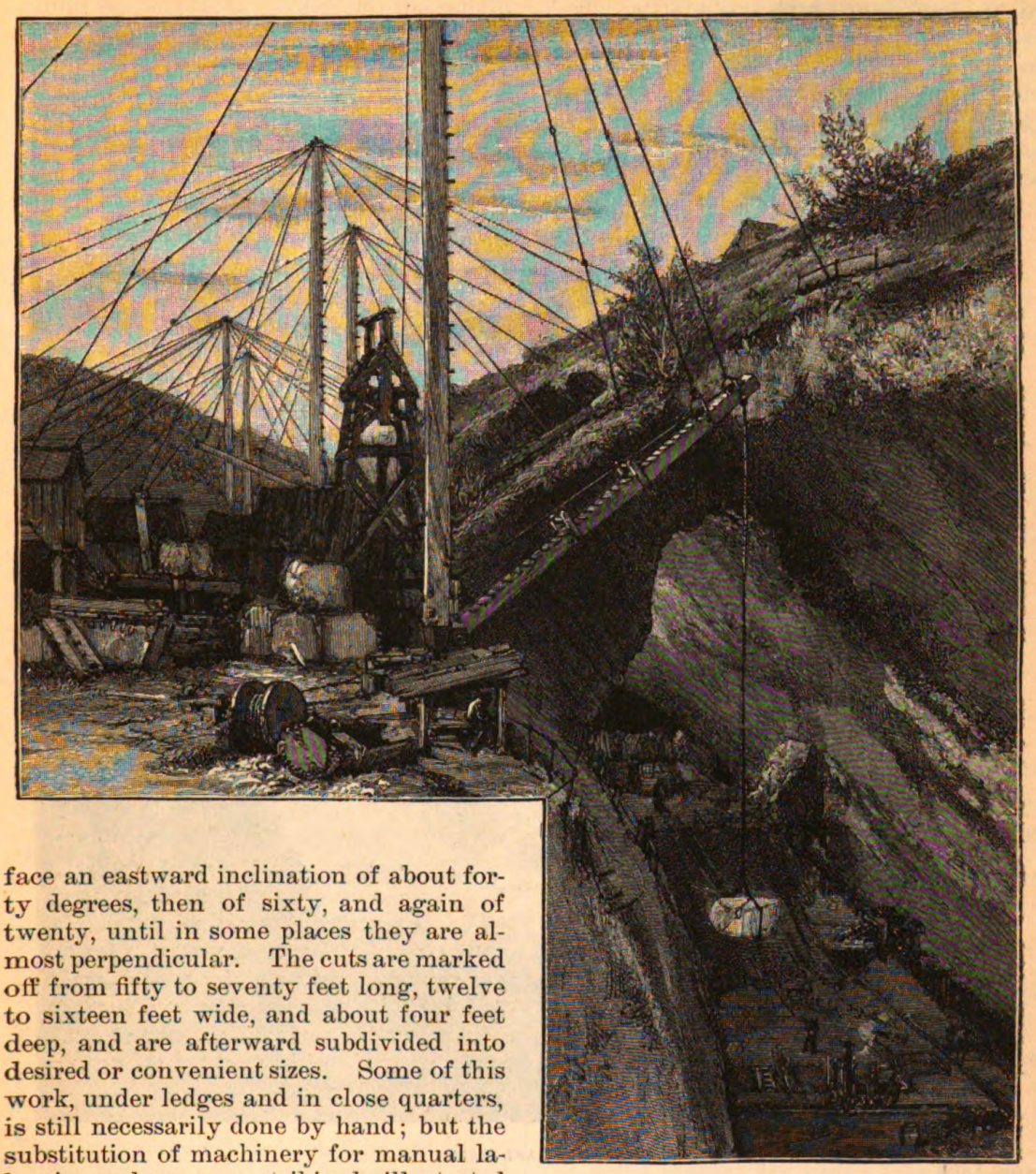
Of this town, Rutland, some patriarch who should die now might say that he found it brick or frame and left it marble. The chaste, cold, glossy stone is almost oppressively plenty in this smart and thriving village, and meets the eye in a multitude of forms and uses—buildings, pavements, walls, besides interior decoration and finishing. Rutland is in fact the best advertisement of its own leading industry. To use the language of the exchange, its principal capitalists are already "in marble" before their death, and without the aid of the sculptor. Concerns like the Vermont Marble Company, Sheldon and Slason, Flint Brothers, Ripley and Sons, Gilson and Woodfin, and others, with their fifteen or twenty quarries, give an idea of the extent to which the marble interest engrosses the capacity and the resources of this neighborhood.

The more important quarries and works are situated north and west of the town itself, at Centre Rutland, West Rutland, Sutherland Falls, and lesser points in the vicinity. The Vermont Marble Company is, in fact, domiciled at all three of these places. It has finishing-works at Centre Rutland, quarries at West Rutland, and both quarries and mills at Sutherland Falls. At the first-named point no marble is excavated, but there is a splendid water-power, which naturally is not neglected, and here one can observe every stage in the process except the quarrying itself. The marble is brought to the mills in massive cubes, is sawed, turned, chiselled, polished, mounted, and emerges as tombstones, capitals, cornices, columns, mantel-pieces, and table-tops. Much of this work, especially the hand-work, can, of course, be studied in every place where people die and have monuments set up by the local stone-cutter over their graves, but the heavier preliminary labor is best to be seen near the quarries themselves.

The marble is delivered at the mills in elongated cubes—parallelopipeds, I suppose Euclid would say—from ten to fifteen feet long and three to five feet square, and placed on the frames for sawing. An expert will then decide as to the manner of reduction, that is, the thickness and number of the slabs, according to the quality, the shape and size of the block, or the special nature of the orders to be filled. In outward appearance a "gang," as a set of saws is called, resembles the old-fashioned upright saw-mill, except that the vertical frame contains not one but many saws, arranged at different intervals, corresponding to the desired thickness of the cuts. One process, therefore, divides an entire block into slabs. The saw has, it should be added, no teeth. The cutting is the joint effect of the hard edge of the steel blade and the wet sand which is fed into the opening, and thus produces an incisive friction. The ordinary progress is about two and a half inches an hour, and the gangs work night and day. The polishing of small pieces is done on a revolving iron disk some twelve feet in diameter. The marble is thrown upon this, and caught by fixed wooden strips like the radii of a circle, while the motion of the wheel, which is supplied with sand and water, furnishes the attrition. It takes two or three hours to polish a surface down one inch. Heavy pieces are smoothed by hand, with the aid of pumice-stone. Marble is turned into circular shapes in a lathe, exactly like iron, and is bored with an ordinary dry drill.

The West Rutland quarries are not, like those of Dorset, in the side of a great mountain, but seem to form the bed of a low hill or ridge rising very little above a level. The excavations follow, therefore, nearly vertical lines directly into the earth; and the cuts themselves, which are shaped to the seams of the stone, have at the sur-

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A MARBLE QUARRY.

face an eastward inclination of about forty degrees, then of sixty, and again of twenty, until in some places they are almost perpendicular. The cuts are marked off from fifty to seventy feet long, twelve to sixteen feet wide, and about four feet deep, and are afterward subdivided into desired or convenient sizes. Some of this work, under ledges and in close quarters, is still necessarily done by hand; but the substitution of machinery for manual labor is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in a Vermont marble quarry. Three of the machines thus used may be described. For the diamond borer or drill the power is steam, and the work is done by two drills terminating in diamond points about one foot apart. By going frequently over the course a close line of holes is formed, not unlike the perforated division between postage stamps, and as the instrument works with great rapidity, it makes a cut one foot deep and seventy-five feet long in one day. It can be adjusted to any angle near the perpendicular, and is used for upright drilling. Another machine, the Wardwell, for vertical work, is a species of locomotive on a track, along which it moves backward and forward, and makes complete cuts by means of systems of chisels acting on the trip-hammer principle. There are two of these, four or five feet apart, and both sides of a block are therefore cut at once. The horizontal cut is made by the Ingersoll drill. It is a small instrument hanging and movable on a fixed cylinder, and adjustable there to an angle either above or below the horizontal. The power is supplied in the form of steam in rubber pipes. Besides

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SUTHERLAND FALLS.

these three leading varieties there are other machines, differing in slight details, all of use for special kinds of work, but difficult to describe in the language of a layman.

The final rupture between a block and its ancient bed is an interesting process. Let us suppose the two cuts to be made, one nearly vertical, and the other, or horizontal one, at right angles to it, and both one or two feet deep. A series of wedges is then inserted into the openings, and a man with a heavy hammer goes along tapping them lightly one after another. As they are driven in, the men listen sharply for the effect, the crack gradually widens, the great mass of stone begins to heave and swell under the strain, the quick ear of the experts detects the critical moment, and a simultaneous blow on all the wedges throws the monster loose. Now and then, of course, a failure is made, and a block splits in two. But the judgment of the workmen is singularly correct, and the block is generally thrown out in its full integrity.

At West Rutland there are half a dozen or more quarries belonging to as many

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different firms; and others are strewn along the hill-sides throughout the region, especially between Rutland and Sutherland Falls, and north as far as Brandon. One of the finest quarries in respect to quality, connected with one of the most extensive mills, is that at Sutherland Falls. The common laborers are nearly all foreigners — French Canadians, Irish, and Swedes—but they are temperate and orderly; strikes are rare; and here, as in the other marble districts, the proprietors have shown themselves the friends of their employés by building neat little cottages, founding libraries and reading-rooms, and endowing churches. For the Green Mountain State likes to boast of its men as well as of its mountains.

LOUIS XVII.

CAPET, ÉVEILLE-TOI!

Heaven's golden gates were opened wide one day,
And through them shot one glittering, dazzling ray
From the veiled Glory, through the shining bars,
Whilst the glad armies of the ransomed dead
Welcomed a spirit by child-angels led
Beneath the dome of stars.

From griefs untold that boy-soul took its flight.
Sorrow had dimmed his eyes and quenched their light;
Round his pale features floats his golden hair;
Whilst virgin souls with songs of welcome stand
With martyr palms to fill his childish hand,
And crown him with that crown the Innocents should wear.

Hark! Hear th' angelic hosts their song begin:
New angel! Heaven is open—enter in.
Come to thy rest; thine earthly griefs are o'er.
God orders all who chant in praise of Him,
Prophets, archangels, seraphim,
To hail thee as a King and Martyr evermore!

When did I reign? the gentle spirit cries.
I am a captive, not a crownèd king.
Last night in a sad tower I closed my eyes.
When did I reign? O Lord, explain this thing.
My father's death still fills my heart with fear.
A cup of gall to me, his son, was given.
I am an orphan. Is my mother here?
I always see her in my dreams of heaven.

The angels answered: God the Wise and Good,
Dear boy, hath called thee from an evil world,
A world that tramples on the Blessed Rood,
Where regicides with ruthless hands have hurled
Kings from their thrones,
And from their very graves have tossed their mouldering bones.

What! is my long, sad, weary waiting o'er?
The child exclaimed. Has all been suffered, then?
Is it quite true that from this dream no more
I shall be rudely waked by cruel men?
Ah! in my prison every day I prayed,
How long, O God, before some help will come?
Oh, can this be a dream? I feel afraid—
Can I have died, and be at last at home?

You know not half my griefs that long sad while;
Each day life seemed more terrible to bear;
I wept, but had no mother's pitying smile,
No dear caress to soften my despair.
It seemed as if some punishment were sent
Through me some unknown sin to expiate.
I was so young—ere knowing what sin meant
Could I have earned my fate?

Vaguely, far off, my memory half recalls
Bright happy days before these days of fear;
Asleep a glorious murmur sometimes falls
Of cheers and plaudits on my childish ear.
Then I remember all this passed away;
Mysteriously its brightness ceased to be;
A lonely, friendless boy I helpless lay,
And all men hated me.

My young life in a living tomb they threw;
My eyes no more beheld the sun's bright beams;
But now I see you angels, brothers, who
So often came to watch me in my dreams.
Men crushed my life in those hard hands of theirs.
But they had wrongs. O Lord, do not condemn!
Be not as deaf as they were to my prayers!
I want to pray for them.

The angels chanted: Heaven's holiest place
Welcomes thee in. We'll crown thee with a star;
Blue wings of cherubim thy form shall grace,
On which to float afar.
Come with us. Thou shalt comfort babes who weep
In unwatched cradles in the world below,
Or bear fresh light on wings of glorious sweep
To suns that burn too low.
The angels paused. The child's eyes filled with tears.
On heaven an awful silence seemed to fall.
The Father spake, and echoing through the spheres
His voice was heard by all.

My love, dear king, preserved thee from the fate
Of earth-crowned kings whose griefs thou hast not known.
Rejoice, and join the angels' happy hymns.
Thou hast not known the slavery of the great;
Thy brow was never bruised beneath a crown,
Though chains were on thy limbs.
What though life's burden crushed thy tender frame,
Child of bright hopes, heir of a royal name!
Better to be
Child of that blessed One who suffered scorn,
Heir of that King who wore a crown of thorn,
Hated and mocked—like thee.

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SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
From his autograph portrait for the Uffizi Gallery, photographed by F. Hollyer.

SOME GLIMPSES OF ARTISTIC LONDON.

IT is a popular fiction that English progress is exceptionally slow, more especially when compared with forward movements in the United States. This view is perhaps even more prevalent in England than in America. In certain things appertaining to the saving of labor, in the encouragement and adoption of new inventions for lubricating the wheels of trade, in the application of the laws of hygiene to hotel management, and in the construction of theatres, the Americans, indeed, advance by bounds, while the English move with tardy step and slow. But there must be taken into account the fact that the mother country has a habit of repose which more or less disguises the rapidity with which some of her changes and improvements march onward. Her greatest social, artistic, and material reforms have been accomplished with the least noise and the smallest amount of friction. It may take her a long time to make up her mind as to the adoption of some new idea, but when she has decided she is neither slow nor uncertain in her action. In this way she possibly makes fewer experiments than her neighbors,

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though now and then she must be credited with changes which, accepted as advances in the path of progress, have unfortunately proved to be steps backward. The reign of stucco in English, more particularly in London, architecture—a tyranny of ugliness only just now being dethroned—marks a period which might well be designated as that of the "mud-pie" order of architecture. The name of Nash will go down to posterity as the interpreter of a spirit of vulgar economy and sham, which found London a city of brick, and left it a city of stucco.

It is in the discovery of errors that England is apt to be tardy; but mistakes or abuses once exposed, we have now and then a habit of vigor which surprises ourselves almost as much as our foreign critics. In nothing have we been more energetic of late years than in the hearty recognition of the errors of our ways in regard to architecture and decoration, or rather in our admission that since stucco came in there has been an interregnum of taste. The art preachers and teachers having fairly demonstrated the fact that we were groaning under a despotism of ugliness, we began to set about dethroning the tyrant, and though as late as a dozen years ago he still clung to possession inside and outside our houses, he is to-day tottering to his fall. Tributes to the new power are set up all over the land, and it is proper that London, which accepted the stucco king, should be most active in its allegiance to the restoration of brick and stone, and most earnest in promoting the new alliance of beauty and utility. It does not come within the compass of this article to tell the story of the revival of artistic taste, but rather to illustrate its very notable existence. One might date its prominent beginning to the Exhibition year of 1851, since which time South Kensington has passed on the torch of knowledge from town to town. Art schools have sprung up all over the land; Lambeth has competed with Worcester, and both with the great potteries of the Continent; Durham and Kidderminster have vied with the carpet looms of Brussels, and the hand-weavers of Persia and Turkey; Birmingham and Sheffield have sought to perpetuate classic models in their metal wares; Manchester, Bradford, and Belfast have consulted the best schools of design and color for their textile fabrics; the illustrated newspapers have given the cottage and the nursery artistic substitutes for poor German prints; famous draughtsmen have adorned the fairy tales and fables of youthful literature with characteristic forms of beauty; the painter has left his garret among the London chimney-pots; and once more English architects and builders are erecting English houses in which all that was useful and picturesque in the "Old Kensington" and "Queen Anne" styles is restored and adapted to our greater knowledge and better sanitary skill, and more or less idealized through the impulse of the reaction that has set in against whitewashing church-wardens and the other Goths and Vandals of the interregnum now happily at an end.

It is fitting that in this paper, which can snatch glimpses of but a few representative features of its wide subject, he should have foremost mention who is not only enthroned by his peers as the official head of English art, but is in some respects the highest example of modern culture, and shows in his life-work that universality which some regard as better and greater than nationalism of aim and purpose. Sir Frederick Leighton's house and studio are notable not only in themselves, but as the centre of an art colony which has been somewhere strikingly described as a red group of artists' houses, like soldiers or clansmen loyally closing round their chief. There is no mistaking the character of Sir Frederick Leighton's house as you approach it by a side street running out of Melbury Road. It presents itself to your understanding at once as the private residence and studio of an artist. I suspect the master would not consider it *infra dig.* if you should credit him with having seen the advantages of the site long before many of his friends, and found his reward thereby in an easy purchase of land. He built his house irrespective of some very humble surroundings, and it is curious to-day to note at his very gate the cottage of a "builder and stone-mason," who still hangs out his sign, in spite of the shadow that falls upon it from over the way, where architect and constructor, as well as designer and draughtsman, and poet and orator, might learn many valuable lessons. A red brick house, with windows deep set and various, with loop-holes here and there, indications of inner stairways, and suggestions of colonnades, and with a

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domed octagon and bays wrought in terra cotta—there is an indescribable air of individuality about the house that marks it as the dwelling of a travelled man who has brought home to his own country many artistic memories.

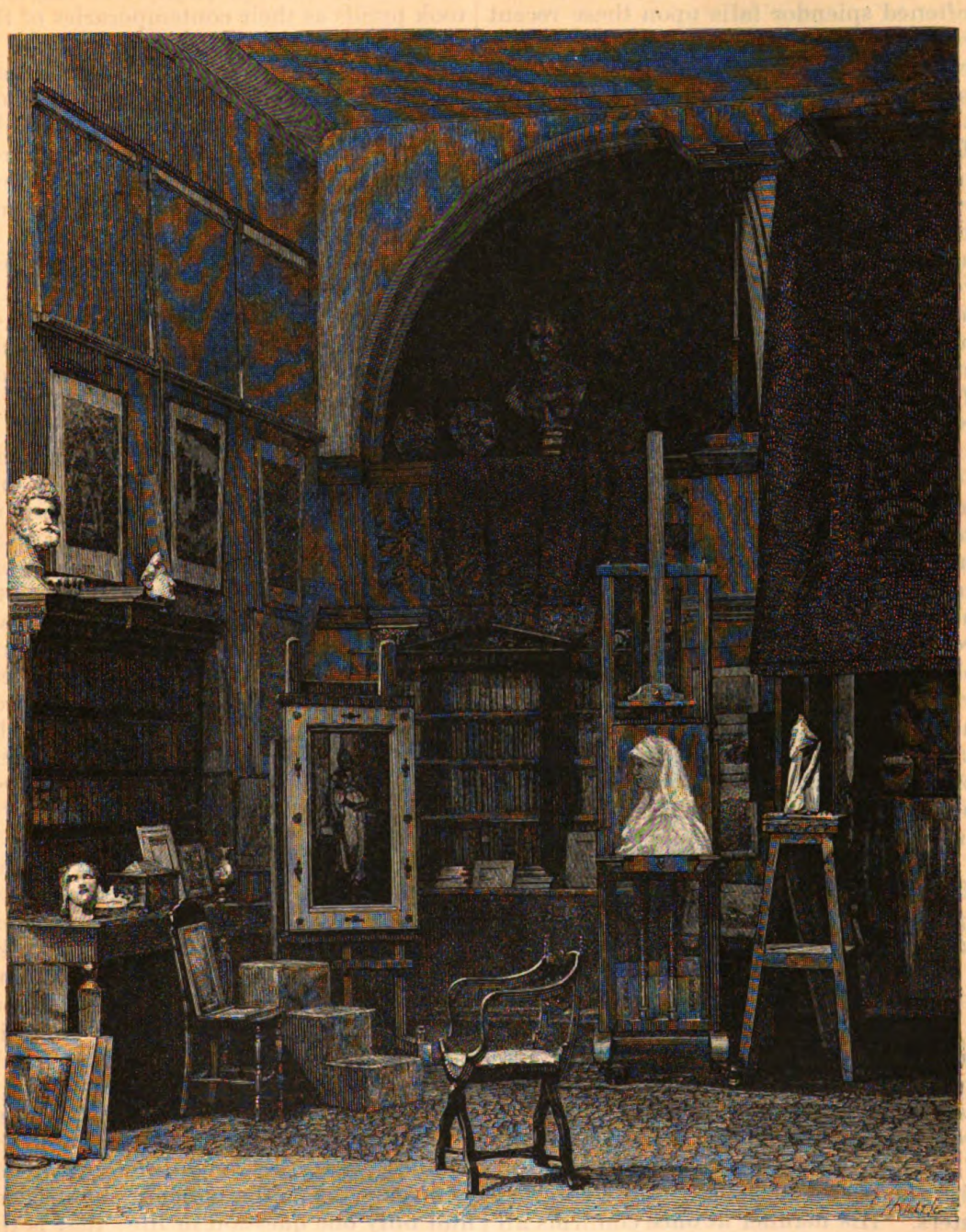
At Sir Frederick Leighton's house the taste of the master reveals itself as you cross the threshold. The entrance hall, or lobby, is decorated in subdued color, a chocolate tone prevailing. A fine drawing of the "Fontana delle Tartarughe" hangs on one side, and some monochromes on the other. The former is the work of Sir Frederick's old Roman master Steinle. Near the door are several reminiscences of the figure studies of Jean Goujon, the sculptor, whose name comes down to us with the double interest of his work and his death. He was one of the victims of the Saint Bartholomew massacre. It is to be noted that in this lobby, which gives upon the central hall, the pictures are examples of black and white, the pavement is mosaic, the doors dead black, decorated with incised scroll-work. The effect is in useful contrast to the inner hall, where one is met by an effect of color in a setting of tiles that eclipses the peacock in azure sheen. Before, however, the eye is fully gratified with this variety of blue lustre, one has to pause and notice that the floor is a dark polished piece of Italian mosaic-work, in the centre of which stands an enormous antique brass pot, from which springs a tall palm. The lowest angle of the staircase is fronted with an inlaid Persian cabinet, upon which is perched a peacock singularly rich in plumage. There is a seat here enriched with olive-amber cushions, and as you look upward, while ascending the staircase to the studio, you find that with all the shimmer of color that made itself manifest at first, the *tout ensemble* impresses you as exquisitely harmonious and pleasant. The hues of the peacock strike a high key, but it is delightfully maintained without incongruity.

There are artists who seem to think that the painter's home is not the place for pictures. The President of the Royal Academy does not think so. One of the staircase walls is given over to a copy of Michael Angelo's cartoon of "Adam." There are many smaller works—several Venetian, bright with color, a head by Tintoretto, and an unfinished painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Approaching the studio door the visitor is arrested by Watts's fine portrait of the master, Leighton's study of the characteristic profile of Captain Burton, a landscape by Signor Costa, a figure subject by Legros, a woman and child by Armstrong (a Manchester man, and for some time a pupil of Ary Scheffer in Paris), and pencil sketches by Wilkie and John Leech. Even these few details between the porch and the entrance to the studio give a broad understanding of the artist's many-sidedness.

The President makes it a point to be "at home" on Sunday afternoons, and he has friends who do not go more religiously to morning service at their churches than to his informal and cordial reception afterward. Pausing at the head of the staircase to have poured into my ear some grateful reminiscences of a young Academy Associate touching the kindnesses he had received at the hands of the master of the house, I pause here also to mention this generous characteristic of the famous painter: whatever the pressure upon his time, he always finds opportunities to give a word of counsel and a friendly hand to struggling workers who show signs of promise or surety of future power. "And," says my friend—who is himself high up on the ladder of fame—"when he begins to drop you, when he no longer looks in, or when he is too busy to give you the old attention, then you may be sure you are getting on, or that he can be of no further use to you, and that he is helping some one else who has more need of his sympathy and advice."

There are two studios in Sir Frederick Leighton's house. It is in his studio proper, his great art workshop, that the master especially reveals himself. The first impression of the place is exactly what one might expect. Your mind travels back in imagination to the studio of one of the princely artists of Italy, to be brought back, however, to these modern days by a touch of nineteenth-century color or some latter-day device of comfort. You are surrounded by sufficient in the way of luxury to suggest the home of a Rubens, a Titian, or a Rembrandt, but I suspect there is an air of elegant refinement and usefulness in this studio of to-day which was absent in perhaps the more regal aspect of the grand studios of those old masters who entertained kings. An artist might live here as well as work, might play the æsthetic hermit and never leave the room except for exercise, so pleasant, so adapted is it to

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LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

intellectual requirements and luxurious ease. Books, pictures, easy-chairs, soft lights, and tempting shadows—the room is furnished with so much taste and care that it is like a room which has been put together carelessly, for work merely when the occupant feels like it, and for recreation and rest when he has worked enough.

One's eye naturally falls first upon that end of the room where the current works of the moment (if it be "Picture Sunday," those waiting to go to the Academy) are arranged for the pleasure of the master's friends. So far as an observer, even a critical one, can see, they may be finished, but so long as they remain here Sir Frederick will touch them and work upon them.

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In a bay-window, where the light in softened splendor falls upon these recent works, may be found illustrations of the secret of the master's genius, which in his case, as in that of so many other geniuses, is the capacity for taking infinite pains. Here is a small group in terra cotta, designed and modelled by the artist for his well-known picture the "Daphnephoria." It is a common practice for this artist to model in clay the figures he puts into his works, and the little group under notice might be antique, the figures are so perfect in detail and so entirely classic in outline and pose. Close by stands a small model of his "Python-slayer." On the wall between the window and the easels is a book-case, chiefly devoted to the works of Goethe in their original language, and to the poets of other lands besides that which gave birth to Shakspeare. Turn your back on the well-filled case if you can, and notice the rich rugs that lie here and there, excellent keys for color, the tables crowded with books and sketches, the portfolios with studies of the figure, nude and draped, the cozy fire at the other end of the room—on one side of the crackling wall's-end a fluffy-looking deep-seated easy-chair, on the other a couch of equal capacity for rest. Further on you notice a screen that partially shuts out a recess, a sort of fanciful alcove, where the artist's tools are kept. The half-domed ceiling is decorated in gold which is rich in many hues of a dead-bronze-like harmony.

Sir Frederick is for the nonce at work in his smaller studio, while we await him in the greater one. Presently there enters an officer of the famous corps of volunteer rifles of which the master is commander. There had been a parade on the previous day. Some important question of military administration in connection with the corps has arisen. Sir Frederick enters. His manner at once confirms all that his friends say in regard to his cordiality. The President of the Academy is a courtier by nature, but he carries his dignity with an easy frankness, and he is too many-sided, too sincere a student, too well-travelled, for any charge of narrowness to hold against him. It is a great thing for art in these days that not only English but universal art is represented by a master who rivals the great ones of the past in the selection of his subjects, in his treatment of them, and in his noble idealization of the profession which he adorns. If modern painters in England took pupils as their contemporaries of the Continent do, Leighton would found a school, a classic rival of Italy; and Millais would be the prophet of the English school, which would count in the foremost ranks such painters as Pettie, Nicol, Orchardson, Fildes, Haynes, Williams, Boughton, Yeames, Long, Marks, Herkomer, and others, who recognize the English idea of stories on canvas, some of whom are especially impressed with the view that it is for them to lay hold on the incidents of our own time, the pictures that lie around them, so that in the future men may look back upon these days through the medium of painted as well as written history.

Seeing him in his academical robes and badge of office, in evening dress, in his military uniform, receiving the guests of the Academy, delivering a post-prandial oration or an address to students, or on parade in Hyde Park, you might come to regard Sir Frederick Leighton as a formalist and disciplinarian. He is very much in earnest about all he does. A courtier, you might think him the embodiment of form and ceremony; an orator, you might fancy he spent his life in thinking out striking similes and rounding sentences; a soldier, you would credit him with "a soul in arms," if not "eager for the fray"; and similarly in his own house you find him the friendliest and heartiest of hosts. He comes upon his guests in the cheeriest way, pleasant, open-handed, eager to make them at home. A little above the medium height, he is gray-headed, and his short beard and mustache are frosted with a silvery hue that adds dignity to the mobile and handsome features. His first duty is military, and it is worth while to notice how thoroughly he flings himself into the business which his subordinate has come to discuss. For the moment there is for him only one question in life; that is the particular subject which is before him in regard to a certain detail of management in connection with the volunteer company of which he is the head. Sitting upon the couch by the fire, he is for some minutes as intent upon his brother officer's story as if honor, fortune, life, depended upon it; and when the point is settled he is just as earnest, of course in a lesser degree, in his pleasant attentions to us, listening to remarks upon art with the deference of one who ignores his own individuality, and offering his own views with a modest

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LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.—Photographed by F. Hollyer.

deference, but none the less satisfied that he knows exactly what he is talking about. His manner is sympathetic, open, frank, unreserved, and it is easy to see that he takes a lively pleasure in his house, and that his mind is large enough to take in the eclecticism of Greek art, the devotionalism of the Mediæval, and the warmth of Orientalism. If the great workers of the past and the noble results of their art have for him a charm beyond everything in the present, there is no evidence in his labors of a blind worship of old masters, but there is every evidence of a desire to understand what was good and great in their methods, and to profit by it.

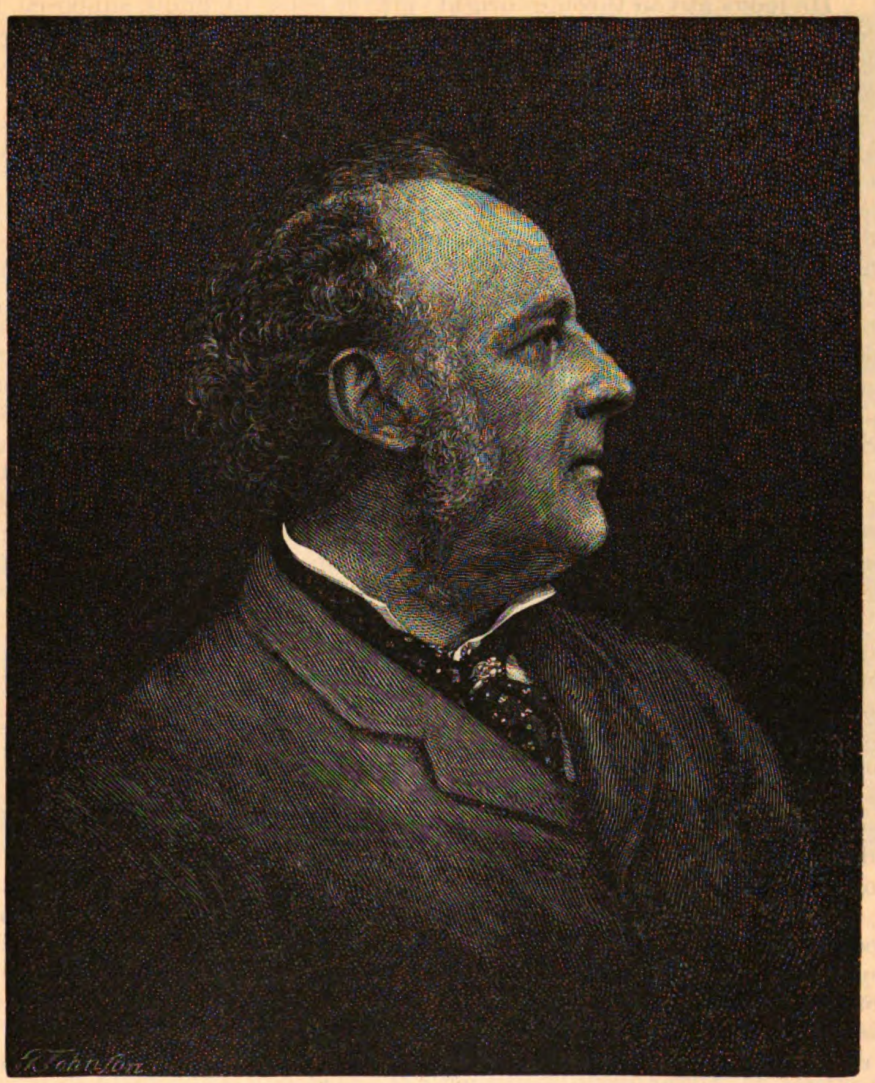
It is a generous grip of the hand that emphasizes "good-by" as we pass into the smaller studio, and descending the stairs once more, as we notice its handsome columns we see that the seat mentioned at the outset is part of a recessed divan, and presently find ourselves in the Arab Hall, which is a dream of Oriental splendors

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dreamed in Kensington. The plan of the place is copied from La Ziza, at Palermo, and you need not go to Cairo, or anywhere else on the Nile or on the Bosporus, to get "infused" with the best influence of Eastern art in decoration so long as the President of the Academy will permit you to study Orientalism in his Arab Hall, soothed by the musical plash of its fountain, and cheered by the gayety of its colored glass and splendid tiles. Sir Frederick has a rare sense of the fitness of things. His dining-room is quiet and unpretentious—too dark, some think—in its decorations. "Froist" is inscribed on the lintel. The floor and walls are painted a dull red. The ornaments are chiefly Persian china and Venetian glass. In the library adjoining there are a grand picture of a doge of Venice, some studies by Ingres, drawings of Canova's "Venus," etchings by Legros, and drawings by Prinsep, Watts, and Alfred Stevens; and the excellent plan of having a fire-place beneath a window is adopted with good effect. The drawing-room, which, like the apartments just mentioned, is entered from the ground-floor (the doors giving upon the inner hall previously mentioned), is a cheerful-looking apartment. This strikes one particularly in contrast with the dining-room. It has, however, a certain air of formality, perhaps; or is it the knowledge that the owner is a bachelor which suggests a something lacking? There are no flowers, no suggestions of embroidery in process, nor any other indications of a woman's presence. With the exception of what an actor would call a "property" lyre or guitar, there is not a musical instrument in the house. All the melodies and harmonies of the place are in the colors of its decorations and in its art treasures. A room which boasts of pictures by Constable, David Cox, and Corôt may do well without flowers or pianos, and more especially when one can contemplate from its bay-window a lovely English lawn of velvet-like grass shut in "from the rude world" by a belt of old English trees, through which are seen the red coats of that group of artists' houses, the soldiers or clansmen that are rallying to the support of their chief—a simile for which I find Mrs. Caddy, the author of *Lares and Penates*, must be credited.

Turning out of the narrow way that leads to the famous house of the Arab Hall, we are in Melbury Road, and facing us is one of the most typical houses of this artists' quarter. There is nothing more grateful to the eye in these modern days than the red brick buildings which are dotting the town in all directions, springing up in all parts of the great city. Mr. Norman Shaw has designed and erected most of the houses of that red company behind Sir Frederick's palace, of which, as we enter Melbury Road, the abode of Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., stands to the front, as if in command, though the colony domiciles such distinguished and successful men as Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Collin Hunter, Mr. Marks, Mr. Burger, and others. Fildes is, in the broadest sense of the term, a representative artist of the day, a typical product of those very schools of art I have mentioned. Educated and created as a painter since South Kensington raised its first easel and sent out its first missionary, Fildes was a boy in Lancashire when a section of the London press was ridiculing the pretensions of South Kensington. It is the lot of all great reformers to be laughed at and contemned at the outset. The aspiring Lancashire lad went to the first art school that was opened in his neighborhood. Having graduated in design, he had soon outlearned the teacher, and he travelled further afield to a more ambitious school in a larger town. In a few years he fought his way to London, and passed the portals of the Academy schools, earning his living meanwhile by drawing on the wood for various publications. He found the careful work required by the engravers a help to his severer studies at the Academy, and both advanced together. By the time he had achieved the upper life school he had made a reputation as a draughtsman on wood. In the early days of *Once a Week*, which commanded the best artistic talent in London, having on its staff Millais, Gilbert, Birket Foster, and Tenniel, Luke Fildes held a prominent place; and when Bradbury and Evans were casting about for an artist to illustrate Victor Hugo's *L'Homme Qui Rit*, I had the satisfaction to suggest the clever young *Once a Week* draughtsman, and the further satisfaction of having to convey to him the expression of Victor Hugo's compliments on his graceful and striking interpretations of the great fictionist's characters and scenes. There are now lying before me proofs of the artist's first drawings of the mutilated

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J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—Photographed by A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam, Scotland.

hero, evidences of his obstinate earnestness. It was contended on my side that Gwinplane's face should never be shown in the illustrations. This opinion, I remember, was enforced with many and weighty arguments; but Fildes, as a conscientious interpreter of the story, and with a sense of the realistic strong within him, contested the necessity of endeavoring to realize the terrible face, and thus enforcing it as the grim factor Hugo made of it in his strange romance. He had his way, and under the circumstances the compliments of the illustrious French author were of special weight. Later on in his career he was selected by the master of English fiction, Dickens, to illustrate his last story, *Edwin Drood*, the author being induced to invite his collaboration through the strong impression of power which he found in a *Graphic* picture by Fildes, the origin of the greater work which afterward took the town by storm, "The Casual Ward." Fildes is well known in America, not only on account of the exhibition of this work at Philadelphia, but for the *Edwin Drood* drawings, "The Empty Chair at Gadshill," and his "Betty," which is a popular engraving in the United States.

It is an open, honest, earnest face that turns toward me with a pleasant smile as I enter the spacious studio of the successful young Associate. Lancashire born

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and bred, Luke Fildes stands firmly on his feet. He looks at you through bright gray eyes, set well apart beneath a square brow. He wears a short-cropped beard and mustache, the latter not interfering with the outlines of a generous and sensitive mouth. It is no mere flattery to say that he is a handsome man, and in saying so one pauses to remember that many of the leading English artists are peculiarly "well favored" by nature, notably Leighton, Millais, Herkomer, and the painter at present more immediately under notice. Fildes is one of the most successful of our young artists. He has come to the front with as firm, steady, and sure an advance as Herkomer, and he is destined to hold possibly a higher place as a characteristic English painter, a representative of the school that loves to tell domestic and historical stories on canvas.

"I have just read an attack on schools of art," I say, as he motions me to a seat and continues his work, "in which the writer contends that they do harm in introducing people into the practice and profession of art who have no faculty for it, and are therefore wasting time."

"Yes, I think I have seen the article. The answer is very simple. Many persons are no doubt induced to begin art studies on account of the great facilities now offered, some of them no doubt without the necessary qualifications for success. But they will soon discover their mistake, or if not, the fact that they do not get on will prompt them to take up some other branch of industry. But their efforts will have done them no harm, and everybody can not come to the front. The usefulness of schools of art in our generation can not be overestimated. Their local influences in provincial districts have a humanizing tendency which is of the highest importance. People who do not care about politics, and who have no taste for theological and other controversial subjects, find the art school interesting; and those who are opposed to each other on public questions meet here on neutral ground; and insensibly the local magnates who are active in administering the affairs of the district become instruments in the promotion of an improved taste in art, which is already seen in the decoration of their houses and in the pictures they hang on their walls."

While we talk the artist is engaged upon a composition in black and white for the illustration of a novel. His model for one of the author's characters is standing, prayer-book in hand, supposed to be on her way from church. I notice with what consideration the artist treats her, how often he allows her to rest, and with what painstaking care and minuteness he introduces her into the rural group which he is depicting.

"Talk of questioning the value of schools of art," he says, as his model goes into the adjoining room for luncheon—"look at this!"

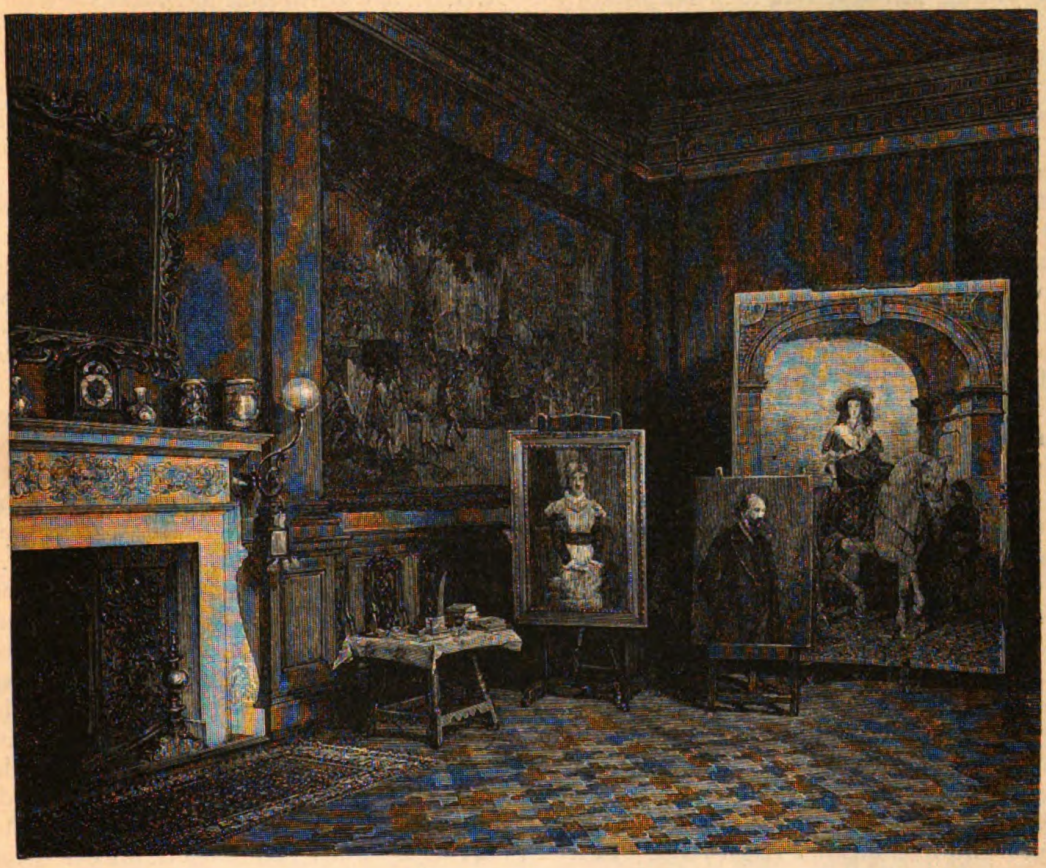
He takes from his book-case a copy of Caldicott's nursery book *The Mad Dog*, and asks if that would ever have been produced but for schools of art; and then we drift into a discussion of his more important pictures, and I find him enthusiastic in regard to the mission of the painter. His Muse has nothing morbid in her song; her promptings are akin to the inspiration which tinged the brushes of Reynolds and Wilkie, and fired the souls of Defoe and Dickens.

"My idea in painting 'The Reformed Penitent,'" he says, "was to contrast the way in which the Prodigal is received and the home-returning of the penitent woman who has been led astray. There is no forgiveness for the erring sister; she goes back to her native village to find nothing but desolation, a ruined home, a cold, unsympathetic stare of wonder and indignation even from her once dear friends. Surely there is something wrong in this; anyhow, it is very pathetic, and I have tried to put it on record."

How touchingly he has done so all will remember who saw the work: the desolate cottage, the wretched girl prone upon her face in its shadow; the village awakened to her presence; the gossips telling each other of her return; the only individual in the entire crowd who is not thinking or talking of her being a little child, whose first ambition in life is to get upon the back of the great cart-horse which his father is driving home. The story is as admirably told as those of "The Casual" and "The Widower." There is no artist who takes a broader or more sensible view of his profession, none with a more honest admiration for English art, or a greater faith in its splendid destiny, than Luke Fildes.

Turning back toward the heart of London from this new art colony of Melbury Road, we reach, on the other edge of Old

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MILLAIS'S STUDIO.

Kensington, the home of John Everett Millais, who, national in his inspiration and national in his works, lives in the high esteem of his fellows, and is to-day the very head and front of the English school of painting.

It is a remarkable career of success, that of the painter of "The Boyhood of Raleigh" and "Chill October." An infant phenomenon in art, he passed unscathed through the perils of a strange precocity. A seeker after truth, he entered the shadow and the valley of pre-Raphaelitism, and came forth not only unharmed, but stronger for his wanderings. Born in the leafy month of June, fifty-four years ago, his pencil drawings at the age of eight were sufficiently striking to greatly astonish the President of the Royal Academy of that day. At nine he won a silver medal of the Society of Arts, and at sixteen he was the author of a historical painting, "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro," which was hung with distinction on the walls of the Royal Academy. At twenty he joined the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," which until his accession consisted prominently of Dante Gabriel Rossetti the poet, Holman Hunt the painter, Woolner the sculptor, Coventry Patmore the poet and essayist. A protest against conventionalism in art, this school split upon the very rock which it started to avoid. Nothing more conventional ever saw the light in the history of art than the works of the pre-Raphaelites. Their motto was "Truth," and the details of their pictures came out as if the spectator had viewed them through a microscope. Their motto was "Truth," and yet they saw no beauty in man nor woman. Under their inspiration Millais painted a sentimental picture entitled "The Woodman's Daughter," and the village maiden was positively ugly. It is not necessary to dwell upon these anomalies of a school which had a foundation of good, and which undoubtedly proved a

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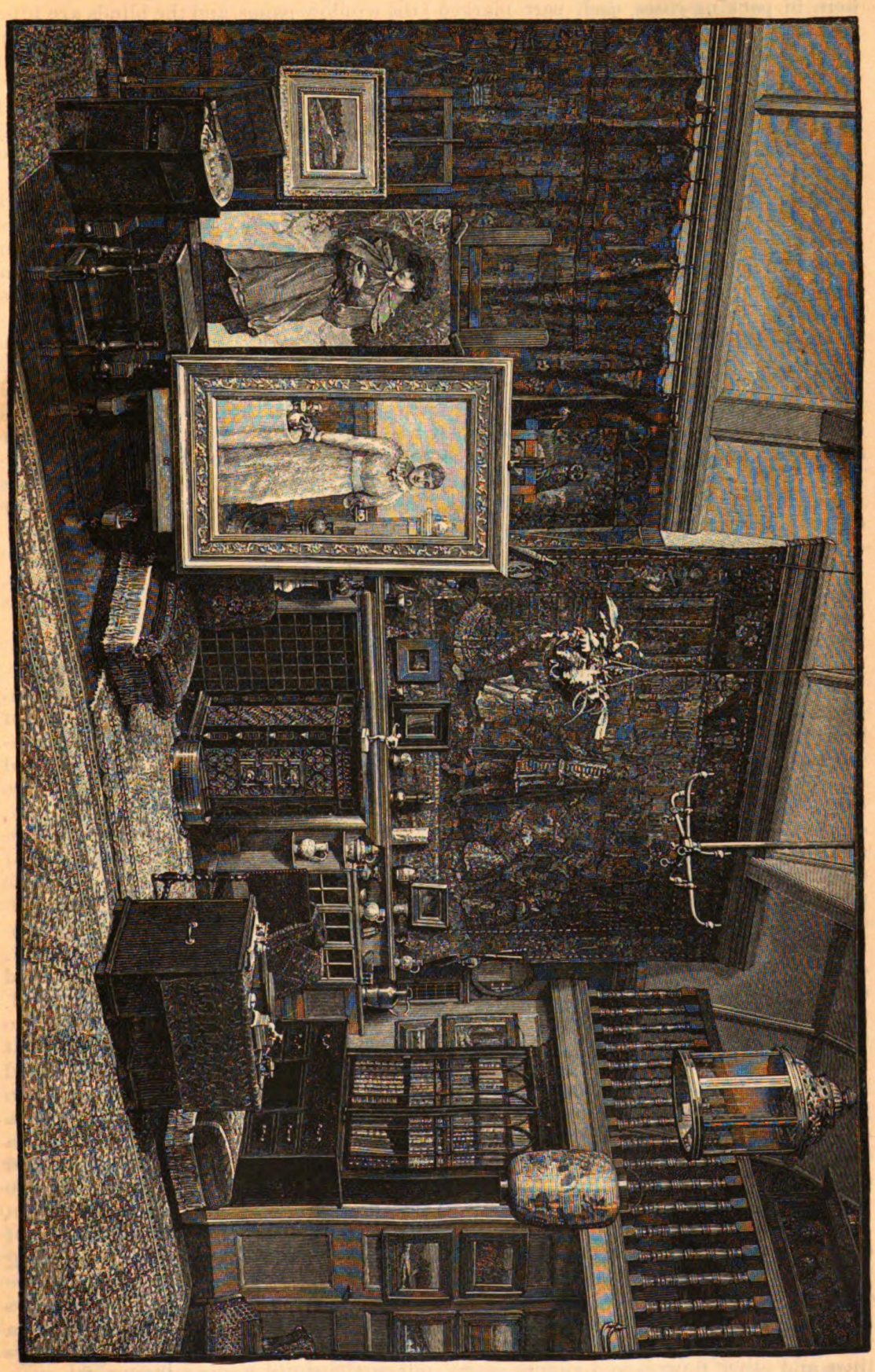
useful training for the conscientious brush of young Millais; but it is fortunate for English art that eventually Millais flung from him the shackles of a narrow Mediævalism of style and color, and turned his back upon "Christ in the House of His Parents," with its realistic shavings and its ascetic figures, to paint "The Order of Release," "The Northwest Passage," "Chill October," and "The Cuckoo"—examples of a healthy inspiration as robust in their grand breadth of treatment as they are perfect in *technique* and true to nature. "The Cuckoo" is a poet's dream of English childhood; "Chill October," a dirge for dead summer-time, sung in gusty moanings by swaying reeds that shiver in the autumn winds.

In his house, as in his pictures, Mr. Millais has discarded every affectation of art and knowledge. Neither the shadow of the pre-Raphaelite nor the intensity of the so-called æsthete disturbs the general air of unpretentious prosperity that characterizes his handsome house at Palace Gate. It might be the residence of an opulent merchant of good taste, so far as any special idiosyncrasies of style or appearance go, with the exception of that tall northernmost window that looks out upon the Kensington High-road, and that great "roomy" studio which it lights within. A magnificent apartment is this same studio, worthy of the man and his art—a lofty, spacious, impressive room, its dull red walls literally covered with tapestry. The mantel-piece is a block of carved marble. Above it hangs a portrait by Murillo. A polished floor amply covered with soft carpets and rugs; a few cabinets; a platform for models; a majolica pedestal for vases or flowers; a blazing fire on the hearth, the light of which dwells lovingly upon a rich rug—and this is the famous painter's workshop. How the painter's appearance and manner were characteristic of his work would have struck the most careless observer. A frank, robust, fresh-looking English gentleman, above the medium height, sturdy of build, broad of shoulder, a complexion suggestive of breezy downs and hills, a rich mellow voice, and a manner that of a county lord, master of fox-hounds, and owner of a thousand acres in the Midlands.

As one example of the modern artists' homes of London, one of the earliest of them is West House, Campden Hill, built by Norman Shaw for George H. Boughton, A.R.A., in the internal decoration of which the artist and his wife have expended much cultured taste, a wide study of the picturesqueness of England in the days of William III., Queen Anne, and the early Georges, and a current knowledge of the fine old furniture and decorations that still adorn many a delightful nook and corner of the Netherlands. Entering Campden Hill from the Notting Hill Gate side, you suddenly come upon a red brick oasis in the architectural desert—a house with crow-step gables and seventeenth-century windows that might in some sense find a parallel in a poem by Herrick dropped into the midst of a *Times* money article; for its due proportions are dwarfed and hidden by the hard stony wall of the local water-works, the tall chimney of which stands out in grim lines against the sky.

Pushing back a quaint pair of hammered iron gates, you pull at a handle that might have hung by a convent wicket, you raise a knocker that has surely come from the door of a painter's house in the days and country of Rubens, and you are in a lobby that gives upon the hall of the house. The staircase opens upon it, as do the three reception or living rooms. The hall is a small room itself, and is often used for afternoon tea in summer days. The floor is a piece of Florentine mosaic, chiefly black and white. "It was laid by five Italian noblemen," says Boughton, who joins me while I am taking note of it, assuming the air of the professional guide so dear to the humorous fancy of Mark Twain—"at least they behaved as such, and they sang operas night and morning." I ventured a remark as to the expense. "As you are really going to write about it," says my host, "it is worth while to mention that those things that are beautiful are not necessarily dear, and that as a fact they are often very cheap. An oil-cloth for this floor would have cost me twenty pounds; the mosaic only cost eighty, and it will last forever." It has also the advantage of being firm and pleasant to the foot, and is never the worse for any amount of cleansing. The design is simple and effective. "You know how they make it?" asks the master of the house, as he leaves me once more to wander about at my own pleasure. "The bits of marble are fastened upon sheets of paper according to a plan and design previously settled upon, and are then sent over

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BOUGHTON'S STUDIO.

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here in packing-cases, each part marked ready for laying down. This preliminary work is done by prisoners in Italy; the finishing process, as I said before, by noblemen, who sing entire operas during the process."

The hall is panelled in wood painted two tints of Indian red, the wall above being a pale dull salmon-color. There is a velvet couch in the hall, an ornamental heater or stove, a cabinet of old china, a palm in a delf pot, and a few etchings and monochromes upon the walls. The general effect is cool and pleasant. The three rooms which open from the hall may be, and often are, used *en suite*, being separated by doors or curtains which are arranged in such a way as to make artistic breaks upon the whole when opened as one long saloon. The first is the Yellow, the second the Blue, and the third the Gold Room. Let me say at the outset that in mentioning these primary colors the reader is not expected to think of them in their positive boldness. Neutral tints are chiefly meant, though here and there crops out a bit of strong color. The first room is a successful attempt to deal with pinks and blues, which predominate in frieze and wall, held in check by golden panels with decorative sketches of the Seasons. The furniture is black, picked out lightly with dull gold, and the ornaments are chiefly Venetian glass. The dado is painted a brown amber, the tones of which are repeated in various cushions and in the portière. The furniture is chiefly Chippendale. Drawing aside a pair of yellow satin hangings embroidered in Japan, you step into the Blue Room, which is one of the most charming of bijou parlors, with a fire-place that is a delightful combination of the useful and the beautiful. You go to it at once. It is practically a cabinet for bric-à-brac, with a fire-place in the centre of it. The wainscot is high, and, like the fire-place, is painted on the flat a light greenish-blue, so smooth and delicate that it might be china. Above it are hung some notable etchings, some of them from Mr. Boughton's own work, one of them notably "The Waning of the Honeymoon," another "Hester Prynne," the latter the work of an American publisher, and an exquisite specimen of the art now once more popular, one of the many happy revivals of the time. Delicate sketches of lilies and other flowers and plants adorn the window-panes, and the blinds are blue silk. Striking effects are got out of deep blue plaques on the fire-place, and on a side table there is a handful of wall-flowers in a delf bowl. Chippendale and Adam furniture prevails, the latter being more particularly prominent in a couple of china cabinets and a handsome bookcase. Possibly, in considering this kind of inventory, which only sets forth points of note, the reader may imagine that I am describing what is, after all, only a room for show, and not a room for use. This is not so. You never lose the idea of comfort in Boughton's house. The sofas are made to loll upon, the chairs to sit in, and there is no suggestion that you may spoil anything. Beauty goes hand in hand with usefulness in every room, and the owner might have spent double the money upon both furniture and decorations without inspiring half so much confidence in this respect, and certainly without adding to the picturesqueness of this suite of rooms, elegant enough for a prince, useful enough for the humblest of his *ménage*.

The third, or Amber Room, is the dining-room. Having regard to the harmonious effect of the decoration, an investigation of the details of it is full of surprises. Spanish leather, old oak, India matting, gold and brass, are all used upon dado and walls, with here and there a paper panel deftly worked in. The general tone is a soft amber, though you are not conscious of any particular color that calls for notice; the effect is full of repose and rest, and this in spite of a large old-fashioned window, with panels of sunflowers and lilies on a rich blue ground. Up in the frieze of the room two painted circular windows are placed with excellent effect, especially as they appear to compete in form with the plaques that are hung here and there in well-selected places. The white cloth laid for luncheon upon an oval Chippendale table, with a tinted centre cloth in the middle, and a somewhat motley service of glass and china, with a bowl of daffodils on one side and a button-hole of hyacinths on the other; one of the illuminated panels of the window open, and the sun streaming in; a rich Persian rug by the fire-place absorbing all the bright light that reaches it—the picture is one to remember as a pleasant sensation. A few paintings adorn the walls, among them a fine por-

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GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

trait of Boughton by Pettie, and in an out-of-the-way corner is a handsome cabinet daintily decorated by the artist himself. There are some fine pieces of china here and there, and a fine effect of harmonious color is obtained by looking along the entire suite of apartments to the bay-window that lights the Yellow Room.

The Indian red dado of the hall is continued along the open staircase to the studio, and where the staircase is not filled in with windows, the walls are panelled in fine old Beauvais tapestry. On the way to the studio one pauses to inspect a pretty little "snuggery," or resting-place, the walls covered with a matting dado, between which and a frieze of the pretty reedy flower known as flag is a distemper of brownish-yellow. There is a tiny

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window of a pretty design, and such furniture as the room contains is old marquetry.

Boughton's is just the studio we can imagine it to have been the dream of his life to build and to furnish. His art is human and tender; it deals chiefly with the gentle and domestic side of life; it has in it an element of the poetry of Longfellow, and is capable of portraying the patient sweetness of Hawthorne's woman of *The Scarlet Letter;* it is in sympathy with the gray English landscapes and village comedies, and is at home with the simple humor and humble courtships of Dutch fishermen and Friesland maidens; it revels in the detail of a Hollander's costume as well as in the grass-grown wharves and picturesque barges of the dead cities. Comedy and tragedy go on close together in real life, and if Boughton steps aside from the bowl and dagger, he has nevertheless shown sufficient dramatic power for a strong theme, as witness his "Pilgrims going to Church," the sedate force of several of his illustrations of peasant life in Brittany, and the gloom of his Hester Prynne on a mission of mercy to a house stricken with the plague.

As I enter his studio, one end (the north) nearly filled with a window, the other with a gallery, like the place for the musicians in an old banqueting room, and an alcove of cushions beneath it, I find the master intently at work, his model for the Friesland skating girl posed more particularly for the head. His touches were of the lightest and finest, and as often made with the tip of his little finger as with his brush.

"The finger is sensitive," he says, as if I had asked a question. "There can be no rule for its application; just a touch and go, the effect of which is more or less accidental, more or less knack, a sort of instinct."

"Something more than instinct," I suggest, "is required to deal with a palette so full of color."

"There is nothing that requires so many colors for its representation as the human face," he answers. "You can not lay the brush upon a part of this palette that has not been used on this face."

He was putting in the shadow of the dainty under lip, and it was a lesson to see how deftly he flecked off its redundance and softened the edges of it with his finger.

"It is very entertaining to see an artist at work," I remark, for want of a better thought at the moment. "What a delightful contrast to that of an author at work, or a poet, even when his eyes are in a fine frenzy rolling!"

"But the author has the advantage," he answers, "in having people all over the world contemplating his pictures at the same time."

Boughton works as though he is indeed engaged upon a labor of love, stepping back now and then to see the effect of those touches he is pleased to call accidental, but which are strokes of technical skillfulness.

"And in the case of a landscape," he says, taking me by the arm, "look here. I open the door; I walk out to the very head of the staircase; and I can see my work as far away as you can get from it at the Academy."

This is a great advantage, and it is only one of the points which have entered into the artist's calculation in the designing of his workshop. There is no kind of light he can not command—north or south, high or low, straight light or cross light. The walls of the room are a warm gray in color, not distempered, nor painted, nor papered, but the plaster colored in process of mixing—the artist's own idea, and one that may yet lead to some interesting changes in regard to the decoration of walls. On the west side of the room is an alcove just sufficient to hold a comfortable settee, and display some fine rugs upon the floor and a golden ceiling. The most gratifying bits of color in the studio are seen in the Persian, Turkish, and other rugs that find suitable places for both use and ornament on floor, couches, and chairs. A small but well-filled book-case, a writing-desk, and shelves full of pamphlets, papers, magazines, works in miscellaneous literature, French and English, give an air of sociability to the room. A bust of Dante on a pedestal, a rough sketch of the bird sacred to Minerva, a Japanese cabinet, a bit of old blue from Delft, and other miscellaneous incidents of decoration are accidentally, as it were, dropped here and there into the general story; and the tapestry of the staircase is repeated here and there in the gallery at the south end and on the eastern wall. A work-room, living-room, recreation-room, reception-room, is this sensibly furnished studio, in which Mr. Boughton gives form and color to his elaborate studies.

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"I notice that you make many and careful sketches," I remark.

"Yes, I have note-books full of them—sketches, studies, and memoranda, though I rarely refer to them afterward," he replies. "The fact that I have them, can lay my hand upon them at any time, seems to be sufficient; and in treatment, though perhaps not in spirit, I invariably depart wholly from my first suggestions and sketches for picture subjects."



ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.—Photographed by F. Hollyer.

Boughton is an artist whom two countries claim. He was brought from England to Albany, New York, by his parents when four years old, opened his studio there at sixteen, and grew up as an American artist. He enjoys thus the unusual distinction of being an N.A. and an A.R.A.

At work Boughton as a rule wears an ordinary gray suit of clothes with a velvet cap, and is never put out by the companionship of a familiar friend, even when absorbed in one of the difficulties of his

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labors. He is as genial as many of his latter-day subjects, notably one upon his easel at my visit, a buxom young Dutch-woman running the gauntlet of the idle badinage of half a dozen sailors or bargemen smoking their pipes on the sunny side of a canal quay wall. It is an uncommon face the artist turns toward you, marked with lines of thought, the brown eyes partially hidden while he is at work by spectacles, the mouth by a brown mustache.

The model is presently dismissed with kindly words, and we sit down to coffee and cigarettes. "You were speaking of artists' houses," says Boughton—"why should we not have handsome places? The old masters, so much, and many so deservedly, worshipped, had. Teniers had a fine place; so had Rubens; so had Wouvermans. Rembrandt's pictures of studios show one that it was a common thing for the artists of his time to have magnificent places. Paul Veronese had a lovely house; but Roberts the best of all. Holbein did not paint in a garret, but at Whitehall and Hampton Court. Look at the surroundings of Velasquez, as conveyed in his own and contemporary works, and also at Raphael. Titian's house is a show place even to-day. Sir Joshua Reynolds lived in fine style in Leicester Square; Hogarth was handsomely lodged; Benjamin West had several galleries attached to his house in Newman Street. There is no want of precedent for artists to have suitable houses and fine studios, and precedent is a great matter in England. Thank goodness, the garret era is passed both for writers and painters—passed with the Georges and their narrow days!"

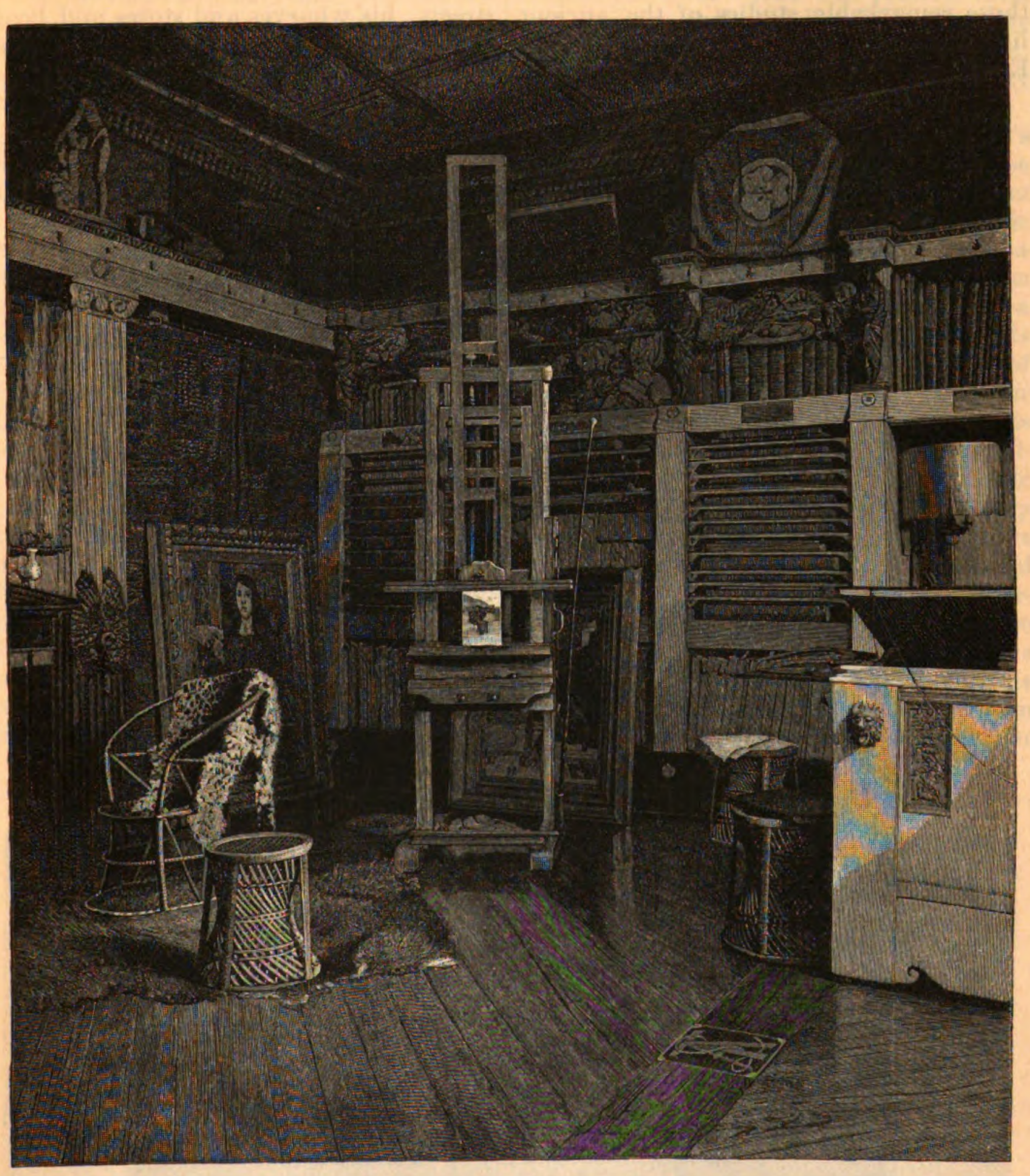
I mention the so-called æsthetic movement, and after the expression of regrets at the misuse of a word full of noble significance, Boughton remarks:

"People forget the commercial value of the movement, its influence on trade and manufactures. For example: we used to go to France for stuffs and paper-hangings and dyes; we not only do so no longer, but France is coming to us for these very things. As for the brick houses which are now being built, they are eminently suitable to the climate. It is perhaps a misnomer to call them Queen Anne; we use the term to cover a long series of years. The modern artistic house might be called Norman Shaw's adaptation of the best features of Flemish, Dutch, old English, Queen Anne, to our climate and to our modern requirements."

Mrs. Boughton occasionally annexes the studio for social gatherings and receptions. Forbes lectured here on the eve of his American tour. A fancy ball forms another agreeable reminiscence of the place, and then the gallery was occupied by musicians. This utilization of studios for the purposes of society reunions is a pleasant feature of artistic London, varied as it is by smoking parties in bachelors' quarters and weekly "evenings."

Among the notable "at homes" of London, for instance, are the Tuesdays' at Mr. Alma-Tadema's, Townshend House, near the North Gate, Regent's Park, where the artist's amiable wife charmingly presides over a house which is unique in its repetition of many of the bits of detail which are so lovingly rendered in the painter's best works. The light in this quarter of London and at Hampstead falls earlier upon the many north windows constructed to receive it, and dwells longer in its gentle merging into night than at Kensington. The Regent's Park and St. John's Wood district have always been favorite localities both for art and literary workers. One recalls among the famous residents of this neighborhood, Landseer, Douglas Jerrold, George Eliot, Tom Hood, Shirley Brooks, Hepworth Dixon, besides many distinguished vocalists, notably Mlle. Titiens and Mr. Santley. Mr. Alma-Tadema takes great delight in the furnishing and ornamentation of his house. An ordinary and somewhat commonplace London residence, he has converted it into a perfect art gem, every bit of it a study and an example of his great knowledge, his love of antiquities, and his cultivated taste. He has entirely transformed the interior, even to reconstructing the staircases, and building into one of the rooms a groined roof to suit his furnishing. This is what he calls the Panel Room, or, as his friends have christened it, "the Burgomaster's Room"—a perfect little Dutch interior, windows, panelling, seats, floor, jugs, and all, with a sofa upon which you feel inclined to sit and dream of the days of Van Tromp and the Dutch battles for freedom, of the grand old burgomasters and their robust wives, and of Holland's triumphs over sea and wind, that are even greater than her glorious struggles against Spain. One steps from this room presently into

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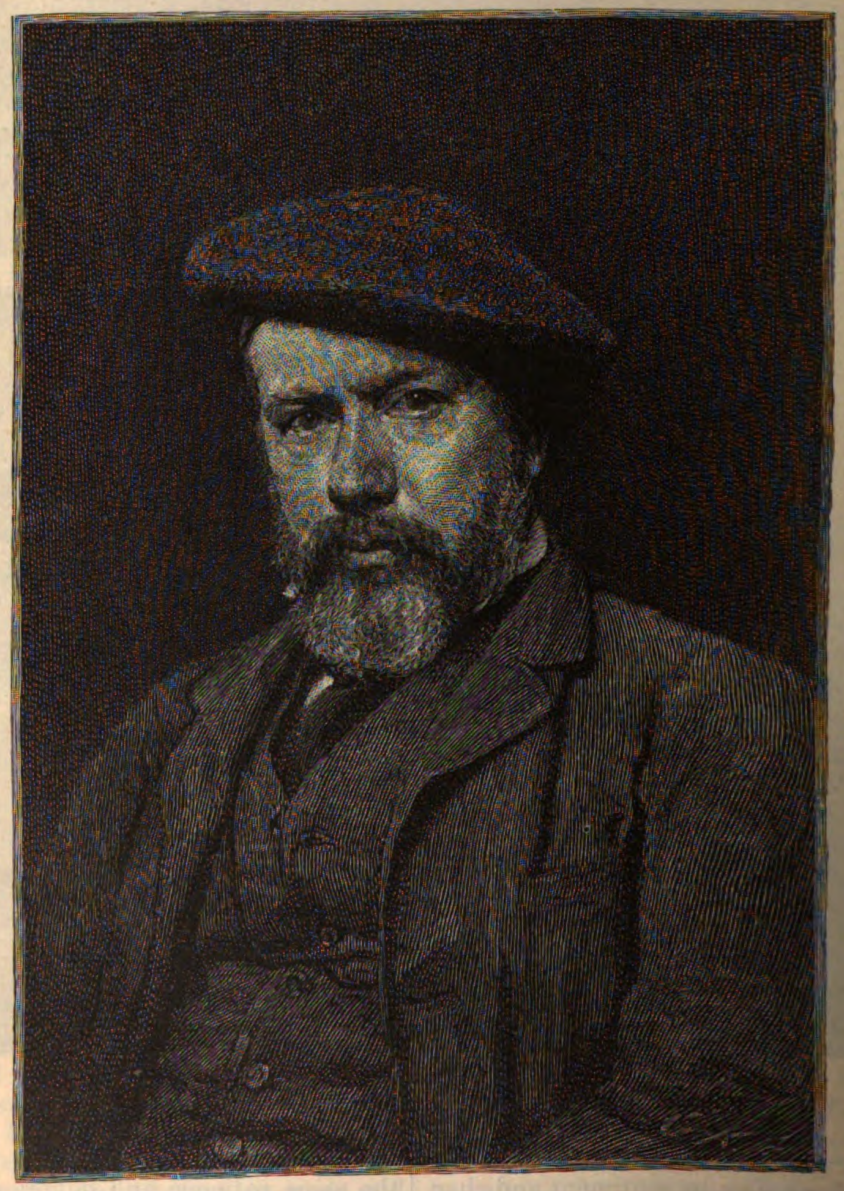
ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

others as far away in sentiment and character from the Dutch as Persia is from the Hague, or Venice from Mexico. It would be impossible in the space of this paper to even indicate the artistic treasures, apart from the novel furniture and decorations, which are crowded into Townshend House, and for a time one feels that they are crowded, but this impression goes as one examines the house leisurely. Whatever the style of decoration that characterizes any particular room, it is carried out with a knowledge of its best features, and with the same patience and devotion to truth which the artist puts into his pictures, be his subject an Egyptian theme of three thousand years ago, an audience at Agrippa's, or a reminiscence of Marathon.

Artist friends have not unfrequently noticed with surprise as they look a second time on some work in progress that the artist has painted out some elaborate incident of life or color with which he was dissatisfied. He is never content to doubt; his work must be correct and true from his own stand-point, or it does not leave

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his studio. He lays his plans for one of those remarkable studies of the ancient life of Greecé or Rome or Pompeii or Egypt, which are the delight of students familiar to him as Regent and Bond streets; his wharves and stores and boats are better known to him possibly than their nineteenth-century successors.



JOHN PETTIE, R.A.—Photographed by F. Hollyer.

of history as well as art connoisseurs, with the carefulness of the designer of a ship or the architect of a palace. There is not a detail of marble, brick, or wood in his pictures, either as to its purpose, use, color, weight, that he can not explain to you, just as he also can the texture and quality of the dresses, the character and offices of his people. His streets are in his mind as

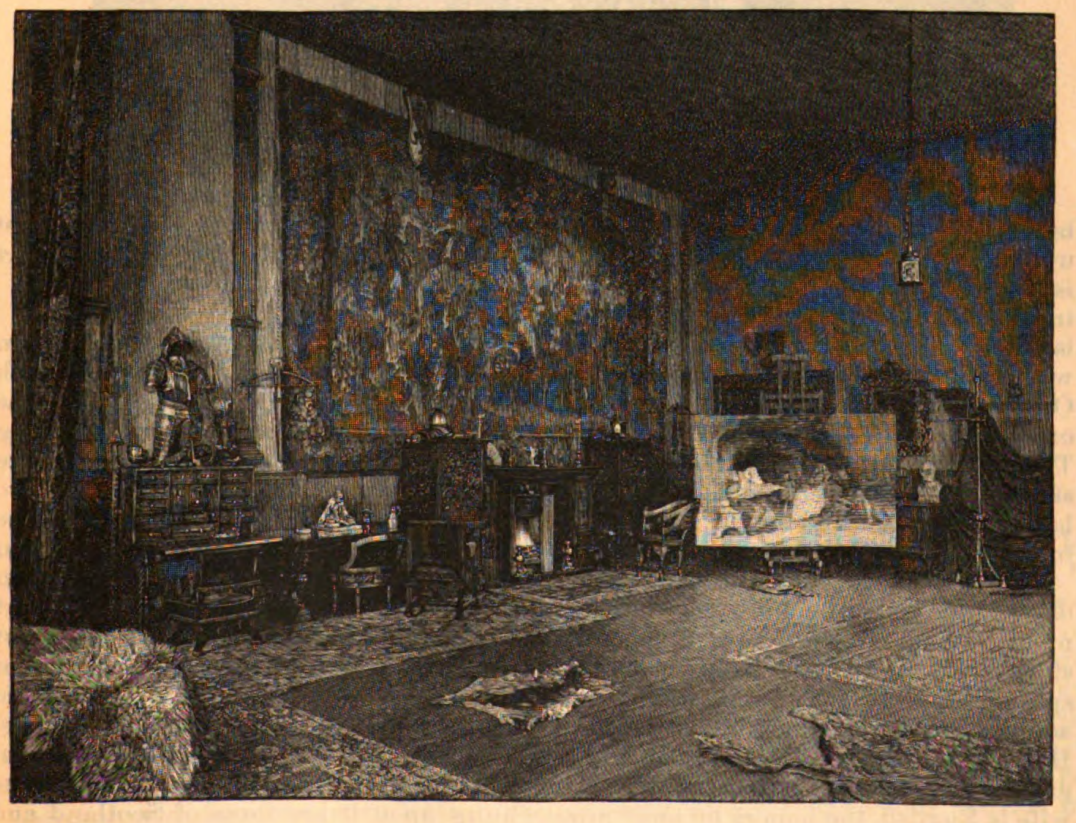
I recall seeing upon his easel a partly finished picture of a Pompeiian festival, with a distant view of a street of the period—the Regent Street of the classic city, with its shops and its people. A gig of the time is being driven along. It is going from us, and the horse really is going, though only its legs are to be seen beneath the carriage.

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"I put them in last week," said the artist, laughing. "It was in this way: driving in a hansom to Brompton, a greengrocer's cart came out of a street ahead, the horse galloping. I could only see the back of the cart and the lower part of the horse's legs. I took note of it all the way. It turned off into a street close to the house I was going to. I jumped out, and I said, 'Give me a bit of paper'; I had a pencil. I put down the result of my observations as fast as I could—my friends thought I had gone a little mad—and the horse's legs before you are those of the animal in the grocer's cart; but I think I must work them out a little more. Oh yes, and the floor in the foreground is not half done. I fear I will never finish."

He speaks with lively animation and full of earnestness, the excitement of his drive behind the grocer's cart in his voice, the momentary dejection of his reflection that he will never finish his work also. But he is cheered by the encouraging words of a sympathetic friend whose own experience enables him to appreciate the difficulties already overcome; and in due course the new works will receive their last touches, and go down to posterity among the best examples of his easel. Fancy that London cart linking to-day with the classic life of Pompeii!

You might lose Mr. Alma-Tadema's studio in one of the big studios in the same way that Americans often say you might drop England into one of their lakes, or lose it in one of their forests—a characteristic suggestion of comparisons of size. It is a small square room with a bay-window to the north, and the easels fixed right in the light, in the very eye of day. The light is never too strong for Tadema. You may inspect his details with a glass, and find them clear and definite; and though he paints his marble without reflections, you can see the very grain of it, and feel sure that if you broke it you would see the crystalline sparkle of the fragments. After passing up a staircase, which is decorated with a fluted dado of some soft material of a dull hue, above which hang photographs of many of the artist's works, you enter the studio. On your left is a white marble counter or



PETTIE'S STUDIO.

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HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.—From a drawing by Herman Herkomer.

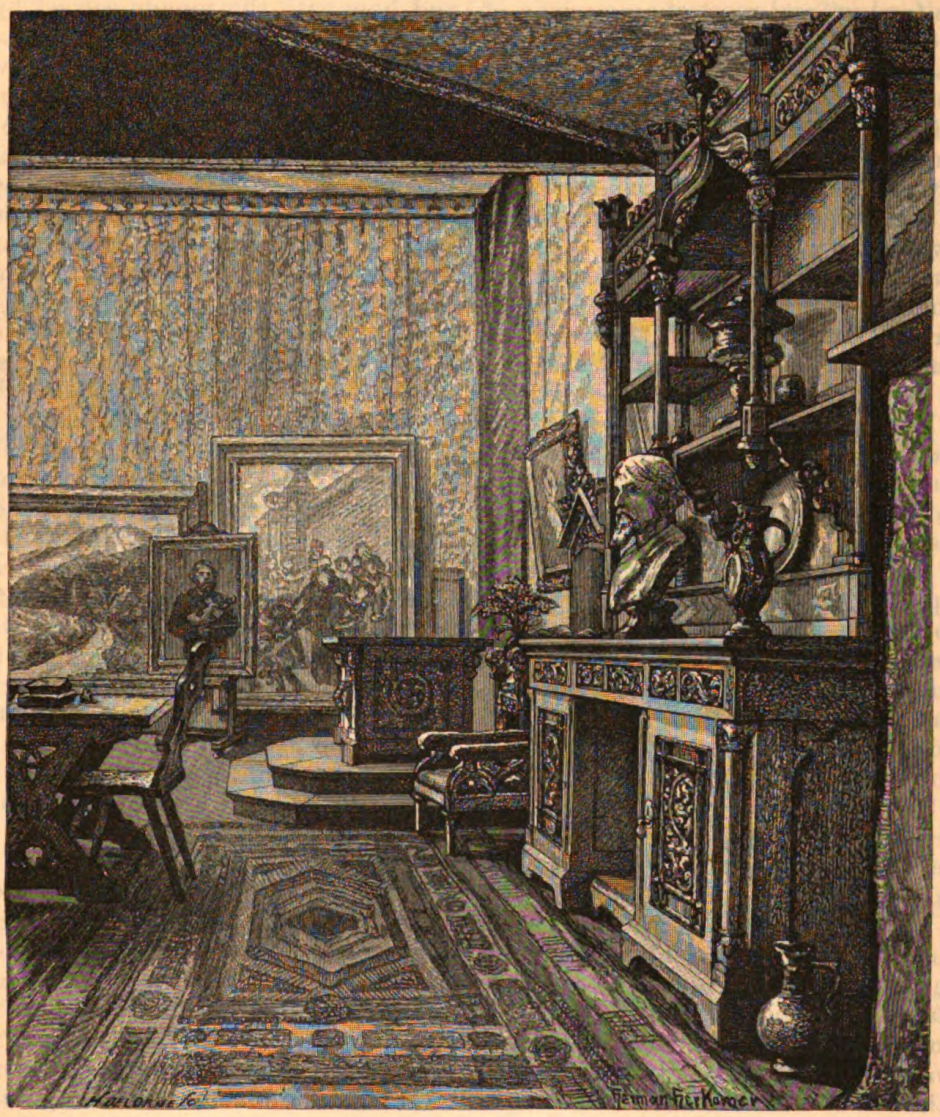
bench, on the right a bay-window rising upon several minor panels, beneath which is a convenient and pretty settee. Fronting you are the easels. The wall beyond is filled with shelves and drawers packed with draperies and artistic properties. On the other wall are a few pictures, and on a pedestal a bust of Mrs. Tadema. The room is decorated in Pompeiian designs in reds and yellows, the floor is inlaid and polished, and the entire surroundings are quite in keeping with his work.

A man of medium height, broad shoulders, light brown hair, large eyes and mouth, Alma-Tadema is a type of the sturdy Netherlanders from whom he sprang, and he may well find in his adopted country a congenial brotherhood. He is a naturalized Englishman, and regards himself as an English painter. His wife is English, the honors he most prizes are English, and he is one of the most popular of the Royal Academicians, not only among his colleagues, but in the art schools of Burlington House.

There are other quarters of London where art is establishing itself in red brick palaces, and inducing imitation on the part of outsiders, which must in time bring about an entire change in the appearance of the English metropolis. There are two very notable houses Hampstead-way—one in the little suburban town, the other on this side of it. The first, Mr. Long's, in Fitzjohn Avenue, is well known to the art world. The other, Mr. Pettie's, is one of the most recent of the new houses, and has a studio which for size and scientific arrangements of light is almost unique. The tapestry over the fire-place is Flemish, and designed by Rubens. The arms hung upon it are those of Scotland and England. Being a Scotchman, Mr. Pettie

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has given the lion of his country the dexter side, a token of precedence which is a characteristic trait of "auld Scotia," though the artist is one of her most unas-



HERKOMER'S STUDIO.

suming sons. The statuette on the mantel-shelf is the well-known Leighton essay in sculpture; the figure on the table is the "Dominie Sampson" by Lawson, another painter who is eminent also as a modeller in clay. The bust at the end of the room is from his studio, and it is an excellent effigy of the R. A. The armor standing upon a cabinet is a demi-suit worn in the days of Henry VIII. The picture on the easel is seven and a half feet by five, and the studio is thirty feet long, and high and wide in proportion.

Mr. John Pettie, R.A., is a rare example of courage and industry, and young painters should find great encouragement in his career. Born in Edinburgh in 1839, he began a regular study of art at eighteen, and he worked his way to public favor with a steady persistence, occasionally disheartened, but never looking back, always correct, never careless, a student of the period he illustrates, and an authority on its dress and manners. Successful in Edinburgh, he left that city for London the moment the Royal Academy hung one of

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his pictures. He took new ground not only as to living, but painting. The new height scaled, he still looked upward, and every year brought to the front a new triumph of his patient genius. "What d'ye lack, Madam?—what d'ye lack?" was one of the freshest and most characteristic of his works in his early London days. It represented one of the London apprentices of the picturesque time described by Scott, and also by Dickens, offering his wares—an incident from *The Fortunes of Nigel.* This was in 1862, since which time one looks back over a perfect gallery of masterly works, in which "The Trio," "George Fox refusing the Oath," "Arrested for Witchcraft," "Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy," "Hunted Down," "A Sword and Dagger Fight," "The Death-Warrant," "His Grace," and "Before the Battle" hold leading places. Square-headed, of the Burns and Scott type, Mr. Pettie is of medium height, and speaks with the accent of his country, as men do who love it. By the side of his palette on the floor, beneath the unfinished picture, you will see his pipe, his constant companion. In his studio and throughout his house there is noticeable a characteristic solidity and plainness—not the plainness of a Puritanical taste, but the undemonstrative air of a modesty that is inclined to repress its love of form and color. The result is a restful atmosphere of repose, represented in the half-tones of the decorations and in the simplicity of the general arrangements.

While English art is nobly represented by the painters who are now in middle age, the succession promises to be, if possible, even more brilliant. The career of Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., is hardly less remarkable than that of Millais himself, though in the case of the former there are incidents of trial and hardship which did not belong to the young life of the last-mentioned artist. Mr. Herkomer is still comparatively youthful, and yet he has tasted the bitterness of "bread-winning" under difficulties, and also the glory of an art success which has even been indorsed by France. Mr. Herkomer is not only a painter, he is master of many arts, and his studio and art school at Bushey suggest the range of his subjects and of his enthusiasm. He has himself told, in an autobiographical lecture which is one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of "self-made men," the story of his early hard-earned successes—how at the start of the *Graphic* he ventured nearly all his money in buying a page wood-block, which began his successful relations with that successful journal, and how with the money earned by this drawing he "purchased leisure" to look around for subjects, and so drew for the *Graphic* "The Chelsea Pensioners," which afterward, painted as "The Last Muster," won him the grand prize at Paris in 1878. This artist is another example of the cosmopolitanism of artistic London, for he was born in Bavaria, and lived as a boy in America, where he has been gaining new triumphs. His chief purpose is now the building up of his art school at Bushey, and the modest studio of old days has already developed into grand things. The studio itself is a room of noble proportions; in one corner Mr. Herkomer does, as a play from heavier work, the mezzotint engraving which he has revived; the mantel is in beaten brass worked by himself; the richly carved screen is the work of the venerable father from whom the artist inherits his various dexterity of hand. In a separate building is the printing-room, where workmen print the engravings under the watchful care of the artist himself, and about the studio other buildings are to afford facilities for the colony of art students this enterprising master means to gather about him.

To do anything like justice to the subject of "artistic London," one ought to visit many houses and many studios, to spend an evening at the Arts Club, describe a Burlington House soirée, an Academy dinner, a Press Day and a Private View, enter into particulars of the course of study at the Royal Academy schools, discuss the art features of South Kensington, interview the management of the various galleries, take note of the interesting revivals in the graphic arts, examine the work and prospects of the tapestry looms at Windsor, and record the successes of women, more particularly in the decorative arts. But "art is long," and one may almost say of artistic London as of great London itself, that no traveller can traverse all its streets. The reader has been asked only to take a few glimpses as he passed, and from these to imagine for himself the wealth of art which is the fair possession of the great metropolis.

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CHAPTER LI.

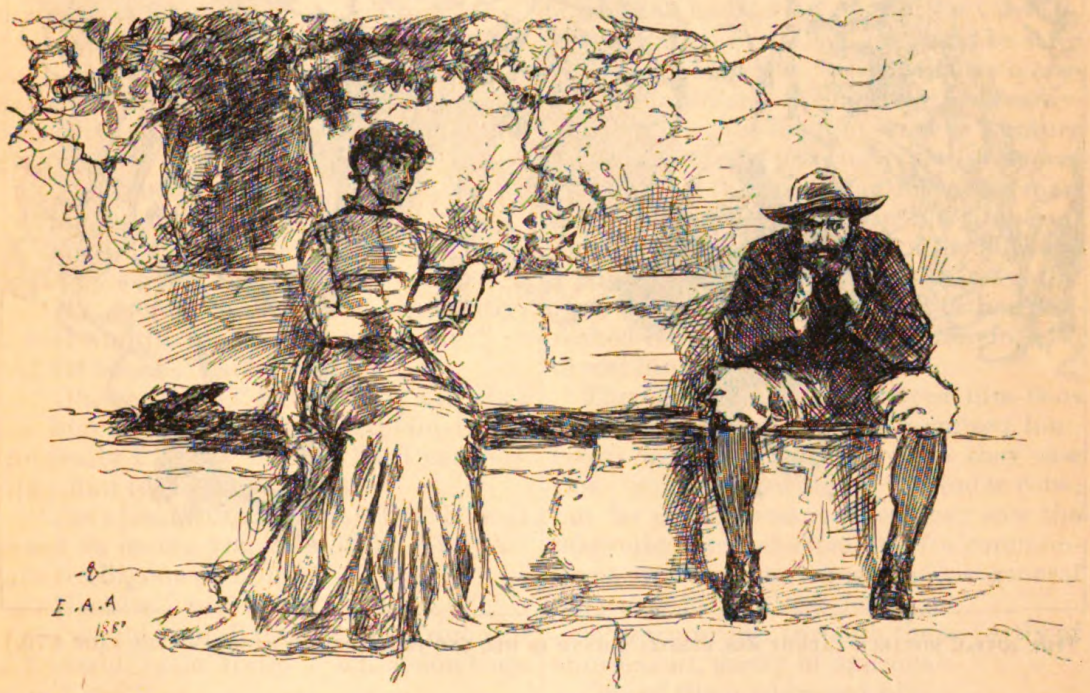
WHICH TELLS OF A REUNION OF VERY DEAR OLD FRIENDS.

WHILE Brooke and Talbot were thus conversing, others were indulging in the same occupation, and none to better purpose than Harry and Katie.

No one can say that Katie had not been very severely tried, and had not passed through a most distressing ordeal. Apart from the long trial of mind which had preceded that eventful morning, the circumstances of the final scene were enough to shake stronger nerves than those of Katie. So completely was she prostrated that, under any other circumstances, nothing could have saved her from a fit of sickness, which might possibly have resulted in brain-fever, and terminated fatally; but fortunately, under the actually existing circumstances, she was spared all this. The presence of Harry made all the difference in the world.

After retiring from the scene of conflict they ascended into that upper chamber in which Katie had last been imprisoned, and here they seated themselves so that Katie might rest, supported by Harry's encircling arm, and at the same time be refreshed by the fresh air. Katie now began to rally with the rapidity which is characteristic of buoyant natures, and soon showed something of her usual lightness of heart. Harry, however, though most tender and affectionate, seemed changed, and the change was soon detected by Katie's quick perception.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked. "You don't seem glad at all."



"THEY RETREATED TO A RUDE BENCH, UPON WHICH THEY SEATED THEMSELVES."—[SEE PAGE 862.]

"Oh yes," said Harry, "I'm very glad indeed."

He spoke in a doleful tone of voice, which was by no means in accord with his words.

"Your voice don't sound very glad," said Katie, reproachfully, "and you look troubled. You are so preoccupied that you can't say anything. But I suppose you feel the effects of that awful scene—and oh, how awful it was!"

Katie relapsed into silence, and Harry felt somewhat relieved; for in truth he was preoccupied, and had much on his mind.

It was the thought of Talbot that filled

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"THE JOVIAL MONARCH CAUGHT MRS. RUSSELL'S HAND IN HIS, AND PROCEEDED TO DANCE."—[SEE PAGE 870.]

his mind. It was she whom he had seen in that priest's disguise. It was his affianced bride, whom he had lost, and now at last found! Found! Great Heaven! and here! and thus! Here—when he was ready to die for Katie; when he was now with Katie, who had turned to him from all the world!

Was he a man of honor? Honor! The word now seemed a mockery. Which way would honor impel him? To give up Katie? What! when she had given up all for him? What! when he had faced death in quarrel with Ashby for her? Honor! Was not honor due to Ashby? and had he not been a traitor to his friend?

There was this fight yet before him, and it would be soon; for Ashby was free. A fight for Katie! And Talbot was here! She would know all. And she—she who had come all the way from England, who had found him not, who had imagined herself deserted—she would learn of his perfidy. The thought was horrible.

Upon such agonizing thoughts as these came Katie's question:

"Why are you so sad?"

Harry sighed.

"I'm thinking of Ashby," said he. "He's free now. He'll soon find you."

At this Katie tapped with her foot nervously.

"Well," said she, "if you are thinking of him, it's very bad taste to say so. I wasn't thinking of him at all."

But this remark seemed to set Katie off thinking about Ashby, for she too seemed preoccupied.

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"I think it's a great shame," said she.

"What?"

"Why, for Mr. Ashby to come bothering me just now."

Harry said nothing, and they both relapsed once more into silence.

The harder task was before Harry. There were two for him to face. One, the friend to whom he had been a traitor; the other, his betrothed, to whom he had been false. Of these two the latter was by far the worse. He had faced Ashby already, and could face him again, as a mortal enemy, to fight a mortal battle; but Talbot! Ah! with what eyes could he look upon that pure and noble face? with what words could he address her?

Katie's thoughts seemed to be running in that channel which Harry was using for his own, for she suddenly looked at him with earnest scrutiny, and said, abruptly,

"But you are as bad."

"As bad?"

"As bad as I."

Harry sighed.

"Mr. Ashby," said Katie, innocently, "will want to see you too, you know."

"Of course," said Harry.

"Oh, well, then," said Katie, "I needn't see him at all. You can explain it all; for really I hardly know what I can possibly find to say to him."

"I'm afraid," said Harry, "that he will insist on seeing you, and on learning his fate from your own lips."

"His fate!" said Katie—"oh dear!"

"I would take all the difficulty from you if I could," said Harry, "but I don't see how I can."

"Oh, well," said Katie, cheerfully, "perhaps he will not be in any very great hurry to see me, after all. He did not seem very anxious about me in the room below. *He* did not look like a maniac. *He* did not remonstrate with Lopez. *He* did not draw his pistol and attack the captain in the midst of his men. *He* did not fight for me, and risk his life. No; he thought too much of his own dear self, and left all the fighting and all the risk to one who is worth far more than ten thousand Ashbys! And that's what I'll tell him!" said Katie. "Let me see him now, while all this is fresh in my memory. Come, Harry, let us wait no longer, but if this meeting has to be, let it be now."

Katie poured forth these words in an impetuous torrent, and, starting up, led the way out. Harry followed, and thus they descended the stairway to the lower hall.

Ashby had gone out shortly after Harry and Katie, following Dolores, who was anxious to see about the gates. The six Carlists followed. The gates were wide open, and far away a few of the fugitives could still be seen flying as fast as their feet could carry them. The six Carlists soon had the gates firmly closed and barred, and mounted guard here, deeming this to be the weak point of the castle; and thinking, too, that if an enemy appeared, he would consider six men at the gate a sign that six hundred were in the garrison.

Russell had followed the six Carlists, thinking that with them he would be safer than anywhere else. Rita had now a horror of those Carlists whom she had betrayed, and, as he thought, would venture anywhere rather than into their presence.

And now the good man felt quite martial. This new change in his situation, and the inspiring presence of his military friends, made him determine to get rid of that odious disguise which Rita had furnished him. He proceeded, therefore, to divest himself of it.

The Carlists had not noticed him thus far, and had not at all recognized him. Great was their surprise when they saw this "woman" tearing off her outer robe; but far greater was it when they saw the marvellous transformation of a commonplace woman into a resplendent general officer all in blue and gold.

A murmur ran through them, partly of amusement, partly of approval.

One of them addressed him.

Russell shook his head.

"He is a French general," said one; "he doesn't understand us. Can't some one speak French?"

No one could.

One of them then ran inside and brought out a sword, with belt, etc., which he handed to the "French general." Russell took it, and after some trouble succeeded in buckling the martial gear around him. Then, by way of an additional safeguard against his enemy, he drew his sword, and taking his seat on a stone near the gate, glared watchfully around.

Dolores and Ashby had much to talk of, but Dolores was too prudent to waste time on mere explanations. There was yet very much to be done. Above all, they must now consider how they were to get out of

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the castle. After all, as far as she could see, their position had changed little, if at all, for the better. The enemy would rally. They would be attacked. No defense was possible. They would soon be prisoners or fugitives. And if they were to fly, how could they hope to escape in a country swarming with roving bands of marauders belonging to both parties? The problem was a difficult one, and one which was not to be solved very readily.

At length Dolores thought of the wounded men, and as she had a very tender heart, she proposed to go and help them. The two then returned and entered the castle.

They reached the hall at the very time when the other parties were coming into it—namely, Brooke and Talbot from the room, and Harry and Katie from the upper regions. Such coincidences are frequent in real life, and still more frequent in our "Castles in Spain."

As Brooke and Talbot came out, Ashby and Dolores, advancing toward the room, met them face to face. Brooke and Dolores looked upon one another. There was the flash of mutual recognition in the faces of both. Brooke seemed struck dumb. Dolores was the first to speak.

"Raleigh!" she said, in tones of amazement and consternation.

"Dolores!" said Brooke, in a deep, hollow voice.

Brooke was ghastly; but this may have been the effect of the recent shock. As for Dolores, every trace of color fled from her face, and she was as white as marble.

Talbot heard this and saw it. These words, these familiar names, smote her to the heart. She recollected the story which Brooke had told her. She remembered the name of that Cuban maid. It was this—it was "Dolores!" Was this she?

She looked around in despair.

At that moment, as her despairing eyes wandered around, they fell full upon the face of Harry, for Harry and Katie, on descending the stairs, had on this instant reached the spot.

Harry saw her again.

The priest's dress was removed. She stood in her own garb, her very self—Talbot—with all her noble face revealed, and all her exquisite grace of feature and of form.

"Sydney!" said he.

"Harry!" said Talbot.

Katie heard this. She turned pale. All her thoughts fled from her; she shrank back, and stood staring. But one thought now remained—the thought suggested by that name, Sydney. Well she remembered that name, and all the incidents of that story which Harry had told her when they were first acquainted: the wreck of the ship; the maiden deserted and despairing; her rescue by Harry; their escape in the boat; their love; their plighted faith; the appointed marriage; the lost bride.

Sydney! It was she herself—the promised bride of Harry, whom he would, no doubt, be required to wed at once.

Now she understood why Harry had been so preoccupied.

CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE FIND THEMSELVES IN A VERY EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

BROOKE and Dolores stood facing one another in silence. The embarrassment was most painful. Each felt it too much to be able to notice it in the other, and each instinctively avoided the glance of the other's eyes, casting only looks of a furtive kind at the other's face, and then hastily looking elsewhere. In fact, the situation was truly horrible.

But Brooke felt it incumbent on him to say something; he also felt anxious to vindicate his honor, if such a thing were, indeed, in any way possible. But ardent words, excited, eager welcomes, and all those other circumstances that usually attend upon the meeting of long-divided lovers were in this case clearly impossible. Brooke felt Talbot's presence—Talbot, who was worth to him ten thousand like Dolores; so he could only take refuge in the most commonplace conventionalities. It is true, Talbot could not understand Spanish, but Talbot could understand those tones of voice which form the universal and natural language of man; and if Brooke had felt ever so full of eager delight, he would have hesitated to manifest it under such very delicate circumstances.

At length Brooke cleared his throat.

"This," said he, in a solemn tone—"this is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Dolores sighed.

"It is indeed, señor," she replied, "an unexpected, a most unexpected one."

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"It is indeed," said Brooke, in quite a helpless way.

Saying this, he held out his hand. Dolores held out hers. They shook hands. Then they cast hasty looks at one another.

"I hope you have been quite well?" said Brooke.

"Oh, quite," said Dolores; "and you, señor?"

"Oh, very well," said Brooke, "very well indeed."

And now another pause succeeded. Both of them were horribly embarrassed. Each had the same feeling, but neither one knew the feeling of the other. Each knew that a change had occurred, but neither knew that the same change had been experienced by the other. Brooke knew himself false, but thought Dolores true, while Dolores had a similar feeling. Besides, this new love which each had conceived and cherished made the old one seem a mistake—made them regard each other with aversion, and this meeting as a calamity; yet each felt bound to conceal these feelings, and exhibit toward the other an impossible cordiality. All this caused a wretched embarrassment and restraint, which each felt, and for which each took the blame, thinking the other altogether true and innocent.

The deep feelings of the past were yet strong in their hearts—the immediate past—and with these their hearts were full. Yet these had to be concealed. Each felt bound to the other by a solemn vow, and by every principle of duty and honor. They had exchanged vows of love and eternal fidelity. From such vows who could release them? Yet the vows were already broken by each, and of this each was conscious. Had Brooke met Dolores before this last scene with Talbot, he might have felt self-reproach, but he could not have felt such a sense of unworthiness. For before that he had, at least, kept a watch upon his tongue, and in words, at least, he had not told his love for another. But now his word had gone forth, and he had pledged himself to another.

But he had to say something. Dolores was silent. He thought she was waiting for him to explain.

"I—I," he stammered—"I have hunted—hunted you—all through Spain."

This was the truth, for Brooke had been faithful to Dolores until he had met with Talbot.

Dolores was conscious-smitten by this proof of her former lover's fidelity. She hastened to excuse herself somehow.

"I—I," she said, with an embarrassment equal to that of Brooke—"I thought you were in America."

"No; I was in Cuba."

"I thought I had lost you," said Dolores: "you ceased to write."

This sounded like the reproach of a faithful lover. Brooke felt hurt.

"Oh no," said he; "I wrote, but you ceased to answer."

"I thought something had happened," said Dolores.

"I thought so too," said Brooke. "I never got your letters. Where did you go?"

Dolores jumped at this question as giving a chance of relief. So she began to give a long account of her life in Spain, detailing minute incidents, and growing gradually calmer, more self-possessed, and more observant of Brooke. She saw with satisfaction that Brooke made no demonstrations; yet her satisfaction was checked by the thought that perhaps he was deterred from exhibiting the raptures of a lover by the presence of others—by the fear that he had been only too true, and that those raptures would yet be exhibited. She resolved that he should not have an opportunity. Yet how could she avoid him? And thus she thought, and still she went on talking.

The effect of her story was a crushing one. She made no mention of Ashby, and Brooke concluded that she had been true, while he had been false. And now what was he? Clearly false. Could he come back to Dolores? Could he be what he had been? Could he give up Talbot? The thought was intolerable. Never had any one been to him so dear as Talbot. Never had Talbot been to him so dear as now. And yet was he not in honor bound to Dolores? Honor! and did not honor bind him to Talbot?

Such was the struggle within this unhappy man.

Almost at the same time Harry and Talbot had recognized each other.

Talbot, who had stood unmoved at the presence of death, now felt herself quail and grow all unnerved at the presence of Harry. But then she had been strengthened by her new love for Brooke; now she was weakened by the remembrance of her lost love for Harry. This was an ordeal

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for which there was no outside inspiration. The remembrance of her passionate words to Brooke, so lately uttered, so ardently answered, was strong within her. And yet here was one who held her promise, who could claim her as his own, who could take her away from Brooke; and what could she do?

Harry, on the other hand, had dared death for Katie; for her he had tried to fling away his life. This had been done in the presence of his Sydney. Had she understood that? She could not have understood it. Could he explain? Impossible! Could he tell the story of his falsity to this noble lady, whom he had professed to love, whom he had come also to revere? And this proud, this delicately nurtured girl had come from her home for his sake, to suffer, to risk her life, to become a miserable captive! Was there not in this a stronger reason than ever why he should be true to her? And yet, if he loved another better, would it not be wrong to marry Sydney?

All the tenderness of his heart rose up within him in one strong, yearning thought of—Oh, Katie! But all his honor, his pride, his manliness, all his pity, too, and his sympathy, made themselves felt in a deep under-tone of feeling—oh, Sydney! true and faithful!

At last he was able to speak.

"Oh, Sydney," said he, "what bitter, bitter fortune has brought you here to this horrible place—to so much misery?"

Talbot looked down. She could not look in his face. She felt unworthy of him. He seemed faithful still. She had seen the act of his in attacking Lopez, but had not understood it. She thought him faithful in spite of all.

"Bitter," said she, slowly. "Bitter; yes, bitter indeed—bitter was the fortune that brought me here!"

She could say no more. She was thinking only of that bitter fortune which had brought her to a place where she might be forever torn from Brooke; where Brooke, too, had found one who might tear him from her.

But Harry understood this differently. He detected in these words a reflection upon himself. He thought she alluded to her long journey to him, when she had come so far, and had reached her destination only to find him absent; when she had waited for days without finding any trace of him or hearing any word from him, and at last had turned about on her lonely homeward road. And yet he was blameless then. As far as that was concerned he could excuse himself; he could explain all. He felt so guilty in some things that he was anxious to show his innocence in other things where he had not been to blame; and so he hastened most eagerly to give a long and an eloquent vindication of himself by explaining all about his journey to England, and his return to Barcelona, and his search after her, which had led him to this.

And in all this Talbot found only proofs of Harry's unalterable fidelity. He had been true! She had been false! What now was there for her to do? To sacrifice this man? What! after such love and loyalty? Or, on the other hand, to give up Brooke! Brooke!—give up Brooke! Oh, heavens! How was that possible? Would she not rather die than give up Brooke? When her own words to him were fresh in her memory, and when his words of love to her were still ringing in her ears—at such a moment as this could she think of giving up Brooke?

Such were the thoughts and feelings of these two.

Meanwhile Ashby, finding himself left alone by Dolores, stood for a while wondering who her friend might be; until at length, finding that she was beginning to give him a detailed history of her life, he looked around in despair. And he saw Katie standing alone, where she had been left by Harry, near the foot of the stairway; and as all the others were engaged in their own affairs, and, moreover, as his relations with Katie were of the most intimate kind, he saw no other course open to him than to approach her and converse with her. And at that moment he remembered that Katie had in her possession—perhaps in her pocket—a certain letter which he had written to her only a few days before, full of protestations of love, in which he informed her that he was going to travel with her in the same train, in the hope of seeing her at Burgos or Bayonne; in which he urged her to come to him, to be his wife; to set at defiance her hostile guardian, and to unite herself with him. This seemed strange to him now, when his mind was filled with thoughts of Dolores, and his heart was full of the love of Dolores. Even his resentment against her had passed away. She had allowed herself to in-

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dulge in a flirtation with his friend Rivers. Was that a crime? He, on the other hand, had lost all love for her, and had given all his heart to Dolores. Katie seemed to him now not repugnant as a false one, but merely pitiable as a weak, child-like character. The falsity now seemed rather on his part than on hers. He believed that Harry had gone much farther in treachery than Katie. Katie, he thought, was merely a weak-minded flirt, while Harry had become a traitor in allowing himself to fall in love with her. Even for Harry he could now make some allowances; and since he had found out his own feelings, he had less jealousy, and therefore less resentment against his former friend. As for jealousy, if he now had that feeling, it was all directed elsewhere, namely, toward that stranger whose sudden appearance had so engrossed Dolores.

In such a state of mind as this Ashby advanced toward Katie. Now Katie had come down with the express purpose of seeing him, and with her mind full of a very pretty speech which she intended to make to him. But the sudden meeting of Harry with Talbot had raised other thoughts and feelings, which had driven her pretty speech altogether out of her mind. A bitter jealousy afflicted her tender heart. This lady was the Sydney Talbot of whom he had told her, and who had come all the way from England on this perilous journey to marry him. Would she now give him up? Impossible! And how could Harry escape her?

As Ashby approached, Katie therefore had but little thought for him. Ashby also thought less of her than of Dolores. Who was this stranger? he thought. Why was he so familiar? Why did Dolores leave him so abruptly? and why was she telling to this stranger the whole story of her life?

Thus Ashby and Katie met again.

Ashby had to say something, and so, as was natural, he took refuge in conventionalities.

"I hope," said he, "that no ill effects have arisen from this recent excitement."

"Oh no," said Katie, in an abstracted tone. She was trying to listen to Talbot's words. They did not sound pleasant.

Ashby also was trying to listen to Dolores. She seemed to him to be altogether too familiar.

"I'm very glad," said Ashby. "I was afraid that this excitement might have an injurious effect."

(Dolores was still giving an account of herself. It was unworthy of her!)

"Oh no," said Katie, "not at all."

She heard Harry speak in an apologetic manner. It was very hard to bear. Would he leave her for this lady?

There was now a pause.

Ashby and Katie were both listening with all their might to hear what was said by Dolores and by Harry respectively.

Ashby felt the necessity of saying something.

"Very fine weather," said he.

"Oh, very fine," said Katie.

"A fine moon."

"Oh, very fine."

At this mention of the moon each thought of those moonbeams which had streamed in through the narrow windows on those past few nights—nights so memorable to each; and each thought of them with the same feelings.

Ashby tried to find something new to say. He thought of the position in which they all were—its danger—their liability to recapture—the necessity of flight, and yet the difficulty of doing so—things which he and Dolores had just been considering.

"This," said he, "is a very embarrassing position."

Katie by this understood him to mean the relations which they bore to one another, and which had become somewhat confused by her affair with Harry. She thought this was Ashby's way of putting it.

She sighed. She looked at Harry and Talbot. They seemed coming to an understanding. Harry was certainly making an explanation which seemed unnecessarily long. And here was Ashby hinting at an explanation with herself. She had forgotten all her fine speeches with which she had come down. She knew not what to say. She only felt a jealous fear about Harry, and another fear about an explanation with Ashby.

Ashby meanwhile thought nothing about Katie, but was full of eagerness to learn what was going on between Dolores and Brooke.

There were three couples involved in this awkward situation, and among them all it is difficult to say which was most embarrassed. It was bad enough to meet with the old lover, but it was worse to

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feel that the eye of the new lover was upon them. Moreover, each new lover felt jealous of the old one; and the mind of each had thus to be distracted between two discordant anxieties. In short, it was, as Ashby had well said, a most embarrassing situation.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this, a figure entered the hall which attracted all eyes. It was a figure of commanding presence; a man rather elderly, in the uniform of a general officer, all ablaze with gold. There was a universal shock at such an apparition. The first thought of every one was that the castle had been captured by some new enemy—that this was the leader, and that they all were prisoners.

But one by one, to Ashby, Harry, Brooke, to Katie, Talbot, and Dolores, came the recognition of the fact that under this magnificent exterior lay concealed the person of their companion and friend, the venerable and the virtuous Russell.

"I want to look after something," said he; and with these words he went into the room where he had first been confined—namely, the one opposite to that in which the recent ceremony had taken place.

CHAPTER LIII.

HOW HARRY AND KATIE DISCUSS THE SITUATION, AND ASHBY TELLS DOLORES HER DUTY.

THE sudden appearance of Russell broke the spell which had rested upon all.

Talbot was the first to make a movement.

"Excuse me for a few moments," said she. "There are some wounded men inside who are in my care. I came out to get some water for them. I must make haste."

Saying these words, she left Harry, and went to the corner of the apartment where there was a jar of water. Filling a vessel from this, she returned to the wounded.

Harry did not follow her.

Upon seeing this movement of Talbot, Katie withdrew from Ashby. Ashby did not seem to notice this, for he was still watching Dolores.

Dolores now remarked to Brooke that she was just at that time engaged in looking after the defenses of the castle, for there was serious danger of an immediate attack by the enemy.

At this Brooke said nothing, but merely bowed, and followed Talbot to help her with the wounded men.

Dolores, upon this, cast a glance at Ashby and went out. Ashby immediately followed her.

Upon this Harry approached Katie. Neither said a word, but, acting on one common impulse, they went upstairs together into the upper hall. As they thus went up, Russell came out of the other room, and seeing them ascending the stairs, he followed them.

On reaching the top of the stairs Harry and Katie stood, and Russell also stopped a little below. He wasn't proud. He was anxious for information. So he stood and listened to what they had to say.

The two stood there in silence for some time, until at length Katie spoke.

"Isn't this horrible?" said she, with a heavy sigh.

Harry gave another sigh responsive to hers.

"It's worse," said Katie, "than ever."

Harry, with another sigh, allowed that it was.

"I can't stay here," said Katie, "in this place, and what's more, I won't stay. I'm free now, and I've made up my mind to go away."

"Will you?" said Harry, in an eager voice.

"Yes, I will," said Katie, decidedly; "and I'll go all alone. You needn't come; for of course you'll stay."

"Stay?" said Harry—"stay? and here? when you've gone away?"

"Oh yes," said Katie, "of course you'll stay here with your dear Sydney!"

Harry sighed.

"But *I* won't stay," continued Katie, after another pause; "I'm going to leave; and I'll walk back to the railway all alone."

"I think that would be a capital idea," said Harry, in a tone of great animation.

At this Katie burst into tears.

Harry was now quite distracted. He caught her in his arms and kissed her over and over again.

"You don't understand," said he. "I mean it would be a good idea to go; but, of course, you shall not go alone."

"Yes, I will go alone," said Katie—"all alone. You don't care for me, now that you've got your Sydney. You don't care for me a bit!"

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"Care for you!" cried Harry; "you're the only one, Katie, in all the world that I do care for."

Katie struggled away from his encircling arms.

"No," said she, "you're not speaking the truth. You'll leave me, and say those same words to your Sydney."

"Bother Sydney!" cried Harry, in unfeigned vexation.

At this Katie, whose head had been for a moment averted, now turned her tearful eyes on him, and Harry once more took her in his arms.

"But do you, after all," said she—"do you, after all, care for me just a little bit, Harry?"

"Care for you!" cried Harry, with headlong impetuosity. "I swear, Katie, that I love you better than all the world. I will give up everything for you. Will you do as much for me?"

"Why—why, how can I help it?" said Katie.

At this reply Harry kissed her again.

"You—you offered your life for me," said Katie, in tearful agitation, "and didn't I almost give my life for you, you dear old boy? You don't know all yet. You don't know that it was for your sake only, and to save you from death, that I consented to sacrifice myself to that awful man."

Katie now told Harry the whole story, and the effect of this narration was only to intensify the ardent love of this volatile youth. While he had been face to face with Talbot he had undergone a severe struggle from conflicting emotions and impulses. But now Katie was before him, Talbot was present no longer; and Katie was so sweet, so tender, so trustful, and, above all, she had such a story to tell, that he could not resist. Talbot's claims on him became less and less perceptible in these new ones which Katie presented; and so the consequence was that he yielded up everything—his honor, his loyalty, and his duty.

"Katie," said he, as he pressed her in his arms, "I love you alone. I'll give up all for you. Let us fly from this place—let us fly. Let us not wait here where these other people are."

"Fly?" said Katie; "where?"

"Yes, fly!"

"But how can we get out? Shall we go out boldly through the gate?"

Suddenly some one came between them, and a voice chimed into the conversation.

"Yes," said the voice, "fly! That's the ticket. There's a devil here—a she-devil. I'll show you the way out. If you want to get off without Ashby seeing you, I'll show you how; I know the way. It's a secret passage. That's how I escaped the last time; and I'll take you to it when it gets dark."

It was Russell who had thus interposed. Harry and Katie showed no resentment whatever at his intrusion, but caught at his suggestion. Russell alluded with clumsy and rather vulgar playfulness to their tender relations, and offered, as guardian, to give Katie away the moment they should find a parson.

Meanwhile Dolores had gone out into the court-yard, followed by Ashby. There they stopped, and looked at one another in silence.

"Who's that fellow?" said Ashby at last.

Dolores explained that he was a friend of hers who had been of great help in Cuba. She did not tell how tender their relations had been.

"H'm!" said Ashby. "Never heard of him before. You seemed very intimate."

"He saved my life," said Dolores.

"Saved your life?"

Dolores sighed.

Then more of her story escaped her. At last the whole truth came out.

"What!" said Ashby; "and so you were engaged! In fact, the fellow is an old lover."

Dolores said nothing, but looked at Ashby with mournful inquiry, as though appealing to him to know what she ought to do.

"How did he get here?" asked Ashby, calmly.

"He has been seeking for me all these years, and traced me here, and was captured."

"H'm! that's devotion," said Ashby. "And who's his friend—the girl that was disguised as priest?"

"I don't know."

"So she's a girl," said Ashby; "and so that's the reason she wouldn't marry Lopez and Katie. A most infernally pretty girl. Who is she—did you say?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't your—your friend tell you?"

"No."

It may be supposed that Ashby should have known Brooke's feelings toward this "priest" by his devotion to her in saving

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her life. But it was not so. Brooke's desperate act in flinging himself before Lopez seemed to Ashby merely an accident consequent upon his struggle with his captors. Besides, the attack of Dolores and her six Carlists had followed so closely upon this that all had become confused together.

While Ashby had been asking these few questions Dolores remained looking at him with that same mournful inquiry. Ashby noticed it, for he looked at her several times, though each time he looked away elsewhere. He was turning over all this in his mind.

At length he looked at her once more, and took her hands in his.

"Dolores," said he, "I have made up my mind."

"What?" said she, in a faint voice, looking up at him in awful suspense.

"I will not give you up! That's decided. You must dismiss the idea from your mind."

In an instant the shadow of anxiety fled from the face of Dolores, followed by a flash of joy like a sunbeam. She said not a word, but Ashby saw that rush of happiness, and all his own nature responded.

"You must come with me," said he. "That fellow may look out for himself."

"But—but—" said Dolores.

She paused.

"What?"

"We—we—are—engaged."

"Pooh!" said Ashby. "That's an old story."

"But—but—"

"Well?" said Ashby, impatiently, as she paused.

"He—he saved my life once."

"He be hanged!" said Ashby. "I'll save your life fifty times. You mustn't think of that man again. Do you hear, Dolores?"

"Yes," said Dolores, meekly; "but I only want to satisfy my conscience, and find out my duty."

"Conscience? Duty? Ah!" repeated Ashby. "Well, then, I'll tell you what to think of—think of *me!* Here was I, engaged to that English maiden. You have won my love. You have made me indifferent to her. You have made my love grow stronger and stronger every moment, until now I'm ready to give up everything for you. Your duty, therefore, is to be true to me, as I will be true to you."

Dolores looked up again with her face in a rapture of gladness, and Ashby pressed her hands more closely in his. Then they walked away to inspect the fortifications.

CHAPTER LIV.

IN WHICH THERE IS A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

RUSSELL'S advent among the embarrassed lovers can easily be explained. Seated at the gate in the uniform of a general, with gorgeous array of blue and gold, with a sword in his manly hand, and armed warriors around him, his martial soul had gradually lost its terrors, and his mind was at leisure to think of other things.

First among these other things was that precious package which he had concealed. Now was the time for him to look it up and regain possession. None but friends were now in the castle. Those bonds would now be safer in his own possession than anywhere else, and never could he hope for a better chance than this. As for Rita, she must have fled, he thought, with the other fugitives, and with her had fled his worst fear.

With such thoughts as these, the martial Russell sheathed his warlike sword and walked back again toward the castle. Here he entered the hall where the others were talking, and passing through, entered the well-remembered room where he had been confined. He looked all around. He was alone. He walked to the chimney. He looked up. Through the broad opening at the top he saw the sky. In the gloom of the shaft he saw also that opening in which he had placed the precious parcel.

All seemed as it had been, and he felt convinced that his papers were safe. Further examination, however, was just now not advisable. He would have to light a torch, and some of his friends might come in just as he was going up or coming down. So he concluded to defer his search until they had gone out of the way a little, until which time the package would be quite safe. In the mean time he thought he would go back and hear what they were all talking about.

Coming back again, he saw them all going in different directions, and, as a matter of course, he followed those who were nearest and dearest, namely, Katie and Harry. He stood and listened with a

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benignant smile to their loving words. He gazed complacently upon their outrageous and unbounded spooning. He had no objection now to any one whom Katie might choose. To Ashby he felt repugnance on account of former quarrels, but to Harry none whatever. Even to Ashby he would have yielded, for prejudices die out quickly in a castle of Spain. And so, as we have seen, the good Russell interrupted the happy lovers in a paternal way, and did the "heavy father" to perfection—with outstretched hands, moistened eyes, and "Bless you, bless you, my children!"

The subject of flight was already before them, and this was for Russell the most acceptable possible. He felt that he could give valuable information, since he himself had been a fugitive. Every step of the way was well remembered by him. In a few minutes he had made them acquainted with the story of his former escape, and the adventurous Harry at once decided that this would be the very way by which he could carry off Katie and himself from their embarrassing surroundings. For various reasons he wished to go away in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, without ostentation or vain display, and in no other way could he do it so effectually as in this.

Harry at once decided that his best course would be to spend the hours of closing day in making himself acquainted with this passage. He did not feel inclined to be altogether dependent upon Russell. Circumstances might arise which might make it desirable to fly without him. That good man might become suddenly unwell, or there might be an attack by the enemy, or other things might occur, under any of which circumstances Harry would have to rely upon himself alone.

Russell had no objections; in fact, he himself preferred going over the way once more. About this there was no difficulty. There were very few in the castle, and these had no idea of watching each other; in fact, each party seemed only too anxious to keep out of the other's way.

Katie now retired to that room which she had last occupied, and Harry went off with Russell. The daylight befriended them so that they were able to find their way along the lower passages, until at length they came to the opening under the arch of the ruined bridge. Here they both went down one side of the chasm and up the other until they reached the tower. Harry was delighted with this discovery, and felt fully capable of traversing the path himself even in the darkest night; while Russell, though a little out of breath, was quite willing to bear the fatigue in return for the additional knowledge he had gained.

On regaining the castle, Harry went to tell Katie the result, and to prepare her for their coming flight.

Russell now had leisure to attend to the great work of securing the hidden treasure. He decided that he ought to do this in perfect secrecy, so that none of his friends should know where he was going, or even suspect it.

First of all he followed Harry to the upper story, where he took an affectionate leave of him. Then he prowled about until he discovered Ashby, who was with Dolores in a remote part of the court-yard. The six Carlists were still at the gate. The other two inmates of the castle, namely, Brooke and Talbot, were in the room in which the recent stormy events had taken place. They had been attending to the wounds of the prisoners, and were still so engaged that they did not look up as Russell entered. He said nothing, but hastily retreated, and went into the opposite room—the very one in which he was to conduct his operations. But he was too cautious to begin just yet; so he waited, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing these two go down-stairs and out of the castle.

And now at last the time had come. There was no eye to behold him, and no one to suspect.

An old torch was in the fire-place. This he picked up, and then, going back to the door, looked all around stealthily and warily. All was still.

Thereupon he returned. His manly heart was throbbing fast—violently, even painfully. The sense of loneliness was oppressive. Had his purpose been less important he would certainly have turned and fled. But too much was at stake. Before him there arose the vision of that vast treasure—thirty thousand pounds—and its attraction was irresistible. He must go forward; and now was the time to win, or never.

He stood for a moment gathering up his courage.

What if Rita should be concealed somewhere up there!

Such was the awful thought that sud-

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denly occurred to him and made him quail.

The idea suggested itself of going back to Harry and getting his aid. But no, that would never do. He would let it be supposed that these bonds had been taken from him. If he were to tell his secret to Harry, all would be lost. No, he must go, and alone.

Once more he went to the door and listened. All was still.

He now nerved himself up for a supreme effort. If he were to delay any longer, some of them would be sure to return. Now or never.

He struck a match against the stone floor. It kindled.

In another moment the torch was blazing brightly; and, holding this in one hand, Russell used his other hand to clamber up the projecting stones.

Up he went, higher and higher.

And now he reached the opening, and his knee was resting upon it, and he was just about to raise the torch, so as to peer in.

At that instant there was a sudden rush, and a spring that sent a thrill of sharp agony to his heart. A pair of strong arms were flung about him. The torch fell, and the smoke blinded his eyes. He felt himself dragged forward helplessly into the gloomy hole, while a fierce whisper hissed into his despairing ears words that made him almost die out of sheer fright:

"Hah! base traidor, I haffa you! I haffa you! You salla not escapar from Rita again!"

At this Russell gave a wild, long, piercing yell, and fainted.

CHAPTER LV.

IN WHICH BROOKE AND TALBOT PREPARE TO BID EACH OTHER AN ETERNAL FAREWELL.

On turning away from that eventful meeting with old friends both Brooke and Talbot felt very greatly depressed, and neither could say a word. This feeling was experienced by both to an equal degree, and neither of them could see any possible way out of this new difficulty that could commend itself to an honorable mind.

The conversation with Harry had quite overwhelmed Talbot. He had been so eager to explain, and the explanations had shown such fidelity on his part, he had seemed so true, and his vindication had been so complete, that she had not one word to say. For the fact remained plain before her mind that the cause of his failure to receive her at Barcelona was his very eagerness to meet her, which had sent him flying in all haste to England. If he had ever been in fault, the fault was one which had arisen from excess of love. To a generous mind like Talbot's this was a very distressing thought.

Still, there was another thought which was worse, and that was this, namely, that Harry could no longer satisfy her. Whether she had ever really loved him or not she did not now stop to inquire, nor was such an inquiry worth making. It was only too evident now that Harry had declined to nothingness, and less than nothingness, in her heart, and that in the course of the tragical events of the last few days Brooke had grown to be more than all the world to her.

The feelings and thoughts of Brooke were of the same description. It had seemed to him that Dolores had been faithful; and as he had all along felt firmly convinced of her passionate love for himself and unalterable fidelity, it never entered into his head now to suspect any change in her. At the same time he felt that, whether he had ever loved her formerly or not, he certainly had no feeling of love for her now; for Talbot had utterly effaced that former image, and all the world would now be as nothing to him without Talbot.

For some time they devoted themselves to the wounded men, and then, having finished this task, they retreated to a rude bench, upon which they seated themselves, and remained thus for a long time in utter silence.

"You saw my meeting with—with that—young lady," said Brooke at last. "Did you understand who it was? It was—Dolores."

"I know," said Talbot, with a heavy sigh. "And did you observe my meeting with that gentleman? Did you understand that?"

"What!" cried Brooke, in amazement at the suggestion which was conveyed by Talbot's words. He had not had leisure to notice or think of any one except Dolores.

"It was Mr. Rivers," said Talbot.

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"The devil!" cried Brooke, with a groan.

At this Talbot very properly said nothing.

"Well," said Brooke, after a long pause, "I didn't know that things could possibly be more infernally embarrassing or more confoundedly complicated than they were; but this is certainly a little beyond what I dreamed of. And—and—"

He turned with a despairing look, and took Talbot's hand.

"What, Brooke?"

"Am—am I—to—to congratulate you—and all that?" he stammered.

"What!" said Talbot, reproachfully.

Brooke was silent.

"Oh, Brooke," said Talbot, "what are we to do?"

"Give it up," said Brooke, in a dismal voice.

"This," continued Talbot, "is worse than when we were prisoners, and dying by turns for one another."

"I wish," said Brooke, "that I had died when I wanted to."

"And must we now give one another up?" sighed Talbot.

"Don't see what else we can do," said Brooke. "We've got to keep our confounded promises."

"Which promises, Brooke?"

"I don't know."

"Brooke!"

"What?"

"What ought I to do?"

"I don't know."

"Ought I to keep my promise?"

"Which promise?"

"Why, my promise to—to Mr. Rivers?"

"Confound Mr. Rivers!" growled Brooke, turning away.

"That," said Talbot, mildly, "is not an answer to my question."

"But how do I know?" said Brooke, in a voice like a wailing child.

"But how can I?—how can I?" cried Talbot. "And when *you* are here—*you*, Brooke, who know all my heart! Can I give you up? I can not. You may give me up if you like."

"Why don't you say, if I *can*?" said Brooke.

"Oh—any way," said Talbot, wearily.

There was another silence.

"Marry *him!*" cried Talbot at last, breaking the silence with vehement abruptness. "I can not! I can not! It would be wicked. I should desecrate the holy sacrament. I could not utter that vow before the holy altar. Never! Yet I can't stay here where *he* is. He will be wishing to see me. He will be coming soon—he may be coming now. I will *not* see him; I will not speak with him again. I will write to him. I will leave this place, and at once."

"Leave this place!" repeated Brooke. "Where can you go?"

"Why, I'll go home," said Talbot, firmly.

"Home?"

"Yes."

"How can you? You don't know the way."

"I know one place where I can go—to that tower—that sweet tower; it is not far away; it must be easy to get there. I will go there—there, Brooke, where I first became acquainted with you; and then—"

Here Talbot paused, and turned away her head.

"But you can't live there," said Brooke, in a harsh voice.

"I can find my way back to the road," said Talbot, in a tremulous tone—"to the road where I first met you, Brooke; and then—why, then I shall be no worse off than when you found me and assisted me."

"It's all nonsense," said Brooke; "you can't go alone."

"Yes, I can."

"You'll be taken prisoner."

"I don't care."

"Or, if not, you'll die of starvation."

"Very well," said Talbot, in a calm voice, and looking at Brooke out of serene eyes, with a face from which all traces of emotion had departed—"very well; I have already showed that I am not afraid of death; and death by starvation is not more terrible than death by bullets."

Brooke looked at her for a moment in silence, and then said,

"You are not in earnest?"

"I am in earnest," said Talbot, looking at him fixedly, and speaking in a resolute tone—"I am in earnest, and I mean to go this very night."

Brooke looked away, drew a long breath, and subsided into silence.

"How can you find the way?" he asked at length, in a gruff voice, and without looking up.

"I don't know," said Talbot; "I can try again, as I tried before."

Brooke looked up hastily, then looked away, and finally said,

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"I think, Talbot, you might ask me to show you the way."

At this Talbot's face flushed, and all her expression was suddenly changed from one of dull dejection to animation and delight.

"Will you?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Oh yes," said Brooke, "that isn't much to do—oh yes, I can easily show you the way to the tower. After all, it is as safe there as here; and if you are determined to go, why, we can start, you know—at any time, you know."

"But will you—can you—will you, really?" said Talbot, who seemed quite overwhelmed at this unexpected offer. "Then you have your human weakness, after all, have you, Brooke? You will not sacrifice me to a punctilio, will you? you will not let your poor Talbot go away all alone?"

"No," said Brooke, softly; "I will not let my Talbot go away all alone."

Talbot cast a swift glance at him, as if to read his soul. Brooke's eye met hers, but only for an instant. Then he looked away. Again there was quick and active within him that old vigilant feeling that kept him on guard against being surprised and overpowered by passion. Within his heart there had already been a fierce struggle between love and honor. Love had once conquered, and that completely; but the appearance of Dolores had roused his conscience, and made him once more aware of the bond that lay in his plighted word. Could he again break that word? Could he sacrifice his honor almost in the very presence of her whom he supposed to be his loving and faithful Dolores? Could he do such a deed as this, and sully his soul, even for Talbot? Yet, on the other hand, how could he bring himself to give her up? Give her up!—the "lad Talbot," whom he loved as he had never loved any other human being! How could he? And thus love drew him impetuously in one direction, while duty sternly and imperiously drove him back; and so there went on in the breast of this newspaper correspondent a struggle the like of which does not often come within the experience of gentlemen of the press.

"You will see me as far as the tower?" said Talbot, pathetically.

"Yes," murmured Brooke.

"And there," continued Talbot, in the same tone, "we can say to one another our last farewells."

Brooke said nothing. The struggle still raged within him, and was as far from a decisive end as ever. The prospect of parting with Talbot filled him with a sense of horrible desolation, and the one idea now in his mind was that of accompanying her wherever she might go. He did not look far into the future. His plans were bounded by that tower to which Talbot was going. This much he might do without any hesitation. It seemed to him no more than Talbot's due. She only wanted to go as far as that. She wished to be out of the reach of Rivers. She didn't know the way there. He could certainly help her thus far; in fact, it would be impossible for him not to do that much. If Dolores herself were present, he thought, she could not object; in fact, she could do nothing else but approve.

Silence now followed, which lasted for some time, and at length Talbot said, with a heavy sigh,

"How strange it is, and how sad!—isn't it, Brooke?"

"What?" said Brooke.

"To bid good-by."

Brooke was silent.

"To bid good-by," repeated Talbot, "and never meet again."

Brooke drew a long breath, looked at Talbot, and then looked away.

"Shall we, Brooke?" asked Talbot.

"Shall we what?" said Brooke, harshly.

"Shall we ever meet again?"

"How do I know?" said Brooke, snappishly.

"And yet you gave your life for me," said Talbot, pensively.

"I didn't," said Brooke. "It was you that gave your life for me."

"The offer was made," said Talbot, mournfully, "but it wasn't accepted. I wish now that the offer had been accepted."

Brooke raised his head and looked at her with his pale, haggard face, whereon was still the impression of that great agony through which he had so lately passed. He looked at her with all his unspeakable love in his earnest, yearning gaze.

"Do you really wish that, Talbot?"

"I do," said she, sadly.

"Oh, my darling!" cried Brooke—"my own love, and my only love! What shall I do? Help me to decide."

He caught her in his arms, and held her pressed convulsively to his heart, while Talbot laid her head on his shoulder and wept.

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At length they rose to go.

Brooke was conscious of a sense of profound relief as he went out of the castle and away from Dolores.

On reaching the gate Brooke explained to the guard that he and the lady were going out for a little walk.

The guard suggested that there might be danger.

Brooke said that he was not going far away, and that he would be back. In this he was not deceiving them, for he himself thought that he would be coming back again. He had a vague idea of keeping Talbot in the tower, and conveying her food, etc., from the castle, as he had done once before.

He now passed through the gates, accompanied by Talbot. The course which he took was the same that he had taken on the occasion of his first visit to the Carlists in his disguise of priest. After walking for some distance they descended into the chasm, and at length reached the bottom. By this time it was dusk, and twilight was coming on rapidly.

They then began the ascent, and reached the tower without any difficulty.

Here they paused to take breath.

But no sooner had they stood still than they were aware of a noise without. It was a noise rather distant, yet well defined, and sounded as if a multitude were approaching the place.

"Some one's coming," said Talbot.

"Yes," said Brooke, "we must go back."

They hurried back. But as they stood at the opening they heard something which once more startled them.

There were voices and footsteps down the chasm, as of some one coming up the pathway.

"We are pursued!" said Brooke.

"We are captured!" said Talbot; and then she added, as she took Brooke's hands in hers, "But, oh, Brooke, how I should love to be captured, if you are only captured with me!"

Brooke said nothing, but a thrill of joy passed through him at the thought.

CHAPTER LVI.

IN WHICH SOME OLD FRIENDS RE-APPEAR.

DOLORES and Ashby had experienced none of that inner conflict that had disturbed the souls of Brooke and Talbot, for Ashby had been prompt in decision, and had taken all responsibility from Dolores. She meekly acquiesced in his decision, was all the happier for it, and prepared with the briskness of a bird to carry out their purpose of flight. She led Ashby down by the same way through which she had formerly conducted "his Majesty," starting from that lower room in which Ashby had been confined. Had she gone from one of the upper rooms, they might, perhaps, have encountered the lurking Rita, and thus have rescued the unhappy Russell from his vengeful captor and from his coming woe. But such was not to be their lot. It was from the lower room that they started; and on they went, to the no small amazement of Ashby, through all those intricate ways, until at length they emerged from the interior, and found themselves in the chasm. Here the moon was shining, as it had been during all the eventful days in which all these wonderful and authentic adventures had been taking place, and gave them ample light by which to find the path. Their way lay along the lower part of the chasm, where the brook was foaming and bubbling and dashing on its way. Before long they reached the place where the path ascended toward the tower. Up this they proceeded.

As they went up they heard voices. Thus far they had been talking with one another quite merrily and carelessly, but these sounds at once arrested them. They stopped for a moment, and listened in deep anxiety.

The sound of the voices seemed to draw nearer, and to come up from some point in the pathway behind them, as though others were advancing in the same direction.

"We are pursued," said Dolores.

"Who would pursue us?" said Ashby.

"Mr. Brooke," said Dolores, in a tone of alarm. "It must be Mr. Brooke. He has been looking for me. He has seen us, and is pursuing us."

Ashby muttered a curse.

"Confound him!" said he. "Let him keep his distance. We must hurry on faster."

They hurried on.

In a few moments they had reached the tower. Inside that tower were Brooke and Talbot, who had reached it some time before, and now heard the sounds made by these new-comers, though the darkness of the interior prevented them from seeing who they were. On entering, Dolores

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drew Ashby carefully on one side. Brooke and Talbot waited in breathless suspense.

But now other sounds startled the occupants of the tower—the sounds as of an advancing crowd. Dolores clung in terror to Ashby, and drew him still farther on one side.

They were caught—that was plain. They could neither advance nor retreat; for now already they heard new-comers at the opening through which they had just passed. They shrank back still farther, and Dolores clung more closely to Ashby.

These new-comers, however, were not very formidable. They were merely Harry and Katie.

Harry had waited for some time in expectation of being joined by Russell. To his surprise, that worthy person did not put in an appearance. He could not account for this, and finally concluded that Russell must have gone ahead, so as to take his time about it and save himself by daylight. In this belief, Harry resolved to delay no longer, and congratulating himself that he knew the way so well, he started off with Katie.

He went with all the caution in the world, first reconnoitring to see that no one was within view, and then, on reaching the side door which gave entrance to the cellars, he cautioned Katie to keep silence. In this way they went on silently enough until they emerged from the opening. Then they began to descend the chasm, and here Harry felt safe. On their way down and up they talked and laughed quite freely, and these were the voices which had startled their predecessors.

At length they reached the tower and clambered in. The moment they found themselves inside they were startled by those noises which had already terrified the others, and which had now drawn much nearer.

Katie gave a low cry of terror, and stood trembling in every limb.

Harry was quite bewildered at this sudden and unexpected shock. For a moment he thought of flight; but that was impossible, for Katie, in her terror, was almost fainting, and he had to support her, while she clung breathlessly to him. And so they stood, unable to move.

The noises were now just outside—voices, cries, songs, and wild laughter—all the indications of a lawless crowd.

Suddenly some one burst inside.

"Ha!" he cried, in Spanish, "here it is; but it's all dark. Bring lights, some one. We must wait here till the others come round to the front; but there's no reason why we shouldn't have lights. We can't be seen from the castle: the walls here are too thick to be transparent. It's just the place for a little supper."

A number of others now came forward and entered. The fugitives stood clinging to one another as before, expecting the worst, and awaiting with intense anxiety the moment when lights would be introduced.

There was now the flash of sudden flames—some of them were striking matches. The flames leaped forth, and soon half a dozen torches were kindled, and then, blazing and smoking, they were held aloft, throwing a bright light upon the whole interior, while those who held them looked around without any other purpose, just then, than to find some convenient place where they might place them, so as to save themselves the trouble of holding them.

In that one instant the whole scene stood revealed.

There stood Brooke, with Talbot clinging to him; there Harry, with his arms round Katie; and there Ashby, supporting Dolores. And as Ashby and Harry stared at these noisy new-comers, they saw the familiar face of no less a person than "his Majesty."

At this sight they were filled with amazement and consternation. Yet their amazement, great though it may have been, was not greater than that of "his Majesty." For an instant he stood like one transfixed, and then exclaimed, in that peculiar English which he spoke,

"Howly Moses! but this bates the worruld!" and then stood staring at each of them.

At this exclamation Katie started. She recognized the voice at once; and, strange to say, all her terror fled. From that man she felt as if there was nothing to fear. She looked up, and showed her sweet face all smiles, with all its anxiety and all its terror vanished. Dolores also heard the English words, and looked up in surprise, recognizing at the first glance that familiar face. Harry and Ashby made the same discovery.

But there were other discoveries to be made. Their eyes, as the lights shone around, took in the whole scene; and it

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was with the deepest dismay and confusion that, on looking around, each one caught sight of his or her old lover; and, what was more, the feeling of each one was that the other had come in pursuit, to claim that vow which each was breaking.

Harry saw Talbot, and felt sure that she had come after him to demand a new explanation, and to reproach him for this new perfidy. She had suffered, he felt, wrongs that were intolerable at his hands, and his heart sank within him at this new meeting. He seemed to himself base beyond all expression, and no words could be found with which he might excuse himself.

Brooke saw Dolores, and his only thought was that she had suspected him, had watched him, had tracked him, and had now come to overwhelm him with dishonor, and he felt that he must be dumb before her.

Ashby saw Katie, and thought that she had surely come in pursuit of him; that perhaps his suspicions had been unfounded; that she loved him; that she had only been trifling with Harry, and had come to tear him from Dolores.

Talbot saw Harry with guilty terror. She had fled from him, and intentionally. He had pursued; he had come to claim her hand—her promised hand!

Dolores saw Brooke with the same feelings. She knew him as the chivalrous American who had saved her life and that of her mother in their direst need, who had won her heart and the promise of her hand. She had broken her word—she had fled. What now? With what eyes could she look at him? with what words could she speak to him?

Katie's face had lightened up with joy at the sight of "his Majesty," but the moment afterward it clouded over with fear and apprehension at the sight of Ashby. "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all," and conscience told her that she had treated Ashby very, very badly, and that he had followed her to make her keep her plighted word. And so she only clung to Harry more closely than ever.

And so, in fact, did the other couples. They all clung to one another more closely than ever. There was a moment of embarrassment—intense, awful, tremendous.

The deep silence was broken by the voice of "his Majesty."

"Herself!" he cried, with his eyes fixed on Katie—"herself! begorra, it's herself! Shure an' it is! an' oh, but it's meself that's the lucky man this day! An' shure an' may I dhrop dead if I iver saw sich a mayting as this! Shure ye've forgotten all about me offer av the crown av Spain, an' the sceptre, an' the throne. Begorra, ye've given up all that same for that bit av a boy that's a-howldin' av ye. An' shure we're all together again, so we are. Here's welcome to yez all—Messrs. Rivers an' Ashby, an' the ladies, one an' all. Niver fare, I'll take good care av yez this toime. Only what's become av Lord Russell? Begorra, it's meself that 'ud loike to have another look at that same!"

Talking in this way, with frequent pauses, "his Majesty" succeeded in expressing his feelings, which had at first seemed quite too strong for utterance.

Meanwhile the soldiers who had been inspecting the interior had found convenient places for fixing the torches, which now flared up, throwing a bright light around, and filling the tower with smoke.

During all this time the prisoners had been agitated by various feelings. Harry and Ashby saw in "his Majesty" a remorseless brigand, whose only idea was plunder, and who would now hold them to ransom as before. They despaired of escape. This new capture seemed far worse than the former one, yet each one thought less of himself than of that dear one whom he had tried to save. Thus Harry clung to Katie and Ashby clung to Dolores more closely than ever. Brooke and Talbot, on the contrary, had less fear, yet they had anxiety. Brooke recognized in "his Majesty" the unscrupulous Carlist whom he had visited, and was somewhat uneasy about a recognition; while Talbot, seeing his uneasiness, felt something like fear herself.

Yet, in the midst of all this, they all alike made one discovery. It was this: each one saw that his or her old love had become strangely indifferent.

Harry saw that Talbot was clinging to that strange man whom he had never seen before, but who now, as he thought, seemed uncommonly sweet on her.

Brooke saw that Dolores was clinging for support to another strange man. She had evidently no thought for him.

Ashby saw at once that Katie thought of no one but Harry Rivers.

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Talbot saw that Harry was devoted to that lady whom he was so assiduously supporting and consoling. She was utterly amazed at the discovery, yet inexpressibly glad.

Dolores, in her delight, saw that Brooke took no notice of herself, but devoted himself to the lady with him, and in such a fervent manner that she understood it all without being told.

Katie also saw that Ashby had forgotten all about her, and thought of nothing but Dolores.

And at this discovery, which flashed almost simultaneously upon them, each one felt the most inexpressible joy. At the same time the whole truth came upon them. Each one, instead of pursuing the other, had been trying to fly. Each lover had found a new and more congenial friend, and with this dear friend had left the castle. Each one felt equally guilty, yet equally glad; but then as to guilt, there was Brooke, who didn't feel guilty at all—oh, bless you, no!—he had only come with Talbot *as far as the tower!*

In the midst of all this Harry and Ashby and Brooke were amazed at the Irish brogue of the Carlist chief, who had formerly spoken to them in Spanish.

And now, while they were thus wondering, who should come in but a certain female in a very peculiar dress—for this female wore what looked like a military cloak, and she wore also an officer's "kepi," which was perched upon the top of her chignon—which female took a glance around, and then exclaimed:

"Well, goodness gracious me! I never! Did I ever! No, never!"

"Auntie!" screamed Katie; and with this she rushed toward the aforesaid female, who was no other than Mrs. Russell. She flung her arms around that lady, and almost smothered her with kisses.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Russell, "how impetuous you are! But it's natural—it's touching—it's grateful—we deserve it, dear. We came to seek and to save. Bless you, my child, and may you be happy! 'His Majesty' has a tender heart, and often talks of you. We also cherish for you a fond affection, child; but in future try to be a little less boisterous, and respect the majesty of Spain."

At this reception Katie was quite bewildered. It was only by a strong effort that she could comprehend it. She then recalled that old nonsense with which she had amused herself when she had suggested that Mrs. Russell should marry "his Majesty"; but now a great terror seized her: was it possible that Mrs. Russell had done such a thing?

"Oh, auntie!" she said; "oh, auntie! you haven't—you haven't—done—done it?"

"Done it!" said Mrs. Russell, who seemed at once to understand her; "no, child—not yet; but as soon as the affairs of state will allow, 'his Majesty' says that the ceremony shall be performed; after which comes the coronation, you know, and then, dear, I shall be queen, and you may be princess, and may marry the proudest of all the Spanish chivalry."

At this Katie was so terrified that she did not know what to say. The only thought she had was that "auntie" had gone raving mad. She knew that Mr. Russell was alive and well, for she had seen him only a short time before. The old joke about marrying "his Majesty" had been almost forgotten by her; and to find "auntie" now as full as ever of that nonsensical piece of ambition was inexpressibly shocking to her. Yet she did not know what to say. To disabuse her seemed impossible. She did not dare to tell her that Mr. Russell was alive: it might be dangerous. "Auntie" had so set her mind upon this insane project that any attempt to thwart her would certainly draw down vengeance upon the head of the one who should dare to make it. That one certainly was not Katie. She liked, as far as possible, to have things move on smoothly around her; and so the only thought she now had was to chime in with "auntie's" fancy; to humor her as one would humor an insane person, and to hope that something might turn up in time to prevent anything "dreadful."

In this state of mind Katie went on talking with "auntie." But "auntie" was hard to humor; she was altogether too grand and lofty for little Katie. In fancy she already wore a crown, and talked of the throne, the sceptre, and the majesty of Spain as though they had always been her private property.

"I've been two or three days," said she, "with 'his Majesty.' He has been most kind. His royal will is that I should wear this hat. Do you think it is becoming? Under other circumstances I should be

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talked about, I know; but where the welfare of Spain is concerned, I don't care for public opinion. When I am seated on the throne, all will be explained."

At such a torrent as this, poor Katie could only take refuge in silence.

CHAPTER LVII.

HOW A SURPRISE PARTY IS VERY MUCH SURPRISED.

DURING these remarks "his Majesty" had been fumbling, with a thoughtful expression, in his coat pocket, as though trying to extricate something, the bulk of which prevented it from being drawn forth without some difficulty; and as he tugged and fumbled he began to speak.

"I came here," said he, "on a surprise party, an' begorra I niver was so surprised in me loife, so I wasn't. An' be the same token, as it's a long march we've had, an' as we've got to wait here an hour or so, an' as we're on the ave av an attack, an' may niver live to see another day, shure there's ivery raison in loife"—and with this he fumbled still more vigorously in his pocket—"why"—he gave a thrust and a pull—"why we should all wet our whistles"—he gave a series of violent twists—"wid a dhrop av somethin' warrum;" and with this he succeeded in getting the object of his attempts extricated from his pocket, and proudly displayed before the eyes of the company a black junk-bottle.

The others looked at this with some surprise, but no other feeling. The whole proceeding seemed to them to show an ill-timed levity; and if it was serious, it certainly seemed very bad taste. But "his Royal Majesty" was in a very gracious mood, and continued to run on in his most gay and affable strain. He wandered round among the company and offered the bottle to each in turn. When they all refused he seemed both surprised and hurt.

"Shure it's whiskey, so it is," he said, as though that would remove all objections; but this information did not produce any effect.

"Perhaps it's a tumbler ye'll be wantin'," said he. "Well, well, we're sorry we haven't got one; but if ye'll take a taste out av the bottle ye'll foind it moighty convaynient."

Here the monarch paused, and raising the bottle to his own royal lips, took a long draught. As he swallowed the liquid his eyes closed and his face assumed an expression of rapture. He then offered it to all once more, and mourned over them because they refused.

"Oh, but it's the divoine dhrink!" said he. Then he grew merrier, and began to sing:

"Oh, Shakspeare, Homer, an' all the poets
Have sung for ages the praise av woine;
But if they iver had tasted whiskey,
They'd have called it the only dhrink divoine.

"Oh, wud ye have a receipt for toddy?
Av whiskey ye take a quart, I think;
Thin out av a pint av bilin' wather
Ivery dhrop ye add will spile the dhrink."

Ashby had been talking with Dolores for some time. He now came forward, Dolores hanging on his arm.

"Sir," said he to "his Majesty," "I suppose we must again consider ourselves your prisoners?"

"Divil a doubt av it," said "his Majesty," with a wink at Dolores.

"The other time," said Ashby, "you named a ransom, and said that on the payment of that sum you would allow us our liberty. Will you now name a sum again—some sum that I can pay? I engage to have it in less than a week, provided that you send this lady in safety to Vitoria. She can procure the money for me, and until then I shall remain your prisoner."

"Well, that's fair," said "his Majesty."

"Will you do it?"

"Begorra, I will."

"Will you name the sum?"

"I'll think about it."

At this Ashby went back with Dolores to his former position, and they resumed their conversation. But Harry had heard every word, and he now came up, with Katie clinging to him.

"Sir," said he, "will you allow me to procure my ransom in the same way? Will you allow this lady to go in company with the other, so as to procure the amount needed for my deliverance?"

"But I won't go," said Katie, hurriedly.

"What!" said Harry. "Oh, think—it's for my sake, my life."

"But I can't," said Katie. "I know I shall never see you again. Besides, what could I do alone?"

"You can go with this other lady, or with your aunt."

"Oh, she can't go with me," said "auntie." "Nothing would induce me

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to leave 'his Majesty.' The royal cause is just now in a critical condition, and we need all our resources."

"Then you can go with the Spanish señorita," said Harry.

"But I'm afraid," said Katie.

"Afraid!" said Harry. "Why, there will be no danger. You will be sent with a guard."

"Oh, it's not that—it's not that," said Katie; "it's because I'm afraid I shall never see you again. And it's cruel—very, very cruel in you."

At this "his Majesty" wiped his eyes. Then he raised his bottle and took another long pull. Then he heaved a sigh.

"Arrah, ye rogue," said he to Harry, "ye've deludhered that poor gyerrul intoirely. She's yours out an' out—no doubt av that; an' sure but it's dead-bate an' heart-broke intoirely I'd be, so I would, if it wasn't for the widdy here, that's a frind in time av nade, an' has a heart that's worth its weight in goold sovereigns."

"His Majesty" now took another long, long pull at the black bottle.

"If it wasn't that I had that other noble heart til fall back on," said he, as he wiped his royal eyes with the back of his royal hand, "I'd be fairly broken-hearted, so I would. But I'll be loike Tim in the song:

"'Oh, a widdy she lived in Limerick town,
Not far from Shannon water,
An' Tim kept company wid her,
A-coortin' av Biddy, her daughter.
But Micky McGraw cut in between,
And run away wid Biddy.
"Begorra," says Tim, "the daughter's gone,
So, faix, I'll take the widdy!"
The widdy!
Not Biddy!
The fond and faithful widdy!
Whooroor!'"

Singing this, the jovial monarch caught Mrs. Russell's hands in his, and proceeded to dance in a manner which was far more boisterous than dignified. Mrs. Russell, always fond and indulgent, lent herself to the royal whim, and danced much more vigorously than could have been expected from a person of her years. Katie clapped her hands in childish glee. The Carlists all applauded. The others looked puzzled. "His Majesty" finally concluded his little dance, after which Mrs. Russell clung to him in a languishing attitude, and looked like a caricature of each of those other younger ladies who were all clinging so fondly to their respective lovers. The sight of Mrs. Russell in that languishing attitude came home to the hearts and consciences of the younger ladies, who all relinquished their lovers' arms, and insisted on standing by themselves.

Brooke had listened thoughtfully to all that had thus far been said. The Carlist chief was a puzzle to him, but he saw that there was talk of holding to ransom, which to him had an ugly sound.

"Sir," said he, "are we to be kept prisoners in this tower?"

"This tower, is it?" said "his Majesty." "Begorra, I hope not. There's another tower a dale betther nor this. It's meself that 'ud be the proud man til let yez all go, an' yez 'ud all be prouder, I'll go bail; but in that case, shure to glory, I'd be a loser; but I hope to find yez comfortable quarthers in a foine stone house not a thousand moiles from this. Ye'll all be as comfortable as ould Dinny McDivitt in the song:

"'In a beautiful palace av stone
Resoided ould Dinny McDivitt;
He wore a most beautiful ring
That was fixed round his wrist wid a rivet.
'Twas the judge, shure, that sintinced him there,
An' there all the boys wint til view him,
For the jury considhered him dull
At discernin' twixt "mayum" and "chuum."
So fill up for the toast an' I'll give it:
Here's a health to bowld Dinny McDivitt!'"

At this the monarch raised the bottle to his mouth and took another long, long pull.

From this Brooke gathered that they were to be taken to the castle. He asked "his Majesty" if this were so.

"Begorra, ye've hit it," said "his Majesty."

"Is there anything to prevent our being taken there at once?" asked Brooke.

"Bedad, there's iverything in loife. Shure I've come on a surprise party til capture the castle."

It occurred to Brooke that this was a curious way to surprise a castle—by kindling torches, dancing, and singing songs; but he made no remark upon that. He saw that the chief supposed the castle to be defended, and so he hastened to undeceive him.

"His Majesty" listened in amazement to Brooke's story.

"Begorra," said he, "here's another surprise! Didn't I say we were a surprised party? Shure an' ye've all showed pluck, ivery man jack av yez, includin' the ladies. An' that same 'll have to be considhered in our thraitmint wid yez about the ransom.

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Shure I'll deduct five per cint., so I will. Nobody shall say we're not magnanimous. But bein' as there's nobody there, shure the best thing for us to do is to go over at onst and raysume possession."

With these words the monarch retired to give orders to his men, and in a short time the whole band, together with their prisoners, had passed over and had taken possession.

CHAPTER LVIII.

IN WHICH THE KING COMES TO CLAIM HIS OWN.

THE party of prisoners was conducted by "his Majesty" to that upper room which had formerly been occupied by the ladies. Mrs. Russell clung to the royal person as fondly as ever. It was a critical hour in the destinies of Spain.

"Where's Rita," cried "his Majesty," "that cook of cooks? It's starvin' we are. I haven't seen her annywheres. I'll go an' hunt her up."

With these words he hurried out, followed by Mrs. Russell. They descended the stairs, and their footsteps died away in the distance. No one was now with the prisoners except the wounded Republicans.

"Let us fly!" said Harry, in a quick, sharp whisper.

He hurried Katie to the chimney, and clambering up, drew her after him. The others followed at once. Dolores came next to Harry.

"I know a secret way out," said she. "I will show the way. Let me go ahead. I know it in the dark."

"Do you?" said Harry. "Oh, then go ahead."

Upon this Dolores took the lead, along with Ashby; Harry and Katie came next, while Brooke and Talbot brought up the rear, these last wondering at this unexpected revelation of the passageway.

By this time each member of the party had gained a full and complete comprehension as well as appreciation of the present state of things, both with reference to the old lover and also the new one. Embarrassment had now passed away, and all were full of hope, joy, and enthusiasm.

Suddenly a hollow groan sounded through the darkness.

"Who's there?" cried Ashby, in Spanish.

"Help! help!" said a faint voice, in English.

"An Englishman!" cried Ashby, speaking in English. "Who are you?"

"Oh, help! help! I'm a prisoner. A fiend has me in her power. Once I was named Russell, but now—oh! oh! my name is Rita!"

Full of wonder, Ashby felt his way forward, and found a man on the floor. His legs and arms were tied. He was almost speechless, partly from terror and partly from joy. In a few words he told his story, which need not be repeated here. Rita had bound him, and had only left him a short time before, at the sudden noise of their approach. It was not until afterward that they understood the whole story, for just then they were in too great a hurry to ask questions. A pull from Ashby's brandy flask partly restored Russell's strength, but more was accomplished by his joy at this unexpected deliverance. Terror also came to his aid and lent him strength, and he was now more anxious than any of them to fly from this awful prison-house.

Dolores now led the way as before, and they all followed down long steps and crooked passageways until at last they reached the outlet. Here they found themselves in the chasm. A hasty consultation ended in the decision not to go to the tower for fear lest Carlists might be there. They concluded, therefore, to go along the chasm for some distance, and then ascend to the open country above, and after this to go forward as far as possible that same night.

They traversed the chasm in this way, and at length reached the top, where they found themselves to be about a mile away from the castle. Here the ground sloped gently, descending into a broad valley, to which they decided to go. In this direction they therefore proceeded as carefully as possible, and had gone about two miles in safety when suddenly they became aware of a great noise, like the quick trot of numerous horses. It was advancing so rapidly that they had no time to take measures for escape, and before they could consult together a troop of horsemen came over a rising ground in front and galloped straight toward them.

A wild look all around showed them the hopelessness of their situation. The country was open. There was not a house, or a fence, or a tree, or a bush, that might afford

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a hiding-place. Flight was useless. They could do nothing now but trust to the faint hope that they might be deemed unworthy of attention. But soon this hope proved vain. They were seen—they were surrounded—they were again prisoners.

They soon learned that this new band consisted of Carlists; that they were on the way to the castle to join the King, who had gone on before.

The King!

Katie knew who that was. Harry was puzzled, as he always had been, about "his Majesty." Dolores also was mystified, since she had never believed that "his Majesty" was what he pretended to be. Ashby also had not believed it, and now was more puzzled than any of them. Brooke and Talbot, however, were strangers to the pretensions of that singular being who called himself King, and therefore hoped that this would turn out for the best. As for Russell, he was in despair, for to him "his Majesty" was more dread than any other human being, with the single and terrible exception of Rita. And now he felt himself dragged back to meet him—worse, to meet Rita. Despair took full possession of him. All his strength left him, and one of the troopers had to give up his horse to the world-worn captive.

It was with such feelings as these that the party reached the castle, and were led upstairs into the presence of the King.

The first glance which they gave around showed them that there had been a slight mistake somewhere.

Down below, the court-yard and the lower hall were full of men. Here there were twenty or thirty, all in the uniform of officers; all men of distinguished air and good-breeding; all gentlemen, and far different from the ragged gang whom they had last encountered here.

In the centre of this company stood a man who at once attracted to himself the eyes of the party of prisoners. He was of medium size, with heavy black mustache and dark, penetrating eyes. He had the air of one who had always been accustomed to the respectful obedience of others; an air of command which rested well upon his bold and resolute face. It was the face of one who lived in the consciousness that he was the centre and strength and hope of a gallant party; of one who believed himself to hold a divine commission to regenerate a fallen country; of one who knew that he alone in all the world held up aloft at the head of an army the proud banner of Conservatism; of one who, for this mission, had given up ease and luxury and self-indulgence, had entered upon a life of danger, hardship, and ceaseless toil, and every day lived in the very presence of Death; in short, they saw before them the idol of the Spanish Legitimists—the high-souled, the chivalrous Don Carlos.

The quick, penetrating glance which he threw upon the party soon faded into a pleasant smile.

"Welcome, ladies," said he; "welcome, gentlemen. Some one spoke of a party of prisoners; I had no hope of such good fortune as to meet with guests. But you must have met with some misfortune, in which case let me help you."

He spoke in Spanish, of course—a language which is usually spoken in Spain: and a very pretty language it is, too, and one which I should advise all my readers to learn; for they would find it uncommonly useful in case they should ever find themselves in a castle in Spain.

It was Harry who replied. He told the whole story, as far as it was known to himself, dwelling especially upon the character and actions of that strange being who had played the *rôle* of monarch. Harry's light and playful nature threw a tinge of comicality around the whole story which was highly appreciated by his hearers. And so it was that a smile began to go round, until at length it deepened and developed into laughter, and so went on deepening and broadening and intensifying, until at last the laughter grew, if not Homeric, at least loud enough and long enough for a castle in Spain.

"It's the Irishman!" cried Don Carlos—"it's the Irish guerrilla! It's O'Toole! The villain! he shall hang for this."

Harry was too good-natured to feel revengeful, and was just beginning to beg for O'Toole's life, when suddenly there arose behind them the sound of hurried footsteps, followed by wild cries. All turned, and a strange figure met their eyes.

It was a woman. She wore a military cloak and an officer's kepi. She looked wildly around.

"Where is he? Where is my own one?" she cried—"'his Majesty?' Where is the hope of Spain?"

Russell saw her.

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He threw out wide his manly arms—he opened his mouth: "Jew—li—a-r-r-r-r-r!"

With a long, loud cry he shouted this name, and rushed toward her.

Mrs. Russell saw him coming—her lost, lamented lord! the one whom she had mourned as dead! Was this his ghost? or was he indeed alive? In any case, the shock was awful for a woman of delicate nerves; and Mrs. Russell prided herself on being a woman of very delicate nerves.

So she did what a woman of delicate nerves ought to do—she gave a loud, long, piercing shriek, and fainted dead away in her fond husband's arms.

Don Carlos gave a grin, and then pulled at his mustache.

"Another victim," said he to the laughing company. "Oh yes; O'Toole shall certainly swing for this. Discipline must and shall be maintained. Send out and catch the fellow. Have him up here at once."

They sent out and they hunted everywhere, but nowhere could they discover any traces of the brilliant, the festive, the imaginative, the mimetic, the ingenious O'Toole. He was never seen again.

Some say that in the dead of night two figures might have been seen slowly wending their way up the path toward the tower; that the one looked like O'Toole and the other looked like Rita. It may have been so; many things are possible in this evil world; and if so, we must suppose that these two gradually faded away among the mists of cloud-land that always surround a castle in Spain.

CHAPTER LIX.

IN WHICH THERE IS AN END OF MY STORY.

THE illustrious host received his guests with large and lavish hospitality. The best that could be afforded by a bounteous commissariat was placed before them. The table was laid, the banquet was spread, and all the company sat down together.

At the head of the table was Don Carlos.

On his right was Talbot, with Brooke beside her.

On his left was Katie, with Harry beside her.

Next to Harry was Dolores, with Ashby beside her.

Next to Brooke was a priest in somewhat martial attire, whom Don Carlos introduced to them as—*The Curé of Santa Cruz!*

He was a broad-shouldered, middle-aged man, with strongly marked features, eagle eye, and bold and resolute face. This was the very man whom Brooke had once personated; but Brooke was just now silent about that particular matter, nor did he care to mention to any of his Spanish friends the fact that he was an American, and a newspaper correspondent. In spite of the passports and credentials with which his wallet was stuffed and with which his pockets bristled, he had not been recognized by any one present; a fact that seems to show that those papers had been obtained from some of the inferior officers of Don Carlos, or perhaps from some other correspondent who had fallen in the practice of his professional duties.

The Curé of Santa Cruz said grace, and the banquet began.

Don Carlos was a man of joyous soul and large, exuberant spirit, with a generous, romantic, and heroic nature. He also knew how to lay aside, on occasion, all the cares of his position; so now he was no longer the commander of a gallant army, the banner-bearer of a great cause, the claimant of a throne. On the contrary, he was the simple gentleman among other gentlemen—*primus inter pares*—the hospitable host, chiefly intent upon performing the pleasing duties of that office.

He had also showed such an amiable interest in the adventures of his guests that they had frankly told him all that was of any interest. Harry had a more confiding disposition than the others, and after the ladies had retired he disclosed more and more of their affairs, until at last their gallant host had obtained a very clear idea of the sentimental side of the story.

"Gentlemen," said Don Carlos at length, "to-morrow we shall resume our march, and I shall be happy to do for you all in my power. I shall be sorry to part with you, yet glad to restore you to your liberty. A company will take you to the nearest railway station, from which you can proceed to your respective destinations. But before you go allow me to offer you a suggestion, which I am sure you will not take amiss.

"You, gentlemen, are looking forward

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to the time when these lovely and amiable ladies shall sustain the closest possible relation toward you. You will pardon me, I trust, if I hint that their position just now is a very embarrassing one, travelling as they are without proper chaperonage. In Spanish eyes that is a calamity. Now, the suggestion that I was about to make is this, namely, that you should free these ladies from this embarrassment by persuading them to accept you now as their legal protectors. Surely nothing can be more desirable on all sides. No place can be more fitting than this; no hour more convenient; no scene more romantic. As for the priest, here sits my reverend friend the Curé of Santa Cruz—a warrior-priest, an eccentric character, yet a brave and noble soul; and he, let me assure you, can tie the knot so tight that it could not be made tighter even by the Holy Father himself, assisted by the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Archbishop of Canterbury."

This suggestion came as sudden as thunder from a clear sky; yet after the first shock it was considered by all present, and especially by those most concerned, as—first ingenious, then happy, then most excellent, and finally, glorious. When this unparalleled and matchless royal speech was ended, the whole company burst forth into rapturous applause.

Ashby and Harry, in wild excitement, forgot everything but their old friendship and their latest love. They grasped one another's hands with all their olden fervor.

"Hurrah, old fellow!" cried Harry.

"Glorious, isn't it, old boy?" cried Ashby.

"I'll do it; won't you?" cried Harry.

"I will, by Jove!" cried Ashby.

And thus that quarrel was settled.

Brooke said nothing, but his eyes grew moist in his deep joy, and he muttered and hummed all to himself the words of some strange old song which had no connection with anything at all. For this was his fashion—the odd old boy!—whenever his feelings were deeply stirred, and he fell into that fashion now:

"I never knew real happiness
Till I became a Methodess;
So come, my love, and jine with me,
For here's a parson 'll marry we.
Come for'ad and jine,
Come for'ad and jine,
This night come for'ad and jine.
A-A-A-A-A-men!"

During the banquet and the subsequent proceedings the virtuous Russell had been silent and distrait. Though restored to the arms of the best of wives, still he was not happy. There was yet something wanting. And what was that? Need I say that it was the lost package with the precious bonds? Ah, no, for every one will surely divine the feelings and thoughts of this sorrowful man.

And he in his abstraction had been trying to think what could be done; for the bonds were lost to him: they were not in the place where he had concealed them. What that place really was he now knew only too well. Had that fiend Rita found them? Perhaps so—yet perhaps not. On the whole, as a last resort, he concluded that it would be best to appeal to Don Carlos. His face indicated goodness, and his whole treatment of the party invited confidence; there surely he might meet with sympathy, and if the package had been found by any of the Carlists it might be restored.

And so, as the uproar subsided, Russell arose, and walking toward Don Carlos, suddenly, and to the amazement and amusement of all present, flung himself on his knees, crying,

"A boon! a boon, my liege!"

These preposterous words had lingered in his memory from some absurd reading of his boyhood.

Don Carlos smiled. "What does he say?" he asked.

Harry came forward to act as interpreter.

Russell now told all. Harry knew in part the fortunes of the bonds after they had left Russell's hands; but then they had again been lost, so that he could not tell what had finally become of them. Of his own part in finding them, and then concealing them again, he thought best to say nothing.

Ashby, however, had something to say which was very much to the purpose. It seems that Dolores had found the bonds, had kept them, and had finally handed them over to Ashby for safe-keeping. He at once concluded that they were Katie's, and was waiting for a convenient opportunity to restore them. The opportunity had now come. This was his simple story, but as it was told to Don Carlos in Spanish, Russell did not understand one word.

"Where are they now?" asked Don Carlos.

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"Here," said Ashby, and he produced the package from his coat pocket.

"Give them to me," said Don Carlos. "I will arrange it all. Do you know, gentlemen, this is the happiest moment of my life. I seem like a kind of *Deus ex machina* coming in at the right time, at the end of a series of adventures, to produce universal peace and harmony."

"I hope and trust," said Ashby, "that your Majesty may be the *Deus ex machina* for all Spain, and interpose at last to produce universal peace and harmony here."

"Señor," said Don Carlos, "you talk like a born courtier; yet at the same time," he added, in a solemn tone, "what you have just said is the high hope and aspiration of my life."

After this creditable little speech Ashby handed over the package, and Don Carlos took it. At this sight the lower jaw of the venerable Russell fell several inches. This Don Carlos seemed to him not one whit better than the other. The bonds were now lost to him forever. That was plain enough. Yet he dared not say a word. After all, they were not his, but Katie's. Harry knew that, and Ashby also. What could he say? He was dumb, and so he crawled back, discomfited and despairing, to his seat.

"Gentlemen," said Don Carlos, "you must use your utmost efforts with the ladies. Everything shall be done that can be most fitting to the occasion. We shall have music and festivities. It is not often that I have adventures like this. Let the old castle renew its youth. Let these walls ring to music and song. Don't let the ladies escape you, gentlemen. If anything is wanting to your persuasions, tell them—as that rascal O'Toole, my double, would say—tell them that it is 'our royal will.'"

Another burst of applause, mingled with laughter, followed, after which Harry, Ashby, and Brooke hurried off to see the ladies.

What passed between the different couples on that memorable occasion, what objections were made, on the one hand, by shrinking modesty, and what arguments and entreaties were put forth, on the other hand, by the ardent lovers, need not be narrated here. Whether it was meek compliance with a loved one's wish, or dread of Spanish etiquette, or respect for the "royal will," or whatever else it may have been, suffice it to say that at last the delighted swains won a consent from the blushing maidens; after which they rushed forth in wild rapture to spend the remainder of the night in prolonged festivities with their gallant host and his festive band of cavaliers.

There was one, however, who took no part in all this. Excusing himself from the festive board on the plea of ill health, he held aloof, a prey to dark and gloomy suspicions. These he communicated to Harry before the "evening session" began. It seemed that the much-afflicted Russell, believing the true Don Carlos to be no better than the false one, held the firm conviction that the bonds had been appropriated by him for his own purposes, and that their proceeds would be squandered on the extravagant schemes of the hopeless Carlist insurrection. But Harry scouted the idea. "Keep them? He keep them?" he cried. "Never! Don Carlos is a gentleman!"

At this Russell groaned and turned away.

Meanwhile the preparations for the coming event were diligently carried on. Before morning the ancient chapel of the hoary castle was decked out with evergreens brought from the neighboring forest, and everything was made ready for the marriage feast.

Morning came. All gathered in the chapel, which in its robe of evergreens looked like a bower.

The three buglers and one drummer belonging to the troop played in magnificent strains the stirring notes of the "Wedding March."

The Curé of Santa Cruz presented an unexceptionable appearance in his ecclesiastical robes.

There, too, was the man who claimed to be the rightful King of Spain, surrounded by men who represented some of the noblest families of the nation—an illustrious company, the like of which none of the principals in this ceremony had ever dreamed of as likely to be present at his wedding.

The bridegrooms came, looking, it must be confessed, slightly seedy.

Then came the brides, resplendent in their best attire, procured from the luggage which had been brought here at the time of their capture by O'Toole.

There were no bridemaids. But Mrs. Russell was present, leaning on the arm of her beloved husband, all in tears. And why? Was it from regrets for the lost

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crown of Spain? or was it merely from the tender sentiment which is usually called forth on such an occasion? or was it from the thought of that one whose fortunes she had followed for many eventful hours with a view to such a conclusion as this?

No matter.

Reader, let us draw a veil over the emotions of this afflicted lady.

The marriages went on. The knots were all tied.

Then came the wedding breakfast.

Don Carlos was in his best mood. He jested, he laughed, he paid innumerable compliments to the ladies, and finally gave the whole party an invitation to visit him on some future day at this royal court in Madrid. Which visit, it may be stated parenthetically, has not yet been paid.

After this little speech Don Carlos handed over to Harry the Spanish bonds.

"I understand," said he, "that your lady will soon be of age, but, under any circumstances, according to Spanish law, the husband is entitled to receive all the property of his wife. Take this, therefore, and you will thus relieve our aged friend yonder, the venerable Señor Russell, from all further responsibility as guardian."

Harry took it, and could not help casting a triumphant glance at Russell, but that good man looked away. He afterward told his wife that he had lost all faith in Providence, and felt but little desire to live any longer in such an evil world. Since the bonds were lost to him, it mattered not who gained them—whether Bourbon, bandit, or bridegroom.

At length the hour of their departure came. The luggage was heaped up in a huge wagon. Another wagon was ready to take the ladies, and horses were prepared for the gentlemen. With these a troop of horsemen was sent as a guard.

As they passed out through the gates Don Carlos stood and bade them all farewell.

So they passed forth on their way to liberty and home and happiness; and so they moved along, until at length the castle, with its hoary walls, its lofty towers, its weather-beaten turrets and battlements, was lost in the distance.

THE END.

THE THRUSH IN THE OLD CONVENT GARDEN.

GLAD prophet hidden in the leaves,
  Thy sudden flute strikes through the rain;
The air a thrill of hope receives,
  The day begins to breathe again—
  The dull day weeping ceaseless rain.

The world may weep, yet sound of tears
  But faintly stirs this cloistered space,
Where noiseless feet of passing years
  Fall on soft lawns and leave no trace,
  But cast fresh spells about the place.

Ah, not for us such green repose,
  Gray wall-girt stillness, brooding air,
Where floats the soul of each dead rose
The endless years have seen unclose,
  And pass, sweet ghost, to haunt the air.

Sing loud, and bid us dream no more
  In this fair prison of the soul,
But rise and gird us, and before
  The sun sets hasten toward the goal,
  Break loose these sweet bonds of the soul.

Sing 'mid the falling leaves thy song
  Of hope, though Autumn's breath is here;
The day is short, the way is long.
Up! let us labor and be strong,
  Nor falter till the end appear.

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APOLLO CROWNED BY THE MUSES—FOR CENTRAL PANEL ABOVE CURTAIN.

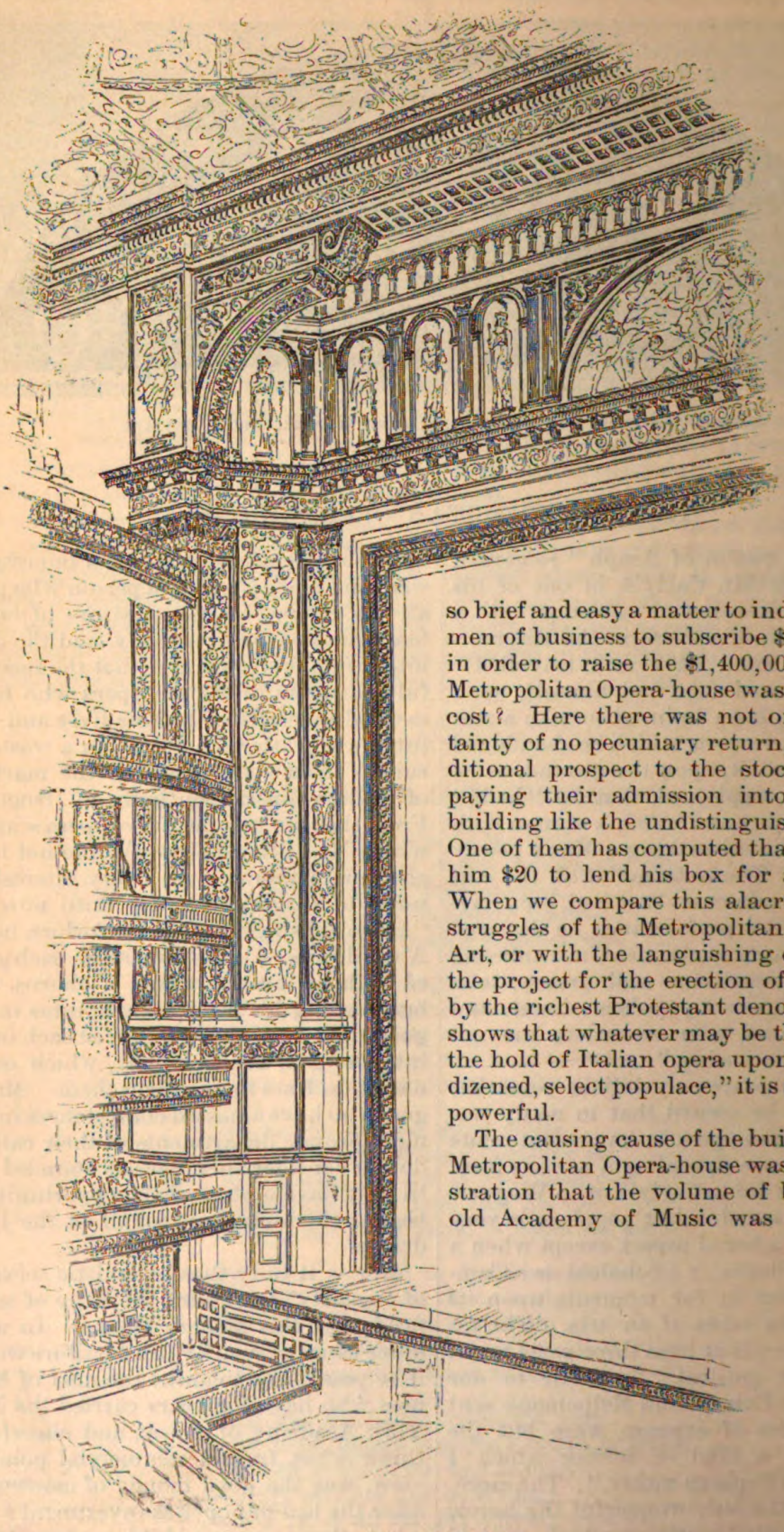
THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

"FROM a psalm of Asaph," remarked the late Mr. Carlyle, in one of his most bilious seasons of reflection, "to a seat at the London opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled!" The distempered sage had himself, upon one occasion, been induced to take a seat in the London opera, which he abandoned during the ballet, upon the ground, as he subsequently explained, that he "hadn't the heart to stay and watch a woman with an immortal soul making a Manx penny of herself." The outcome of all the cost and of the various art that had been lavished upon the performance he declared to be "an hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened, select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing."

These are extremely bilious remarks; but it must be owned that to many persons the Italian opera in its present estate makes no more appeal as a serious form of art than it did to Carlyle or to Wagner. The high-dizened, select populace is very apt to wear a bored aspect except when a Patti or a Nilsson or a Schalchi or a Campanini breaks in for moments upon its apathy at the crisis of an aria. The interest in opera is at least three parts social to one part musical. To recur to our Jeremiad: "Euterpe and Melpomene, sent for regardless of expense, were but the vehicles of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather." The more, or possibly the less, wonderful the heroic and unexampled sacrifices which are laid upon the operatic shrine! An impresario was long ago defined as a person who paid all his money for the pleasure of being blackguarded by everybody, and the definition remains so far true that the successful managers of Italian opera who have escaped its perils with their lives and fortunes are scattered columns in a waste of ruins. And yet the seed of the martyrs of Italian opera continues to fructify. From the lean and primitive opera seasons which Mr. Richard Grant White not long ago commemorated in a very interesting series of magazine papers until now the "cause" has never lacked a forlorn hope. A whole procession of Curtiuses, each girded with an orchestra and a chorus, and brandishing his poetical prospectus in his good right hand, have followed each other into the gulf of insolvency, which obstinately declines to close over them. Managers who have amassed competences in the more prosaic departments of their calling do not consider their careers rounded until they have embraced the opportunity to beggar themselves in behalf of the lyric drama.

Nor is it only these altruistic servants of "society" who burn the lamp of sacrifice before this modern shrine. In what other cause of charity or of culture would it be possible so to enlist the men of business who have for years carried the New York Academy of Music, and cheerfully threw what, from a commercial point of view, was the good money of assessment after the bad of hopeless investment? In what other cause would it have been found

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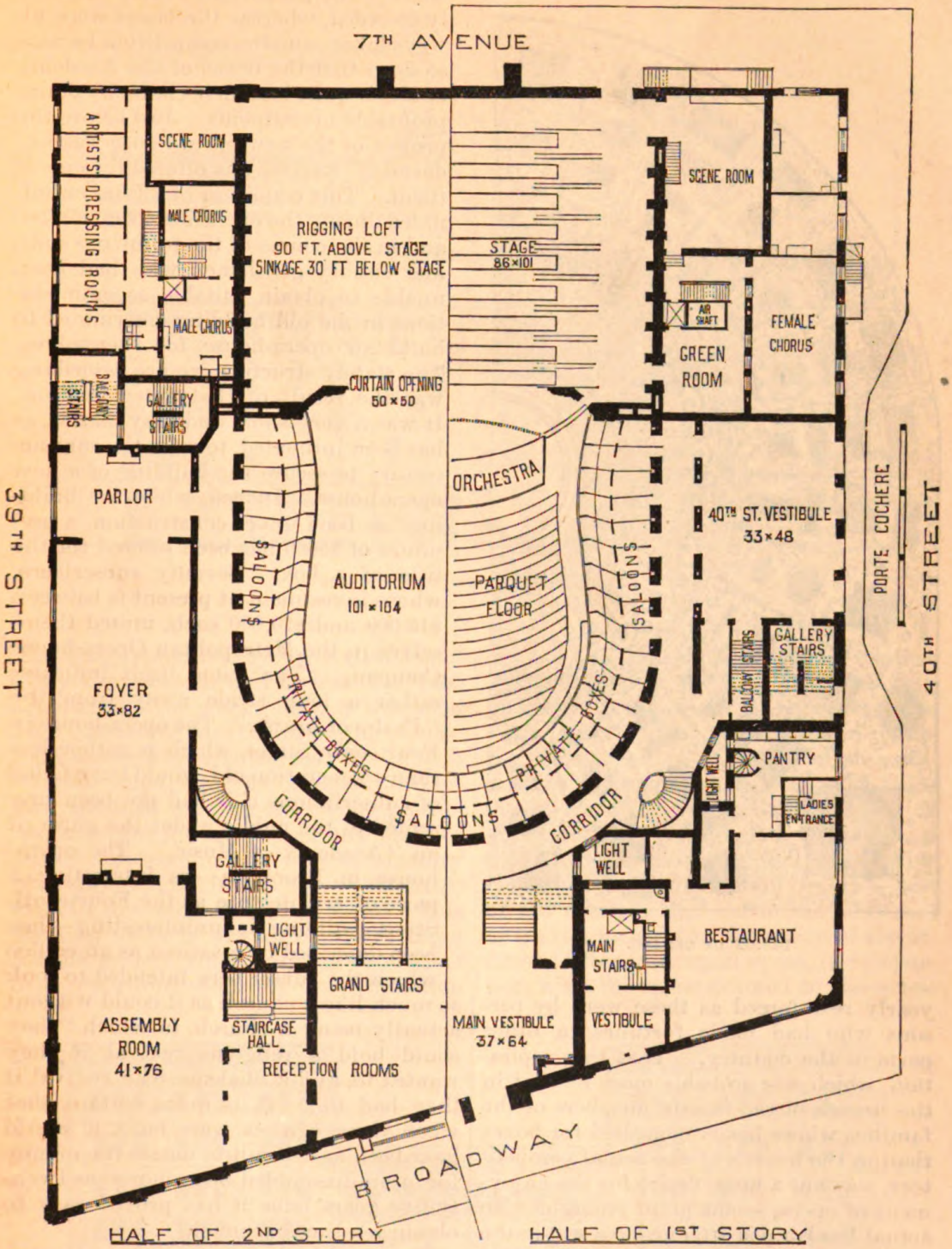


THE PROSCENIUM.

so brief and easy a matter to induce seventy men of business to subscribe $20,000 each, in order to raise the $1,400,000 which the Metropolitan Opera-house was estimated to cost? Here there was not only the certainty of no pecuniary return, but the additional prospect to the stockholders of paying their admission into their own building like the undistinguished throng. One of them has computed that it will cost him $20 to lend his box for an evening. When we compare this alacrity with the struggles of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or with the languishing condition of the project for the erection of a cathedral by the richest Protestant denomination, it shows that whatever may be the nature of the hold of Italian opera upon the "high-dizened, select populace," it is at least very powerful.

The causing cause of the building of the Metropolitan Opera-house was the demonstration that the volume of boxes in the old Academy of Music was unequal to

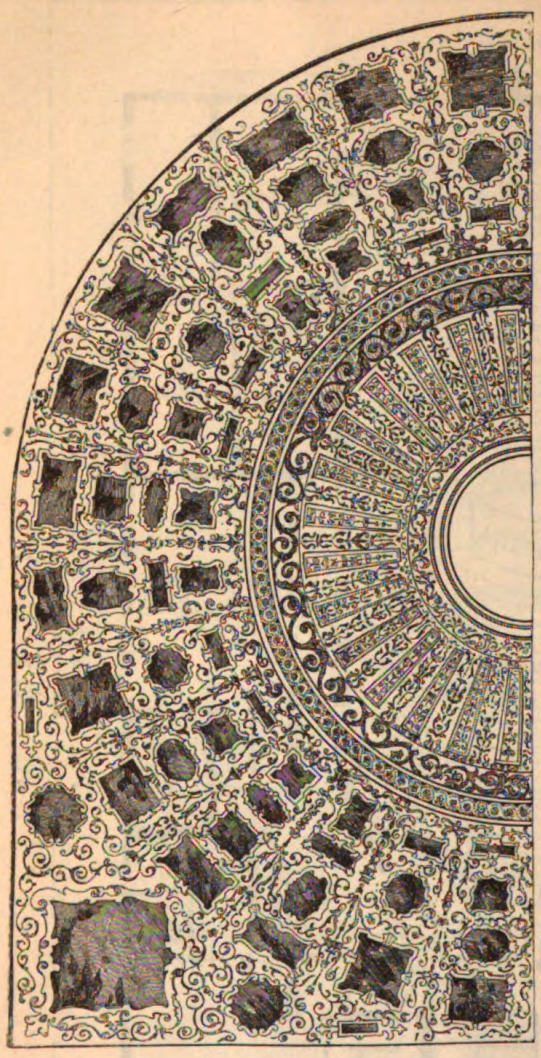
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PLAN OF OPERA-HOUSE (INTERIOR).

the wants of society. Beggarly as was the account of these boxes in a commercial sense, and freely as their owners grumbled about their possessions to the reporters with the advent of each successive season, they showed no willingness to part with them to any of the increasing number of New-Yorkers who were entitled to aspire to the financial and social distinction of an opera-box,

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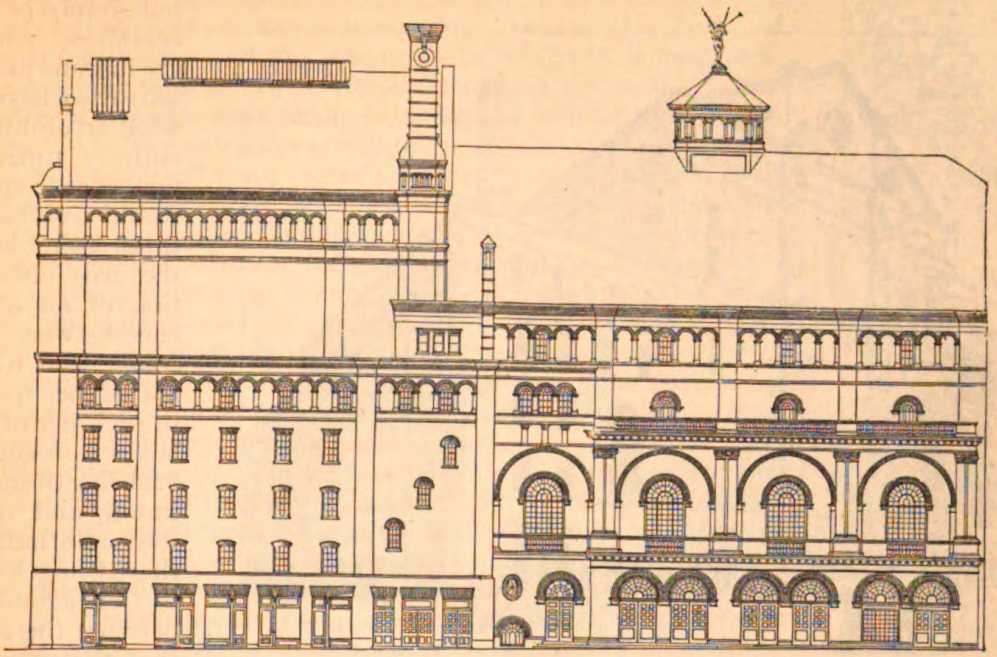


DESIGN OF CEILING.

yearly re-enforced as these were by persons who had made fortunes in other parts of the country. That this aspiration, which was probably more fervent in the breasts of the female members of the families whose heads competed for boxes than in the breasts of the actual competitors, was not a mere desire for the enjoyment of opera, seems plain enough. No actual hardship is attached to a seat in the parquet. In fact the music and the spectacle are at least as available from that humble station as from the coigne of vantage in the box tier, and the philosopher who occasionally goes to the opera, even if his liver be in much more tolerable order than that of Mr. Carlyle, can not have failed to remark that the most attentive looking and listening is not done from the boxes. The parquet, however, was rarely crowded, whereas the boxes were always taken, and the competition became so keen that the boxes of the Academy of Music quite lost their character of unprofitable investments. Just before the project of the new opera-house was undertaken, $30,000 was offered for one of them. This condition of affairs culminated during the operatic season of 1880, and in the course of the following summer sundry gentlemen who had been unable to obtain suitable accommodations in the old building determined to build an opera-house for themselves. The stately structure we are describing was the result of that determination. It was a very short and easy matter, as has been intimated, to raise the sum necessary to secure the building of a new opera-house. Indeed, while the building has been under construction, a premium of $5000 has been offered for the title of a box. Seventy subscribers, whose investment at present is between $15,000 and $20,000 each, united themselves in the Metropolitan Opera-house Company. The name itself indicates rather a long stride away from the "Psalm of Asaph." The opera-house in Fourteenth Street, which is rather less than a generation old, would have failed of subscriptions if it had not been presented to the public under the guise of an "Academy of Music." The opera-house in Brooklyn—as interesting a piece of architecture as the Fourteenth Street building is uninteresting—has been described by a satirist as an edifice which the subscribers intended to look as much like a church as it could without actually being a church, in which "they could hold a religious revival if they wanted to, and a Shakspearean revival if they had to." It is quite certain that when these edifices were built, it would have been as difficult to obtain the money for an undissembled opera-house as twenty-five years later it has proved easy to obtain ten times as much.

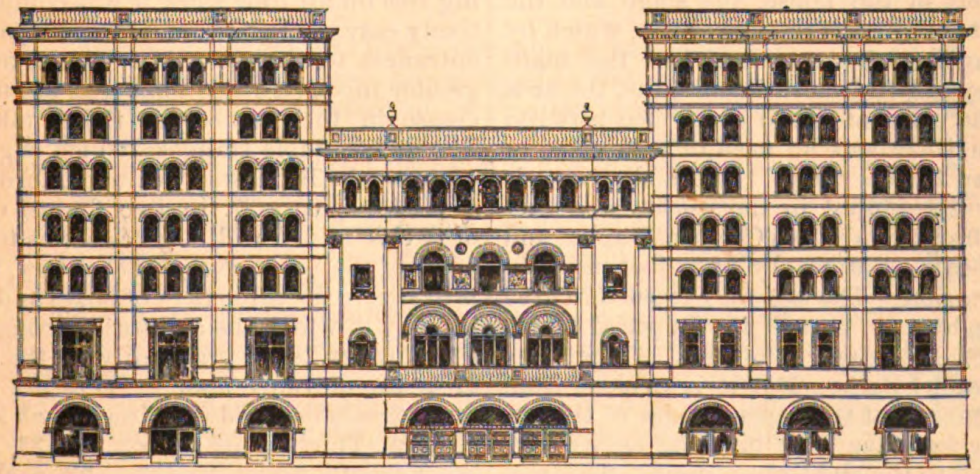
The site which then seemed most available for the purposes of an opera-house was the plot near the Grand Central Station, bounded by Madison and Vanderbilt avenues, Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, nearly a square of 200 feet. It was for this site that the preliminary drawings were made which the committee in charge invited from four well-known architects.

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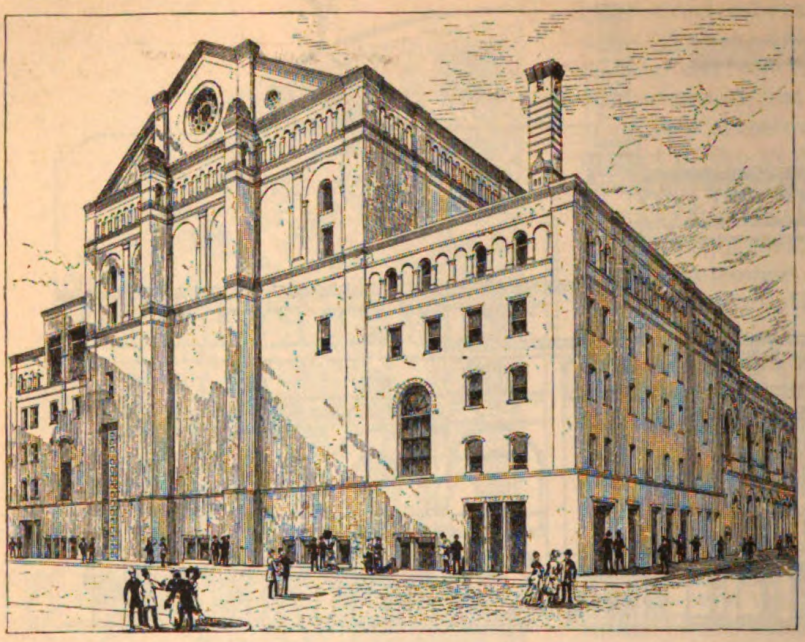
SIDE VIEW ON THIRTY-NINTH STREET.

The design submitted by Mr. J. Cleaveland Cady was accepted, and he was appointed architect of the work. But it was soon after discovered that the adjoining owners held under a guarantee that the plot in question should not be occupied for certain specified uses, among which prohibited uses was the erection of any place of public amusement, and that satisfactory waivers could not in all cases be obtained, even in the cause of Italian opera. This seeming obstacle was an excellent thing for the project, since a square of 200 feet does not afford space for the satisfaction of the complicated and conflicting requirements of modern opera. The competing architects had recognized this fact, some of them by stinting the stage and its accessories, some by diminishing the auditorium, and some by cramping the space devoted to the foyer and the lobbies. A glance at the ground-plan of a typical modern opera-house, say that of the New Opera in Paris, shows how small a part of the whole is devoted to the audience, or is even brought to the notice of the ordinary attendant upon opera, in comparison with the space devoted to the acces-



FRONT VIEW, ON BROADWAY.

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BACK VIEW, ON SEVENTH AVENUE.

sories of the entertainment. The removal to a site which gave sixty feet of additional length not only enabled the architect to give a more liberal treatment to all the parts, but left two corners on the Broadway front of which the opera will require only the two lower stories, while the upper stories are to be devoted to apartments for bachelors.

It is not to be supposed, however, that there were no longer any sacrifices to be made. The design of an opera-house is at every point a compromise between conflicting claims. Fortunately there was no question between the two great divisions of the house, the stage and the auditorium. On the larger site, which by advancing the entrance and the main staircase left almost, if not quite, the area of the original site to be divided between them, there was no need of a sacrifice of either to the other. The auditorium is quite the largest in the world, exceeding its closest rivals, San Carlo, at Naples, and La Scala, at Milan, by some feet in every dimension. The stage is exceeded in area only by two, that of the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg and that of the New Opera in Paris. But it is evident from the plan that the dependencies of the auditorium have been in some degree sacrificed to the auditorium itself. This sacrifice is not of the stairways, by any means, but simply of the corridors, which are in some places narrowed beyond what an architect entirely untrammelled as to space would probably think desirable for the free circulation of an audience between the acts. The number of occupants in each tier of the boxes is so small, 222 being the maximum, and only the male half of these being liable to engagements between the acts, that the narrowing of the corridors does not threaten any physical inconvenience, but only some impairment of the character of dignity and spaciousness which it is desirable to give to the corridors.

The entrances and exits, indeed, are entirely ample, almost beyond example elsewhere. It has often been pointed out how far inferior modern public buildings are in means of access and departure to those of the Romans. It would not occur to anybody to call the doorways of a modern building *vomitoria*, even if modern notions of verbal propriety did not restrain him. Here, however, with the rare good fortune in New York of a building standing free on all four sides, it was comparatively easy to contrive ample and separate entrances to all parts of the house, at no greater inconvenience than that of an increase in the number of ticket takers. The great double staircase, which is gained from the Broadway entrance, through a vestibule 63 × 37, in two flights, each of twelve feet in width, gives access to all parts of the house except the gallery, that is to say, to the three tiers of boxes and the balcony of which the auditorium consists, the parquet being practically on the level of the entrance floor. There are also large vestibules midway down each side, that on Thirty-ninth Street 70 × 33, that on Fortieth Street 50 × 33. To each of these entrances carriages may drive un-

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der cover of a permanent veranda of metal, and from each a winding staircase, contrived in the space between the curve of the amphitheatre and the rectangle in which it is inscribed, gives access to the boxes; while from each of these side entrances a staircase rises to the balcony, and two to the gallery, these latter four stairways giving the only access to the galleries, and being shut off from the rest of the house throughout their whole course by stout brick walls. It is estimated that the house can be emptied by these multiplied and abundant means in three minutes, and even after making a liberal allowance for the difference between theory and practice which may arise from the unfamiliarity of many of the audience with the readiest exit, it seems clear that the house, which can be emptied in three minutes, will be emptied in a surprisingly brief space for its great size, and in this respect will come nearer than most modern buildings to the Roman standard.

The interior form of an opera-house is distinctly established by experience as the amphitheatrical, and very few innovations upon this typical form are possible. The amphitheatre in this case seems elongated beyond what is usual, and then widens at the stage end so as to give it more nearly the form of a lyre than of "the glittering horseshoe's ample round," which belongs to the conventional temple of the lyric drama. The modification of the curve which produces this result is, however, slight. There is a more important departure from the conventional opera-house,

> "Where flame on flame the immense proscenium glows,
> With magic counterchange of gold and rose,"

for the proscenium is altogether omitted. In the Fourteenth Street Academy the proscenium boxes have been objects of desire to achieve which there have been given whole seasons of intrigue and social politics. Inasmuch as the proscenium could not be extended so as to include the amphitheatre, it was resolved to cut the Gordian knot of preference by abolishing the occasion of rivalry, and converting the stockholders into an oligarchy, indeed, but not into a graded hierarchy—into a republic of oligarchs with no precedence among themselves, nodding on equal terms all round Olympus. A widely splayed opening of a very few feet in depth, decorated with large pilasters at the re-entrant angle, and still for convenience called the proscenium, is the only representative of the abolished feature.

The purpose of making any box as desirable as any other box has by no means been attained, however, when the proscenium has been abolished; and the study of "sight lines" and acoustics, so as in some measure to bring this about, is one of the chief of the many problems which beset the architect of an opera-house. In the present case sight lines were drawn from every part of the house in each tier to the sides and the rear of the stage, to ascertain how much of the view of the stage would be lost from that point, and the contour of the auditorium and the pitch of each tier were modified in conformity with the results of these studies to the arrangement actually adopted. The result has been so satisfactory that it is safe to say that there is no theatre in which there are fewer bad seats in proportion to its size, nor any opera-house in which the difference between the best and the worst boxes is so small.

There are three tiers and a half of boxes—122 altogether.



DESIGN OF PILASTE

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The half-tier utilizes, in "baignoir" boxes, the side walls of the parquet, or rather of that half of the parquet nearest the stage, where the pitch of the floor makes room for them. Over this, in succession, are the parterre, the first and second tiers, and then the balcony and the gallery. These last two are simply seated with chairs, like an ordinary theatre. The parterre and the so-called "first" tier are distributed among the stockholders, with four boxes over, since there are only seventy subscribers to thirty-seven boxes in each of these tiers. The twelve baignoirs and the thirty-six boxes of the second tier are left at the disposal of the manager. For some mysterious reason—possibly the facility of escape between the acts—the baignoirs are expected to be especially attractive to clubs. The three full tiers are counterparts of each other, except that the uppermost is one box the shorter. The boxes themselves are all of the same dimensions, seven feet front by thirteen deep, divided nearly midway of their depth by an upholstered partition into a salon so called and a box proper, and they are intended for six persons each. They are screened from each other by panels set in iron frames against the partitions. It is plain that the intention has prevailed to make them as nearly of equal value as may be, and the same accommodations of smoking-rooms, dressing-rooms, and the like dependencies are given to each tier.

The seating capacity of the house seems arranged with a liberality almost extravagant. The total number of seats is 3045, divided as follows: parquette, 600; baignoir, 72; parterre, 216; first tier, 222; second tier, 222; balcony, 735; gallery, 978. And yet the New Opera in Paris, which occupies nearly if not quite as great an area, has only 2156 seats.

In its foyer and assembly-rooms the Metropolitan Opera-house is very amply provided. The foyer proper, which will be ample for all but the largest public balls and assemblies for which the opera-house may be required, is a great room on the south side of the building, 85 × 43 in area, and very lofty. When the southern corner building is completed, the second story of this building, constituting a single apartment of 33 × 67, will connect the foyer with the large room over the main entrance, making a suite of 214 feet in length. This great advantage has not been gained without some loss. The main staircase has been sacrificed—not as a practical staircase at all, but as an architectural feature of the interior—to the desire to make the most out of the room over the vestibule.

The facilities for emptying the opera-house, while they are beyond those of almost any other theatre, are less needed than in almost any other theatre. Their amplitude is a matter of convenience, not a matter of safety. The destiny of a theatre almost proverbially is to die by fire, and there is scarcely a famous theatre in the world which has not been rebuilt more than once. Here it has been attempted to construct not merely a slow-burning but a really fire-proof theatre. The only combustible material it contains, outside of the stage, is the wood used in the floors and their furrings, and in the fittings of the galleries. The stairways throughout are of iron in brick wells; the partitions, apart from the main walls of brick, are of fire-proof material, the construction of the floors of fire-proof arches turned between iron beams, the flooring of the corridors of tiles. The ceiling is a great sheet of metal hung from metal bars, and its dome a great saucer of the same material hung from the roof. The partition which runs from the floor of the parquette to the floor of the gallery is of fire-proof blocks stiffened by a system of iron studs. The roof rests upon the elliptical walls of the auditorium, which are the main constructional walls of the building, and the roof construction is of iron trusses. The supports of the gallery are iron beams anchored in the walls of the auditorium. Many difficulties arose in applying this construction to the ever-varying lines and forms required in an opera-house, and many interesting expedients were adopted to overcome them. In order to gain an easy descent from the corridors to the front of the boxes, for example, it was found necessary to interpolate two steps, and this necessitated a double bending of the rolled beams which were to carry the galleries. Moreover, as both the pitch and the slope were continually changing, no beams would require exactly the same bending, except the pairs opposite each other in the same tier. The contractor found it necessary to erect a mill of his own in which the beams could be bent as well as rolled. The proscenium wall is continued twenty-five feet above the au-

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THE BALLET.



THE CHORUS.

DESIGNS FOR PANELS ABOVE CURTAIN.

ditorium, and required to be supported from the walls on either side of the curtain opening. A brick arch was not practicable from lack of abutment. The expedient adopted was a truss some eighty feet in length by fifteen in depth, upon which the gable wall of the stage stands, and to which it is additionally secured by rods built in the brick-work. A smaller truss spans the curtain opening.

The stage is required to be an open space from top to bottom and from side to side. The end wall of the building, corresponding to that carried by the truss over the proscenium, thus becomes an isolated piece of brick-work, unstiffened by floors, 125 feet high from the street, and 106 feet wide. It is an unbroken surface within, but on the outside is re-enforced by two massive buttresses five feet deep. The roofing of the stage is also an interesting piece of construction, for it is not often that a roof of 106 feet clear span is required to be set upon walls 101 feet high. This is effected here by an iron truss, set upon rollers to provide for the expansion and contraction of the metal throughout so great a span.

As the stage is the point of any theatre especially vulnerable to fire, it is of prime importance to confine to the stage any fire that may originate there. This is accom-

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plished not only by making the rest of the house incombustible, but by converting the stage itself into a flue, inclosed in the brick walls which rise above the rest of the house. A large skylight in the roof of the stage is weighted so as to fall open when its fastenings are removed, and these fastenings are arranged to give way at a comparatively low temperature, and thus open the top of the chimney of which the walls are the sides and the proscenium opening the hearth. To put out fires which may arise on the stage, reliance is placed, beyond the ordinary precautions, upon a novel automatic appliance. A network of small pipes is hung above the stage, filled with water from a tank in the roof, and pierced at frequent intervals with holes stopped with soft solder, which melts readily, and drenches the stage as from a great shower-bath.



TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FACADE.

Among the novelties the arrangement of the orchestra deserves mention. It is placed, not in Wagner's "Mystic Gulf," but in a brick bowl sunk below the parquet, and floored at a level which will leave the musicians visible only from the upper tiers. The sonority of this reservoir is expected materially to re-enforce the volume of tone.

Another novelty is the system of supporting the stage. The supports of the stage must be readily removable, so that any point underneath may be utilized as it may be called for by the varying exigencies of the drama. Ordinarily this requirement is fulfilled by the use of a wilderness of timber supports, any section of which may be knocked away as the space it occupies is needed. This arrangement is hardly compatible with a fire-proof building. Here a light iron construction has been devised, containing some 4000 members, which has all the facility of removal and reconstruction of the carpentry. The cellar of the stage is thirty feet deep from the floor, and this depth is divided into three stories, of which any one, or any section of all three, can be made available at once.

The main elements of the architectural effect of the interior, apart from color, are of course its great size and the grace of its lines. Treatment of detail is of comparatively little importance in the general view, except as it re-enforces these, as we may see in theatres which have not a respectable detail, but which when they are filled present a spectacle of undeniable brilliancy. We have had occasion already to deplore the economy of space which prevented the staircase from asserting itself as an architectural feature, and this is especially to be regretted, since a clever and original treatment would be both more feasible and more effective there, as being better seen, than in the auditorium. The most obvious criticism upon the detail generally is that the architect has not attempted to treat the interesting construction which he has adopt-

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ed. Occasionally an iron post shows for what it is, and the gallery fronts are unmistakably of metal. But with these exceptions the structure is one thing and its envelope quite another. It is treated, that is to say, in the conventional manner, in which the differences are differences only in refinement of detail. No doubt a more expressive treatment would have been desirable. But it is almost too much to require of a single architect that he should develop a decorative construction suitable to an opera-house from the modern construction of clay and metal which has been employed here. There are almost no precedents in point. M. Viollet-le-Duc, indeed, made some essays—on paper—toward the solution of this problem, but they were not so felicitous as to allure his successors to follow them. At all events, if a single architect could be called upon to develop the architecture of an opera-house out of this construction, he could not be called upon to do it in three years, while also meeting all the practical exigencies of so great a work. Moreover, it may well be doubted whether a really serious architectural treatment of an opera-house, such, for example, as would befit a real "Academy of Music," would not strike the operagoer, that is to say, the citizen in an opera hat and an opera frame of mind, with a certain sense of incongruity. He does not go to the opera, he would say, or feel, to study, nor even to have things explained to him; he goes to be lapped against eating cares in soft Lydian airs, and he prefers the Lydian mode also in the appointments of the place. A treatment *mezzo serio*, as Rossini said of his own music to the "Stabat Mater," is all that he will willingly endure. The architectural treatment of the interior is concentrated upon the proscenium wall. The truss already spoken of above the curtain opening is relieved at the ends by vigorously projected brackets, and the re-entrant angles of the splay are re-enforced, after the manner of the Italian Renaissance, with panelled pilasters. The wall above the opening is modelled into niches with a large panel in the centre, upon which Mr. Lathrop's allegory of "Apollo crowned by the Muses" is to be painted. On the piers flanking the opening at the level of the gallery are Mr. Maynard's figures "The Chorus" and "The Ballet." The panels of the large pilasters at the opening are filled with delicate ornaments in cast metal.

Color, however, is the chief element in the decoration, and the attainment of "tone" the test of its success. A mellow golden tint is the resultant tone aimed at from the combination of colors employed in this interior. The necessity of a red background for an audience in full dress is almost as well settled as the amphitheatrical form itself. This convention has been recognized here in the upholstery of the boxes, which is of a silk specially



TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FACADE.

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TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FACADE.

manufactured for the purpose, having a ground of red interspersed with threads of gold-color. The field of the vast ceiling is of a deep ivory yellow, overlaid with a design in deeper colors. A modification of the same tint is the color of the walls, in the comparatively unimportant spaces of these which are visible from the body of the house. The pilasters and brackets of the proscenium arch are to be of gold, oxidized to mellow its glare. For the effect of this scheme of decoration, which has been carried out, under the supervision of the architect, by Mr. Treadwell, we must await the "first night," which is destined to become so memorable in the annals of opera in New York.

The exterior of the building is considerably less like the stereotyped treatment of an opera-house than the interior. Costly as the building is, it is so very large as to limit the expenditure upon its external architecture. And this limitation seems to have determined the architect, together with other considerations, to seek for the effect of the great building through simplicity and expressiveness of general composition, and the utmost delicacy of such decorative detail as he must somewhat sparingly employ. The main divisions, the stage, the auditorium, and the portico, are distinctly marked. No architect has yet ventured to exhibit upon a large scale the sweep of the auditorium as part of the external architecture of a theatre, although upon a small scale this has been done, and done with striking success, in the north front of the Casino, just opposite

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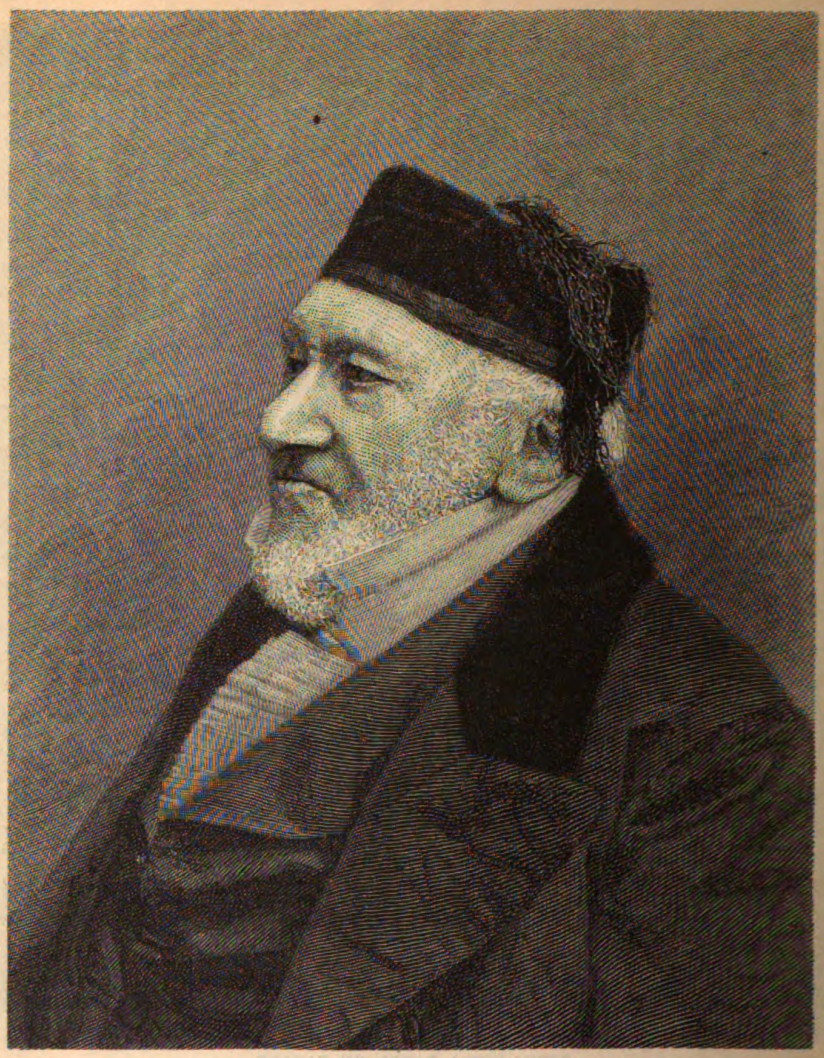


TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FACADE.

the new opera-house. The style, in deference, possibly, to the purpose of the building, is Italian, and in the Broadway entrance, which is more copiously decorated than any other part, is a correct and academic Italian Renaissance. This style has more elegance than vigor.

The portico on Broadway is noteworthy not only for the refinement of the detail, which never fails Mr. Cady in whatever style he is working, but for the breadth of the composition. This is secured by strong horizontal belts, and the vertical lines of the large order which runs through two stories, and by the simplicity of the main divisions. The breadth and simplicity of the composition will be enhanced by the more varied masses and broken lines of the flanking structures which are yet to be built. All of the detail has plainly been studied with great care, and all of it is marked by much elegance. The reliefs in the panels, which are unfortunately too small in scale to have, when seen from the street, the effect to which they are really entitled, have the same naïve and child-like grace which belongs to the exquisitely executed imitative modelling introduced in the capitals of the porches. It is noteworthy that this character, which we recognize as that of the early Italian Renaissance before it had stiffened into Vitruvian formula, was the character of the Italian Romanesque, and is as visible in the work of Nicholas Pisano in the thirteenth century as in the work of Luca della Robbia in the fifteenth. Where the architecture escapes from academic trammels, this naïveté may be said to be its note also.

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SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.—After a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

IN Leghorn, on the 24th of October, 1784, Rachel, the daughter of Abraham Mocatta, gave to her husband, the merchant Joseph Elias Montefiore, his first-born son, and they named the child Moses.

If an angel had appeared to this Joseph in a dream, or had there been at hand a prophet to reveal to these parents what their child would become, not only to the race of Israel, but to the cause of human need in any creed or clime, their delight in their first-born must have deepened into a most solemn joy of thanksgiving, even without the knowledge that his life should cover with the unbroken lustre of good deeds the span of a century.

The Montefiores were of Italian descent, and made their first appearance in England, it is stated, not long after Manasseh-ben-Israel's eloquent intercession with Cromwell procured the re-admission of the Jews. From this period, also, the Jews date England's commercial prosperity, on the ground that being then shut arbitrarily from arts, agriculture, and all professions, they concentrated upon and became prosperous proficients in trade. Later, when the debarred professions were thrown open, they won successes in law, learning, art, and statesmanship, and members of the Montefiore family distinguished themselves in science and literature as well as in commerce.

Moses Montefiore received commercial

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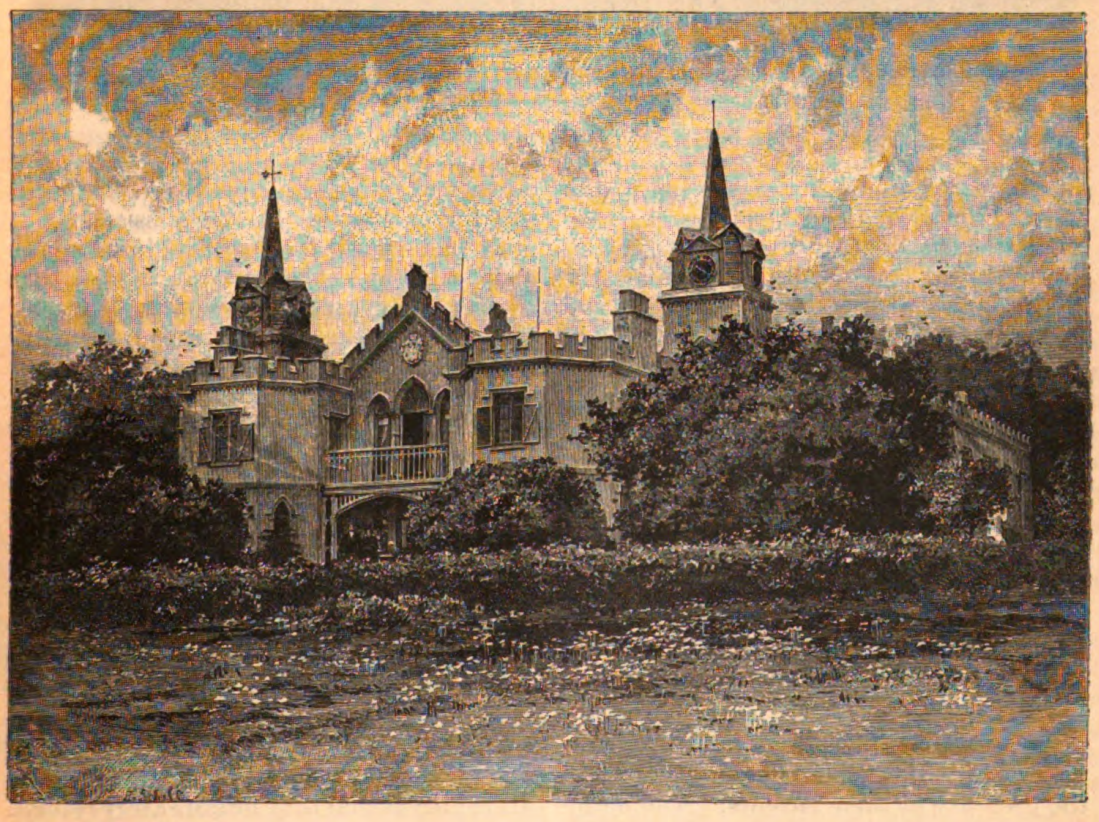
training, and was admitted to membership in the Stock Exchange. In 1812 he married Judith, daughter of L. B. Cohen, Esq., and the sister of Judith united the Montefiore and Rothschild families by becoming the wife of Nathan Meyer Rothschild. In 1814 he was elected gabay, or treasurer, of the Portuguese synagogue, and in 1824 assisted in founding the Alliance Insurance Office, of which he was elected the first president, which position he has held to the present time—a period of sixty years. His integrity and courtesy had intrenched him in the esteem and friendship of all with whom he had dealings to an extraordinary degree.

His wife, Judith, was a lady of fine mental endowments and great charm of character, and though it grieved them that they were childless, their union was an ideally happy one. They devoted themselves to philanthropy, their interest in all good causes and their gifts spreading over and beyond Europe. Judith shared in his interest in the condition of the Jews in the Holy Land, and entered into all his plans, hopes, and labors, and even into his dreams of the things not accomplishable in his own time. Of their first trip together to the Holy Land (in 1827) she wrote an interesting diary, which, though printed, was not published.

In 1837, when Syria—racked the preceding year by earthquakes—was being ravaged by the plague, Moses and Judith set out for the scene of misery. The towns of Tiberias and Safed had vanished in the maw of the earthquake, the few survivors and surrounding villages were now a prey to fever, and the disorder and terror prevailing made approach difficult. But the pair pressed forward, and encamping on the Mount of Olives, began at once, with money and tender ministrations, the work of relief.

"At Safed," says Mr. Joseph Guedalla, "he presented every one who applied to him with a Spanish dollar, and children under thirteen (except orphans, who received the full amount) with half a dollar. A whole day was consumed in dealing out this munificent charity, which was repeated in several towns."

On his return to London he was elected sheriff of London and Middlesex, and in this capacity was knighted by the Queen



EAST CLIFF VILLA, RAMSGATE.

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IN THE GOTHIC CHAMBER, EAST CLIFF VILLA, RAMSGATE (SHOWING PORTRAIT OF LADY MONTEFIORE).
After a photograph by John C. Twyman, Ramsgate.

on the occasion of her first visit to the city. The Board of Deputies, a body mediating between the government and the Hebrew community (of which Sir Moses had become a member in 1828 and president in 1835), found its services called into urgent requisition in 1840. At Damascus, Friar Thomas, a Roman Catholic priest, and his servant, had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. The anti-Jewists seized on this fact to start a persecution. They asserted that the Jews had killed Friar Thomas and his servant in order to use their blood in mixing the Passover cakes, and though neither proofs nor reasonable grounds for this charge were produced, the Jews were attacked and put to torture. False confessions, extorted from the victims *in extremis*, led to larger arrests and more atrocious modes of torment, even infants being subjected to it in the presence of their parents. The buildings in the Jewish quarter were pulled down and pillaged on pretense of searching for the bodies of the missing men, who had in all probability been made away with by robbers roving in that part of the country. The news of this persecution spread through Europe, arousing great sympathy for the Jews. A meeting was held in the Mansion House in London, and Sir Moses offered to go to the East and straighten matters in person. The subscription fund for the mission promptly reached £7000. Christians contributed liberally, and £2400 of the sum was paid by Sir Moses, who was accompanied in this journey by Lady Judith, and the celebrated lawyer M. Crémieux, representing the Jews in France. In a personal interview with the Pasha of Egypt, Sir Moses made such an impression upon him that Mehemet Ali at once released the imprisoned Jews, and assured all fugitives that they might safely return. The Pasha conceived a warm friendship

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for Sir Moses, and his successors have been like-minded, for when Said Pasha sent the young Prince Toussoon, his son, to England to be educated, he placed him under the care of Sir Moses. "A Pharaoh trusting his son to Moses!"

Not satisfied with the success of his appeal to Mehemet Ali, Sir Moses went on to Constantinople and induced the Sultan to grant the Hatti-Homayon, thus establishing, under the seal of the Chief of the Faithful, not only the innocence of the Jews, but their rights to equal privileges with other peoples on Turkish soil.

On his home-coming from this journey Jews and Christians of Great Britain were united in their appreciation of his labors, and the Queen showed her pleasure by granting to him the "high distinction of bearing supporters to his family arms—a privilege which is only conceded to peers of the realm and to knights of the various orders."

A testimonial, designed by Sir G. Hayter, sculptured by E. Bailie, Esq., and executed in solid silver by Messrs. Mortimer and Hunt, was presented to him by deputation in his home in Park Lane. It is a miniature monument three and one-half feet in height, and weighs 1319 ounces (some accounts say 2000). It is of admirable design, nobly executed. The quadrangular base rests at the four corners on four Sphinxes, "typical of Egypt, which so long held Israel in bondage." The first four compartments of the shaft exhibit: the inscription of thanks to Sir Moses, engraved under his coat of arms, cut in high relief, and showing the "supporters" granted by the Queen; the Egyptian hosts being swallowed in the Red Sea passage at the prayer of Moses; wild beasts devouring flocks and herds, typical of the cruelty of the strong to the weak; the same animals at peace, in the millennial condition of things described by Isaiah. Above these are appropriate inscriptions in Hebrew verse. At each of the four corners is a figure exquisitely wrought in frosted silver. Two of these represent Moses and Ezra. The latter bends in meditation over a scroll on which is written the twenty-first verse of the eighth chapter of the Book of Ezra. Moses holds the stone tablets of the Law. The third figure, laden with chains, brooding and sad, typifies the persecuted Jews of Damascus. The fourth, kneeling, with eyes and hands raised in thanksgiving, its gyves broken and fallen to the ground, is eloquent of deliverance. Still higher the four sides show bass-reliefs of Sir Moses landing at Alexandria, his audience with the Sultan at Constantinople, the liberation of the Jews at Damascus, the scene in the synagogue of Bevis Marks over his return. Grape boughs rising and bending gently over in rich clusters of fruit and tendril support the fine group at the top—David subduing the lion and rescuing the lamb (1st Samuel, xvii.), emblematical of the purpose and success of Sir Moses's mission.

This noble tribute can be seen, together with the almost innumerable testimonials on illuminated parchment from the potentates, officials, and bodies of many lands, in an inner room of the Rabbinical College at Ramsgate, which was built by Sir Moses. The walls of the room are literally covered with these parchment testimonials.

Mr. Guedalla states that in 1842, "there being much sickness and no proper hospital in Jerusalem, Sir Moses established a dispensary in that city, and sent out a physician, etc., at his own private expense. He pledged himself to support this for three years, till a regular hospital should be in operation, and the dispensary was available to all who applied for aid."

About this period Czaristic ukases became especially severe. At last, by one of these decrees, thousands of Jewish families were ordered to remove into the interior of Russia. In 1846 Sir Moses and Lady Judith braved the rigors of the Northern winter to set this right. At St. Petersburg Sir Moses had a long interview with the Czar, who could not withstand the charm of his manner and the earnestness of his appeal. Sir Moses spoke in English, the Czar in French.

After reading the philanthropist's petition, "Nicholas said, in the most cordial manner, 'À présent causons.' When the Czar answered his prayers by referring to the ancient laws of the empire, Sir Moses replied, 'But your Majesty might alter those laws.'"

This mission proved remarkably successful. The distressing ukases were first suspended, then abandoned. The Czar placed one of his royal carriages and a government official at the service of the illustrious Jew, and when, after a short stay in the capital, Sir Moses entered on a tour among his own people through the

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chief towns of Russia and Western Poland, his journey was facilitated by the friendship and protection of the Czar, and resembled the triumphal progress of a popular hero.

At Wilna he found, in a total population of 80,000, that more than half were Jews, and Jews, owing to unhappy antecedents and environment, of the most hopeless type—mean-minded and of uncleanly habits. It had been the Czar's chief complaint to Sir Moses that the Jews would stick to trade, and would not till the soil or do any kind of labor. Sir Moses, even in his trenchant remonstrances with them, so encouraged and stimulated them that several thousand families resolved to become agriculturists, and were ultimately incalculably benefited by their judicious determination.

He remained eleven days at Wilna, and neither there nor at any other towns ever sent away empty-handed a single person of the multitudes who crowded about his doors, and even managed to discover and leave gifts with those more deserving and less ready to beg.

At Berlin, on the homeward journey, seventeen young maidens, some dressed in white and others in blue, presented him and Lady Montefiore with a laurel crown, wreathed with white roses, upon an embroidered velvet cushion.

On his arrival in England Queen Victoria and Sir Robert Peel made him a Baronet.

When the famine broke out in the Holy Land, in 1854, Dr. N. M. Adler, Chief Rabbi of the Jews, and Sir Moses Montefiore realized £20,000 by public appeal. To see this sum rightly administered Sir Moses went again to the Holy Land, relieved its distresses, and revived and reestablished industries. Then, as before, he pushed on to Constantinople, sought and obtained a firman "empowering him to acquire land in Palestine," and purchased an estate in Jerusalem, on which windmills and excellent almshouses were erected. When the Turkish government's jealousy over its dominions is considered, what Sir Moses thus accomplished is better understood.

In 1858 came the celebrated Mortara case, which startled Christendom with a new and sombre illustration of papal potentiality.

In the family of the Jew Mortara, living at Boulogne (1852), a Roman Catholic girl only fourteen years of age was serving as nurse. The little year-old Edgar Mortara was very sick, and the nurse, who was fond of him, thinking that if he died he would be eternally lost, confided her concern to a grocer of her acquaintance, and between them they had the little fellow secretly baptized. The boy got well, and not till six years later, in 1858, did the real tragedy begin, when the nurse, having unwisely confessed what she had done to a companion, who instantly betrayed her to a priest, was examined before the Inquisition, and the little Edgar Mortara was stolen by the bishop's guards and hidden in a convent at Rome. This arbitrary act and the agonized protest of the parents drew the attention of Europe.

"Twenty-one Sardinian synagogues addressed a joint request to the London Jewish Board of Deputies soliciting its interference in behalf of the distressed family."

Sir Moses, then in his seventy-fifth year, hurried to Rome, the bearer of an earnest and strenuous memorial to the pontiff. His first efforts being blocked with the cold assertion that the Mortara case was "a closed question," he was advised to make a written appeal to the Pope for a personal interview. This proved fruitless, but he obtained a long interview with Cardinal Antonelli, to whom he gave the memorial he had brought. It concluded in these words: "Your Holiness in acceding to our solicitations will be upholding the sanctity of parental rights, maintaining the claims of justice, restoring peace to an afflicted family, and securing the approbation of the good and wise of every creed."

Cardinal Antonelli promised to lay the testimonial before the Pope, but informed Sir Moses that it had been quite determined that Edgar Mortara should be educated in the Romish faith, but that when he had attained his sixteenth or seventeenth year he would be "set free to follow his own judgment."

Thus in spite of the dignity and eloquence of his personal appeal, the prestige of his successes in other humane efforts, and of the support of the French and English governments, he failed, except that public opinion, aroused and concentrated by his undertaking, pressed and protested, and the Pope was made to realize that the Mortara abduction had alienated from him much that he greatly prized.

After this visit to Rome, Lady Montefiore's health, for some time delicate, gave

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way, and on the 25th of September, 1862, she died.* Nothing could more nobly express the love and the bereavement of her husband than his manner of perpetuating her memory by "redoubling his benevolence toward the living," and lovingly connecting her name with every good work in his power to accomplish.

As one instance, he has for several years bestowed, in Lady Montefiore's name, an annual gift of £50 upon the most well-behaved and studious of the girls in the Jews' Free School, Bell Lane.

A few months after Lady Judith's death, when the Druses fell upon the Christians in Syria, Sir Moses hastened to their rescue as quickly as hitherto to that of the Jews. He started, and with the aid of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, presided over the Syrian Relief Fund.

"Animated by this example, the confessors of all religions, from all parts of the globe, contributed to the fund, and with such liberality that even now there exists a handsome residue, which it is intended to apply as occasion may arise."

In the spring of 1863 he made a sixth visit to Constantinople, to get from the new Sultan a confirmation of the firman granted by his predecessor for the purchase of the estate near Jerusalem.

In October of the same year persecutions of his race, such as had once brought him to Damascus, were repeated in Morocco. Upon false accusations, with flimsy or no pretexts, followed torture, murder, and pillage. With the help of the British government, in November — midwinter—Sir Moses set out for Spain, presenting himself on the way before the thrones of Louis Napoleon and the second Isabella.

The mere presence of this zealous and earnest defender, then in his eightieth year, resulted, as before, in the freedom of the imprisoned and the recall of the fugitives; and, as on former occasions, not counting victory sure while it lacked any point of consummation, he determined to gain from the Emperor by personal petition a grant of fuller liberties to both his Jewish and Christian subjects. This would necessitate a journey into an infested interior—a consideration which did not hinder Sir Moses. As he was about starting, a party of fifty or sixty Moors appealed to him to procure the pardon and release of a Moor who, on the charge of murdering some Jews, had already suffered two and a half years' imprisonment. Sir Moses interceded successfully, and the Moorish chiefs thanked him, and promised that "all Jews travelling by day in their part of the country—a distant part—should be well protected, though for the night they could not answer."

At length, having done all the good he could, he started for the city of Morocco. When he had reached his destination, after a perilous journey, the Sultan met him at the head of his army, gave him a palace to dwell in while he staid, and granted his every wish.

Grateful and congratulatory addresses flowed in to him from all parts of the world, and on his arrival in London the Lord Mayor and aldermen and members of the civic court met at Guildhall to celebrate the safe return of the octogenarian patriot and philanthropist.

Some months later he journeyed to Roumania, and personally entreated Prince Charles to alleviate the condition of the Roumanian Jews, and again visited Russia as a helper to his people. His own report of his sixth visit to the Holy Land, to relieve the great suffering caused by the triple scourge of locusts, cholera, and drought, is concise, methodical, dignified, and frank, without self-righteousness, and is a graphic picture of the methods, variety, and extent of his loving labors to relieve suffering and remove its causes.

"I was received at Jaffa," says Sir Moses, "by his Excellency the governor of the town, by the judge, the commander of the troops, and the representatives of the various religious denominations, and scarcely had I entered the hotel ere I was greeted with telegrams in rapid succession of hearty welcome from Jerusalem. .... Previous to my departure from England it had appeared expedient, for the purpose of carrying out the object of the mission, that accurate information should be procured, methodically arranged, concerning the state of our brethren in the Holy Land, and that, in order to ascertain the causes of the destitution which there prevailed, and to devise proper plans for removing the same, I ought to have, as it were, a correct and detailed survey of the moral and social condition of the inhabitants. I had therefore caused

* A convalescent home, of which the Chief Rabbi's wife, Mrs. Adler, is president, was built at South Norwood by the Jews of England, in memory of Lady Montefiore.

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to be prepared certain statistical forms and documents, to which returns were made, . . . the more important facts elicited referring to the number of the synagogues, colleges, schools, charities, and institutions belonging to our co-religionists in the Holy Land," and statistics "of the ages, property, occupation, and families of inhabitants." From Jaffa "we continued our journey as far as Aboo Goosh, supposed to be the Kiryát Yeárim of Scripture, where, in Abinádáb's house on the top of the hill, the ark of the Lord had been placed when taken from the Philistines of Beth Shéinésh. The present chief, Mohammed Effendi Aboo Goosh, a man of great authority and importance, invited us to his house .... It was situate on the summit of the hill, and the road to it was so rough and precipitous that I thought many a time my Tachtérevan would break to pieces. The fatigue I endured was amply compensated by the cordial hospitality with which I was welcomed."

On leaving the village of Aboo Goosh, in the early morning hour, the neighboring hills and roads swarmed with people flocking toward the "relief-bringer." His approach to the Holy City was greeted with cries of "Bárookh hábá! Bárookh hábá!"—Blessed be he who cometh!

Hundreds of children sang Hebrew hymns by the road-side. These hymns had been written especially for the arrival of Sir Moses, and recited "the sufferings of Zion and the hope in Israel's future."

"I had previously made known my willingness," continues Sir Moses's report, "to receive communications from every individual desirous of addressing me, either on his own behalf or on that of the people in general. I had also appointed stated times for the reception of all who might wish to address me personally, and every available moment was employed in collecting from all sources information that might be useful .... Our first day I devoted to the distribution of the remittances which had been intrusted to me by several friends of Jerusalem, with a special request to dispense the same to the poor."

He at once attended to the sufferings from drought by having the three reservoirs of the Pools of Solomon turned into two, and the fall of the waters from Urtas increased into them. He was continually giving sums of £100 at a time from his own pocket when he felt in any doubt whether he would be warranted in touching the Relief Fund for the occasion. The Touro almshouses, which he had built on the fund left to him by Judah Touro for benevolent purposes, must evidently be ideal homes for the poor, for they are described as so thrifty, cheerful, and neat that people have sought to be admitted to them as boarders!

Investigating carefully the condition of the widows and orphans made such by the cholera, he was profoundly touched by the large-heartedness of the poor toward each other. One very poor man, a whitewasher, who seldom had employment except at the time of the Passover—when the Jews all have their houses cleansed and whitewashed—though burdened with seven children of his own, had taken home the two belonging to his dead neighbor; and a widow equally destitute shared the little she had with two children whose parents had been taken.

Before departing from Jerusalem Sir Moses had the pleasure of seeing the waters of the Pools of Solomon reflowing freely by the ancient aqueduct (repaired under his direction) into the thirsty city. When all had been done that he felt he had a right to do with the Relief Fund, he sent private sums to "each of the synagogues, colleges, schools, and various charitable institutions."

On the occasion of his return from his seventh and last beneficent visit to the Holy Land a very moving prayer was made in the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue of Bevis Marks. Sir Moses, still stately and erect, though in the ninety-first year of his age, in the midst of a close-pressed, hushed assembly, heard his name borne to the throne of the Almighty Father in one of the most ardent invocations ever uttered by man.

When the service was over, the deepest enthusiasm prevailed; all were eager to be allowed to touch the hand of this good old man. A similarly impressive scene occurred at the Great Synagogue in Duke Street, Aldgate.

When the flags of the whole world were drooping at half-mast for that simple but grand death at Long Branch; when, on the 26th of September, 1881, three thousand Americans were assembled in Exeter Hall, what message spoken to them there stirred deepest the chords of human brotherhood? The tidings that Sir Moses

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Montefiore, then in his ninety-seventh year, had telegraphed the week before to Palestine requesting that prayers might be offered up for President Garfield in all the synagogues of the four holy cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed!

In a conversation with a most courteous English gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler,* gifted son and right capable delegate of the aged Chief Rabbi, I learned most of the following interesting facts.†

Sir Moses, now in his hundredth year, though suffering some physical languor, retains in their full power his mental forces and all the quickness of his humane sympathies, and can find at will among the superb stores of his memory the incident or scene he wants, which he relates with eyes that sparkle as in youth. He is a tall man of majestic presence; his handsome features, unwontedly firm in repose, have the most attractive mobility when he speaks or smiles.

His interest in all matters of any import to mankind continues unabated. When the recent coronation ceremonies were being arranged in Russia, he sent letters to the principal rabbis in Russia and Poland, asking that there might be festivities in their schools on coronation-day, inclosing a sum of £10 in each letter for the purpose.

He always directs prayers to be offered in the schools of Jerusalem on the birthdays of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The City of London College, soon to be opened by the latter at Moorfields, recently received Sir Moses's check for £500.

Sir Moses loved and was loved by the late Archbishop Tait and his family, and he took great interest in and generously forwarded Mrs. Tait's charitable labors. The busts of the Archbishop and Mrs. Tait were presented to her "Orphanage" at Thanet by Sir Moses.

He has always been the friend of children; not many months ago he appeared at a charity bazar, and bought continuously a great quantity of toys and trinkets, which he as continuously gave away right and left to the hungry-eyed little gamins who crowd around such gay scenes.

One day last May (1883), Lord Shaftesbury, meeting Dr. Hermann Adler, exclaimed: "Your great Judas Maccabæus has just sent me £98 for my Ragged Schools!" A pound for each year of Sir Moses's life. When I asked Dr. Adler to tell me in a word the sum of Sir Moses's effectiveness, he replied: "By his example he has stimulated his brethren in Europe to think of and work for their co-religionists in the East, and his sustained efforts, indirectly the origin of the 'Alliance Israelite' in Paris and the Anglo-Jewish Association here, have inspired all the exertions made during the last year to relieve and rehabilitate the persecuted Jews of Russia."

Among the really countless benefactions of Sir Moses are the sums he has paid from time to time to those made widows and orphans by the wrecking of Ramsgate fishing fleets.

About two months ago a warm friend of Sir Moses, Mr. Alfred A. Marcus, of Boston, sent, in honor of Sir Moses, a fine harmonium to the Evelina Hospital for the Sick, in Southwark Road, founded by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, whose wife, Evelina, was a relation of Sir Moses. And as the centenary of this beloved patriarch approaches, signs are not wanting of the universal interest it excites.

A special celebration of it is under preparation at Leghorn, the city of his nativity; in Rome a rabbinical seminary about to be founded is to bear his name; and a beautiful album containing addresses voted by all the towns in Italy having Jewish inhabitants is to be presented to

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* For kind assistance in gathering materials for this sketch, neither so plentiful nor easy of access as in the cases of most public lives, I am chiefly indebted to the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, whose various articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1878 and 1881 relating to Judaism and its foes have been read on both sides of the water, and whose lecture on *Daniel Deronda* before the Jewish Working-men's Club at Aldgate in 1876 showed how powerful and distinct was the effect of that work on the feelings and position of the Jews of Great Britain; and, as a most interesting statement to students of race questions, I may quote his personal assurance to me that "*Daniel Deronda* contains the most faithful exposition of Judaism and the ablest and fullest delineation of Jewish character, penned by a non-Israelite, that has appeared in England." And he told me that the mother of the late Lord Beaconsfield was the original of the mother of Deronda. I am also indebted for much kindness to Dr. Maurice Davis, of London, and to the learned Dr. Loewe, of Ramsgate, the old friend and now almost daily companion of Sir Moses Montefiore.

† When Sir Moses resigned the presidency of the Board of Deputies (in 1875), the Jews of England raised a testimonial of upward of £15,000, in grateful acknowledgment of his noble and unremitting services. At his desire this sum is being entirely devoted to the permanent amelioration of the Jews in the Holy Land.

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him. I have also heard that a celebration in his honor is under consideration in the city of New York, warmly seconded by, if not originating with, his personal friend the Rev. Dr. Isaacs, son of the Rev. Mr. Isaacs, founder of the *Jewish Messenger;* and here in England preparations are being made to celebrate worthily the interesting date.

Meantime, in the quiet of his chamber at East Cliff Lodge, whose windows overlook the wide sea beating in rhythmical unrest among the Ramsgate beaches, gently lapses in the hour-glass the sand whose filtering has marked the hours of nearly a hundred years; and the motto, "Think, and Thank," and the word "Jerusalem!" are not more clearly graven on the coat of arms than on the long life and in the warm heart of this venerable good-giver.

The tomb of Lady Judith, exactly like the tomb of Rachel, as it stands to this day, "in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem," is surrounded by the green leafage of the cypress and arbor vitæ, all in one ground with the Rabbi College and synagogue he builded, and on the dial of the clock of the synagogue the wayfarer, many yards away, can read the grave yet hopeful words,

"Time flies: Virtue alone remains."

BY THE WASHES.

We stood for a little together,
The water kissing our feet;
Around us glowed glad bright weather;
The morning and you were sweet.

I thought, as you stood there dreaming,
'Twas you that lighted the day;
And the water, glancing and gleaming
And hurrying ever away,

Vocal with brief light laughter,
As past you it fled to the sea,
Seemed to linger a little, and after
I think it agreed with me.

Flushed with the wind and glowing,
Silent you stood awhile,
Hair in the sunlight blowing,
Smiling a dreamy smile.

The water sang, "Love is a treasure."
"A treasure," my soul replied;
"And the pain of it, and the pleasure,
Sweeter than all beside."

And I saw the wavelets glitter,
Glad but to kiss your feet;
And the wind sang, "Life may be bitter,
But loving can make it sweet,"

And laughed and loitered around you,
Surely finding you fair;
And the merry sun kissed and crowned you
Queen of the morning there.

Everything fair seemed to love you,
Seemed proud at your feet to fall;
And the lark, singing high above you,
Sang you were the fairest of all.

And scarcely a word was spoken,
But our souls to each other spoke,
Till the dreamy spell was broken,
And we started and smiled and woke.

And so in the glorious weather,
In the morning blithe and gay,
Happy in being together,
Happily wandered away.

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OUR CHILDREN'S BODIES.

WE spend annually upon our schools eighty million dollars. The school plant of the country is valued at nearly two hundred million. Attendance at school of all children between certain ages is compulsory in many of the States. Libraries private, circulating, and public; books by the million, the standard works of other lands reprinted here, and sold for a few cents a copy; periodicals by the hundred thousand; a billion five hundred million newspapers each year, with almost hourly word from every civilized corner of the globe—all add their quota to aid the vast army of faithful teachers who are giving their best years and efforts to the great work of national (mental) education.

And what are we doing for our bodies? Who educates them, builds houses, spends money, trains teachers, gives time and thought and labor to equip every boy and girl, or every man and woman either, with a vigorous and efficient body, one which will serve its purposes well when the wear and strain of the real work of life comes?

Why, we leave that branch to the boys and girls themselves. And they make just about as good headway at it as they would with their mental or moral education if these also were left wholly to their own management.

"Well," says the father, "but I spent my youth on a farm, was up early to milk, mowed all morning, raked and pitched and made hay all the afternoon, and housed load after load up in the hot barn toward night, until the water ran off me in streams; hoed corn and potatoes, dug ditches, built stone fence, swung axe and spade and bar, and tugged and lifted and carried, and did the thousand other things every active, live farmer so well knows. Was not that enough?" It was, indeed, a grand experience, and it laid up for you a stock of sturdy health and vigor on which you may draw almost with impunity down all your after-life.

But has your city-raised son any such splendid out-door training? Can he cut a swath at all, or even swing a scythe without endangering his legs, and any others near by? Have you never wondered why he is so indifferently built, when you at his age were so tough and strong and sinewy?

But our boys play all the afternoon. Will not that do? Watch them an hour and see. Is there anything especially invigorating in snapping a marble or spinning a top? Is there anything in most of their games which calls for any strength or endurance, or which a weak boy can not do almost if not quite as well as a strong one? You will be astonished, too, to see how much of the hour is devoted to standing or sitting about, and how little to real, downright work of the sort that tells, and especially how idle the left arm is in almost every known pastime.

Well, there's the gymnasium. Does not that fill the bill? What is a gymnasium? A large room with bars, vaulting horses, dumb-bells, ladders, clubs, ropes, and other appliances to be used in bodily exercise. Fit up now a school-room with desks, blackboards, books, maps, and the other things which experience has found useful there. Send the boys, and tell them to educate themselves. But where's the *teacher*? Teacher! what do they want of a teacher? The youngest boy in that school-room knows in a moment that there will not be much progress made without the trained head. And just about as much will be made in a headless gymnasium—a sort still far too common in our land. Instead of any steady, well-directed work, there will be mere desultory play, generally accompanied by an endeavor on the first day to do from one to a dozen feats which they have seen trained gymnasts do, and which should have been preceded by at least several months of judicious preparation. Of course the natural result of these rash, unguided efforts will be lame muscles, and the boy need not be much surprised if he manages to inflict some injury on himself which will not heal, perhaps, in weeks or months. Were he sick, you would hardly let him go into a drug-store and, unaided, choose his own medicine. But this is practically the way you let him build up his strength in a gymnasium.

Well, look at the greatly increased interest in athletics. Surely this must have told most beneficially on our boys and girls. But these athletics are not for boys and girls at all. They are rather for young men, and the percentage even of young men who take part in them is not only very small, but includes many of those who

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need them the least. If, then, most city boys and girls take practically no part in athletics, do not attend the gymnasium, and in their play get no sensible physical education at all, where do they get it? At some manual labor? Not one in fifty of our school boys and girls does a day's manual labor in the whole year round; indeed, the majority of them never did one in their lives. They grow, but they do not develop.

But we do not want our boys prize-fighters, go-as-you-please runners, demon bowlers, Græco-Roman wrestlers, champion oarsmen, wasting their time, and devoting all their thoughts to some feat of athletic prowess! But does every one who builds up his body by sensible daily exercise run off to these extremes? To which of these classes does President Eliot of Harvard or Professor Agassiz belong, or Dr. McCosh or Mr. Gladstone? Yet the former two did excellent work in their university boat. Princeton's famous president, if our information is correct, rowed in the Dublin university crew, and the British prime minister can now at seventy-three probably cut down more trees in a day than any merchant, banker, or professional man of his age in the city of New York, yet finds time to grapple with the most intricate and difficult problems of a territory twice as vast as the whole United States besides. Gluttony is hurtful, but rational eating is beneficial, indeed necessary. Overexercise is hurtful, but rational exercise is beneficial, and even necessary to real health.

The results of this utter neglect of any sound system of physical education stand out in almost every city home in America. Not one boy in five is well built, or, unless he is fat, measures within an inch, often three inches, as much about the chest or thigh or upper arm, or weighs within ten pounds as much, as a well-proportioned, vigorous, properly developed boy of his age should do. Scarcely one girl in three ventures to wear a jersey, mainly because she knows too well that this tell-tale jacket only becomes a good figure. Yet the difference in girth between the developed arm which graces a jersey and the undeveloped one which does not, in a girl of the same height and age, is seldom more than two inches, and often even than one, while the well-set chest outgirths the indifferent one by seldom over three inches. Among girls, running is a lost art. Yet it is doubtful if an exercise was ever devised which does more to beget grace and ease of movement. There are probably not ten girls in any class of fifty in one of our public schools who could run a mile, even if they got a dollar a foot for it. Or twenty boys out of any fifty either. Yet Rowell used to take a twenty-mile run occasionally without a halt, and that just to vary the monotony of walking not thirty miles in a day, or forty, but one hundred and fifty! Most girls have weak arms. If they doubt it, let them try with one hand to push up once high over their head a dumb-bell weighing a quarter or even a fifth of their own weight. Or with both hands catching hold of a bar or the rung of a ladder, as high up as they can reach, let them see if they can pull slowly up till their chin touches the hands even once. Yet a moderately strong man at dumb-bells will push up one weighing over half his own weight, and some men have managed to put up more than their own weight; and as to pulling up, a girl with developed arms can do it five or six times with comparative ease, and a boy with thoroughly good arms two or three times as many. Both the fore-arms and the upper arms of most girls are not as large by an inch as those of well-built girls of their height and age are. Yet in any well-regulated gymnasium we will find youth adding in one year an inch, and even two inches, to the girth of each upper arm, and half as much to that of each fore-arm, while a gain of from three to five inches about the chest is nothing rare, and all this simply by less than an hour's daily work, yet which, besides expanding the lungs, called the various muscles of the arms, shoulders, chest, and of the greater part of the body into vigorous play. Professor Farrow, at West Point, Professor Andrews, of the Gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association at Brooklyn, Dr. Sargent, of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard University, and Archibald Maclaren, of the Gymnasium at Oxford University in England, all find no difficulty in adding in one year from an inch to an inch and a half to the fore and upper arms, and three inches to the girth of chest, of pupils under their charge. Would not that tell in a jersey? And while these results are accomplished by work nearly all muscular, instances are becoming frequent of persons enlarging

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their chests even more rapidly, and not by exercise of the muscles of the arms and shoulders, but simply by daily deep, slow breathing. Combine now the two causes of gain, especially under the care of a judicious teacher, and the effect, particularly on a small-lunged, weak-chested, or indifferently-built person, who has always inclined to be delicate, must be highly gratifying, while the new strength and vigor which accompany this marked gain in size can not fail to be of great value.

Would not some physical education which included exercise like this prove an inestimable benefit to almost every child in our city schools, and to at least a large minority of those in the country as well? With strength comes the ability to endure, and so closely allied to these is the priceless boon of health that Maclaren defines health to be "the power to work long, to work well, to work successfully hereafter." And who is the more likely to have this power, he who from disuse of his muscles lets his body get into a lax condition, so that he can scarcely endure at all, or he who first builds his body up to vigor and efficiency, and then, like Gladstone, or Bryant, or Bancroft, by abundant daily vigorous exercise, keeps it, as the good engineer does his engine, in thorough working order?

The lack of physical development, and of the vigor which usually attends it, is more general among city girls and boys than many persons imagine. In the city of New York, for instance, the Board of Education in a recent annual report showed that the whole number of scholars taught in the public schools of that city, deducting those in the normal, nautical, and corporate schools, was 240,162, but the average attendance was only 119,288, or *somewhat less than half*. Thus, a well-known city teacher says, "our school-children lose half their school-time by absence, *and three-quarters of this from sickness.*" The New York *Herald*, speaking editorially in an article headed, "Give the Boy a Chance," after saying that the wits of the millions of boys in our cities are being forced to their utmost capacity, whether they are taught in the school, the shop, or the street, asks, "But what is being done for their bodies? The answer may be obtained by standing at the door of almost any public or private school or academy at the hour of dismissal. *The inquirer will see a crowd of undersized, listless, thin-faced children, with scarcely any promise of manhood about them.*"

Does it not look as if there was room here for some rational system of bodily education, and as if at once would be the best time to begin?

The faithful mother will stay up night after night, if need be, at the bedside of a sick child, will attend his every want with the most solicitous care, will do all that devotion and self-denial and her most earnest prayers will do to help bring him back to health and a longer lease of life. But after he has once regained his health does she actually do one solitary thing to keep it for him, and make him reasonably assured of its continuance throughout a natural life?

And if in the physical education of our boys we are disgracefully backward, are we any the less so with our girls? One of Philadelphia's leading physicians—the eminent authority on neural disorders, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell—says:

"To-day the American woman is, to speak plainly, physically unfit for her duties as woman, and is perhaps of all civilized females the least qualified to undertake those weightier tasks which tax so heavily the nervous system of man. She is not fairly up to what nature asks from her as wife and mother. . . . If the mothers of a people are sickly and weak, the sad inheritance falls upon their offspring, and this is why I must deal first, however briefly, with the health of our girls, because it is here, as the doctor well knows, that the trouble begins. Ask any physician of your acquaintance to sum up thoughtfully the young girls he knows, and to tell you how many in each score are fit to be healthy wives and mothers, or, in fact, to be wives and mothers at all. I have been asked this question myself very often, and I have heard it asked of others. The answers I am not going to give, *because I should not be believed*—a disagreeable position, in which I shall not deliberately place myself. Perhaps I ought to add that the replies I have heard given by others were *appalling*."

Detailing some of the symptoms of this deficient physique, he adds:

"Now I ask you to note carefully the expression and figures of the young girls whom you may chance to meet in your walks, or whom you may observe at a concert or in a ball-room. You will see many very charming faces, the like of

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which the world can not match—figures somewhat too spare of flesh, and, especially south of Rhode Island, a marvellous littleness of hand and foot. But look further, and especially among New England young girls: you will be struck with a certain hardness of line in form and feature, which should not be seen between thirteen and eighteen at least. And if you have an eye which rejoices in the tints of health, you will miss them on a multitude of the cheeks which we are now so daringly criticising. I do not want to do more than is needed of this ungracious talk; suffice it to say that multitudes of our young girls are merely pretty to look at, or not that; that *their destiny is the shawl and the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs, and the varied forms of hysteria*, that domestic demon which has produced untold discomfort in many a household, and, I am almost ready to say, as much unhappiness as the husband's dram."

Is neuralgia common in our country or not? Is there any reader who does not know at least one sufferer from it? And, again, would any sensible girl like to marry a man nearly certain to be, during most of their married life, an invalid, and very likely an irritable invalid at that? And if not, can a man be blamed for taking a similar view, when he comes to make what he hopes will be his only choice? Dr. Nathan Allen, of Rhode Island, speaking of the "strictly native New-Englanders," says:

"The women have deteriorated physically in a surprising degree. A majority of them have a predominance of nerve tissue, *with weak muscles* and digestive organs."

The New York *Sun*, in commenting on this statement of Dr. Allen, says further of the New-Englanders who have remained at home:

"Their families are small. They are not physically as vigorous as their fathers. *The women are not symmetrically developed, and their nervous organization is apt to be morbid.*"

If, then, by the testimony of witnesses well qualified to judge, and with exceptional facilities for observing, it is found that so many of our girls lack physical vigor and symmetry that the number is simply "appalling," if the nervous and other disorders which indicate a deteriorated condition are, as all are aware, so common to-day, and seriously threaten to be so among our children as well, might it not be wise to pay some direct and effective attention to even yet freeing them from much needless pain and discomfort, and to securing to them, if possible, that health which Emerson says is the first wealth, and without which our power of enjoying all else is seriously crippled, if not entirely gone?

But is there not already some remedy provided for an evil at once so wide-spread and so serious? Here and there trifling calisthenics are practiced, but often of so light a kind as to be, to one who knows how to build up anything worth calling vigor, positively ludicrous, and almost always accompanied by utter ignorance on the pupil's part, and often on the teacher's as well, as to their effect on the child practicing them, or as to what muscles are by them brought into play. These do a little good, but it is at least a question if they do not do more harm than good, because they stand in the way of exercise of a sort adequate to work the pupil any substantial or lasting benefit, and cut off the very time in which he or she might otherwise be at exercise of this latter sort.

In New York city they have gone so far as to insert in a recent manual of the Board of Education the following resolution:

"PHYSICAL TRAINING. — The pupil should be exercised daily in such a manner as to expand the lungs, develop the muscles, and impart an easy and graceful carriage to the body."

Yet in two other places in the same manual one may read that every minute of the twenty-nine hours of school-time per week is strictly devoted to other studies in the most peremptory manner!

But besides not educating the boy's or girl's body side by side with the mind, or even stopping to consider whether throughout the year they progress physically at all or not, in every city, town, and hamlet of our land we provide machinery and require them to use it, which, kept within reasonable bounds, has proved one of the great sources of national progress, to which we point with just pride, but which, like almost everything else that is good, may yet be so injudiciously used as to work positive harm, and that is the school system. With many of our cities doubling in population every generation or oftener, with parks and playgrounds narrowing almost annually, and

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many of these so well kept that the children are not allowed to use the greater part of them at all, with school yards so diminutive that half the pupils in some of the schools could not even stand up together in their own school yards, much less do any playing, in an immense number of our schools we put the boy where from five to eight hours of each day are given up to close, exacting study, often in rooms in which the air much of the time is a second-hand article, and hence unfit to breathe. Is it difficult to see why, under such treatment, many of the boys are anything but hale and robust?

Maclaren, speaking of an English school-boy of whom he knew, says that his mother boasted that he studied seven hours a day regularly, sometimes eight, and then he wonders whether that boy's headaches were real or sham. But if this surprises him, what would he think of such cases as the following, which are only one or two out of scores sent to the New York press some months since, when the matter of school overwork was under discussion. One parent wrote:

"My daughter, aged fourteen, attends Grammar School No. 72, one of the best in the city, and conscientiously strives to obtain a good report. She reaches home at half past three, spends one hour at the piano, and then studies until half past six. After supper she studies again until nine, and then retires, to rise again at six to study away until breakfast-time, after which she starts for school."

Another parent wrote that his daughter of fourteen, going through the regular course, and wishing to keep up with her classmates, "has come direct from school, and sat in her room studying *usually about five hours.*" If Mr. Maclaren thinks eight hours of study or even seven a day ought to give a child a headache, what will he say to the ten or twelve of each of these girls? Is it strange that the father of the second one added:

"The result has been that I was obliged to take her from school, and put her under the care of a physician, who is yet treating her for no less a disease than St. Vitus's dance. Physicians and all who see her agree that her brain has been overworked."

School Commissioner Frederick W. Devoe, on investigating these and other cases, said: "I was speaking to a school trustee to-day whose daughter, a public-school pupil, is afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, the direct result of overstudy. *The present course of study is so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils.*"

Here, then, a course of study which not only crowds out even one minute a day of attention to the body, which compels many pupils to keep their minds on the stretch, not four or five hours daily, but often more than twice that long, and this when they are under no care or instruction out of school which begins to fit their bodies for even their present way of living, much less for effective work in the future years, when others besides themselves must depend on them for support —this plan is found by one of the commissioners himself, after careful examination, to be "so elaborate that nothing more than a *superficial knowledge* can be gained by the pupils."

Is not this paying a pretty good price for a pretty poor article? If all that this injudicious, and in many cases dangerous, method of education brings to the pupil is but "superficial knowledge" after all, would it not be well to stop such a plan at once, and substitute one which will acquaint the pupil thoroughly, not superficially, with whatever he attempts to know, and will at the same time educate his body as well?

Look into the life of Lincoln or Garfield, and of many another man great in our country's history, and we find that all the book-education they had while boys would not make one-third part of what is imposed on the school-boy of to-day. Yet is it certain that the plan now adopted with the boy's education — an education, by-the-way, which he can only have once, be it on a wise plan or a foolish one—will bring him out fitter for successful, perhaps even great, life work than were those same seemingly less-favored men, or even as fit? One thing they did make sure of, whether from chance or necessity, extremely tough, vigorous, enduring bodies, strong and sure foundations for the wear and strain, the privation and suffering, most of us are sure to know. Lincoln's youth was dotted with feats of athletic prowess. He was one of the greatest wrestlers in Illinois. Colonel Lamon, his former law partner, says that three men were trying one day to move a hen-coop weighing about six hundred pounds, and could not budge it, when Lincoln, coming along, and getting

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under it, *carried it off on his shoulders!* No man who ever saw Garfield before his last illness, or who ever read the story of that illness, need be told that he was a man of exceptional vital and muscular power, and his whole younger life abounded with further conclusive proofs of this, were there room here to recount them. Mr. Huxley says he would far sooner have his son broad-chested, deep-lunged, and enduring, and with sound, well-trained common-sense, for anything he may have to do in life, than a keen and brilliant man, flashy and unsteady in his efforts, and not to be relied on for persistent hard work. Who would buy an axe with an edge like a razor's, but without much of any back to it at all? Yet is not this the kind of mental axes our schools are producing to-day? Look at that mighty army of absentees from the New York city schools alone who are annually detained at home by sickness! All of us may at times be sick, but who are the likelier to sicken easily, the weak, half-built, and delicate, of low vital power and even lower muscular, or the well-knit, deep-chested, and sturdy? When the steam-heating companies were digging up Broadway and other adjacent New York streets, a while ago (and occasionally blowing a citizen skyward), it was remarked that many gentlemen whose offices were on the first floors of buildings near the upturned earth sickened with disorders which were pronounced malarial, but that the stalwart laborer, with his nose right down in the foul-smelling earth, saturated with sewer gas and coal gas. never sickened at all, in fact rather seemed to thrive on it. When the system is toned up and hearty, it is not only harder for disease to get in, but there comes also an indifference to physical privation and discomfort wholly unknown to the delicate or nervous person.

What spur has a bright and studious girl in one of our city schools to build up her health and strength? Who teaches her anything about either? Ambitious to stand well in her class, no matter how much work is set before her, she goes at it with determination, and willingly spends not only all her school-hours, but often, as has been already seen, her hours out of school as well, in close, exacting study. Who teaches her to intersperse these with an hour or two, not of a dawdling walk at a dead-and-alive gait, but with sensible hearty exercise and play, making her for the time wholly forget her brain-work? Not only has she no guide in this direction, but her very lack of physical vigor makes her indisposed to anything like continued or even momentary muscular exertion; indeed, often she is afraid to take it, and even thinks it dangerous. Many a day passes in which she does not take one single full breath. Is it any wonder that she has small lungs, when she does nothing to expand them? Miss Von Hillern, the pedestrian, walks six miles in an hour; but how many girls in the highest class in any grammar school in the United States can walk four and a half or even four miles in one hour? Yet the latter is hardly more than worthy of the name of a smart pace, and one at which any really good walker can stay many hours, often all day, without discomfort. Notice the daily walks taken by girls and young ladies at the more prominent female seminaries and colleges—a listless affair of from two to three miles an hour, just enough to make them nibble at cakes, confectionery, and other trash between meals, and then wonder why they have no appetite for their meals.

In what contrast with this make-believe walking and the wofully defective physical culture and condition of many of our city girls is the story told in the following dispatch from the Montreal Carnival last winter:

"Next came skating races, which were only second, in drawing spectators, to the trotting. As is universally known, Montrealers are like ducks, who take to the water when born. They assume skating frolics when escaping from the cradle. It is literally true that they are skating almost before they are able to walk. The fascination in the exercise, which seems to be hereditary, increases as they grow up, and when they have arrived at manhood or womanhood—*for the girls are even more expert than the men—they can rival the world for grace and agility as runners.* Proof of this last assertion was seen by thousands on the river this afternoon. The contests were in some cases more tightly fought out than by the trotting equines."

What a ring and tingle and glow of ruddy health there is about all this! We wonder if those girls know what a headache is, or a side-ache? Or if "the shawl, the sofa, and neuralgia" are likely soon to be their destiny? Or if there is any

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immediate danger of St. Vitus's dance? Just happen in with them at meal-time, and see if they merely peck at their food, or whether they make the platter clean. Try if the study done by brains cleared by an hour or two of such glorious sport as that is not almost as thorough and almost as valuable as the "superficial knowledge" which the New York School Commissioner found so prevalent in his city. Which of the two sets of girls have the exuberant animal spirits, the overflowing geniality, the vivacity, so attractive in almost any woman, and such an aid to her socially, especially if she is reasonably fair to look upon? If Herbert Spencer has it aright that "men care comparatively little for erudition in woman, but very much for physical beauty and good nature and sound sense," in which class are they likely to find the object for which they generally make the best searching of their lives—those who, no doubt without at all neglecting their varied accomplishments, can yet "rival the world for grace and agility as runners," or those who, although well stocked with the "superficial knowledge" mentioned, might possibly skate ten miles in one afternoon, but with the doctor inevitably on hand bright and early the next morning—if not the undertaker? Do dyspepsia and neuralgia directly contribute to either physical beauty, or good nature, or sound sense? How would, not the weakest and most inert, nor yet the fleetest and most enduring girl, but she who fairly represents the average girl in one of our school classes, have fared in that inspiring struggle that bright winter afternoon on the gleaming broad St. Lawrence? Would she have been in it at all, much less anywhere near the front rank, at the end of half a mile, or even of a quarter? Ask her brother, and he will tell you plainly—whatever different and more flattering version some other girl's brother may make of it.

A recent writer in a well-known English paper calls attention to the rare intellectual quickness and keenness of the Jew, and his wondrous readiness at a bargain, and then points out that where he fails in the life-race is in the lack of the good old English quality of staying power. But might he not say the same of the typical educated American, especially him in business? When a young man, every means is brought to bear to urge him on—the examples of successful men of all the past, and of those of to-day, the comfort and often preposterous influence and power which money brings, the countless avenues which open to it in our land for him on whose neck "no jewel," as Hafiz says, "sparkles like that of enterprise." The busy man of to-day is not content with his business, or with keeping his money in it. He must also be in constant communication with his broker and the stock tape, must be bank director and railroad director, and make himself felt in a hundred other ways. One little man, for instance, at the start a poor boy, then a school-master, though but forty-seven years old, has amassed tens of millions of dollars, controls ten thousand miles of railroads, more yet of telegraph lines, and, if half the rumors are true, tries his hand occasionally at controlling a Legislature or two besides. But there is one thing even he can not control, with all his brains and millions, and that is facial neuralgia. When a shrewd coroner summoned him to jury duty awhile ago, he could not serve, because he was suffering from this disorder, and was too deaf also from otorrhœa to hear the testimony. How many more such Job's comforters as these would it take to so cut down his power of enjoying anything that he would be inclined to feel like clearing out all his assets to the highest bidder, if only he could have in their place a little sound good health? And yet there are thousands, almost millions, of men in our land to-day who, constantly under great strain of mind and nerve, are carrying often vast responsibilities, and doing their utmost to one day obtain, like him, great power.

But is not the pace telling, and especially on those who, like him, started out, not with the sinewy strength and fibre of that other railroad king, Vanderbilt the First, but rather with the light allowance of the average city boy? Observe what one of the most intelligent Englishmen who ever visited our shores has to say on this point. At the dinner given Mr. Herbert Spencer at New York city by Mr. Evarts and other gentlemen just before he left for Europe, after a somewhat extensive tour through this country, after speaking of the marvellous energy he discovered everywhere, he said:

"What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual

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inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counter-change—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-headed men, and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse, due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—*the physique is being undermined.*"

Does not this look as if staying power was a quality far too rare among our busiest men, and as though we were leaving out from our education that without which nearly all else is of little value? In the steamers they talk of building, in which they threaten to go from Montauk to Milford-Haven in five days, there are always to be engines of consummate power, easily eclipsing everything yet known in the whole field of marine travel. But there are also to be, not one or two, but many compartments, till the whole ship is so bound together by these iron inner walls that she can safely stand the mighty vibrations of engines so powerful that they would soon shake ordinary craft to pieces. But what sense would there be in putting such engines, not into one of these inflexible steel hulls, but into a craft made of deal boards? How many revolutions would be needed to send such a crazy ship soon to the bottom? But if we steadily increase the man's power of thought and action, and extend the field of his activity till it is almost boundless, yet let his body grow up anyhow, are we supplying much better than a pasteboard hull, which may possibly slip along at half speed in the smooth harbor water of youth, but when the gales and heavy seas come, and the real tests which tell what is in him, will go all to pieces in the fashion told by Mr. Spencer, and so familiar to all men who know what protracted brain-work is? Precocities like Webster and Gladstone were able to do their work because they appreciated the priceless value of enduring bodies, kept in working order by sensible daily exercise, and, with fishing-pole, axe, and walking-shoes, took care that the machinery did not get too far run down. Mr. G. R. Emerson, in his recent life of Gladstone, says that at Eton "he was not only one of the most active and successful in all school sports," but "throughout his long life he has recognized the natural alliance of the physical and intellectual portions of our compound being. Naturally hardy and muscular, he cultivated his bodily powers by regular active exercise, and his high moral nature preserved him from the temptation to indulge in enervating luxuriousness." "Don't talk to me about Gladstone's mind," said Sidney Herbert, more than a generation ago; "it's nothing compared with his body." "Throughout his life," says a recent writer in the London *Standard*, "Mr. Gladstone has been a particularly fast, enduring, and vigorous walker. Wiry, lean, sinewy, without an ounce of superfluous lumber about him, when a younger man he was in the habit of saying, but without a tincture of vanity or ostentation, that he was good for a forty-mile walk any day. Although his thoughtful face and lithe figure are as well known in every part of this metropolis as those of any resident within its borders, who ever yet saw Mr. Gladstone in a hansom or any other cab?"

What a profitable step it would be for thousands of our well-to-do business men who are getting on in years if, instead of sitting on a cushion and holding two leather straps for an hour, and calling it exercise, they would take Mr. Gladstone's brisk four or five mile tramp, or would spend their hour on their horse's back, instead of back of their horses! And if this daily attention to bodily exercise has done so much toward keeping Gladstone in such good working order, why should we not see to it that our children likewise, especially those whose life is to be spent indoors, have some systematic rational exercise which will go far toward insuring to them this same priceless working health and vigor, not only for their younger years, but throughout a long and useful life?

Well, what shall they do? Gladstone's Eton School had a beautiful and attractive play-ground, and one which has for generations been well used; but most of ours either have no play-ground at all, or only a bit of brick sidewalk, where if you

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get a fall it hurts. The best schools of the near future will see—indeed, a few of them even now are awakening to—the need of a first-class play-ground, and the prominent part it should play in the boy's real education, and will doubtless bestir themselves to supply this want. St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, for instance, has a pretty flat of several acres, with a quarter-mile cinder path, and a roomy cottage specially for the demands of the players. Harvard has nearly sixty acres of play-ground, and easily the finest gymnasium in the world; while Yale recently purchased thirty acres in addition to what she already had. The spacious gymnasium and drill-room of the Boston Latin and High schools in their new building would be fair substitutes for their old fighting ground on the now distant Common, if they were only used daily vigorously and by all, and especially by the large majority who need them. But the schools with anything worthy of the name of play-ground are to-day very rare exceptions, nearly all the city schools being built not only without an approach to a suitable or adequate play-ground, but so hampered by other houses, and where adjacent property is so valuable, that the prospect is slender of their ever being much better off in this respect. Probably no benefactor of Harvard University in this century has rendered her a better or more widely felt service than young Mr. Hemenway when he built that gymnasium, at once so commodious, useful, and attractive, though already it has become so popular that it will have to be enlarged to meet even the present demands of the students. Where other donors have reached the comparatively few students who elect the branch taught under their endowment, here is a branch—provided always a really competent teacher can be had—of signal service to every one of the many and increasing hundreds of favored youth who are enjoying an education at the university. Persons who have in mind a legacy for their school or university may well consider whether they could put their money in a way to do more good to many persons there than by aiding them in securing a reasonable degree of health and vigor for their life's work, and the knowledge how to retain them, no matter in what field that work may be.

But while the prospect of better arrangements in the future are fair, that does not help to-day. How shall the millions of children now at our public schools, and with no attention paid to their physical education by any competent teacher, be provided for in this important matter? Dr. Sargent, in his recent article in the *North American Review*, laments the lack of gymnasia, their antiquated and poorly constructed appliances, and, even more, the dearth of teachers. Strange as it may seem in a country where intelligence and enterprise are as general as in ours, the teachers thoroughly qualified for such work, who have come to be at all known for thoroughness and real success, would scarcely make a corporal's guard. Physicians, with their exceptional acquaintance with the human body, would, if they would become equally familiar with bodily exercise, make easily the best teachers, as Dr. Sargent has so well proved at Harvard, or as did Aristotle when he tutored Alexander. But we call the doctor in to cure us when we are ill, not to keep us from getting so; hence we make it no object to him to do what he could do so well.

There are to-day two hundred thousand ladies and gentlemen in this country who, with very little preparation, could become sufficiently acquainted with any sensible system of gymnastics for school use to render the rising generation lasting benefit, and yet avoid all the risks which are likely to accompany unguided efforts in this direction, and these are the teachers themselves. They already know how to get the children forward in other branches. Why not as well in this one, so important that without it the others may never be of much use? One of the chief services a teacher of physical culture can render is in checking and holding back the pupils, and keeping them from overdoing, and teaching them what will overdo and what will not. But if the thirty, forty, or fifty boys and girls in a school-room exercised for ten minutes each morning right in the school aisles, either with no appliance other than the desks and the floor, or at most each with a pair of dumb-bells, each bell weighing about a twenty-fifth of the user's weight, if the user is a girl, or a twentieth, if a boy, doing only what the teacher did, and as the teacher did, they would not only avoid all risk, but could easily in that short time daily progress astonishingly, even in one year, and that in developing and enlarging not only one limb, or a part

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of one, but the whole body and all the limbs, and that not only side by side with their other studies, but understanding at last just what part any exercise developed, what was enough, and what was too much.

"If properly directed," says Dr. Austin Flint, Jun., of New York, himself famous for his fine physique, "gymnastics will enlarge and strengthen the muscles of the trunk, legs, arms, and neck, will expand the chest, so giving the lungs free room to play, will render the joints supple, and impart grace, ease, and steadiness of carriage, combined with strength, quickness, and elasticity of movement." And why not distribute these good things among all our boys and girls, instead of, as now, to here and there one? At West Point, no matter how stooped the entering pleb, he is soon taught to carry himself as erect as any man in America. But why limit this improvement to cadets only? "If properly directed," says Dr. Flint; but here the teacher who has already shown herself qualified to direct in other and really far more difficult branches can readily do the directing in this, and in doing it will be sure to find, in a multitude of instances at least, that she will soon know a feeling of greater ease and fitness for all her work, a feeling like that so well put by the soldier Maclaren had exercising for a few months. When asked how the work affected him, he said, "I feel a better man for anything I am called on to do." A hundred exercises which the teacher and scholar at a glance could understand, and at once apply in the school-room, might readily be here suggested, did the narrow limits of a paper like this permit.* Many people know of some such exercises already, and by a little ingenuity could devise many more. But any amount of knowing will not suffice. They must *do* them, do them *daily and throughout the year*, side by side with the other studies, and then they may as certainly look for gratifying progress in this as in the other studies. If occasionally problems arise a little difficult for the teacher—an especially hollow chest or a very high shoulder—any young physician of ability, not yet overcrowded with practice, and fairly acquainted with physical exercise and its results, could well afford to devote an hour or two a day without any compensation, to visiting the schools of his town or city, and advising how to meet these special cases: a very rapid and pleasant introduction, by-the-way, to about every child in the place. With such intelligent guiding in the morning, and doing whatever seemed likely to encourage, on the pupil's own part, some sensible and regular constitutional in the afternoon—a good walk, run, skate, paddle, row, or such other lively out-door sport as the place and season afforded—the pupil would soon see that one of his truest friends was the very teacher herself of whom, until now, out of school at least, he had often felt somewhat shy. Such a course as this would also render the pupil far less likely to overtask himself in his favorite games, which often, without such a training, hinder rather than aid.

* These will be found described at length in a little manual for school use just published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, entitled *Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls.*

AT LAST!

[See Frontispiece.]

How weary 'twas to wait! The year
  Went dragging slowly on;
The red leaf to the running brook
  Dropped sadly, and was gone;
December came, and locked in ice
  The plashing of the mill;
The white snow filled the orchard up;
  But she was waiting still.

Spring stirred and broke. The rooks once more
  'Gan cawing up aloft;
The young lambs' new awakened cries
  Came trembling from the croft;
The clumps of primrose filled again
  The hollows by the way;
The pale wind-flowers blew; but she
  Grew paler still than they.

How weary 'twas to wait! With June,
  Through all the drowsy street,
Came distant murmurs of the war,
  And rumors of the fleet;
The gossips, from the market-stalls,
  Cried news of Joe and Tim;
But June shed all her leaves, and still
  There came no news of him.

And then, at last, at last, at last,
  One blessèd August morn,
Beneath the yellowing autumn elms,
  Pang-panging came the horn;
The swift coach paused a creaking space,
  Then flashed away, and passed;
But she stood trembling yet, and dazed:
  The news had come—at last!

And thus the artist saw her stand,
  While all around her seems
As vague and shadowy as the shapes
  That flit from us in dreams;
And naught in all the world is true,
  Save those few words which tell
That he she lost is found again—
  Is found again—and well!

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THE LAST BOAT-LOAD OF THE BRITISH LEAVING NEW YORK.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH, 1783.

OUR Revolutionary centennials, which opened with such a burst of pride and pathos eight years ago at Lexington and Concord, round out their course with an event less famous, but hardly less worthy of public remembrance. The old New-Yorker of two and three generations ago used to revive it as the "ever-memorable 25th of November, 1783," when the British evacuated the city and left America to her new destiny. If the modern New-Yorker shows a fainter appreciation of it, and smiles, perhaps, at the inadequate procession which annually attempts to keep its memory popular, he nevertheless unconsciously adds to its significance. New York expresses her obligations to that event by what she is. The evacuation of the city by the British meant her escape from colonial thralldom, her commercial as well as political emancipation; and her present greatness is her own best tribute to the importance of the day. While the cosmopolitan character of our population is bound to work a levelling effect, and will tend to repress what should otherwise

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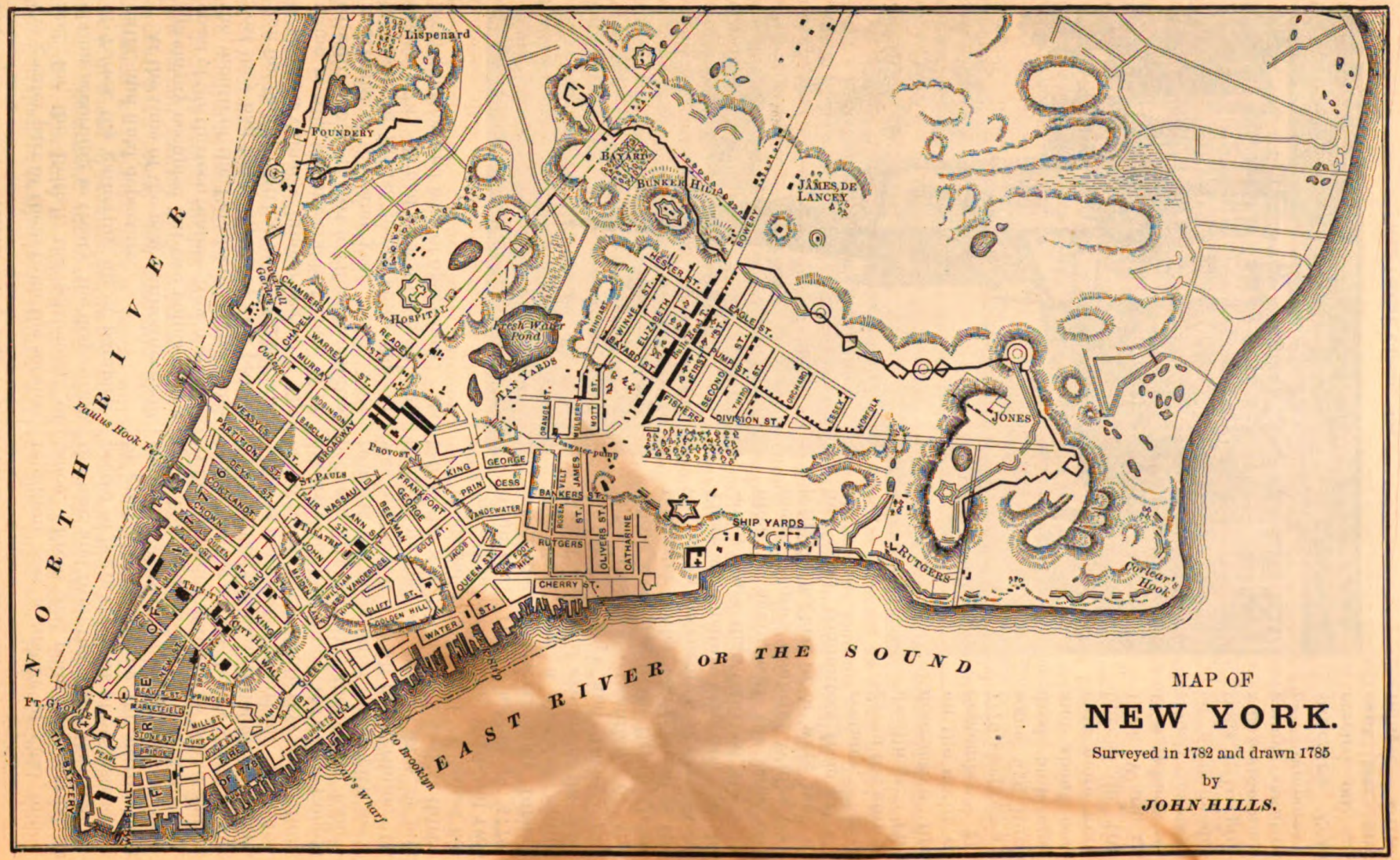
be a proper reverence for our past, the fact must always stand forth that the city's unparalleled advance would have been impossible but for the transfer of power and liberation from ancient trade restrictions which occurred in 1783. New York, with its old element nearly extinct, and new elements coming in to occupy and control, may not in the future contemplate this "memorable" event with emotion, or celebrate it with frequent rejoicings, but, historically, it was an event which is destined to grow in meaning and dignity.

It is somewhat singular that the evacuation does not fill a larger place in our general histories. But this may be accounted for by the fact that the published English sources from which much of our Revolutionary information is drawn are naturally silent on many interesting points, while the particulars from the American side have, until recently, remained largely in manuscript. The material now at hand is fortunately sufficient to permit of, at least, a connected description. In addition, there was the overshadowing fact of peace, which engaged every one's attention and turned men's speculations here, first of all, to the new situation. So long as the enemy were leaving the coast for all time, the manner of their going seems to have made little impression. The close of the war was then the universally welcome and absorbing thought. On the other hand, we of to-day, looking back over the century, may see and appropriate the full meaning of the closing scenes, and claim for them more than a local interest. The evacuation of New York is an event in her history, but we also have in it England's leave-taking of half a continent, in which case the details acquire a double value.

It has already appeared in Mr. Curtis's articles published in the March and April numbers of this Magazine that the last two of the eight years of the Revolution were taken up with the peace negotiations. They form a chapter by themselves. The fighting closed substantially at Yorktown in October, 1781, and then came a period of uncertainty. Neither side relaxed vigilance, and neither attempted serious aggressive operations. It was not until six months after Yorktown that there were indications of changes. England showed a disposition to cease hostilities by withdrawing her troops from the Southern field. Wilmington, North Carolina, was evacuated in May, 1782, Savannah in June, Charleston in December. These steps were significant and most acceptable to that war-worn section of the country, and yet they could be regarded as little more than good signs which complications might dissipate. While it is clear enough to-day, since the publication of the treaty correspondence and secret papers, that the home ministry, with all its changing composition, had little thought of continuing the struggle, the Americans of the time were assured of nothing. The abandonment of the South did not certainly foreshadow England's intentions. Even Washington, who was as well informed as any one on this side, had his misgivings, and shows in his correspondence with Greene that down to the very beginning of 1783, or more than a year after the Yorktown success, he was sensibly embarrassed in his plans by the uncertainty of the diplomatic situation. He seems to have been convinced that the lower States would not be troubled with any more "excursive war" on the part of the enemy; but whether the forces withdrawn were to operate vigorously against our French allies in the West Indies, or concentrate at New York for Northern operations, remained to be seen. Meanwhile one good had come—the South was, for the time being, relieved; and by none was this result received with deeper gratitude than those faithful people who, in spite of enforced abandonment of homes, loss of property, and intolerable treatment, had clung to the patriotic cause, or by none with a keener satisfaction than the heroes of Greene's diminished army, who had stood together through thick and thin in the trying campaigns in the Carolinas, and were now full masters of the field.

With the opening of 1783 matters took a definite shape. All doubts were soon removed. There was to be a final peace, based upon the absolute independence of the American States, with all their material claims to rights and territory recognized and accepted by Great Britain. The great news reached us officially in March, and on the 19th of April following Washington proclaimed to the army the cessation of hostilities. The war was over. What remained to be done of a military nature was, for the Americans, the adjustment of the soldiers' pay and discharge of

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the greater part of them from the service, and, for the British, the settlement of claims according to treaty, the disposition of Tories, the gathering up of paraphernalia, and final departure.

At the time of the peace announcement the enemy occupied but two points on the coast of the thirteen States—New York and the mouth of the Penobscot. The latter post they had held since 1779 as a protection for English settlers and refugees, and to secure a valuable lumber region. The name recalls the miserable failure of an expedition on our part to effect its capture in August of the same year. New York had been in British hands since September 15, 1776. It had ever since been their head-quarters and base of operations. Its retention was a matter of vital importance. From that point they carried on the war, and from that point they had expected to begin the work of reconstruction by gradually occupying the surrounding country and re-establishing civil authority. The area which they actually controlled included Manhattan Island, Staten Island, points on the Jersey side, and the whole of Long Island, although its eastern end was not greatly disturbed. The number of inhabitants within this jurisdiction, exclusive of the military, may have ranged between fifty and sixty thousand. Exactly what the population of the city itself was in 1783 it is difficult to determine. In its most prosperous colonial days, or just before the war, it was estimated at thirty thousand, the number of houses being set down at four thousand two hundred. The troubles in 1776, when the American army turned the place into a fortified camp, caused a general exodus of the people, both Whigs and Tories—not more than one-twentieth of the whole, according to the British Quartermaster Butler, being found in the city when the enemy took possession. These were mainly loyalists. In the seven years that followed, the city filled up again with the same element. Tories, doubtful Whigs, and refugees flocked in or were sent in by "rebel" committees from all directions, and given the empty dwellings. The destructive fire on the night of September 21, 1776, swept away some five hundred buildings, and about seventy more were burned in the Dock Ward in 1778, which seriously curtailed accommodations. To provide for the emergency, shanties or temporary structures were erected on vacant lots, and refugee settle-



OLD TRINITY CHURCH, 1788.

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ments established at one point and another.* Under the circumstances, it is hardly possible that the city proper could have contained as many inhabitants in 1783 as it had before the Revolution. What part of this war population remained after the evacuation it is equally difficult to ascertain. The British official reports show the number that embarked for Nova Scotia and other points, but not the number that staid behind. The great majority were unwilling, and many afraid, to place themselves in the power of the Americans, and obtained grants of lands in Canada, where they settled. According to the manuscript report of Brook Watson, British Commissary-General, dated New York, November 24, 1783, the total number of persons—men, women, and children—who left New York during the year was twenty-nine thousand two hundred and forty-four. Over fourteen thousand went to River St. John, nearly nine thousand to Port Roseway or Shelburne, two thousand six hundred to Annapolis, about a thousand to Halifax, and the remainder to Port Moulton and Cumberland. These were all to be "victualled" by the government for a certain number of months. Nor were they all loyalists or inhabitants proper, for the returns include a large proportion of discharged soldiers, with families, and "black companies," while, on the other hand, those who went to England (a small number) are not included. The number of negroes who were taken away as personal property is officially given at three thousand. Any estimate, accordingly, of the strength of the loyalist or indifferent population that remained under the American *régime* in 1783 must be mere guess-work. Soon after the announcement of peace in April the exiled Whigs returned in considerable numbers, and, under fixed regulations, secured their former houses and lands. If we put the figures at about fifteen thousand as representing those who staid and those who came in, we may have an approximate estimate of the population of New York on the day she first became distinctly an American city.

Such a general flight of the loyalists was due, of course, to the bitter resentment which had been harbored against them by the other side during the struggle. The excitement ran so high in some communities that public resolutions were passed threatening them with personal insult and injury if they failed to remove from the country; and they removed almost in a body, to what has since proved to be the advantage of the Canadian Dominion. While, no doubt, we suffered the loss of a respectable element, it may be questioned whether its presence in New York, and the attitude of opposition into which it must naturally have thrown itself in the formation of a republican government, would not have worked very serious mischief. Tory temper even then was no more moderate or conciliatory than was the Whig, if the following letter from William Bayard to General Haldimand, commanding in Canada, reflected a common sentiment.

"New York, *Aug.* 8, 1783.

"Good Sir,—The shocking alteration in this once happy Country and the good People of it since I had the Honor of taking your Excellency by the Hand last, owing to the Wicked, Infamous, and unprovoked Rebellion, it's not possible to commit to paper nor Tongue to express—and the peace, as it is termed, worse than all, both for poor old England, as well as the King's Truly Loyal Friends in this Country. The Rebels—for I shall never call them anything else—have confiscated every shill'g of my valuable property in this Country and passed an Act of Attainder against my person, so that I am now going off in a manner a Beggar to my children and Friends in old England—the reflection almost too shocking for Human Nature to bear, but such is mine and the hard Fate of many others. . . . Wm. Bayard."*

So much for the evacuation of New York by her hostile population. Passing

* In regard to this, David Matthews, then Mayor of the city, writes as follows: "The fire which consumed great part of the city in 1776, together with the number of buildings required for the conveniency of the troops, public departments, and itinerants of the army, made it impossible for the great number of distressed loyalists from the different provinces who were obliged to take refuge in this city to find any sort of shelter for themselves and families.

"Sir William Howe, in order to alleviate their distress, gave me orders, as Mayor of the city, to grant, without any fee or reward whatever, permission (to any persons who were willing) to erect temporary habitations on the vacant lots of persons residing without the lines.....The evacuation of Philadelphia and the second great fire in New York made the demand for vacant lots still greater and more necessary, which induced his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton to direct me to proceed agreeable to Sir William Howe's former orders."—*MS. Letter, August* 25, 1783, *in Carleton Papers, Royal Institution, London.*

* Haldimand Papers, British Museum.

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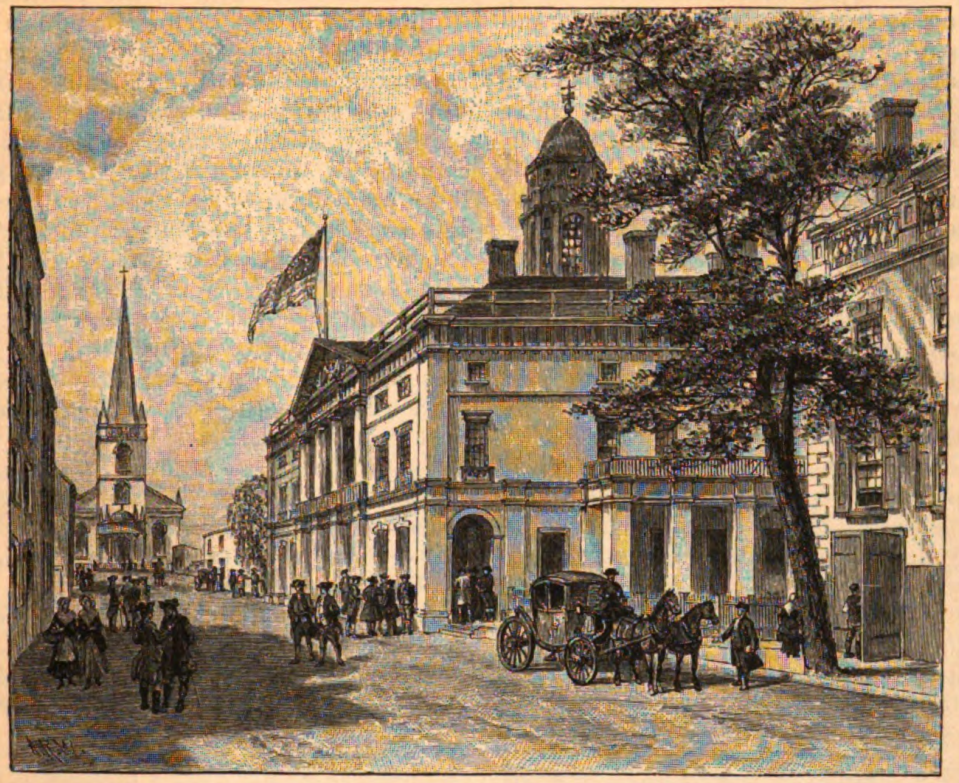
on to the hostile forces, we may recall the fact that Sir Henry Clinton, so long the commander-in-chief of the British here, was succeeded in May, 1782, by Sir Guy Carleton, who commanded at Quebec in 1775 when Montgomery fell. A general of ability, with clear head and kindly heart, he was deservedly popular with soldiers and citizens alike. He came when the fighting was done with, and contented himself with preserving a strict defensive, in anticipation of peace. When peace was declared he prepared for the evacuation of the city by disbanding all the loyalist regiments, and sending off many of the regulars to the West Indies, to Nova Scotia, and to England. By the returns of November 10, 1783, it appears that the number of troops retained "to be removed at the final evacuation" was a trifle over six thousand. The British corps were the Royal Artillery, Seventeenth Dragoons, the Light Infantry and Grenadiers, and the Seventh, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Forty-third, Seventy-sixth, and Eightieth regiments of foot, whose total effective strength, including officers, sergeants, drummers, and rank and file, is given at three thousand seven hundred and ninety-five. The German troops included the Chasseurs, regiments Lengercke, Donop, Losberg Junior, and a few artillerists—in all three thousand seven hundred and sixty-two.* The British fleet then in our waters was commanded by Robert Digby, Rear-Admiral of the Red. An old "sea-dog" of some repute, it was under him that King George's third son, Prince William Henry, afterward William IV., came as a midshipman to New York in 1781, where he was received with humble "addresses" and much ceremony. After returning to England, the admiral married Mrs. Jauncey, daughter of Andrew Elliott, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and retired from the service. Among his whims was an aversion to portraits, and he declined to have his own painted.

Much vexatious delay occurred before the British got off. Washington and Carleton held a personal interview in May on board the *Greyhound*, off Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, where Carleton gave assurances that the evacuation should be effected as speedily as possible. But so many loyalists expressed a wish to leave the city that transports could not be secured in sufficient number to accommodate them at once. The fleets had to make several voyages to the different points, and that took time. Moreover, the delay put the Americans in bad humor—some eying it suspiciously as a piece of trickery in the interests of the Tories, and fresh expressions of indignation against that class arose, which only increased the alarm in New York, and caused many more to leave. This, in turn, added to the delay, and the time dragged on into November, when Carleton was able to fix the 22d of that month as the day of his departure. Washington meanwhile had disbanded nearly all the Continental army at Newburgh and West Point, and stood ready with a small force to occupy New York the moment the enemy left it. On the 19th he arrived at Day's Tavern, near the corner of One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, in company with Governor Clinton and several State and army officers, while the troops preceded them and took post a short distance below. On the 22d a rain set in, and there was another postponement to the 25th, when we reach the interesting event.

The small body of Continental troops intended for the military occupation of the city had moved down leisurely from West Point and encamped at McGowan's Pass, within and near the present north-eastern entrance of Central Park. Mainly old soldiers, bronzed and scarred, representative of the protracted struggle, the honors of the occasion were eminently theirs. The infantry belonged to the Massachusetts line, the artillery to New York, the troops from the other States having been all disbanded. Of the two foot regiments, one, the Second, was commanded by Colonel Joseph Vose, who had been in service from the beginning; the other, a composite corps known as "light infantry," formed of picked troops from the four regiments at West Point, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel William Hull, another veteran and well-known officer. From the artillery there were but two companies present, Captain Doughty's and Moodie's—all that were left of Colonel Lamb's famous Second Regiment of that arm—with Major Sebastian Bauman at their head, whose services on many fields, and notably at Yorktown, were long remembered. Add to these a troop of militia horsemen, under Captain John Stakes,

* Official Returns, Public Record Office, London.

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FEDERAL HALL, WALL STREET.

of New York, and we have the entire detachment, thus composed, numbering some eight hundred men, and commanded immediately by Brevet-Brigadier-General Henry Jackson, of Boston, then the ranking infantry officer on duty. The chief of all the troops remaining in the service, to whom Washington had practically transferred his responsibilities, was Major-General Henry Knox, who was here to take part in the ceremonies of the day.

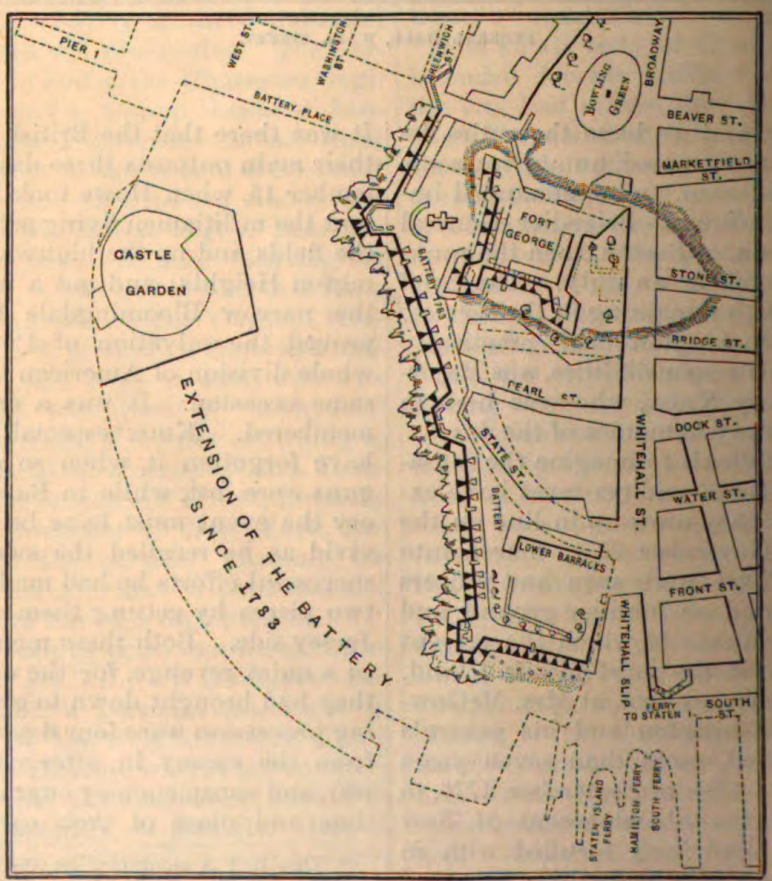
It is not difficult to imagine the sensations which these soldiers must have experienced as they drew up in line on the morning of November 25 to march into the city. There were men and officers there who stood on familiar ground, and could recall events to which the present contrast was of the most pleasing kind. It was on that very spot, at Mrs. McGowan's, that Washington and his generals were compelled, more than seven years before, on the 12th of September, 1776, to decide upon the abandonment of New York, which had been fortified with so much toil, but whose retention was impossible after the disaster on Long Island. It was there that the British fixed one of their main outposts three days later, September 15, when Howe took the city, and sent the militiamen flying pell-mell across the fields and up the highways to Washington Heights; and not a mile over lay the narrow Bloomingdale Road, which proved the salvation of Putnam and a whole division of American troops on the same occasion. It was a day to be remembered. Knox especially could not have forgotten it, when so many of his guns were lost, while in Bauman's memory the event must have been still more vivid as he recalled the sweltering and successful efforts he had made to save his two pieces by getting them across to the Jersey side. Both these men now enjoyed a quiet revenge, for the only artillery they had brought down to grace the coming procession were four 6-pounders taken from the enemy in after-actions of the war, and conspicuously engraved with the time and place of their capture.* Nor

* This fact is mentioned by Quartermaster-General Pickering in one of his published letters.—*Pickering's Life*, Vol. I.

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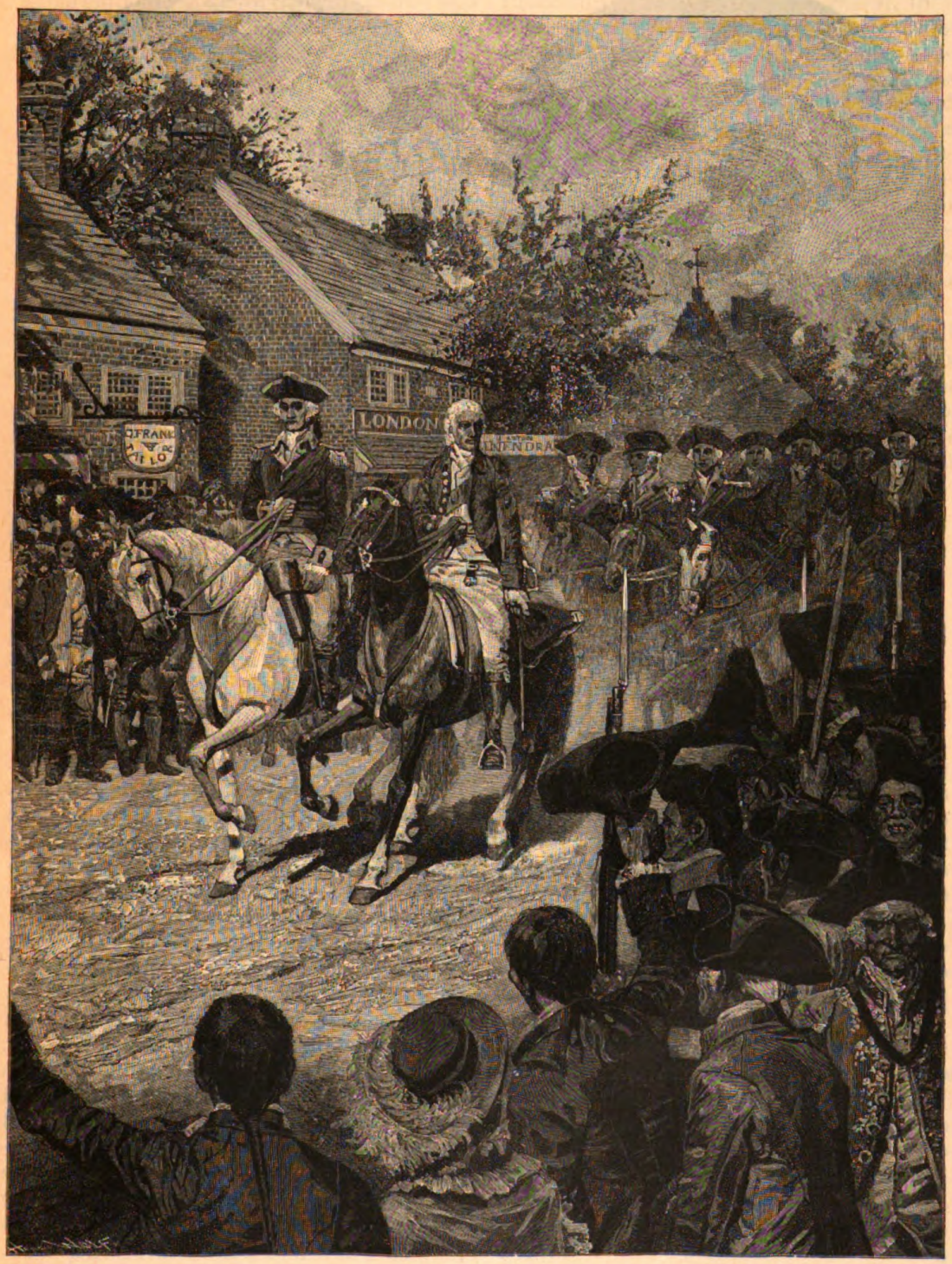
could the soldiers themselves have felt less proud of the fact that instead of appearing as uncouth levies, liable to sudden panic, they had returned to the scenes of trial and mortification as hardened warriors, laurel-crowned, and capable of proving their prowess with the best of the enemy. Peculiarly true was this of Hull's "light infantry," who were in every sense choice troops, and who, according to the official record, now made a most "handsome" appearance with their blue coats and white vests and breeches, provoking by their splendid bearing Washington's own admiration and praise. Hull himself was one of the bravest, most skillful, and trusty officers which the Revolution developed; and some day, upon a closer examination of the case, the historical critic is not unlikely to notice the absurdity of the charge which, years after, stigmatized him with cowardice at Detroit, and may fall in with the judgment of a recent military writer, who holds that that place was surrendered "under circumstances which would appear to have been excusable if it had not been necessary to sacrifice him to the political requirements of the inefficient administration then in office." Hull's second in command on the 25th, it is interesting to note, was Major Job Sumner, grandfather of the late distinguished Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. A few years later the major fell a victim to fever in this city, and he lies buried in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Broadway. The Adjutant-General of the troops was Major Richard Platt, of New York, who had seen much staff service during the war, and was now returning to his old home, where he re-established himself as one of our earliest and most respected merchants.

Two distinct processions were arranged for the eventful day: one, military, composed of the troops described, who were to "occupy" the city; the other, civic, including dignitaries and State authorities, who, by virtue of their powers, were to "possess" it. The military paraded at eight o'clock in the morning, and marched down the old Post Road into the Bowery, where



MAP OF THE BATTERY IN 1783 AND 1883.

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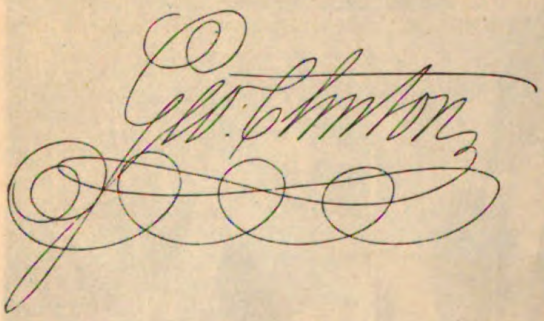
THE CIVIL PROCESSION, HEADED BY GENERAL WASHINGTON AND GOVERNOR CLINTON.

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MRS. CLINTON.

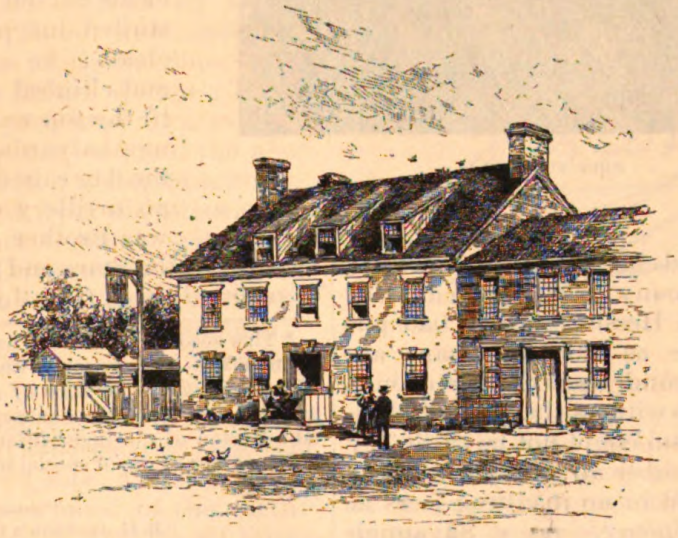


they halted. Below them, stretching across the island, could be seen the line of works—thrown up first by Washington's army in 1776, and since then altered and repaired by the British—which immediately protected the town. West of the Bowery, near where Grand and Mulberry streets intersect, frowned the strong redoubt on Bayard's grounds, known to friend and foe alike as "Bunker Hill," while to the east breastworks and forts extended in the direction of Grand Street over Jones's Hill to the water. These lines the enemy were still holding in part at noon of the 25th, and their final surrender was impatiently awaited by the Americans. Some further delay occurred, when at one o'clock a British officer, by previous arrangement, announced that their last guards had been withdrawn. Immediately the American corps re-formed and moved down the Bowery in full martial order. In the van rode the troop of dragoons under Captain Stakes. Then came an advance-guard of light infantry, followed by the artillery; next the battalion of light infantry, followed by the Second Massachusetts; and last, a rear-guard. It was a little army, but it was an "army of occupation"; it was an army to be received, not as a pageant, with wild enthusiasm, but as a deliverer, with unaffected joy and tearful gratitude. Following the designated line of march, the procession passed from the Bowery to Chatham Street, and turned down the present Pearl, then known as Queen Street. That was New York's principal thoroughfare at the time, given up largely to business purposes, and yet attractive with private residences and some notable mansions interspersed between the stores. Broadway, which extended barely beyond the City Hall, had not begun to assume its metropolitan aspect, and just then its western front and background were disfigured with unsightly relics of the great fire of '76. It was on Queen and Wall streets that the crowds had gathered. Thousands turned out. They lined the gardens, fences, and street sides, for the sidewalk had yet to appear as a public luxury; they filled the doors and porches and windows, and they mounted the roofs. A motley though picturesque assemblage it must have been. The average New-Yorker of 1783 was poor. The returned inhabitant had pretty much worn out his clothes, for seven years of compulsory absence had shut him out from profits, and no convenient market was at hand wherein to replenish

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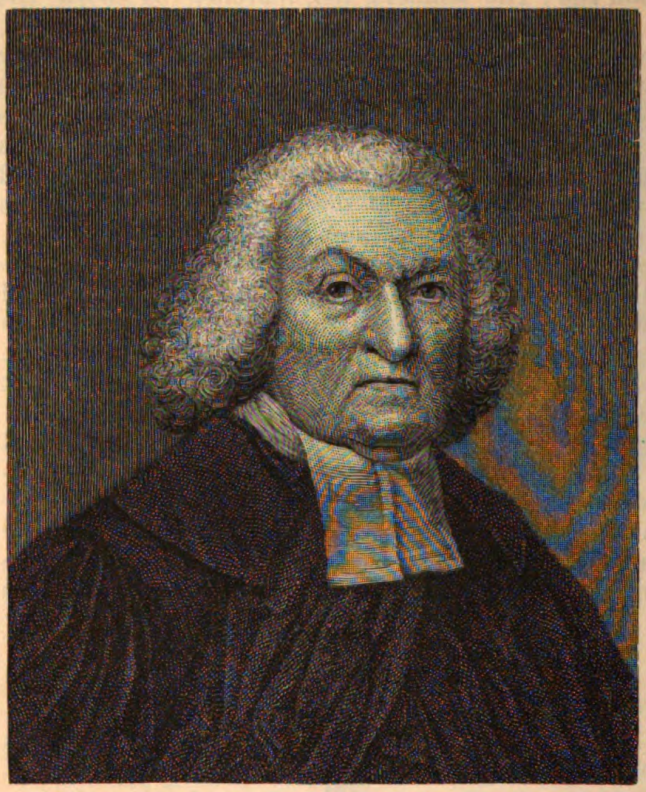
his stock, should he have been able to do so. Some, no doubt, had drawn upon the last of their long-hoarded specie to buy at a bargain from those British merchants who had sold their goods and returned to England, but they were the exception. The element of splendor which often distinguished a New York gathering was this time wanting. Still the throng could not have been other than striking in appearance. In almost any state of dilapidation the colonial dress will set off the figure like a picture; in a crowd the effect would be enhanced. In spite of the general weather-worn aspect one may imagine the display of powdered wigs, of profuse and snow-white ruffles, of polished buttons, of silver buckles, of ladies' head-gear and flowing dresses, and of venerable silks of every hue, that marked the occasion. Include the cocked hat, the high-collared and continuous coat, and the vest that rivalled it, and still further brighten the scene with Continental uniforms, as well as with fragments of British and Hessian gorgeousness decorating the colored servant—and we have a sightliness and variety which no modern crowd presents. But that particular crowd of a hundred years ago cared very little how it looked. Its impoverishment was an honor to its patriotism. It could only feel the gladness of the hour. It welcomed the troops with a full heart. There were cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs and plumes and garlands all along the route. The soldiers, too, marched by with the conscious air of victors and protectors. Proceeding through Queen Street, they wheeled into Wall, then, as for some time after, one of the fashionable streets of the city, and continued to Broadway. As they passed the corner of William, and looked up at the mutilated statue of the Earl of Chatham which then stood there, did any one observe the complete fulfillment of his prophetic words, which had worked like an inspiration throughout the colonies, "You can not conquer America"? It was a moment an orator might covet.

Turning into Broadway from Wall Street, the military halted opposite Cape's Tavern, at the northwest corner of Rector Street, where it was to receive the civic procession, soon to follow. Meanwhile the formal act of occupation took place at the Battery. Upon the halting of the troops, one full company of light infantry and another of artillery were detached from the main body with instructions to march down Broadway to Fort George—whose site is now occupied by the steamship offices at Bowling Green—take possession of the work, hoist the American colors on the flag-staff, and fire a salute of thirteen guns. This duty was performed. In the offing, around and beyond Governor's Island, lay the British men-of-war and transports. A short distance from the Battery, whose exterior



BULL'S HEAD TAVERN.

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JOHN RODGERS.

wall then stood far within the present line,* floated many barges filled with "redcoats" and Hessians, which had put off from shore as the Americans approached. Around were crowds of citizens collected to witness the embarkation, whose enthusiasm could not be chilled by the frosty November air, and who appear to have indulged in no insulting jeers at the departing enemy. As at Savannah and Charleston the year before, order and propriety were observed. The last boat presumably carried away the British flag that had waved so long from Fort George; the Continentals hoisted in its place the flag of the thirteen States. It was a quiet exchange of territorial possessions. The old imperial Englishman moved out; the new American Englishman moved in.

The ceremony of the evacuation and occupation was thus complete, unless we introduce the incident at the fort mentioned prominently in the records of the day. Whether ordered by the commander of the British garrison, or slyly done by some waggish soldiers, must remain unknown, but the fact was palpable that when the American detachment entered the work the flag-staff was found to be well greased from top to bottom, and the halyards gone. No salute could be fired until our flag floated from that staff. Three times a sailor-boy attempted its slippery length, only to descend in haste. John Bull perhaps looked on from his boats with a broad grin. But something must be done. Boards, hammer, saw, and nails were sent for, and cleats cut out. The sailor-boy stuffed his pockets with the cleats; he nailed them on, and climbed as he nailed, until the top was reached, where new halyards were reeved, and the flag raised, amid cheers, by an artillery officer. Then it was Brother Jonathan's turn. He saluted the Stars and Stripes with thirteen rounds fired from John Bull's guns!*

* The "Battery" proper of to-day, lying south of Battery Place and west and south of State Street, is almost entirely new-made land. The diagram on page 916 shows the enlargement since 1783.

* This account is taken in part from the letter of Captain Van Dyck, an eye-witness, published in the *Manual of the Corporation of New York for* 1870; in part, also, from the manuscript orders of Adjutant Morton of the Light Infantry. As the orders of November 24 are of special interest, they are here appended:

"McGowan's Pass, 24th *Nov.*, '83.

"B. G. Jackson's Orders:

"The troops will cook one day's provisions this evening, and be in perfect readiness to march to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock."

"After Orders, *Nov.* 24:

"Field-Officer of the day to-morrow—Col. Vose.

"The Light Infantry will furnish a company for main guard to-morrow. As soon as the Troops are form'd in the City, the main guard will be march'd off to Fort George—on their taken possession an officer of Artillery will immediately hoist the American standard. The officer will then detach two Pattrols, consisting of one Sub., one Serg^{t}, two Corporals, and fifteen Privates each—one to pass from the North to the East River as far up as Maiden Lain, the other from North to East River from Maiden Lain upwards.

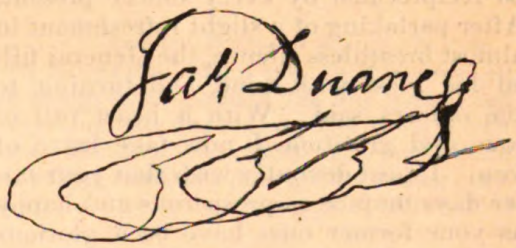
"On the Standard being hoisted in Fort George, the Artillery will fire thirteen rounds. After his Excellency Governor Clinten will be received on the right of the line. The officers will salute his Excellency as he passes them, and the Troops present their arms by Corps, and the Drums beat a march. After his Excellency is passed the line and allited at Cape's Tavern, the Artillery will fire Thirteen rounds....

"In case of any disturbance the whole of the Patroles will instantly march out, preserve the peace, and apprehend and secure all offenders. For the greater security and good Order of the City each Bat-

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The civic procession was next in order. After the military were in secure possession, General Knox rode back with many citizens to the Bull's Head Tavern, where the Bowery Theatre stands, to meet Governor Clinton and Washington and party, and escort them into the city. The procession followed the same route that the troops had taken—through Chatham, down Queen, up Wall, and into Broadway. It was led by a body of Westchester Light Horse, under Captain Delavan. Then came the Governor and General, with their suites, on horseback; then the Lieutenant-Governor and members of the Council for the temporary government of the city and southern district of the State, four abreast; then Knox and officers of the army, including Steuben, James Clinton, MacDougall, and others; eight abreast; next, citizens on horseback, eight abreast; and last, the Speaker of the Assembly and citizens, on foot, eight abreast. There was another scene of welcome along the line, and as the procession halted at Cape's Tavern the military presented arms to the Governor, the drums beat, and the artillery fired a salute. Congratulatory addresses followed from the citizens to the Governor and General, and later in the day the Governor gave a public dinner at Fraunces' Tavern, where a distinguished company assembled. Among the thirteen toasts of the occasion the last was in the way of a moral—"May the remembrance of this day be a lesson to princes!" the eleventh has been amply fulfilled—"May America be an asylum to the persecuted of the earth!" and the twelfth holds good for all time—"May a close union of the States guard the temple they have erected to Liberty!" Governor Clinton established himself at the De Peyster mansion on Queen Street, near Cedar, and the machinery of the new civil government was set in motion without any friction. On the evening of December 2 there was a grand display of fire-works at the Bowling Green, in commemoration of the peace, such as the city had never witness-





ed before. Thursday, the 11th, having been appointed as a day of public thanksgiving throughout the United States, services were held in three places of worship. At St. George's Chapel on Beekman Street, where the troops attended in a body, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, who had been a chaplain in the army, and who afterward settled over a Presbyterian congregation in the city. It was a sound discourse, but without that full reference to the times which characterizes modern efforts of a similar nature. Briefly alluding to the scenes of the 25th, he said: "The order, decorum, and dignity with which the change of government was introduced on that happy day, and which have ever since reigned in our city, do the highest honor to our cause, our citizens, and our army. They have attracted the notice, excited the admiration, and forced the acknowledgments of our enemies themselves in favor of our

talion will mount a Piquett at their Barracks, consisting of one entire Company. They will lay on their arms and be in constant readiness during the Twenty-four hours, to parade on the first alarm and wait the orders of the Officer of the Day. On an alarm of fire all the officers and men on duty will immediately repair to their Barracks and parade without Arms, and wait the Orders of the Commanding Officers. The officer commanding pattroles will march them in the most regular and silent order, both day and night, and will take up and confine in the main guard any violent and disorderly soldiers they may meet with. The Grand Parade will be near the bridewell; the guards and pattroles will march off the Grand Parade under the direction of the field-officer of the day."

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virtue and regard to order and good government, while they will greatly enhance the pleasure and esteem of every friend of the Revolution throughout the Union." Two months later the Governor's Council appointed James Duane our first Mayor, and New York passed under her new American control.

An account of the evacuation would be incomplete without recalling the last and tender scene following the festivities—Washington's farewell to his officers, and departure from New York, on December 4. About to repair to Congress and resign his commission, that he might once more enjoy the peace of his "beloved Mount Vernon," he met his comrades in arms at Fraunces' Tavern, still standing at the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, and there took an affectionate leave of them. "We had been assembled but a few moments," says Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge in his memoirs, "when his Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present. After partaking of a slight refreshment in almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine, and turning to the officers, said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.'

"After the officers had taken a glass of wine, the General added: 'I can not come to each of you, but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief, who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance, but grasped his hand, when they embraced each other in silence. In the same affectionate manner every officer in the room marched up to, kissed, and parted with his General-in-Chief. Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and hope I may never be called upon to witness again. Not a word was uttered to break the solemn silence that prevailed, or to interrupt the tenderness of the interesting scene. The simple thought that we were about to part from the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war, and under whose conduct the glory and independence of our country had been achieved, and that we should see his face no more in this world, seemed to me utterly insupportable. But the time of separation had come, and waving his hand to his grieving children around him, he left the room, and passing through a corps of light infantry who were paraded to receive him, he walked silently on to Whitehall, where a barge was in waiting. We all followed in mournful silence to the wharf, where a prodigious crowd had assembled to witness the departure of the man who, under God, had been the great agent in establishing the glory and independence of these United States. As soon as he was seated, the barge put off into the river, and when out in the stream, our great and beloved General waved his hat, and bade us a silent adieu." To this there is nothing to be added.

Returning to the British and their final movements—we find them lingering in our bay for some days after the evacuation. They reserved the use of the shipyard, near the foot of the present Catharine Street, on the East River, also Governor's Island,* Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, Staten Island, and Denyse's Ferry across the Narrows, for about a week longer, and then sailed away.† There was but little more ceremony to ob-

* This was requested by Digby, as per Carleton's MSS., in the following note: "Admiral Digby's compts to Sir Guy Carleton begs to know if he is finally determined to evacuate the town and embark himself on Saturday; if so w^d beg his Excellency to reserve Governor's Island some time longer as it will be a great convenience.

"Wednesday ye 15th of Novr 1783."

† A search among the London MSS. fails to bring to light the order of the evacuation on the part of the British. We only know that the last detachments put off in boats just as the Continentals came in. The following extracts from two letters written by Dr. J. M. North, Superintendent-General of his Majesty's Hospitals in America, have their interest in this connection. On October 4, 1783, he writes: "As we are all desired by general orders, both regimental and Departments, to hold ourselves in readiness to embark at the shortest notice, you may suppose that the final evacuation of New York is near, but of this I am not as yet myself convinced, as I can not think the Ministry will be guilty of so impolitic a step. Whatever my sentiments are, I shall be prepared for what may happen, and am busy in winding up the affairs both of the Hessian and British Hospitals." On November 25 he says: "As New York is by general orders to be evacuated this day at eleven o'clock you will readily suppose that I have my hands full of business, especially as my clerks have all left me to provide for themselves in this general wreck of British interests at this part of the world."—*MSS. of Nathaniel Paine, Esq., Worcester, Mass.*

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serve. Carleton sent a line to Washington, December 1, that he hoped to be off on the 4th. Washington replied with wishing him and all the troops under his orders a safe and pleasant passage. It is in this connection that we reach the last of that series of weighty communications by which the King and his ministry were kept informed of events in America, and upon the strength of which, until within a year, they had staked their hopes of success. Fitly enough it was addressed to Lord North, who more than any other man had been responsible for all the troubles and bloodshed since 1775. It was a brief official note, as follows, but if he still retained any susceptibility to remorse or humiliation, the closing words must have quickened it to the depths.

"ON BOARD THE CERES, OFF STATEN ISLAND, *28th Novem.*, 1783.

"MY LORD,—His Majesty's Troops, and such of the Loyalists as chose to emigrate, were, on the 25th Inst., withdrawn from the City of New York in good order, and embarked without the smallest circumstance of irregularity or misbehaviour of any kind: and as we have now ships sufficient for the remainder of the Troops, I hope we shall be able very shortly to take our final departure.....

"I am, etc., GUY CARLETON.

"To Right Honorable Lord NORTH."*

In that "final departure" North once more read his own failure and political obituary. It was the last word he was to have from the America which he would not reconcile, which he could not subdue, and whose loss was now to react upon and crush himself.

The enemy finally put off to sea on the 4th and 5th of December, when they disappear from public notice almost altogether. One must look sharply through the London papers of the January following to trace their arrival on the other side. The troop-ships drop in one by one into this or that harbor, the soldiers reach home, and that is the end. Sometimes the thinness of their ranks provokes a comment upon the American campaigns; as where the Seventy-first, or Fraser's Highlanders, which left England in 1776 two thousand strong, returns from New York with but three hundred, or where the thousand men of the Twentieth Foot are reduced to one hundred and ten. Even Carleton's arrival home made no stir, while the last from the Admiral is only to be found in the manuscripts of the Public Record Office, London, in this report of sailor-like brevity to the Naval Office:

"AMPHION, PORTLAND ROAD, 8 *Jan.*, 1784.

"I left Staten Island the 5th December, all the troops having sailed the day before, and everything that was ready. The Town of New York was evacuated the 25th of November, and everything remained quite quiet when we came away..... ROBT. DIGBY."

With the abandonment of the posts on the Penobscot in January, 1784, our coast became entirely clear of British occupation.

* MSS. in Royal Institution, London.



THE BRITISH FLEET READY TO LEAVE NEW YORK.

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DUNLUCE CASTLE.

To-day from all thy ruined walls
  The flowers wave flags of truce;
For Time has proved thy conqueror,
  And tamed thy strength, Dunluce!

Lords of the Skerries' cruel rocks,
  Masters of sea and shore,
Marauders in their clanking mail
  Ride from thy gates no more.

Thy dungeons are untenanted,
  Thy captives are set free;
The daisy, with sweet childish face,
  Keeps watch across the sea.

Thy halls are open to the sky,
  Thy revelry has ceased;
The echoes of thy mirth have died
  With fires that lit the feast.

What keepers of thy secrets old
  Flit through the wind and rain!
What stern-faced ghosts have come by night
  To visit thee again!

Grim fortress of the Northern sea,
  Lost are thy power and pride;
Within thy undefended walls
  The folded sheep abide.

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KEN'S MYSTERY.

ONE cool October evening—it was the last day of the month, and unusually cool for the time of year—I made up my mind to go and spend an hour or two with my friend Keningale. Keningale was an artist (as well as a musical amateur and poet), and had a very delightful studio built on to his house, in which he was wont to sit of an evening. The studio had a cavernous fire-place, designed in imitation of the old-fashioned fire-places of Elizabethan manor-houses, and in it, when the temperature out-doors warranted, he would build up a cheerful fire of dry logs. It would suit me particularly well, I thought, to go and have a quiet pipe and chat in front of that fire with my friend.

I had not had such a chat for a very long time—not, in fact, since Keningale (or Ken, as his friends called him) had returned from his visit to Europe the year before. He went abroad, as he affirmed at the time, "for purposes of study," whereat we all smiled, for Ken, so far as we knew him, was more likely to do anything else than to study. He was a young fellow of buoyant temperament, lively and social in his habits, of a brilliant and versatile mind, and possessing an income of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year; he could sing, play, scribble, and paint very cleverly, and some of his heads and figure-pieces were really well done, considering that he never had any regular training in art; but he was not a worker. Personally he was fine-looking, of good height and figure, active, healthy, and with a remarkably fine brow, and clear, full-gazing eye. Nobody was surprised at his going to Europe, nobody expected him to do anything there except amuse himself, and few anticipated that he would be soon again seen in New York. He was one of the sort that find Europe agree with them. Off he went, therefore; and in the course of a few months the rumor reached us that he was engaged to a handsome and wealthy New York girl whom he had met in London. This was nearly all we did hear of him until, not very long afterward, he turned up again on Fifth Avenue, to every one's astonishment; made no satisfactory answer to those who wanted to know how he happened to tire so soon of the Old World; while as to the reported engagement, he cut short all allusion to that in so peremptory a manner as to show that it was not a permissible topic of conversation with him. It was surmised that the lady had jilted him; but, on the other hand, she herself returned home not a great while after, and though she had plenty of opportunities, she has never married to this day.

Be the rights of that matter what they may, it was soon remarked that Ken was no longer the careless and merry fellow he used to be; on the contrary, he appeared grave, moody, averse from general society, and habitually taciturn and undemonstrative even in the company of his most intimate friends. Evidently something had happened to him, or he had done something. What? Had he committed a murder? or joined the Nihilists? or was his unsuccessful love affair at the bottom of it? Some declared that the cloud was only temporary, and would soon pass away. Nevertheless, up to the period of which I am writing it had not passed away, but had rather gathered additional gloom, and threatened to become permanent.

Meanwhile I had met him twice or thrice at the club, at the opera, or in the street, but had as yet had no opportunity of regularly renewing my acquaintance with him. We had been on a footing of more than common intimacy in the old days, and I was not disposed to think that he would refuse to renew the former relations now. But what I had heard and myself seen of his changed condition imparted a stimulating tinge of suspense or curiosity to the pleasure with which I looked forward to the prospects of this evening. His house stood at a distance of two or three miles beyond the general range of habitations in New York at this time, and as I walked briskly along in the clear twilight air I had leisure to go over in my mind all that I had known of Ken and had divined of his character. After all, had there not always been something in his nature—deep down, and held in abeyance by the activity of his animal spirits—but something strange and separate, and capable of developing under suitable conditions into—into what? As I asked myself this question I arrived at his door; and it was with a feeling of relief that I felt the next moment the cordial grasp of his hand, and his voice bid-

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ding me welcome in a tone that indicated unaffected gratification at my presence. He drew me at once into the studio, relieved me of my hat and cane, and then put his hand on my shoulder.

"I am glad to see you," he repeated, with singular earnestness—"glad to see you and to feel you; and to-night of all nights in the year."

"Why to-night especially?"

"Oh, never mind. It's just as well, too, you didn't let me know beforehand you were coming; the unreadiness is all, to paraphrase the poet. Now, with you to help me, I can drink a glass of tamarind-water and take a bit draw of the pipe. This would have been a grim night for me if I'd been left to myself."

"In such a lap of luxury as this, too!" said I, looking round at the glowing fire-place, the low, luxurious chairs, and all the rich and sumptuous fittings of the room. "I should have thought a condemned murderer might make himself comfortable here."

"Perhaps; but that's not exactly my category at present. But have you forgotten what night this is? This is November-eve, when, as tradition asserts, the dead arise and walk about, and fairies, goblins, and spiritual beings of all kinds have more freedom and power than on any other day of the year. One can see you've never been in Ireland."

"I wasn't aware till now that you had been there, either."

"Yes, I have been in Ireland. Yes—" He paused, sighed, and fell into a reverie, from which, however, he soon roused himself by an effort, and went to a cabinet in a corner of the room for the liquor and tobacco. While he was thus employed I sauntered about the studio, taking note of the various beauties, grotesquenesses, and curiosities that it contained. Many things were there to repay study and arouse admiration; for Ken was a good collector, having excellent taste as well as means to back it. But, upon the whole, nothing interested me more than some studies of a female head, roughly done in oils, and, judging from the sequestered positions in which I found them, not intended by the artist for exhibition or criticism. There were three or four of these studies, all of the same face, but in different poses and costumes. In one the head was enveloped in a dark hood, overshadowing and partly concealing the features; in another she seemed to be peering duskily through a latticed casement, lit by a faint moonlight; a third showed her splendidly attired in evening costume, with jewels in her hair and ears, and sparkling on her snowy bosom. The expressions were as various as the poses; now it was demure penetration, now a subtle inviting glance, now burning passion, and again a look of elfish and elusive mockery. In whatever phase, the countenance possessed a singular and poignant fascination, not of beauty merely, though that was very striking, but of character and quality likewise.

"Did you find this model abroad?" I inquired at length. "She has evidently inspired you, and I don't wonder at it."

Ken, who had been heating the tamarind-water, and had not noticed my movements, now looked up, and said: "I didn't mean those to be seen. They don't satisfy me, and I'm going to destroy them; but I couldn't rest till I'd made some attempts to reproduce— What was it you asked? Abroad? Yes—or no. They were all painted here within the last six weeks."

"Whether they satisfy you or not, they are by far the best things of yours I have ever seen."

"Well, let them alone, and tell me what you think of this beverage. To my thinking, it goes to the right spot. It owes its existence to your coming here. I can't drink alone, and those portraits are not company, though, for aught I know, she might have come out of the canvas to-night and sat down in that chair." Then, seeing my inquiring look, he added, with a hasty laugh, "It's November-eve, you know, when anything may happen, provided it's strange enough. Well, here's to ourselves."

We each swallowed a deep draught of the smoking and aromatic liquor, and set down our glasses with approval. The punch was excellent. Ken now opened a box of cigars, and we seated ourselves before the fire-place.

"All we need now," I remarked, after a short silence, "is a little music. By-the-bye, Ken, have you still got the banjo I gave you before you went abroad?"

He paused so long before replying that I supposed he had not heard my question. "I have got it," he said at length, "but it will never make any more music."

"Got broken, eh? Can't it be mended? It was a fine instrument."

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"It's not broken, but it's past mending. You shall see for yourself."

He arose as he spoke, and going to another part of the studio, opened a black oak coffer, and took out of it a long object wrapped up in a piece of faded yellow silk. He handed it to me, and when I had unwrapped it, there appeared a thing that might once have been a banjo, but had little resemblance to one now. It bore every sign of extreme age. The wood of the handle was honey-combed with the gnawings of worms, and dusty with dry-rot. The parchment head was green with mould, and hung in shrivelled tatters. The hoop, which was of solid silver, was so blackened and tarnished that it looked like dilapidated iron. The strings were gone, and most of the tuning-screws had dropped out of their decayed sockets. Altogether it had the appearance of having been made before the Flood, and been forgotten in the forecastle of Noah's Ark ever since.

"It is a curious relic certainly," I said. "Where did you come across it? I had no idea that the banjo was invented so long ago as this. It certainly can't be less than two hundred years old, and may be much older than that."

Ken smiled gloomily. "You are quite right," he said; "it is at least two hundred years old, and yet it is the very same banjo that you gave me a year ago."

"Hardly," I returned, smiling in my turn, "since that was made to my order with a view to presenting it to you."

"I know that; but the two hundred years have passed since then. Yes, it is absurd and impossible, I know, but nothing is truer. That banjo, which was made last year, existed in the sixteenth century, and has been rotting ever since. Stay. Give it to me a moment, and I'll convince you. You recollect that your name and mine, with the date, were engraved on the silver hoop?"

"Yes; and there was a private mark of my own there also."

"Very well," said Ken, who had been rubbing a place on the hoop with a corner of the yellow silk wrapper; "look at that."

I took the decrepit instrument from him, and examined the spot which he had rubbed. It was incredible, sure enough; but there were the names and the date precisely as I had caused them to be engraved; and there, moreover, was my own private mark, which I had idly made with an old etching point not more than eighteen months before. After convincing myself that there was no mistake, I laid the banjo across my knees, and stared at my friend in bewilderment. He sat smoking with a kind of grim composure, his eyes fixed upon the blazing logs.

"I'm mystified, I confess," said I. "Come; what is the joke? What method have you discovered of producing the decay of centuries on this unfortunate banjo in a few months? And why did you do it? I have heard of an elixir to counteract the effects of time, but your recipe seems to work the other way—to make time rush forward at two hundred times his usual rate, in one place, while he jogs on at his usual gait elsewhere. Unfold your mystery, magician. Seriously, Ken, how on earth did the thing happen?"

"I know no more about it than you do," was his reply. "Either you and I and all the rest of the living world are insane, or else there has been wrought a miracle as strange as any in tradition. How can I explain it? It is a common saying—a common experience, if you will—that we may, on certain trying or tremendous occasions, live years in one moment. But that's a mental experience, not a physical one, and one that applies, at all events, only to human beings, not to senseless things of wood and metal. You imagine the thing is some trick or jugglery. If it be, I don't know the secret of it. There's no chemical appliance that I ever heard of that will get a piece of solid wood into that condition in a few months, or a few years. And it wasn't done in a few years, or a few months either. A year ago to-day at this very hour that banjo was as sound as when it left the maker's hands, and twenty-four hours afterward—I'm telling you the simple truth—it was as you see it now."

The gravity and earnestness with which Ken made this astounding statement were evidently not assumed. He believed every word that he uttered. I knew not what to think. Of course my friend might be insane, though he betrayed none of the ordinary symptoms of mania; but, however that might be, there was the banjo, a witness whose silent testimony there was no gainsaying. The more I meditated on the matter the more inconceivable did it appear. Two hundred years—twenty-four hours; those were the terms of the pro-

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posed equation. Ken and the banjo both affirmed that the equation had been made; all worldly knowledge and experience affirmed it to be impossible. What was the explanation? What is time? What is life? I felt myself beginning to doubt the reality of all things. And so this was the mystery which my friend had been brooding over since his return from abroad. No wonder it had changed him. More to be wondered at was it that it had not changed him more.

"Can you tell me the whole story?" I demanded at length.

Ken quaffed another draught from his glass of tamarind-water and rubbed his hand through his thick brown beard. "I have never spoken to any one of it heretofore," he said, "and I had never meant to speak of it. But I'll try and give you some idea of what it was. You know me better than any one else; you'll understand the thing as far as it can ever be understood, and perhaps I may be relieved of some of the oppression it has caused me. For it is rather a ghastly memory to grapple with alone, I can tell you."

Hereupon, without further preface, Ken related the following tale. He was, I may observe in passing, a naturally fine narrator. There were deep, lingering tones in his voice, and he could strikingly enhance the comic or pathetic effect of a sentence by dwelling here and there upon some syllable. His features were equally susceptible of humorous and of solemn expressions, and his eyes were in form and hue wonderfully adapted to showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when Ken was giving utterance to some mysterious passage of the tale they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look which appealed irresistibly to the imagination. But the interest of his story was too pressing to allow of noticing these incidental embellishments at the time, though they doubtless had their influence upon me all the same.

"I left New York on an Inman Line steamer, you remember," began Ken, "and landed at Havre. I went the usual round of sight-seeing on the Continent, and got round to London in July, at the height of the season. I had good introductions, and met any number of agreeable and famous people. Among others was a young lady, a country-woman of my own—you know whom I mean—who interested me very much, and before her family left London she and I were engaged. We parted there for the time, because she had the Continental trip still to make, while I wanted to take the opportunity to visit the north of England and Ireland. I landed at Dublin about the first of October, and, zigzagging about the country, I found myself in County Cork about two weeks later.

"There is in that region some of the most lovely scenery that human eyes ever rested on, and it seems to be less known to tourists than many places of infinitely less picturesque value. A lonely region, too: during my rambles I met not a single stranger like myself, and few enough natives. It seems incredible that so beautiful a country should be so deserted. After walking a dozen Irish miles you come across a group of two or three one-roomed cottages, and, like as not, one or more of those will have the roof off and the walls in ruins. The few peasants whom one sees, however, are affable and hospitable, especially when they hear you are from that terrestrial heaven whither most of their friends and relatives have gone before them. They seem simple and primitive enough at first sight, and yet they are as strange and incomprehensible a race as any in the world. They are as superstitious, as credulous of marvels, fairies, magicians, and omens, as the men whom St. Patrick preached to, and at the same time they are shrewd, skeptical, insensible, and bottomless liars. Upon the whole, I met with no nation on my travels whose company I enjoyed so much, or who inspired me with so much kindliness, curiosity, and repugnance.

"At length I got to a place on the seacoast, which I will not further specify than to say that it is not many miles from Ballymacheen, on the south shore. I have seen Venice and Naples, I have driven along the Cornice Road, I have spent a month at our own Mount Desert, and I say that all of them together are not so beautiful as this glowing, deep-hued, soft-gleaming, silvery-lighted, ancient harbor and town, with the tall hills crowding round it and the black cliffs and headlands planting their iron feet in the blue, transparent sea. It is a very old place, and has had a history which it has outlived ages since. It may once have had two or three thousand inhabitants; it has scarce five or six hundred to-day. Half the houses are in ruins or have disappear-

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ed; many of the remainder are standing empty. All the people are poor, most of them abjectly so; they saunter about with bare feet and uncovered heads, the women in quaint black or dark blue cloaks, the men in such anomalous attire as only an Irishman knows how to get together, the children half naked. The only comfortable-looking people are the monks and the priests, and the soldiers in the fort. For there is a fort there, constructed on the huge ruins of one which may have done duty in the reign of Edward the Black Prince, or earlier, in whose mossy embrasures are mounted a couple of cannon, which occasionally sent a practice-shot or two at the cliff on the other side of the harbor. The garrison consists of a dozen men and three or four officers and non-commissioned officers. I suppose they are relieved occasionally, but those I saw seemed to have become component parts of their surroundings.

"I put up at a wonderful little old inn, the only one in the place, and took my meals in a dining-saloon fifteen feet by nine, with a portrait of George I. (a print varnished to preserve it) hanging over the mantel-piece. On the second evening after dinner a young gentleman came in —the dining-saloon being public property, of course — and ordered some bread and cheese and a bottle of Dublin stout. We presently fell into talk; he turned out to be an officer from the fort, Lieutenant O'Connor, and a fine young specimen of the Irish soldier he was. After telling me all he knew about the town, the surrounding country, his friends, and himself, he intimated a readiness to sympathize with whatever tale I might choose to pour into his ear; and I had pleasure in trying to rival his own outspokenness. We became excellent friends; we had up a half-pint of Kinahan's whiskey, and the lieutenant expressed himself in terms of high praise of my countrymen, my country, and my own particular cigars. When it became time for him to depart I accompanied him — for there was a splendid moon abroad — and bade him farewell at the fort entrance, having promised to come over the next day and make the acquaintance of the other fellows. 'And mind your eye, now, going back, my dear boy,' he called out, as I turned my face homeward. 'Sure 'tis a spooky place, that grave-yard, and you'll as likely meet the black woman there as anywhere else!'

"The grave-yard was a forlorn and barren spot on the hill-side, just the hither side of the fort: thirty or forty rough head-stones, few of which retained any semblance of the perpendicular, while many were so shattered and decayed as to seem nothing more than irregular natural projections from the ground. Who the black woman might be I knew not, and did not stay to inquire. I had never been subject to ghostly apprehensions, and as a matter of fact, though the path I had to follow was in places very bad going, not to mention a hap-hazard scramble over a ruined bridge that covered a deep-lying brook, I reached my inn without any adventure whatever.

"The next day I kept my appointment at the fort, and found no reason to regret it; and my friendly sentiments were abundantly reciprocated, thanks more especially, perhaps, to the success of my banjo, which I carried with me, and which was as novel as it was popular with those who listened to it. The chief personages in the social circle besides my friend the lieutenant were Major Molloy, who was in command, a racy and juicy old campaigner, with a face like a sunset, and the surgeon, Dr. Dudeen, a long, dry, humorous genius, with a wealth of anecdotical and traditional lore at his command that I have never seen surpassed. We had a jolly time of it, and it was the precursor of many more like it. The remains of October slipped away rapidly, and I was obliged to remember that I was a traveller in Europe, and not a resident in Ireland. The major, the surgeon, and the lieutenant all protested cordially against my proposed departure, but as there was no help for it, they arranged a farewell dinner to take place in the fort on All-halloween.

"I wish you could have been at that dinner with me! It was the essence of Irish good-fellowship. Dr. Dudeen was in great force; the major was better than the best of Lever's novels; the lieutenant was overflowing with hearty good-humor, merry chaff, and sentimental rhapsodies anent this or the other pretty girl of the neighborhood. For my part I made the banjo ring as it had never rung before, and the others joined in the chorus with a mellow strength of lungs such as you don't often hear outside of Ireland. Among the stories that Dr. Dudeen regaled us with was one about the Kern of Querin and his wife, Ethelind Fionguala — which being

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interpreted signifies 'the white-shouldered.' The lady, it appears, was originally betrothed to one O'Connor (here the lieutenant smacked his lips), but was stolen away on the wedding night by a party of vampires, who, it would seem, were at that period a prominent feature among the troubles of Ireland. But as they were bearing her along—she being unconscious—to that supper where she was not to eat but to be eaten, the young Kern of Querin, who happened to be out duck-shooting, met the party, and emptied his gun at it. The vampires fled, and the Kern carried the fair lady, still in a state of insensibility to his house. 'And by the same token, Mr. Keningale,' observed the doctor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, 'ye're after passing that very house on your way here. The one with the dark archway underneath it, and the big mullioned window at the corner, ye recollect, hanging over the street, as I might say—'

"'Go 'long wid the house, Dr. Dudeen, dear,' interrupted the lieutenant; 'sure can't you see we're all dyin' to know what happened to sweet Miss Fionguala, God be good to her, when I was after getting her safe upstairs—'

"'Faith, then, I can tell ye that myself, Mr. O'Connor,' exclaimed the major, imparting a rotary motion to the remnants of whiskey in his tumbler. 'Tis a question to be solved on general principles, as Colonel O'Halloran said that time he was asked what he'd do if he'd been the Dook o' Wellington, and the Prussians hadn't come up in the nick o' time at Waterloo. 'Faith,' says the colonel, 'I'll tell ye—'

"'Arrah, then, major, why would ye be interruptin' the doctor, and Mr. Keningale there lettin' his glass stay empty till he hears— The Lord save us! the bottle's empty!'

"In the excitement consequent upon this discovery, the thread of the doctor's story was lost; and before it could be recovered the evening had advanced so far that I felt obliged to withdraw. It took some time to make my proposition heard and comprehended; and a still longer time to put it in execution; so that it was fully midnight before I found myself standing in the cool pure air outside the fort, with the farewells of my boon companions ringing in my ears.

"Considering that it had been rather a wet evening in-doors, I was in a remarkably good state of preservation, and I therefore ascribed it rather to the roughness of the road than to the smoothness of the liquor, when, after advancing a few rods, I stumbled and fell. As I picked myself up I fancied I had heard a laugh, and supposed that the lieutenant, who had accompanied me to the gate, was making merry over my mishap; but on looking round I saw that the gate was closed and no one was visible. The laugh, moreover, had seemed to be close at hand, and even to be pitched in a key that was rather feminine than masculine. Of course I must have been deceived; nobody was near me: my imagination had played me a trick, or else there was more truth than poetry in the tradition that Halloween is the carnival-time of disembodied spirits. It did not occur to me at the time that a stumble is held by the superstitious Irish to be an evil omen, and had I remembered it it would only have been to laugh at it. At all events, I was physically none the worse for my tumble, and I resumed my way immediately.

"But the path was singularly difficult to find, or rather the path I was following did not seem to be the right one. I did not recognize it; I could have sworn (except I knew the contrary) that I had never seen it before. The moon had risen, though her light was as yet obscured by clouds, but neither my immediate surroundings nor the general aspect of the region appeared familiar. Dark, silent hill-sides mounted up on either hand, and the road, for the most part, plunged downward, as if to conduct me into the bowels of the earth. The place was alive with strange echoes, so that at times I seemed to be walking through the midst of muttering voices and mysterious whispers, and a wild, faint sound of laughter seemed ever and anon to reverberate among the passes of the hills. Currents of colder air sighing up through narrow defiles and dark crevices touched my face as with airy fingers. A certain feeling of anxiety and insecurity began to take possession of me, though there was no definable cause for it, unless that I might be belated in getting home. With the perverse instinct of those who are lost I hastened my steps, but was impelled now and then to glance back over my shoulder, with a sensation of being pursued. But no living creature was in sight. The moon, however, had now risen higher, and the clouds that were drift-

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ing slowly across the sky flung into the naked valley dusky shadows, which occasionally assumed shapes that looked like the vague semblance of gigantic human forms.

"How long I had been hurrying onward I know not, when, with a kind of suddenness, I found myself approaching a grave-yard. It was situated on the spur of a hill, and there was no fence around it, nor anything to protect it from the incursions of passers-by. There was something in the general appearance of this spot that made me half fancy I had seen it before; and I should have taken it to be the same that I had often noticed on my way to the fort, but that the latter was only a few hundred yards distant therefrom, whereas I must have traversed several miles at least. As I drew near, moreover, I observed that the head-stones did not appear so ancient and decayed as those of the other. But what chiefly attracted my attention was the figure that was leaning or half sitting upon one of the largest of the upright slabs near the road. It was a female figure draped in black, and a closer inspection—for I was soon within a few yards of her—showed that she wore the calla, or long hooded cloak, the most common as well as the most ancient garment of Irish women, and doubtless of Spanish origin.

"I was a trifle startled by this apparition, so unexpected as it was, and so strange did it seem that any human creature should be at that hour of the night in so desolate and sinister a place. Involuntarily I paused as I came opposite her, and gazed at her intently. But the moonlight fell behind her, and the deep hood of her cloak so completely shadowed her face that I was unable to discern anything but the sparkle of a pair of eyes, which appeared to be returning my gaze with much vivacity.

"'You seem to be at home here,' I said at length. 'Can you tell me where I am?'

"Hereupon the mysterious personage broke into a light laugh, which, though in itself musical and agreeable, was of a timbre and intonation that caused my heart to beat rather faster than my late pedestrian exertions warranted; for it was the identical laugh (or so my imagination persuaded me) that had echoed in my ears as I arose from my tumble an hour or two ago. For the rest, it was the laugh of a young woman, and presumably of a pretty one; and yet it had a wild, airy, mocking quality, that seemed hardly human at all, or not, at any rate, to be characteristic of a being of affections and limitations like unto ours. But this impression of mine was fostered, no doubt, by the unusual and uncanny circumstances of the occasion.

"'Sure, sir,' said she, 'you're at the grave of Ethelind Fionguala.'

"As she spoke she rose to her feet, and pointed to the inscription on the stone. I bent forward, and was able, without much difficulty, to decipher the name, and a date which indicated that the occupant of the grave must have entered the disembodied state between two and three centuries ago.

"'And who are you?' was my next question.

"'I'm called Elsie,' she replied. 'But where would your honor be going November-eve?'

"I mentioned my destination, and asked her whether she could direct me thither.

"'Indeed, then, 'tis there I'm going myself,' Elsie replied; 'and if your honor 'll follow me, and play me a tune on the pretty instrument, 'tisn't long we'll be on the road.'

"She pointed to the banjo which I carried wrapped up under my arm. How she knew that it was a musical instrument I could not imagine; possibly, I thought, she may have seen me playing on it as I strolled about the environs of the town. Be that as it may, I offered no opposition to the bargain, and further intimated that I would reward her more substantially on our arrival. At that she laughed again, and made a peculiar gesture with her hand above her head. I uncovered my banjo, swept my fingers across the strings, and struck into a fantastic dance measure, to the music of which we proceeded along the path, Elsie slightly in advance, her feet keeping time to the airy measure. In fact, she trod so lightly, with an elastic, undulating movement, that with a little more it seemed as if she might float onward like a spirit. The extreme whiteness of her feet attracted my eye, and I was surprised to find that instead of being bare, as I had supposed, these were incased in white satin slippers quaintly embroidered with gold thread.

"'Elsie,' said I, lengthening my steps so as to come up with her, 'where do you live, and what do you do for a living?'

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"'Sure, I live by myself,' she answered; 'and if you'd be after knowing how, you must come and see for yourself.'

"'Are you in the habit of walking over the hills at night in shoes like that?'

"'And why would I not?' she asked, in her turn. 'And where did your honor get the pretty gold ring on your finger?'

"The ring, which was of no great intrinsic value, had struck my eye in an old curiosity shop in Cork. It was an antique of very old-fashioned design, and might have belonged (as the vender assured me was the case) to one of the early kings or queens of Ireland.

"'Do you like it?' said I.

"'Will your honor be after making a present of it to Elsie?' she returned, with an insinuating tone and turn of the head.

"'Maybe I will, Elsie, on one condition. I am an artist; I make pictures of people. If you will promise to come to my studio and let me paint your portrait, I'll give you the ring, and some money besides.'

"'And will you give me the ring now?' said Elsie.

"'Yes, if you'll promise.'

"'And will you play the music to me?' she continued.

"'As much as you like.'

"'But maybe I'll not be handsome enough for ye,' said she, with a glance of her eyes beneath the dark hood.

"'I'll take the risk of that,' I answered, laughing, 'though, all the same, I don't mind taking a peep beforehand to remember you by.' So saying, I put forth a hand to draw back the concealing hood. But Elsie eluded me, I scarce know how, and laughed a third time, with the same airy, mocking cadence.

"'Give me the ring first, and then you shall see me,' she said, coaxingly.

"'Stretch out your hand, then,' returned I, removing the ring from my finger. 'When we are better acquainted, Elsie, you won't be so suspicious.'

"She held out a slender, delicate hand, on the forefinger of which I slipped the ring. As I did so, the folds of her cloak fell a little apart, affording me a glimpse of a white shoulder and of a dress that seemed in that deceptive semi-darkness to be wrought of rich and costly material; and I caught, too, or so I fancied, the frosty sparkle of precious stones.

"'Arrah, mind where ye tread!' said Elsie, in a sudden, sharp tone.

"I looked round, and became aware for the first time that we were standing near the middle of a ruined bridge which spanned a rapid stream that flowed at a considerable depth below. The parapet of the bridge on one side was broken down, and I must have been, in fact, in imminent danger of stepping over into empty air. I made my way cautiously across the decaying structure; but when I turned to assist Elsie, she was nowhere to be seen.

"What had become of the girl? I called, but no answer came. I gazed about on every side, but no trace of her was visible. Unless she had plunged into the narrow abyss at my feet, there was no place where she could have concealed herself—none at least that I could discover. She had vanished, nevertheless; and since her disappearance must have been premeditated, I finally came to the conclusion that it was useless to attempt to find her. She would present herself again in her own good time, or not at all. She had given me the slip very cleverly, and I must make the best of it. The adventure was perhaps worth the ring.

"On resuming my way, I was not a little relieved to find that I once more knew where I was. The bridge that I had just crossed was none other than the one I mentioned some time back; I was within a mile of the town, and my way lay clear before me. The moon, moreover, had now quite dispersed the clouds, and shone down with exquisite brilliance. Whatever her other failings, Elsie had been a trustworthy guide; she had brought me out of the depth of elf-land into the material world again. It had been a singular adventure, certainly; and I mused over it with a sense of mysterious pleasure as I sauntered along, humming snatches of airs, and accompanying myself on the strings. Hark! what light step was that behind me? It sounded like Elsie's; but no, Elsie was not there. The same impression or hallucination, however, recurred several times before I reached the outskirts of the town—the tread of an airy foot behind or beside my own. The fancy did not make me nervous; on the contrary, I was pleased with the notion of being thus haunted, and gave myself up to a romantic and genial vein of reverie.

"After passing one or two roofless and moss-grown cottages, I entered the narrow and rambling street which leads through the town. This street a short distance

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down widens a little, as if to afford the wayfarer space to observe a remarkable old house that stands on the northern side. The house was built of stone, and in a noble style of architecture; it reminded me somewhat of certain palaces of the old Italian nobility that I had seen on the Continent, and it may very probably have been built by one of the Italian or Spanish immigrants of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The moulding of the projecting windows and arched doorway was richly carved, and upon the front of the building was an escutcheon wrought in high relief, though I could not make out the purport of the device. The moonlight falling upon this picturesque pile enhanced all its beauties, and at the same time made it seem like a vision that might dissolve away when the light ceased to shine. I must often have seen the house before, and yet I retained no definite recollection of it; I had never until now examined it with my eyes open, so to speak. Leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the street, I contemplated it for a long while at my leisure. The window at the corner was really a very fine and massive affair. It projected over the pavement below, throwing a heavy shadow aslant; the frames of the diamond-paned lattices were heavily mullioned. How often in past ages had that lattice been pushed open by some fair hand, revealing to a lover waiting beneath in the moonlight the charming countenance of his high-born mistress! Those were brave days. They had passed away long since. The great house had stood empty for who could tell how many years; only bats and vermin were its inhabitants. Where now were those who had built it? and who were they? Probably the very name of them was forgotten.

"As I continued to stare upward, however, a conjecture presented itself to my mind which rapidly ripened into a conviction. Was not this the house that Dr. Dudeen had described that very evening as having been formerly the abode of the Kern of Querin and his mysterious bride? There was the projecting window, the arched doorway. Yes, beyond a doubt this was the very house. I emitted a low exclamation of renewed interest and pleasure, and my speculations took a still more imaginative, but also a more definite turn.

"What had been the fate of that lovely lady after the Kern had brought her home insensible in his arms? Did she recover? and were they married and made happy ever after? or had the sequel been a tragic one? I remembered to have read that the victims of vampires generally became vampires themselves. Then my thoughts went back to that grave on the hill-side. Surely that was unconsecrated ground. Why had they buried her there? Ethelind of the white shoulder! Ah! why had not I lived in those days? or why might not some magic cause them to live again for me? Then would I seek this street at midnight, and standing here beneath her window, I would lightly touch the strings of my bandore until the casement opened cautiously and she looked down. A sweet vision indeed! And what prevented my realizing it? Only a matter of a couple of centuries or so. And was time, then, at which poets and philosophers sneer, so rigid and real a matter that a little faith and imagination might not overcome it? At all events, I had my banjo, the bandore's legitimate and lineal descendant, and the memory of Fionguala should have the love ditty.

"Hereupon, having retuned the instrument, I launched forth into an old Spanish love song, which I had met with in some mouldy library during my travels, and had set to music of my own. I sang low, for the deserted street re-echoed the lightest sound, and what I sang must reach only my lady's ears. The words were warm with the fire of the ancient Spanish chivalry, and I threw into their expression all the passion of the lovers of romance. Surely Fionguala, the white-shouldered, would hear, and awaken from her sleep of centuries, and come to the latticed casement and look down! Hist! see yonder! What light—what shadow is that that seems to flit from room to room within the abandoned house, and now approaches the mullioned window? Are my eyes dazzled by the play of the moonlight, or does the casement move—does it open? Nay, this is no delusion; there is no error of the senses here. There is simply a woman, young, beautiful, and richly attired, bending forward from the window, and silently beckoning me to approach.

"Too much amazed to be conscious of amazement, I advanced until I stood directly beneath the casement, and the lady's face, as she stooped toward me, was not

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more than twice a man's height from my own. She smiled and kissed her fingertips; something white fluttered in her hand, then fell through the air to the ground at my feet. The next moment she had withdrawn, and I heard the lattice close.

"I picked up what she had let fall; it was a delicate lace handkerchief, tied to the handle of an elaborately wrought bronze key. It was evidently the key of the house, and invited me to enter. I loosened it from the handkerchief, which bore a faint, delicious perfume, like the aroma of flowers in an ancient garden, and turned to the arched doorway. I felt no misgiving, and scarcely any sense of strangeness. All was as I had wished it to be, and as it should be; the mediæval age was alive once more, and as for myself, I almost felt the velvet cloak hanging from my shoulder and the long rapier dangling at my belt. Standing in front of the door I thrust the key into the lock, turned it, and felt the bolt yield. The next instant the door was opened, apparently from within; I stepped across the threshold, the door closed again, and I was alone in the house, and in darkness.

"Not alone, however! As I extended my hand to grope my way it was met by another hand, soft, slender, and cold, which insinuated itself gently into mine and drew me forward. Forward I went, nothing loath; the darkness was impenetrable, but I could hear the light rustle of a dress close to me, and the same delicious perfume that had emanated from the handkerchief enriched the air that I breathed, while the little hand that clasped and was clasped by my own alternately tightened and half relaxed the hold of its soft cold fingers. In this manner, and treading lightly, we traversed what I presumed to be a long, irregular passageway, and ascended a staircase. Then another corridor, until finally we paused, a door opened, emitting a flood of soft light, into which we entered, still hand in hand. The darkness and the doubt were at an end.

"The room was of imposing dimensions, and was furnished and decorated in a style of antique splendor. The walls were draped with mellow hues of tapestry; clusters of candles burned in polished silver sconces, and were reflected and multiplied in tall mirrors placed in the four corners of the room. The heavy beams of the dark oaken ceiling crossed each other in squares, and were laboriously carved; the curtains and the drapery of the chairs were of heavy figured damask. At one end of the room was a broad ottoman, and in front of it a table, on which was set forth, in massive silver dishes, a sumptuous repast, with wines in crystal beakers. At the side was a vast and deep fire-place, with space enough on the broad hearth to burn whole trunks of trees. No fire, however, was there, but only a great heap of dead embers; and the room, for all its magnificence, was cold—cold as a tomb, or as my lady's hand—and it sent a subtle chill creeping to my heart.

"But my lady! how fair she was! I gave but a passing glance at the room; my eyes and my thoughts were all for her. She was dressed in white, like a bride; diamonds sparkled in her dark hair and on her snowy bosom; her lovely face and slender lips were pale, and all the paler for the dusky glow of her eyes. She gazed at me with a strange, elusive smile; and yet there was, in her aspect and bearing, something familiar in the midst of strangeness, like the burden of a song heard long ago and recalled among other conditions and surroundings. It seemed to me that something in me recognized her and knew her, had known her always. She was the woman of whom I had dreamed, whom I had beheld in visions, whose voice and face had haunted me from boyhood up. Whether we had ever met before, as human beings meet, I knew not; perhaps I had been blindly seeking her all over the world, and she had been awaiting me in this splendid room, sitting by those dead embers until all the warmth had gone out of her blood, only to be restored by the heat with which my love might supply her.

"'I thought you had forgotten me,' she said, nodding as if in answer to my thought. 'The night was so late—our one night of the year! How my heart rejoiced when I heard your dear voice singing the song I know so well! Kiss me—my lips are cold!'

"Cold indeed they were—cold as the lips of death. But the warmth of my own seemed to revive them. They were now tinged with a faint color, and in her cheeks also appeared a delicate shade of pink. She drew fuller breath, as one who recovers from a long lethargy. Was it my life that was feeding her? I was ready

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to give her all. She drew me to the table and pointed to the viands and the wine.

"'Eat and drink,' she said. 'You have travelled far, and you need food.'

"'Will you eat and drink with me?' said I, pouring out the wine.

"'You are the only nourishment I want,' was her answer. 'This wine is thin and cold. Give me wine as red as your blood and as warm, and I will drain a goblet to the dregs.'

"At these words, I know not why, a slight shiver passed through me. She seemed to gain vitality and strength at every instant, but the chill of the great room struck into me more and more.

"She broke into a fantastic flow of spirits, clapping her hands, and dancing about me like a child. Who was she? And was I myself, or was she mocking me when she implied that we had belonged to each other of old? At length she stood still before me, crossing her hands over her breast. I saw upon the forefinger of her right hand the gleam of an antique ring.

"'Where did you get that ring?' I demanded.

"She shook her head and laughed. 'Have you been faithful?' she asked. 'It is my ring; it is the ring that unites us; it is the ring you gave me when you loved me first. It is the ring of the Kern—the fairy ring, and I am your Ethelind—Ethelind Fionguala.'

"'So be it,' I said, casting aside all doubt and fear, and yielding myself wholly to the spell of her inscrutable eyes and wooing lips. 'You are mine, and I am yours, and let us be happy while the hours last.'

"'You are mine, and I am yours,' she repeated, nodding her head with an elfish smile. 'Come and sit beside me, and sing that sweet song again that you sang to me so long ago. Ah, now I shall live a hundred years.'

"We seated ourselves on the ottoman, and while she nestled luxuriously among the cushions, I took my banjo and sang to her. The song and the music resounded through the lofty room, and came back in throbbing echoes. And before me as I sang I saw the face and form of Ethelind Fionguala, in her jewelled bridal dress, gazing at me with burning eyes. She was pale no longer, but ruddy and warm, and life was like a flame within her. It was I who had become cold and bloodless, yet with the last life that was in me I would have sung to her of love that can never die. But at length my eyes grew dim, the room seemed to darken, the form of Ethelind alternately brightened and waxed indistinct, like the last flickerings of a fire; I swayed toward her, and felt myself lapsing into unconsciousness, with my head resting on her white shoulder."

Here Keningale paused a few moments in his story, flung a fresh log upon the fire, and then continued:

"I awoke, I know not how long afterward. I was in a vast empty room in a ruined building. Rotten shreds of drapery depended from the walls, and heavy festoons of spiders' webs gray with dust covered the windows, which were destitute of glass or sash; they had been boarded up with rough planks which had themselves become rotten with age, and admitted through their holes and crevices pallid rays of light and chilly draughts of air. A bat, disturbed by these rays or by my own movement, detached himself from his hold on a remnant of mouldy tapestry near me, and after circling dizzily round my head, wheeled the flickering noiselessness of his flight into a darker corner. As I arose unsteadily from the heap of miscellaneous rubbish on which I had been lying, something which had been resting across my knees fell to the floor with a rattle. I picked it up, and found it to be my banjo—as you see it now.

"Well, that is all I have to tell. My health was seriously impaired; all the blood seemed to have been drawn out of my veins; I was pale and haggard, and the chill— Ah, that chill," murmured Keningale, drawing nearer to the fire, and spreading out his hands to catch the warmth—"I shall never get over it; I shall carry it to my grave."

DEFEAT.

By bitter pilgrimage he sought to win
Those far dim towers that he would roam within.

Through paths of peril, loud with dying groans,
Down chasms of failure, white with human bones,

Past brakes of treachery, whence the tiger sprung,
O'er swamps of envy, where the scorpion stung,

His eager feet pressed onward to attain
The luring bourn of that desired domain....

And there at last, worn fugitive of fate,
He clutched the mighty clarion at the gate.

A moment more, and while its proud peal rose,
The towers would rock, the portals would unclose....

But then, even then, by some foredoom profound,
He dropped dead ere his lips had waked one sound!

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TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

PLACED as our continent is, like a strip of land of varying width between the two great oceans, it furnishes not only local business to the railroads crossing it, but becomes as well a highway between the eastern and western portions of the Old World. Enthusiasts, speculators, capitalists, long talked of a Pacific Railway to extend from ocean to ocean, but not till 1869 did a Pacific Railway on United States territory become an accomplished fact, though at the narrowest point of our continent the Panama Railroad had long been in operation. Another was completed last year, a fourth is now practically complete, while six more are either nearly finished or far advanced —ten transcontinental railroads in all.

Far to the north, in the Dominion of Canada, is the Canadian Pacific Railway, in active construction and partly completed, to extend from the St. Lawrence to Port Moody in British Columbia.

Within the United States are four great routes, all subsidized by the national government with grants of land, money, or both. Commencing at the north, we find the Northern Pacific, extending from Lake Superior to Puget Sound and Portland. Second, the Union-Central, from Council Bluffs, by the basin of the Great Salt Lake, to San Francisco. Third, the Atlantic and Pacific, or thirty-fifth parallel route, from St. Louis through the Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, to the Pacific coast, no specific terminus being there designated. Fourth, and furthest to the south, on the very borders of Mexico, is the Southern Pacific, or thirty-second parallel route (which we may consider as commencing at New Orleans), through Texas to El Paso, thence westward through Southern New Mexico and Arizona to Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, and on through California to San Francisco. It must be remembered that though our Pacific sea-board extends from north to south for twelve hundred miles, it has but four harbors of any consequence—Puget Sound, the Columbia River, San Francisco, and San Diego; hence any transcontinental railway naturally seeks one of these, and the trade of San Diego being as yet undeveloped, the southern routes have aimed at San Francisco, though the more southern port would seem to be their natural terminus.

In addition to these four routes, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, whose eastern terminus is at Atchison, on the Missouri, has extended its lines far to the southwest, and has acquired by purchase the Sonora Railway, recently built northeastward from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, toward the Santa Fe lines in Arizona or New Mexico. The connection thus made will form another route, whose western terminus lies within Mexican territory. In Mexico itself charters and subsidies for three transcontinental, or "interoceanic" lines, as they call them there, have been obtained by American capitalists, and considerable progress has been made toward their construction. Of these the more northerly crosses from Tampico to San Blas, the second from Vera Cruz, by the city of Mexico, to Manzanillo. The third is the Tehuantepec Railroad, across the isthmus of that name, toward whose construction much progress had been made by American capitalists, but the term of their charter having lapsed, the Mexican government declared it void, confiscated the work already done, and is now constructing the road as a national enterprise. At the narrowest part of our continent the Panama Railroad has long been in operation.

Here are ten transcontinental railroads, three of which are completed, and in the construction of the remaining seven such progress has been made as assures their early completion. But it is with those within the United States that we are chiefly concerned, and it is of them mainly that we now propose to treat. Comparisons as to distances are of little value, so many other considerations, as to grades, fuel, etc., affecting the cost of transportation, and also because no one corporation yet owns a continuous railroad from the Pacific coast to a Northern sea-port, and the connections east of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers are made by so many different routes that lines south of the Northern Pacific may be considered as terminating at the Missouri River, or at the Mississippi below their junction.

THE UNION-CENTRAL PACIFIC.

As the Union-Central route has been so long completed, we shall neglect the geographical order, and consider it first.

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MAP ILLUSTRATING
NORTH AMERICAN
TRANS-CONTINENTAL
RAILWAYS.

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Chartered in 1863 and completed in 1869, though carried out by private enterprise it was a distinctively national undertaking, assisted by large grants from the national domain and treasury. It owed much of its importance to the war, and to the recognized necessity of linking the Pacific coast into a closer union with the eastern and interior States. The story of its construction, marvellous alike by its rapidity and the political corruption it engendered, has long since become historical, and I do not propose to recount that oft-told tale. But Congress did not intend that this route should have a monopoly of the business, and chartered three other railroads, with the double object of hastening the settlement of the regions they traversed, and securing competing routes to the Pacific coast.

The Central Pacific, however, which forms the western half of the Union-Central route, was controlled by a few men whose appetite for gain had only been whetted by the enormous profits derived from its construction. At first Huntington and his associates, who controlled the Central Pacific, thought only of monopolizing the transportation business of California, and to this end they built and bought other roads, till every railroad of any consequence in the State was either owned by them or completely at their mercy. But their success in this direction has led to results of national importance, for having gained control of the internal traffic of the State, and occupied the best ground for railroads, they were now in a position to dictate terms to eastern lines seeking routes to the Pacific. This they have not been slow to do, and by combinations and traffic agreements forced on other companies they have come to control the traffic of the State, and to monopolize the entire transcontinental business of the United States, and have hitherto frustrated the well-intended design of Congress to provide independent and competing routes to the Pacific.

How long they can maintain their control over this business of course can not now be said, but so far their grasp on it has been rather tightened than loosened; and by their Southern Pacific from San Francisco to El Paso, and their recently acquired Texas lines thence to New Orleans, they now own or completely control a continuous line between those important sea-ports.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Like many other important Western enterprises, this was originated by down-east men, and first took organized existence in 1864, when Congress granted a charter for a railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, with a branch to Portland, Oregon, on a route north of the forty-fifth parallel, and gave a land grant of 12,800 acres per mile in the States, and 25,600 acres per mile in the Territories, to aid the construction of the road. This vast land grant was estimated by Theophilus French, late auditor of government railroads, in his report of 1880, to amount to 42,000,000 acres. A more recent and presumably correct Congressional report of the past year places it at 48,215,040 acres, a trifling difference of over six millions of acres—rather more than the area of New Hampshire.

No further aid in cash or bonds was granted; but at $2 60 per acre—the minimum price placed by the company on these lands—the cash value of this land grant, at the lowest estimate of its extent, amounts to one hundred and nine millions of dollars.

The first incorporators were not practical railroad men, and their scheme of raising funds by a popular subscription to the stock was an utter failure. Later another board of more experienced directors endeavored to induce Congress to issue bonds in favor of the enterprise, or guarantee those of the road; but public opinion had grown hostile to any further grants of money, and not till 1870 was any important progress made toward the construction of the road. In that year a number of our most prominent capitalists and railroad managers took control of the enterprise, and contracted with Jay Cooke and Co., so well known by their successful negotiations of government bonds, to dispose of the securities of the road. This was during that period of flush times after the war and before the panic of 1873. Money was easily raised, and universal confidence prevailed. Men borrowed to invest. We were all not merely rich, but we were going to rapidly increase our property by high interest and promising investments. Those who know Jay Cooke best have implicit faith in his honesty. But inflated ideas prevailed in those days, and he indorsed the issue of mortgage bonds at the rate of $50,000 per mile, bearing $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. interest, and unhesitatingly recom-

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mended them to his customers. Before the crash of 1873 he had negotiated the sale of some $30,000,000 of these bonds, and about 550 miles of railroad had been built. But its route lay through an almost unknown country, whose agricultural capabilities were yet practically untested, and much of which was ravaged by bands of hostile Indians, and that mighty flood of immigration which now pours into that far northwestern country with ever-increasing volume was as yet but a moderate stream.

A few conservative investors shook their heads. They said the road was being too expensively built, and was too heavily bonded even for its cost. With the crash of 1873 and the suspension of Jay Cooke, work ceased on the railroad, and for six years construction on this transcontinental line was practically suspended.

The railroad now went through the usual course, first passing into the hands of a receiver; then it was bought in and reorganized by the bondholders, but not till 1879 was active construction resumed on the main line, when a new issue of bonds for half the former amount, and at a less rate of interest, supplied ample funds for the prosecution of the enterprise.

But the control of the Northern Pacific has again changed hands in so remarkable a manner and with such far-reaching results as to deserve mention. In 1879 the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company was formed by the consolidation of certain companies which owned the routes from Portland to San Francisco, and the steamboat and railroad lines of the Columbia River, which is the only available outlet for the products of the interior. This consolidation was apparently intended to do in Oregon what the Central Pacific had done in California, and occupy every avenue of traffic.

Oregon and Washington Territory differ much from California, but most of all in physical features. The range of the Cascade Mountains extends throughout almost their entire length from north to south. About one-third of their area lies west of this range, which forms a formidable barrier between their eastern and western sections—tracts differing much in climate and productions, but each a good complement of the other. Passes exist through these mountains, but the rains and wet snows of winter obstruct travel, and the great gorge of the Columbia River forms the only natural highway between east and west. The word "impossible" is not to be found in the vocabulary of the modern railroad engineer, but when I saw the precipitous shores of this wonderful cleft through the range from the deck of a steamer in 1871, the word "impracticable" involuntarily suggested itself. The region east of the mountains is a productive wheat country, and large amounts of that cereal are already being sent down the Columbia.

The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company had acquired the steamers running on the Columbia as well as some short portage railroads at the falls, which gave them a monopoly of this traffic. Its managers foresaw that the business would soon demand a railroad, and that if they built in advance of the Northern Pacific through this gorge of the Columbia, it would be long before the construction of a still more costly line on the north shore would be undertaken by that company, who would either buy or use this as their Columbia River route. Construction was soon in progress all along the south shore from Portland eastward, and it has been pushed so energetically that the locomotive has already displaced the steamer, while the company's railroads ramify through the regions east of the Cascade Range, connecting with the main line of the Northern Pacific at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia rivers.

The president of this young company was a man whose career has been too remarkable to be passed over in silence, the more so as it differs so widely from that of most of our railroad millionaires. Henry Villard was born in Germany about forty-six years since. He was of good birth and education, and his parents were in comfortable circumstances; but he early determined to come to America in search of a larger and freer life than his own country afforded him. He chose journalism as his profession, and gained some renown as an energetic and daring correspondent during the war. Later, he married the daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, and by sagacious investments and inheritance acquired a handsome independence. After his marriage he spent much time abroad, at Frankfort and elsewhere, and became acquainted with bankers and capitalists interested in some West-

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ern enterprises. This resulted in their intrusting him with the care of those investments, and his soon being placed in important positions, where his clear head soon took in the advantages to be gained by controlling the trade of the country just described.

How Henry Villard and the Oregon Company obtained control of the Northern Pacific reads like a romance; but as the story of the "blind pool" has often been told, and never contradicted, it may be accepted as substantially true. In the winter of 1880–81, Mr. Villard, who had planned this Oregon company which proved such a bonanza to its stockholders, told some of his friends that he wanted a fund of eight million dollars for a certain purpose which he could not then disclose, but which, in his judgment, would be a safe and profitable investment. His friends had such confidence in his sagacity and honor that instead of eight millions he was offered the use of sixteen, and his receipts for the subscriptions were soon at a premium of forty per cent. In the spring of 1881 the financial world and the Northern Pacific awoke to the fact that Villard and his friends held a majority of its stock, and that this great corporation, with its valuable charter and immense land grant, was controlled by a comparatively obscure company, whose operations had hitherto been confined to our remotest shores and Territories.

But control had been acquired, not for the purpose of thwarting its completion, but to prevent the construction of competing lines where there was traffic but for one, and by a union of interests to strengthen both companies, and hasten the completion of another transcontinental route.

Another important acquisition was made. A railroad to extend from Portland to meet the Oregon branch of the Central Pacific at the line between California and Oregon had been chartered by Congress in 1866, and endowed with a valuable land grant. Certain foreign capitalists had furnished funds for its construction on the security of its bonds, but in 1873, after two hundred miles of the road had been built, it passed into the hands of these creditors, who were now only too glad to have Villard take hold of it and push the enterprise to completion. This he not only agreed to do, but also possessed himself of the only other railroads in the Willamette Valley, thus completing his control of the entire railroad system of Oregon and Washington Territory. As a result of all this the Northern Pacific abandoned for the present its proposed route across the Cascade Range to Puget Sound and down the Columbia to Portland, using instead of the latter the Oregon Company's line on the south shore, and devoted its immediate energies to the completion of its transcontinental connection, and finishing the line from Portland to Puget Sound, leaving the direct route across the Cascade Range to be built at some future day.

THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

This was organized under an act of Congress in 1866, for the purpose of building a railroad from a point near St. Louis, through the Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona, to the Colorado River, on or near the line of the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, and thence by the most practicable route to the Pacific coast, no specific terminus being there designated. In aid of its construction Congress granted 12,800 acres per mile through the States, and 25,600 acres per mile through the Territories, making in all, according to a Congressional report of the past year, 40,690,560 acres.

In its early days it experienced the usual financial difficulties incident to such enterprises, was sold under mortgage, reorganized, and under the new name of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad halted, till very recently, at Vinita, in the Indian Territory, but 364 miles beyond St. Louis. In 1880, however, that great corporation known as the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, whose system commences at Atchison, on the Missouri River, and extends for more than a thousand miles to the southwest, began to cast around for an independent outlet to California. They had an outlet, it is true, by their connection with the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona, which was pushing its line eastward from California to Texas, but it was not to the interest of that company, which is virtually identical with the Central Pacific, to afford any inducements for transcontinental business over the Atchison route, but rather to throw such difficulties in the way as to send that business over the Union-Central route.

With this object in view, the Santa Fe

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managers formed an alliance with those of the St. Louis and San Francisco, who still held the Atlantic and Pacific charter and land grant, for the purpose of at once constructing that part of its route which lay west of Albuquerque—a station on their main line in New Mexico—and thus gain a route to California, which, if not actually owned by them, would at all events be independent of Central Pacific influences. An agreement to this effect was entered into, whereby an equal interest in the resuscitated Atlantic and Pacific was secured to each company, and special care was taken to secure its independence by placing a controlling interest in its stock in the hands of trustees selected by each company. The Santa Fe is a distinctively Boston road, and to secure Boston the supremacy in the Atlantic and Pacific it was stipulated that two of the three trustees and seven of the thirteen directors should be Boston men, that the company should have its office in and be a Boston company, and that if the St. Louis men could not raise their share of the required funds, the Santa Fe men should have the right to do so, and complete the road.

Construction from Albuquerque westward through New Mexico and Arizona was soon in progress at a rapid rate. Late in 1881 the Atlantic and Pacific directors resolved to proceed at once with the construction of that part of their railroad situated in California, and also to resume construction on that portion situated between Vinita and Albuquerque. Large expenditures for these purposes were authorized, amounting in the aggregate to $16,500,000. It now looked as if the Atlantic and Pacific was in a fair way toward completion, and Boston was especially jubilant. But in January, 1882, the astounding fact came to light that Jay Gould, and Huntington of the Southern Pacific, had acquired control of the St. Louis and San Francisco road. Gould sought to control the traffic of the Southwest, and the extensions of the Santa Fe and some new branches of the St. Louis road interfered with his plans. Huntington of course had no intention of allowing any poaching on his Californian preserves, and, joining hands, the two had quietly obtained by their new purchase not only a controlling interest in the St. Louis, but a half interest in the Atlantic and Pacific, which, while it did not give them actual control, allowed the exercise of a veto power somewhat akin to it. Their precise objects were not at first apparent, but they soon let it be known that while they raised no objections to the building of the Atlantic and Pacific through New Mexico and Arizona, they insisted that it must terminate at the Colorado River, and its California connection be made by extending an already authorized branch of the Southern Pacific through California to meet it at the eastern boundary of the State.

Baffled and indignant, the Santa Fe directors now resolved that if they could not have a transcontinental line by California, they would at least have one by another route, even if not altogether within the United States. Accordingly, in March, 1882, they purchased the Sonora Railway, which now extends from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, through the State of Sonora into Arizona. When this is connected with their eastern system they will own a line from Kansas City to the Pacific; but however profitable it may be for the company, its western terminus will be on Mexican soil, and the Californian monopoly remain unbroken. It has been said that the Santa Fe managers still hold the balance of power in the Atlantic and Pacific, and will insist on pushing the road beyond the Colorado into California as an independent line. However this may be, Southern Pacific influences were strong enough to make them reduce their called-for subscriptions from $16,500,000 to $6,000,000 for the proposed extension, and concessions on both sides resulting in some compromise unfavorable to the interests of California and the public are far more likely to ensue than any competition such as Congress sought to provide for when it granted charters for several Pacific railroads, and lands to aid their construction.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

This is sometimes called the thirty-second parallel route, and has been completed by the union of several different lines, now welded into two gigantic corporations, whose railroads connect at the Rio Grande. The history of its eastern half is that of a series of battles between rival routes for aid from the national government or the State of Texas. One of the earliest charters was obtained from the State for the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad by a few needy Texans, who got with it a valuable land grant. Too

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poor themselves to build a mile of it, they sent Fremont, the Path-finder, to New York to raise funds for its construction. There he fell into the hands of Marshall O. Roberts, who, for the trifling consideration of 11,000 out of 20,000 shares of stock, agreed to float the enterprise. Having thus secured control, he now proceeded to freeze out the Texans by levying a five per cent. assessment on the stock. Friends of Fremont, however, interfered to thwart this device; but though the Texans kept their charter, nothing was done under it till 1871, when the Texas Pacific was chartered by Congress, being formed by the union of the El Paso and two other railroads. Its charter was subsequently amended, and the title changed to the Texas *and* Pacific, and the company, which already had a grant of 10,240 acres per mile from the State of Texas, was given government lands at the rate of 12,800 acres per mile in California, and 25,600 acres per mile in the Territories, with permission to extend its line to San Diego, and purchase or consolidate with the Southern Pacific of California, whose charter authorized the building of a railroad from San Francisco to Fort Yuma, with a branch to connect with the Atlantic and Pacific at the Colorado.

That veteran railroad financier and manager, Thomas A. Scott, had already turned his attention to the Southwest, and for years devoted his best energies not only toward the construction of this railroad, but also to induce Congress to guarantee its bonds. But the Southern Pacific (*alias* the Central Pacific) managers, who were already actively at work, and who did not propose to allow a rival road to enter California, were not idle meantime, and not only opposed him, but sought to get away his land grant, offering to construct the road for that alone, while Scott asked an indorsement of the bonds. The lobbies reaped golden harvests, but Scott obtained no aid, and the Southern Pacific people were building on while the others were talking.

At last, in 1878, the rival roads came to an agreement, whereby the Texas and Pacific agreed not to build beyond the Rio Grande, and virtually left the Southern Pacific in possession of the field it fought for. In 1881, Scott, whose days were drawing to a close, sold his interest in the Texas and Pacific to Jay Gould, who has since consolidated it with several other Southwestern lines into that gigantic combination of over five thousand miles known as the Missouri Pacific, whose lines extend from Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis, to New Orleans, Galveston, and the Rio Grande.

Thus we see the intentions of Congress to provide competing lines to the Pacific coast defeated by these vast combinations. Any one who had suggested them as possible at the time those charters were granted would have been laughed at as a lunatic. It is true, the Northern Pacific is yet an independent route, and the Santa Fe extensions may be pushed beyond the Colorado. But any one who reviews the progress of consolidation and the fusion of competing interests which we have seen during the past fifteen years will surely admit that union under some form or other for the protection of the interests of those two great companies, the Union-Central-Southern (for it is virtually one) and the Northern Pacific, is far more probable than any conflict or competition between them.

Still, these combinations and consolidations, though tending to form monopolies, are not unmixed evils. Uncertain and ever fluctuating freight rates are a curse to business, as every manufacturer and every shipper will testify. They would prefer low rates all the time, of course, but if they can not have those, they would rather pay a little more and be sure of steady rates. Competition involves varying rates which jump up and down with the changing relations between the railroads, while a consolidation or pool of any kind usually results in somewhat higher but steadier rates.

The projectors of these routes believed that the largest portion of their business would be derived from the through traffic—an idea which prevailed even with practical railroad men till the completion of the Union-Central route began to dispel that dream. In fact, it is a popular idea today that the vast business of the Union Pacific consists of long trains of freight cars laden with tea, silk, or other valuable merchandise, rolling ceaselessly and in quick succession over its entire length. But the annual reports do not confirm this idea. In 1879, ten years after its completion, the Union Pacific carried over its whole line as through freight, both East and West, but 180,214 tons—just enough to make one daily freight train of average

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size each way—while one express and one emigrant train daily amply accommodated the through passenger travel.

To-day its stockholders pocket comfortable dividends of seven per cent. on stock which was originally a gift, but of these profits less than ten per cent. is derived from the through business, while the local business keeps on increasing at a surprising rate. Nor has its completion given that "boost" to California that the "Pacific coasters" so fondly dreamed of. It has helped the progress of California, of course, in spite of the heavy tariffs of the Central Pacific, which, however, do not bear so heavily on the through traffic, but the settlement of that State has not advanced with the expected rapidity.

Not long since, when in Nebraska, I met a well-known Bostonian, formerly chief engineer of the great railroad that now gridirons the southern part of that State, and who had then just returned from a trip over the eastern part of the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Like a Western man, my first question was, "What do you think of the country it traverses?"

"Well," said he, "I am not sure that I want to answer that question. Ten years ago, when we were building this road, we all felt rather doubtful of the future of Nebraska. Most of us thought it would never amount to much except as a grazing and cattle country. You see what it is to-day, with its fine farms and pleasant homesteads. Much of the country I have just been through looks rather unpromising, but after the change I have seen here I am quite ready to believe it may prove an excellent farming country."

A little later I was travelling through Jewell County, Kansas, and got into conversation with two farmers, who told me that they had camped near where we stood, many years ago, on their way to California. They said the country then looked like a desert, and had any one told them that within twenty years that country would be settled by thrifty farmers, and that they themselves would select the spot for a home, they would have laughed him to scorn. To-day Jewell County is one of the best in Northern Kansas, where neat villages and snug homesteads dot the face of a rich farming country.

Those familiar with our newer Western States will recall many such instances, but a most remarkable one must be mentioned. Northwestern Nebraska consists largely of what is called "The Sand-hills"—a barren and apparently utterly worthless country of shifting sand-hills. Outlying groups of these hills may be seen near Columbus, in the Platte Valley, where a thin growth of wiry grass has already begun to clothe them. A few years ago they were utterly bare. Now, each season, the grass thickens a little and the sand becomes less shifting. A few years more and there will be pasturage on them. Then will come cattle and sheep to thicken the grass by cropping it and fertilizing it with their droppings.

These changes are slow, but they come as surely as the tall jointed grasses replace the short crisp buffalo-grass with the coming of the homesteader. This again influences the climate, and the taller grasses and cultivation of the soil produce an increase of moisture in the air, and statistics show a well-ascertained increase of moisture in the trans-Missouri country. To read the "land agents' literature" of the railroads which have lands to sell in it, one would think it a veritable land of Goshen. Some sections of Eastern Kansas and Nebraska are hard to surpass for fertility or natural beauty of rolling, undulating country, possessing a perfect natural drainage, and pleasant groves begin to dot the face of the once treeless country; but throughout this entire region the climate becomes drier and the soil apparently less fertile as you go west, though in time it changes, as we have seen above.

The Rocky Mountains and the arid region which stretches thence to California and Oregon must ever deprive this country of the genial influences of the moist winds from the Pacific Ocean, yet it seems not merely possible, but even highly probable, that a few generations will see this trans-Missouri country transformed from its present condition to a farming country with ample rain-fall for ordinary agriculture. So, too, with the arid regions west of the Rocky Mountains. In their primitive state, what can look more utterly barren than the valleys of Utah and Nevada? Yet even here, wherever water can be found and used, the apparently sterile soil yields a rich return of grain, fruit, and vegetables. Californian or Oregonian flour, which makes such delicious, snowy bread, can hardly surpass that of Utah, as those who have visited Salt Lake City will be ready to

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bear witness. Not much of this part of our country, however, can be made available for agriculture, but its valleys and bottom-lands will yet furnish ground for many a productive farm in regions now scarcely known.

A few years ago a statement went the round of the newspapers showing how nearly all the really valuable public land of our continent had been taken up, and that soon the American pioneer or foreign immigrant would find that Uncle Sam had no longer a farm left to give away. Such statements are apt to be received and accepted as fact without question, yet the short period that has elapsed since it was made shows that to-day we know of more good farming land yet unoccupied and open for settlement between the Missouri River and the Pacific than was supposed to be in that entire region at the time that statement was made.

Some will tell you that all the really valuable Western lands have long since been taken up, and that only rocks and arid deserts remain; others, that after the completion of the Pacific railroads there will be only a few branch lines left to be built in the far West; others, that the mines of the Rocky Mountains will soon be exhausted, and that when they fail we shall see that region deserted. Such is the language of the croaker, of the disappointed man who failed in the West, as he would have done anywhere, of the Eastern man who thinks civilization is bounded by the Mississippi. But if you have lived in these regions, or have visited them, you will believe, with me, that never at any time in the history of our country have her prospects for rapid growth and continued prosperity been any better than at the present time. Each year sees new regions not only opened up, but others discovered to be valuable for some purpose, while the ever-growing net-work of iron bands binds the whole country in a closer union. Monopolists may seek to control the traffic of a continent, but the power of a free and intelligent people is still, and must ever remain, supreme in our land.

A HASHISH-HOUSE IN NEW YORK.

THE CURIOUS ADVENTURES OF AN INDIVIDUAL WHO INDULGED IN A FEW PIPEFULS OF THE NARCOTIC HEMP.

"AND so you think that opium-smoking as seen in the foul cellars of Mott Street and elsewhere is the only form of narcotic indulgence of any consequence in this city, and that hashish, if used at all, is only smoked occasionally and experimentally by a few scattered individuals?"

"That certainly is my opinion, and I consider myself fairly well informed."

"Well, you are far from right, as I can prove to you if you care to inform yourself more fully on the subject. There is a large community of hashish smokers in this city, who are daily forced to indulge their morbid appetites, and I can take you to a house up-town where hemp is used in every conceivable form, and where the lights, sounds, odors, and surroundings are all arranged so as to intensify and enhance the effects of this wonderful narcotic."

"I must confess that I am still incredulous."

"Well, if it is agreeable to you, meet me at the Hoffman House reading-room to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and I think I shall be able to convince you."

The above is the substance of a conversation that took place in the lobby of a down-town hotel between the writer of these lines and a young man about thirty-eight years of age, known to me for some years past as an opium-smoker. It was through his kindness that I had first gained access to and had been able to study up the subject of opium-smoking. Hence I really anticipated seeing some interesting phases of hemp indulgence, and was not disappointed.

The following evening at precisely ten o'clock I met the young man at the Hoffman House, and together we took a Broadway car up-town, left it at Forty-second Street, and walked rapidly toward the North River, talking as we went.

"You will probably be greatly surprised at many things you will see to-night," he said, "just as I was when I was first introduced into the place by a friend. I have travelled over most of Europe, and have smoked opium in every *joint* in America,

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but never saw anything so curious as this, nor experienced any intoxication so fascinating yet so terrible as that of hashish."

"Are the habitués of this place of the same class as those who frequent the opium-smoking dives?"

"By no means. They are about evenly divided between Americans and foreigners; indeed, the place is kept by a Greek, who has invested a great deal of money in it. All the visitors, both male and female, are of the better classes, and absolute secrecy is the rule. The house has been opened about two years, I believe, and the number of regular habitués is daily on the increase."

"Are you one of the number?"

"I am, and find the intoxication far pleasanter and less hurtful than that from opium. Ah! here we are."

We paused before a gloomy-looking house, entered the gate, and passed up the steps. The windows were absolutely dark, and the entranceway looked dirty and desolate. Four pulls at the bell, a pause, and one more pull were followed by a few moments' silence, broken suddenly by the sound of falling chain, rasping bolt, and the grinding of a key in the lock. The outer door was cautiously opened, and at a word from my companion we passed into the vestibule. The outer door was carefully closed by some one whom I could not distinguish in the utter darkness. A moment later the inner door was opened, and never shall I forget the impression produced by the sudden change from total darkness to the strange scene that met my eyes. The dark vestibule was the boundary line separating the cold, dreary streets and the ordinary world from a scene of Oriental magnificence.

A volume of heavily scented air, close upon the heels of which came a deadly sickening odor, wholly unlike anything I had ever smelled, greeted my nostrils. A hall lamp of grotesque shape flooded the hall with a subdued violet light that filtered through crenated disks of some violet fabric hung below it. The walls and ceilings, if ever modern, were no longer so, for they were shut in and hung by festoons and plaits of heavy cloth fresh from Eastern looms. Tassels of blue, green, yellow, red, and tinsel here and there peeped forth, matching the curious edging of variously colored bead-work that bordered each fold of drapery like a huge procession of luminous ants, and seemed to flow into little phosphorescent pools wherever the cloth was caught up. Queer figures and strange lettering, in the same work, were here and there disclosed upon the ceiling cloth.

Along one side of the hall, between two doors, were ranged huge tubs and pots of majolica-like ware and blue-necked Japanese vases, in which were plants, shrubs, and flowers of the most exquisite color and odor. Green vines clambered up the walls and across the ceiling, and catching their tendrils in the balustrades of the stairs (which were also of curious design), threw down long sprays and heavy festoons of verdure.

As my companion, who had paused a moment to give me time to look about me, walked toward the far end of the hall, I followed him, and passed into a small room on the right, where, with the assistance of a colored servant, we exchanged our coats, hats, and shoes for others more in keeping with our surroundings. First a long plush gown, quilted with silk down the front, and irregularly ornamented in bead and braid with designs of serpents, flowers, crescents, and stars, was slipped on over the head. Next a tasselled smoking-cap was donned, and the feet incased in noiseless list slippers. In any other place or under any other circumstances I should have felt ridiculous in this costume, but so in keeping was it with all I had seen, and so thoroughly had I seemed to have left my every-day self in the dark vestibule, that I felt perfectly at home in my strange dress. We next crossed the hall to a smaller room, where a young man, apparently a Frenchman, furnished us, on the payment of two dollars each, with two small pipes and a small covered bronze cup, or urn, filled with a dry green shrub, which I subsequently learned was *gunjeh* (the dried tops and leaves of the hemp plant), for smoking. My friend, on the payment of a further sum, obtained a curious little box which contained some small black lozenges, consisting of the resin of hemp, henbane, crushed datura seeds, butter, and honey, and known in India as *Majoon*, amongst the Moors as *El Mogen*.

Passing from this room we ascended the richly carpeted stairs, enarbored by vines, and paused upon a landing from which three doors opened. Upon one a pink card bore Dryden's line,

"Take the good the gods provide thee."

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The knob turned by my friend's hand allowed the door to swing open, and, welcomed by a spice breeze from India, we were truly in paradise.

"This," he said, in a whisper, "is the public room, where any one having pipe or lozenge, and properly attired, may enter and indulge—eat, smoke, or dream, as best suits him."

Wonder, amazement, admiration, but faintly portray my mental condition. Prepared by what I had already seen and experienced for something odd and Oriental, still the magnificence of what now met my gaze far surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, and brought to my mind the scenes of the *Arabian Nights*, forgotten since boyhood until now. My every sense was irresistibly taken captive, and it was some moments before I could realize that I really was not the victim of some dream, for I seemed to have wholly severed my connection with the world of today, and to have stepped back several centuries into the times of genii, fairies, and fountains—into the very heart of Persia or Arabia.

Not an inharmonious detail marred the symmetry of the whole. Beneath, my feet sank almost ankle-deep into a velvety carpet—a sea of subdued colors. Looked at closely, I found that the design was that of a garden: beds of luxurious flowers, stars and crescents, squares and diamond-shaped plots, made up of thousands of rare exotics and richly colored leaves. Here a brook, edged with damp verdure, from beneath which peeped coy violets and tiny bluebells; there a serpentine gravelled walk that wound in and out amongst the exquisite plants, and everywhere a thousand shrubs in bloom or bud. Above, a magnificent chandelier, consisting of six dragons of beaten gold, from whose eyes and throats sprang flames, the light from which, striking against a series of curiously set prisms, fell shattered and scintillating into a thousand glancing beams that illuminated every corner of the room. The rows of prisms being of clear and variously colored glass, and the dragons slowly revolving, a weird and ever-changing hue was given to every object in the room.

All about the sides of the spacious apartment, upon the floor, were mattresses covered with different-colored cloth, and edged with heavy golden fringe. Upon them were carelessly strewn rugs and mats of Persian and Turkish handicraft, and soft pillows in heaps. Above the level of these divans there ran, all about the room, a series of huge mirrors framed with gilded serpents intercoiled, effectually shutting off the windows. The effect was magnificent. There seemed to be twenty rooms instead of one, and everywhere could be seen the flame-tongued and fiery-eyed dragons slowly revolving, giving to all the appearance of a magnificent kaleidoscope in which the harmonious colors were ever blending and constantly presenting new combinations.

Just as I had got thus far in my observations I caught sight of my friend standing at the foot of one of the divans, and beckoning to me. At the same moment I also observed that several of the occupants of other divans were eying me suspiciously. I crossed to where he was, esteeming it a desecration to walk on such a carpet, and, despite my knowledge to the contrary, fearing every moment to crush some beautiful rose or lily beneath my feet. Following my friend's example, I slipped off my list foot-gear, and half reclined beside him on the divan and pillows, that seemed to reach up and embrace us. Pulling a tasselled cord that hung above our heads, my friend spoke a few words to a gaudily turbaned colored servant who came noiselessly into the room in answer to his summons, disappeared again, and in a moment returned bearing a tray, which he placed between us. Upon it was a small lamp of silver filigree-work, two globe-like bowls, of silver also, from which protruded a long silver tube and a spoon-like instrument. The latter, I soon learned, was used to clean and fill the pipes. Placing the bronze jar of hashish on the tray, my friend bade me lay my pipe beside it, and suck up the fluid in the silver cup through the long tube. I did so, and found it delicious.

"That," said he, "is tea made from the genuine coca leaf. The cup is the real *mate* and the tube a real *bombilla* from Peru. Now let us smoke. The dried shrub here is known as *gunjeh*, and is the dried tops of the hemp plant. Take a little tobacco from that jar and mix with it, else it will be found difficult to keep it alight. These lozenges here are made from the finest Nepaul resin of the hemp, mixed with butter, sugar, honey, flour, pounded datura seeds, some opium, and a

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little henbane, or hyoscyamus. I prefer taking these to smoking, but, to keep you company, I will also smoke to-night. Have no fear. Smoke four or five pipefuls of the *gunjeh*, and enjoy the effect. I will see that no harm befalls you."

Swallowing two of the lozenges, my guide filled our pipes, and we proceeded to smoke, and watch the others. These pipes, the stems of which were about eighteen inches in length, were incrusted with designs in varicolored beads, strung on gold wire over a ground of some light spirally twisted tinsel, marked off into diamond-shaped spaces by thin red lines. From the stem two green and yellow silken tassels depended. A small bell-shaped piece of clouded amber formed the mouthpiece, while at the other end was a small bowl of red clay scarcely larger than a thimble. As I smoked I noticed that about two-thirds of the divans were occupied by persons of both sexes, some of them masked, who were dressed in the same manner as ourselves. Some were smoking, some reclining listlessly upon the pillows, following the tangled thread of a hashish reverie or dream. A middle-aged woman sat bolt-upright, gesticulating and laughing quietly to herself; another with lack-lustre eyes and dropped jaw was swaying her head monotonously from side to side. A young man of about eighteen was on his knees, praying inaudibly; and another man, masked, paced rapidly and noiselessly up and down the room, until led away somewhere by the turbaned servant.

As I smoked, the secret of that heavy, sickening odor was made clear to me. It was the smell of burning hashish. Strangely enough, it did not seem to be unpleasant any longer, for, although it rather rasped my throat at first, I drew large volumes of it into my lungs. Lost in lazy reverie and perfect comfort, I tried to discover whence came the soft, undulating strains of music that had greeted me on entering, and which still continued. They were just perceptible above the silvery notes of a crystal fountain in the centre of the room, the falling spray from which plashed and tinkled musically as it fell from serpents' mouths into a series of the very thinnest huge pink shells held aloft by timid hares. The music seemed to creep up through the heavy carpet, to ooze from the walls, to flurry, like snow-flakes, from the ceiling, rising and falling in measured cadences unlike any music I had ever heard. It seemed to steal, now softly, now merrily, on tiptoe into the room to see whether we were awake or asleep, to brush away a tear, if tear there was, or gambol airily and merrily, if such was our humor, and then as softly, sometimes sadly, to steal out again and lose itself in the distance. It was just such music as a boatful of fairies sailing about in the clear water of the fountain might have made, or that with which an angel mother would sing its angel babe to sleep. It seemed to enter every fibre of the body, and satisfy a music-hunger that had never before been satisfied. I silently filled my second pipe, and was about to lapse again into a reverie that had become delightfully full of perfect rest and comfort, when my companion, leaning toward me, said:

"I see that you are fast approaching Hashishdom. Is there not a sense of perfect rest and strange, quiet happiness produced by it?"

"There certainly is. I feel supremely happy, at peace with myself and all the world, and all that I ask is to be let alone. But why is everything so magnificent here? Is it a whim of the proprietor, or an attempt to reproduce some such place in the East?" I asked.

"Possibly the latter; but there is another reason that you may understand better later. It is this: the color and peculiar phases of a hashish dream are materially affected by one's surroundings just prior to the sleep. The impressions that we have been receiving ever since we entered, the lights, odors, sounds, and colors, are the strands which the deft fingers of imagination will weave into the hemp reveries and dreams, which seem as real as those of every-day life, and always more grand. Hashish eaters and smokers in the East recognized this fact, and always, prior to indulging in the drug, surrounded themselves with the most pleasing sounds, faces, forms, etc."

"I see," I answered, dreamily. "But what is there behind those curtains that I see moving now and again?" The heavy curtains just opposite where we lay seemed to shut in an alcove.

"There are several small rooms there," said my companion, "shut off from this room by the curtains you see move. Each is magnificently fitted up, I am told. They are reserved for persons, chiefly ladies,

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who wish to avoid every possibility of detection, and at the same time enjoy their hashish and watch the inmates of this room."

"Are there many ladies of good social standing who come here?"

"Very many. Not the cream of the *demi-monde*, understand me, but *ladies*. Why, there must be at least six hundred in this city alone who are *habituées*. Smokers from different cities, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and especially New Orleans, tell me that each city has its hemp retreat, but none so elegant as this."

And my companion swallowed another lozenge and relapsed into dreamy silence. I too lay back listlessly, and was soon lost in reverie, intense and pleasant. Gradually the room and its inmates faded from view; the revolving dragons went swifter and more swiftly, until the flaming tongues and eyes were merged into a huge ball of flame, that, suddenly detaching itself with a sharp sound from its pivot, went whirling and streaming off into the air until lost to sight in the skies. Then a sudden silence, during which I heard the huge waves of an angry sea breaking with fierce monotony in my head. Then I heard the fountain; the musical tinkle of the spray as it struck upon the glass grew louder and louder, and the notes longer and longer, until they merged into one clear, musical bugle note that woke the echoes of a spring morning, and broke sharp and clear over hill and valley, meadow-land and marsh, hill-top and forest. A gayly caparisoned horseman, bugle in hand, suddenly appeared above a hill-crest. Closely following, a straggling group of horsemen riding madly. Before them a pack of hounds came dashing down the hill-side, baying deeply. Before them I, the fox, was running with the speed of desperation, straining every nerve to distance or elude them. Thus for miles and miles I ran on until at last, almost dead with fright and fatigue, I fell panting in the forest. A moment more and the cruel hounds would have had me, when suddenly a little field-mouse appeared, caught me by the paw, and dragged me through the narrow entrance to her nest. My body lengthened and narrowed until I found myself a serpent, and in me rose the desire to devour my little preserver, when, as I was about to strike her with my fangs, she changed into a beautiful little fairy, tapped my ugly black flat head with her wand, and as my fangs fell to earth I resumed my human shape. With the parting words, "Never seek to injure those who endeavor to serve you," she disappeared.

Looking about I found myself in a huge cave, dark and noisome. Serpents hissed and glared at me from every side, and huge lizards and ugly shapes scrambled over the wet floor. In the far corner of the cave I saw piles of precious stones of wondrous value that glanced and sparkled in the dim light. Despite the horrid shapes about me, I resolved to secure some, at least, of these precious gems. I began to walk toward them, but found that I could get no nearer—just as fast as I advanced, so fast did they seem to recede. At last, after what seemed a year's weary journey, I suddenly found myself beside them, and falling on my knees, began to fill my pockets, bosom, even my hat. Then I tried to rise, but could not: the jewels weighed me down. Mortified and disappointed, I replaced them all but three, weeping bitterly. As I rose to my feet it suddenly occurred to me that this was in no way real—only a hashish dream. And, laughing, I said, "You fool, this is all nonsense. These are not real jewels; they only exist in your imagination." My real self arguing thus with my hashish self, which I could see, tired, ragged, and weeping, set me to laughing still harder, and then we laughed together—my two selves. Suddenly my real self faded away, and a cloud of sadness and misery settled upon me, and I wept again, throwing myself hysterically upon the damp floor of the cave.

Just then I heard a voice addressing me by name, and looking up, I saw an old man with an enormous nose bending over me. His nose seemed almost as large as his whole body. "Why do you weep, my son?" he said; "are you sad because you can not have *all* these riches? Don't, then, for some day you will learn that whoso hath more wealth than is needed to minister to his wants must suffer for it. Every farthing above a certain reasonable sum will surely bring some worry, care, anxiety, or trouble. Three diamonds are your share; be content with them. But, dear me, here I am again neglecting my work! Here it is March, and I'm not half through yet!"

"Pray what is your work, venerable patriarch?" I asked; "and why has the Lord given you such a huge proboscis?"

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"Ah! I see that you don't know me," he replied. "I am the chemist of the earth's bowels, and it is my duty to prepare all the sweet and delicate odors that the flowers have. I am busy all winter making them, and early in the spring my nymphs and apprentices deliver them to the Queen of the Flowers, who in turn gives them to her subjects. My nose is a little large because I have to do so much smelling. Come and see my laboratory."

His nose a little large! I laughed until I almost cried at this, while following him.

He opened a door, and entering, my nostrils met the oddest medley of odors I had ever smelled. Everywhere workmen with huge noses were busy mixing, filtering, distilling, and the like.

"Here," said the old man, "is a batch of odor that has been spoiled. Mistakes are frequent, but I find use for even such as that. The Queen of Flowers gives it to disobedient plants or flowers. You mortals call it asafœtida. Come in here and see my organ;" and he led the way into a large rocky room, at one end of which was a huge organ of curious construction. Mounting to the seat, he arranged the stops and began to play.

Not a sound could be heard, but a succession of odors swept past me, some slowly, some rapidly. I understood the grand idea in a moment. Here was music to which that of sound was coarse and earthly. Here was a harmony, a symphony, of odors! Clear and sharp, intense and less intense, sweet, less sweet, and again still sweeter, heavy and light, fast and slow, deep and narcotic, the odors, all in perfect harmony, rose and fell, and swept by me, to be succeeded by others.

Irresistibly I began to weep, and fast and thick fell the tears, until I found myself a little stream of water, that, rising in the rocky caverns of the mountain, dashed down its side into the plain below. Fiercely the hot sun beat upon my scanty waters, and like a thin gray mist I found myself rising slowly into the skies, no longer a stream. With other clouds I was swept away by the strong and rapid wind far across the Atlantic, over the burning sand wastes of Africa, dipping toward the Arabian Sea, and suddenly falling in huge rain-drops into the very heart of India, blossoming with poppies. As the ground greedily sucked up the refreshing drops I again assumed my form.

Suddenly the earth was rent apart, and falling upon the edge of a deep cavern, I saw far below me a molten, hissing sea of fire, above which a dense vapor hung. Issuing from this mist, a thousand anguished faces rose toward me on scorched and broken wings, shrieking and moaning as they came.

"Who in Heaven's name are these poor things?"

"These," said a voice at my side, "are the spirits, still incarnate, of individuals who, during life, sought happiness in the various narcotics. Here, after death, far beneath, they live a life of torture most exquisite, for it is their fate, ever suffering for want of moisture, to be obliged to yield day by day their life-blood to form the juice of poppy and resin of hemp in order that their dreams, joys, hopes, pleasures, pains, and anguish of past and present may again be tasted by mortals."

As he said this I turned to see who he was, but he had disappeared. Suddenly I heard a fierce clamor, felt the scrawny arms of these foul spirits wound about my neck, in my hair, on my limbs, pulling me over into the horrible chasm, into the heart of hell, crying, shrilly, "Come! thou art one of us. Come! come! come!" I struggled fiercely, shrieked out in my agony, and suddenly awoke, with the cold sweat thick upon me.

"Are you, then, so fond of it that nothing can awaken you? Here have I been shaking and pulling you for the past five minutes. Come, rouse yourself; your dreams seem to be unpleasant."

Gradually my senses became clearer. The odors of the room, the melodies of early evening, the pipe that had fallen from my hand, the faces and forms of the hemp-smokers, were once more recognized.

My companion wished me to stay, assuring me that I would see many queer sights before morning, but I declined, and after taking, by his advice, a cup of Paraguay tea (coca leaf), and then a cup of sour lemonade, I passed down-stairs, exchanged my present for my former dress, returned my pipe, and left the house.

The dirty streets, the tinkling car-horse bell, the deafening "Here you are! twenty sweet oranges for a quarter!" and the drizzling rain were more grateful by far than the odors, sounds, and sights, sweet though they were, that I had just left. Truly it was the cradle of dreams rocking placidly in the very heart of a great city, translated from Bagdad to Gotham.

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"HE is simply the best servant I ever saw," I remarked to the Commodore, speaking of Cæsar, as we smoked our after-dinner cigars on the veranda together. "Where did you get him?"

"What! did you never hear?" he cried. "I've known you for six months, and my wife there will have it that I tell everybody within twenty-four hours' acquaintance. I'll tell you about it. It's rather a singular story. In the summer of 1862" (here his wife, rising, left us to ourselves), "when I was a young lieutenant-commander, after the fights between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, the gun-boat I commanded lay for two days near the mouth of the Rappahannock, awaiting the arrival of another gun-boat, which had been cruising about in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. The second day—a scorching one in July—finding it very dull on board, with nothing to do, and thinking to reconnoitre a bit, I had a boat lowered, and rowed off toward the village of Urbanna, just in sight, which was situated on the shores of a beautiful little cove, connecting by a narrow passage with the river. The principal street terminated in a very long wharf which extended to the centre of this cove, affording accommodation to steamboats and large vessels which its shallow waters would not permit to approach nearer the shore. It was *very* hot: the thermometer hanging in my cabin showed 93°, the sun shone down from a cloudless sky upon the yellow wheat stubble interspersed with shocks of the unthreshed grain; the heat quivered in quick fluttering pulsations above the dark green corn fields. All was perfectly peaceful. Not a sign of a gray-coat anywhere. Not a human being in sight as I entered the cove except two or three slumbering field hands resting after dinner under the shade of a tree some distance off. And—yes, I was mistaken, there *was* a small negro boy whom I now spied standing on the extreme outer end of the long wharf. A basket at his feet, the sun pouring down on his flat uncovered head, while he shaded his eyes with one hand that he might the better fix his gaze on the gun-boats lying in the river. As I approached I found he was singing softly to himself in a mechanical sort of fashion. The strain grew louder as I came nearer; his attention, too, was so engrossed that I was alongside the wharf as yet entirely unperceived. All at once, as I rested on my oars, looking at him, he broke out in full voice, rich and mellow as a fine contralto:

"'Cyah'ss *my* eyes up t' de sky,
I *do* belong to de Union ban',
En dah I see de chaheot ridin' long by,
I *do* belong to de—
I do belong to de Union ban'.'

"A pause. Then, 'Helloa, there!' I cried, at the same time reaching upward for one of the wharf posts wherewith to steady myself as I stood up in the boat to speak with him. I missed my aim, just at the moment I hailed him, the boat shooting in an instant under the overhanging sides of the pier out of his sight. Looking aloft through a small hole in the planks, I could see that he had been greatly startled. He gave a sort of a spring backward, nearly overturning his basket as he did so, and peering around hither and thither in search of the invisible caller, while he muttered:

"'Good thing I done tuk dat ah baskit off my hade!' Then, raising his voice, 'Who dat holleh?' Perfect silence. Then, '*Who* was it, I say?'

"I kept still, wickedly enjoying his perplexity, when, still looking about him, and seeing nothing, his eyes began to distend.

"'Mighty like evil,' he muttered, ''cep'in' don' no evils come dis soon in de mawnin; evils is night-hawks.'

"I still gave no sign of my vicinity; so presently he returned to the contemplation of the gun-boat, soliloquizing: '*Lawdy!* don' I wush I could git on boa'd one dem dah t'ings! I'd—'

"'Helloa, there!' I cried again, interrupting him, as I pushed out from under the wharf. When he saw me his eyes grew bigger than ever, and giving one quick glance at my uniform, he snatched up his basket, and was for making off, when I called him to stop, adding, 'Don't you want to sell your berries?'

"He halted then, and recollecting his manners, pulled his sunburned forelock, as he stammered, in much trepidation, 'Y-yea, seh; mammy done sont y'all down to Maws Tom Pahma's sto' to sell um fu heh.'

"'And you ran down here to gaze at the gun-boats instead—is that it? You oughtn't to leave your berries out there

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in the hot sun. They won't be so good, and I'd like to buy them. What do you ask for the basketful?'

"He looked down in much embarrassment, kicking about with his bare feet, as he presently replied, 'Maws Tom Pahma he 'low mammy poun' o' suga' fu' dese sha blackbays.'

"'A pound of sugar! Well, but wouldn't she just as lief have the money? I haven't any sugar with me, and I'd like to have them for my dinner. Look here.' I drew out a bright silver half-dollar, and held it up to him. 'I guess she'd as lief have the money. Wouldn't she?'

"His eyes began to glisten; the circulation of metallic currency was already a thing of the past in the South, and reaching out his hand at once for the coin, he grinned his entire acquiescence to the proposal before declaring: 'Lawdy, yeas, Maws Yankee Soljeh; oh, yeas, seh. But dese sha's wah times, an' sto's do'n' 'low no sulva money. Mammy glad to git Yankee money, cert'n.'

"'Well, then, it's a bargain. Here's your Yankee money. Now give me the berries.'

"'I 'bleeged t' kyah de baskit back,' he said, as I was extending my hand for it.

"The basket! I hadn't thought of that. What was I to do? I had nothing with me into which I could bestow my anticipated dessert. I glanced down into the boat. Nothing there, except a heap of regulation blankets and an oil-cloth overcoat which had been carelessly left huddled together at the bow. Oh, for a receptacle of some kind! I could not bear to relinquish those big, luscious-looking berries, I had been living on salt food for so long, and yet— In my perplexity, looking about me, all on a sudden my attention was caught by the swinging sign of the little country store beyond the wharf, at the entrance of the village. I might be able to buy a bucket or a pail there. Well thought of!

"'Here, my boy. What's your name?'

"'Cæsa', maws.'

"'Well, Cæsar, I'd like you to stay here and watch this boat' (I made her fast to a stake as I spoke), 'while I go ashore to buy a pail to hold my blackberries. I'll be back in fifteen or twenty minutes at furthest. Wait here until then. Don't leave the boat on any account, and don't let any one touch her. D'ye hear?'

"I had already climbed up the side of the wharf (after first taking the precaution to pocket the half-dollar), and was walking rapidly away, when, with the same deliberation which had characterized his former replies, he drawled out after me:

"'Ye-a-s, Maws Yankee Soljeh. Th' ain't nobody yeah gwine to tech heh.'

"'Very well. I'll give you the money when I come back.'

"I was not risking much in leaving the boat in his charge, after all. The whole country for miles around looked deserted. The entire male population, with the exception of a few very old and decrepit men, of whom 'Maws Tom Pahma' furnished a sample, had gone off with the Confederate army. And the women and children kept well within-doors so long as we remained anchored in sight. I soon reached the shop, where I made my purchase—a common painted wooden water-bucket—and fearing I had already loitered too long, I left the building, and was about to return at once to the gig, when I happened to spy, just outside, lurking behind a tree, the very boy whom I had left on the wharf, standing there with my basket of blackberries on his head, having followed me, I suppose, at his leisure. I accosted him at once:

"'What made you leave the boat? What are you doing here?' I asked, with some asperity.

"But he put on a look of most innocent bewilderment.

"'Mammy sont y'all to de sto' to sell dese sha blackbays."

"'Yes, so you told me before; but you've already sold them to me. What made you leave the boat?' I repeated.

"'I di'n' leave no boat; I ain't been nigh de wata. I com' f'om home. Mammy sont y'all down to Maws Tom Pahma's sto'; Maws Tom he 'low poun' suga' fu' dese sha' blackbays,' he drawled, even slower than before.

"'Yes, I know; but you agreed just now to let me have them for half a dollar. Here's your money. Quick, I've no time to lose.'

"As he still remained motionless and staring, I caught the basket from his hand, poured its contents into my bucket—he wearing the most amusing look of utter amazement and consternation the while—then thrusting the money into his hand, I said:

"'Now go home, and see that your mother gets the money. I'm afraid you're a very bad boy, Cæsar.'

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"His eyes widened more and more, as I had seen them do on the wharf.

"'Dis ain't Cæsa', maws. You's mistookin. I—I's Pompey. Cæsa' done 'scape clean 'way f'om me down yond' de road f'om de gret house t' 'Banna.'

"As he spoke I glanced down the length of the wharf; the boy had disappeared; and this was he, of course, beyond the shadow of a doubt. My senses could not so deceive me. And bringing my gaze to bear on his face I surveyed him sternly. Was it imagination, or did I detect a lurking expression of mischief playing about his mouth? 'You little rascal!' I cried, losing all patience as I concluded that I did, 'do you mean to have the audacity to persist in asserting you are not the boy I left in charge of my boat not ten minutes ago? I've a great mind to give you the rope's-end. I would do it if I had one convenient, you little liar.'

"His eyes met mine for one instant; then, thrusting his knuckles into them, he began to whimper piteously: 'Dis sheh some Cæsa's wu'k sho', 'cla'. 'Cla' t' gracious, maws, I do'n' know nuthin' 'tall 'bout no boat. *I* ain't seen Cæsa'. Cæsa' done run clean 'way to de Yankees, I s'pec'; 'case, Lawd knows, I ain't seen him. Me 'n' Cæsa' favors might'ly.'

"He was, for his years, such a seasoned hypocrite that I had a great mind to fall aboard of him then and there, but at that moment my glance wandered inadvertently toward the river. I caught sight of the black smoke-stack of the gun-boat we were expecting. My presence on board my own boat was absolutely necessary in the event of her arrival. I could tarry no longer, and, speeding away down the long pier, I left him still gazing after me with his eyes widely opened, astonished, and tearful. As I proceeded along it occurred to me that there might be two of them, after all, since such a youngster would scarcely have the wit to think of such a name as Pompey as a companion piece to Cæsar. Pshaw! it was only a name with which he was familiar, for, as I reached the end of the wharf where I had left him, he *had* disappeared. Not a sign of him anywhere, except two or three spilled blackberries. I looked all about me—down at my boat lying where I had left her, and under the wharf. Nobody in sight. So it must have been he who had followed me, and played the part of a double so well.

'The young scamp!' I muttered, as I descended into the gig and began pulling toward the river. 'But for my promptitude in seizing these berries he would have regularly done me; 'twas well I spied him there at the village.'

"Ten minutes' easy pulling brought me alongside the gun-boat, and I presently found myself on board, with so much to do that I very soon banished all thoughts of my recent experience, since the new gun-boat I had descried had now arrived within speaking distance, with the intelligence that we were to proceed together at once to Washington, *viâ* Baltimore, there to await further instructions. So we weighed anchor at five o'clock, and by ten that evening were well out of the river, with the Chesapeake Bay spread before us.

"Just about that time—at ten o'clock, I mean—one of the men, occupied with some work in the vicinity of the aft cabin, came running up from below to the deck, where a party of us were seated.

"'There's a strange noise down below, sir; like some 'un cryin'. None of us can account for it. I've looked through and through the cabins, sir; there's no one there.' A silence. Then he added, hesitantly: 'I'm afraid it bodes no good to us, sir.'

"'Nonsense, Roberts!' said I, rising.

"'No, sir; it's true. Only listen, sir.'

"A strange sound there certainly was. I could now hear it plainly. So two of us descended the ladder at once, followed by the man. The sound grew louder as we approached the officers' cabin, then suddenly ceased as I called for a light and we proceeded thither.

"It was perfectly still and apparently empty when we entered, but as I walked across to the berths to begin my search I stumbled, and nearly fell over some obstacle which seemed to resolve itself into a soft warm substance with as many tentacles as a cuttle-fish, and employing them all to adhere tenaciously to my knees. Looking downward in some alarm, while I held the light aloft, the better to discover the nature of this singular impediment, I was perfectly electrified to behold the ubiquitous Cæsar, whom I thought I had left miles behind, now making a perfect Laocoon of himself as he clung with all four limbs to my legs, his head thrown back, and his big black eyes fixed with an indescribable expression on my face. It was himself, and not another.

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I recognized him at once. Moreover, beside him on the floor was the basket of blackberries—mine and yet not mine, for we had eaten those I had brought with me—the ones I had seized from Cæsar—from Pompey, I mean. There were two of them, then, after all. But how had this one gotten on board? I put the question to him.

"'Oh, Lawdy, Maws Yankee Soljeh—oh, Lawdy, maws! I woan' do so no mo'. I—I gwine home t' mammy dis vay minnit.'

"Which, with countless sobs and asseverations, was the only reply I could elicit.

"'I gwine home *now*,' he repeated again and again.

"'Go home! you little rascal. I wish you could. You're half-way down the bay now. How did you get here? Who brought you?'

"[Sob, sob.] '*You* did, maws' [sob].

"'*I* did! Come, don't trifle with me, you scamp. I won't stand it.'

"[Sob.] 'Yeas, maws, you *did*' [sob]. I slid down side de whahf while you's gone to Maws Tom Pahma's sto', an'—an' I hid 'hind de blankits an' t'ings in de boat tell you come an' git in. Oh, Lawdy, maws, please, seh, doan' kill me.'

"It was true, I had pulled him to the gunboat with me, concealed underneath the heap of blankets in the bow; and once arrived at the ship, after the gig was hauled up alongside, he had probably watched his opportunity, when no one was around, and had stolen forth from his hiding-place with his berries as a peace-offering in case he should be discovered, and had made his way down into the cabin to investigate the inside of a 'Yankee soljeh boat,' as he called it, trusting to luck to find a way back to the village. The rest of his narrative was somewhat incoherent. He had become interested in the things around him, and had looked about him for some time, always taking care to creep under the shelter of the berths when he heard any one approaching. The last time he had done so it was very warm, he was tired and hungry, and—and—

"When he awakened it was to find everything dark and strange and lonely, and the room moving along, which latter circumstance impressed him as being so awful that he began to cry aloud, thus accounting for the mysterious sound deemed so portentous. It took a long time to elicit all this, but when at last the boy concluded, I surveyed him in much perplexity.

"'Dallam, what on earth shall we do with him?' said I, turning to my brother officer.

"'I don't know, indeed, unless you leave him in some asylum in Baltimore,' was the reply. 'Sending him home is not to be thought of.'

"All this while Cæsar remained squatted in a forlorn little heap upon the cabin floor, gazing from one strange face to another; but as he heard those words, all at once he fetched an unearthly howl, and falling again on his knees before me, he begged *me* to keep him.

"'I know I done ben a bad boy, maws; but please, seh, jis try me. I kin wuk roun' right smaht; kin clean shoes, an' tote wood an' wata, an' wait on de kitchin. I min' you, maws, '*deed* I will. I woan' nuvva run 'way no mo'.'

"Well, the upshot of the matter was that, after giving a good laugh to the ridiculous and a little sigh to the troublesome side of the business, I finally consented to give him a trial, Dallam's servant kindly undertaking to begin teaching him his duties next day.

"I have kept him ever since. There never was a better servant. Little chap as he was, he was with me all during the war, serving me cheerfully and well, and never but once expressing any regret for the home and kindred he had left behind. Two or three days after we reached Washington, finding him thoughtful, and asking him what was the matter, he told me he was 'studyin' 'bout Pompey,' adding, 'I mighty 'fraid Pompey gwine ketch it when mammy fine out he done lemme run 'way wid de baskit.'"

"Did he never see any of his home people again?" I inquired, as the Commodore paused.

"Yes, he did. He went to see them four—five years ago. But I must tell you how he found them. In May, '76, fourteen years afterward, I had him in New York with me. I was going over to Jersey City on some business one morning, and was stepping down-town at a brisk pace, Cæsar following in my wake with my satchel, when my attention was attracted by an altercation going on at the front door of a shabby-looking boarding-house opposite. The disputants were a stout burly Irishman and his wife, and a slender young negro, whose back was

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turned. The cause of disagreement, as I presently ascertained, was about the price demanded for lodging and breakfast, the colored man alleging that he had been induced to enter the house the evening before on the strength of a positive promise that the total sum of his accommodation should not exceed seventy-five cents. This statement was emphatically and volubly denied by the others, who demanded double the amount, referring to their printed scale of prices, and threatening to send for 'the police' to enforce their claim.

"'I done tole you I couldn' read none,' said the negro. 'Wha's use showin' *me* dat ah readin'?'

"I saw he was evidently a countryman in the hands of sharpers; besides, there was something in his lingo which was strangely familiar; so I crossed the street, and paused on the sidewalk in front of the house, awaiting further developments.

"A great deal of talking ensued, until finally the negro was fairly bullied into producing the demanded sum.

"'I s'pose I got to pay you. I know bett'n to come yeh 'gin, dough.'

"'We must see that man righted, Cæsar,' I said. 'If I don't mistake, he's from your State.'

"But Cæsar did not answer; he stood as one petrified, gazing on his fellow-countryman with all his eyes. So, leaving him, I ran hastily up the steps.

"'Let me see that paper, if you please.'

"'Shure an' I'll do nathin' of the koind,' replied the Irishman, turning very red, as he crumpled his scale of prices in his hand.

"'You are right,' I replied. 'But I don't need it. Your sign-board here,' designating one attached to the side of the door, 'confirms this man's story in every respect. You'd better take the amount he owes you at once, or I'll send my man here after an officer, and he won't arrest the colored man either.'

"The landlord muttered something about busybodies interfering with other people's business, taking care to pocket the money, however; and I had already descended the steps, when the young negro, whose face I had scarcely seen, turning to thank me, I started back almost in consternation. He was Cæsar's very counterpart! In an instant it occurred to me who he was. 'Isn't your name Pompey?' I asked, interrupting his burst of gratitude.

"'Yeas, seh,' surprisedly. 'Pompey Grymes, boss.'

"'I knowed it—I knowed it fus' time I done yeahed 'im talk,' broke in Cæsar at this juncture, as he came forward, seizing his brother's hand, and relapsing into his almost forgotten Virginia dialect. 'Howd'y, Pompey, howd'y? Lawd bless you, my brother Pompey, I—I's *glad* to see you,' the tears streaming down his honest face as the two stood facing each other like the two Dromios just before the curtain drops.

"I gave Cæsar a holiday that day, which he spent with his double, who was employed as deck hand on a boat plying between Norfolk and New York. And the next week the two reunited brethren proceeded together to Middlesex County to see the old people for a month, which is the longest period of my separation from him since that hot afternoon in 1862 when, like the master of the fishing-boat, I carried 'Cæsar and his fortunes.'"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair has preached more than one little sermon from the text of alleged editorial partiality. It is very difficult for the poet, or the story-teller, or essayist, who with fond parental affection naturally supposes the offspring of his brain to be a little better than other offspring, to believe that the superiority does not equally impress other observers. If the editor to whom the poet sends the verses which have been written with tears and deep emotion does not feel his heart tingling as he reads, and own the pathos and the fire, it is, in the secret judgment of the poet, because he is the victim of his prejudices, and is resolved to recognize no charm and no value except in the work of a clique of personal favorites. Were his mind not clouded with unworthy partialities, he would own that the sonnet upon a grasshopper's leg is far nobler in conception and of an infinitely subtler melody than the lines to a locust's wing. Or, again, how is it possible for any intelligent mind not to see that the story which is to-day declined is a hundredfold better than that which was yesterday accepted?

"I hope that I am not vain," says Vanitas, "but I really think that I can distinguish mica from silver and gold from tinsel, and if the paper which I send is not of finer quality than any of Sainte-Beuve's—I certainly do not

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wish to overstate the matter—why, I am profoundly mistaken." This is the theme of endless variations, and when the neat and courteous editorial circular arrives, stating that the paper kindly offered for publication is not found available by the editor, that hapless word "available," which, of all words in the English language, seems to have been made for the very purpose of expressing the editorial decision without a suggestion of opinion upon the intrinsic value of the offering, is decried and denounced and spurned as a justly degraded outcast and criminal to be hounded through the world. "Unavailable, indeed!" cries Vanitas, with a snort of contempt, "why does he not say plainly and in a manly way that he does not know me, and that he can not waste time in considering the contributions of tyros and nobodies? Unavailable! My prehistoric novel unavailable! How is American literature, for which the world is yearning, ever to appear, if its great works are to be suppressed by ignoramuses as unavailable?"

It is melancholy to think of the wrath and scorn and lofty pity which these innocent circulars produce. The fact, also, that they are printed and not written is a bitter aggravation. The editor of a magazine, struggling with his vast work, planning for future numbers, engaging such articles as must be engaged far in advance, reading and considering the endless mass of contributions of every kind, keeping himself familiar with the general movement of literature, and among busy men the busiest, receives a huge MS., addressed to him by an unknown author, requesting immediate attention to the work, and a prompt opinion of its merits, and of the probable capacity of the writer and the desirability of his pursuing a literary career, and, if the MS. be declined, the reasons of the declination are desired, and directions how to obviate the objections hereafter, with such general reflections and details of counsel as may be useful to the inexperienced; but, above all, no printed circular. That would be deliberate insult and outrage. If it must be so, let the MS. be returned, but without the wanton provocation of a printed circular with its hideous "unavailable."

Why should editors be put without the pale of humanity? Has there been some Dred Scott dictum against them? What tribunal has adjudged that editors have no rights which authors are bound to respect? Recently a letter of biting satire was received by one of this fraternity. It hinted that although the injustice and partiality and other wickedness of the editorial sanctum were well known, and although modest, unlaurelled, and struggling literary aspirants had little chance of fair treatment, it was nevertheless generally supposed among them that at least the mere form of opening their manuscripts would be observed, and that although they might not be actually read, the appearance of attention would be vouchsafed even by the most scornful editor. But even this, it seemed, was too extravagant an expectation. The MSS. were not even opened, much less read. For if they were, how could it happen that a contribution received on a certain day, at a certain hour, should be returned on the same day, at a certain other hour, marked with fatal precision by the post-office upon the envelope? Unavailable, indeed! It was not unavailable, but unread. Would the editor, in the midst of his vast labors, graciously pause long enough to explain this extraordinary rapidity in the consideration and condemnation of a contribution?

There was no doubt whatever that this writer sincerely believed that he had been the victim of an unfaithful editor, and that his MS. had been received, and, without reading, immediately returned. There was also no doubt that he believed a previous contribution from him to have been accepted, not upon its merit, but through the influence of a relation. He was evidently of opinion that a magazine is edited, as an unreformed civil service is filled, by mere personal favoritism, and this particular editorial sinner should be distinctly apprised that he had been found out. But this was the editorial reply that he received:

"I very well remember the MS. about which you write. The character and the incidents are fresh in my remembrance now; I could rehearse nearly every event related by you which occurred during that period of dreadful suspense at the agency. The story was graphic, but very far exceeded the space at my command for a short story.

"I have read many complaints against editors and their treatment of contributors, but yours is the only one that I can recall which is based on the promptness of the editor in the consideration of the author's MS. The MS. of your story was read within two hours after its reception. The same decision would have been reached if I had kept you waiting for weeks, but would you not with better reason have complained of the delay? For years it has been my study to keep contributors waiting no longer than should be absolutely necessary for my verdict upon their MSS.

"I am not only the reader of MS. offered, but also the responsible editor of the magazine. From an experience of twenty years I have learned how entirely an editor depends upon contributors for the success of the periodical committed to his charge. From this view (and I see no other possible view for an editor to take), what motive could I have for slighting any author's MS.?

"I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of considering other stories from your pen; but if you should again receive back your MS. within four or five days, I shall expect your thanks rather than your blame.

"I am sorry that you should do your work so little credit as to suppose that a MS. of yours had been accepted through the interest of your uncle. That would have been impossible. Sincerely yours."

Such a letter will do much more than many sermons of the Easy Chair to persuade contributors that the fate of their articles depends, not upon the fame of the writer or the personal favor of the editor, but upon the merit and the timeliness—in a word, upon the availability—of the article itself. The editor of a magazine is a trustee. The character

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and the prosperity of the trust committed to him, as well as his own reputation and his own personal and pecuniary interest, depend upon the success of the magazine. But how can he promote that success by accepting the work of his personal friends, or of a little clique of writers, to the exclusion of the better work of unknown men? It is the editor's acceptance of this last which has made the fame of many of the best known of living writers.

"My dear," said the wise nurse to the young child, "bugaboos beset us on every hand. But look steadily at them and they will vanish. The man who came home at midnight saw an awful spectre, with outstretched, wide-flying arms, warning him from his own door. Yet he marched bravely on, and lo! it was one of his own shirts dangling in the night wind upon the clothes-line."

THE songs of Burns have associated such beauty and pathos with the Scotch tongue that the language itself has acquired a charm of melodious tenderness. It appears in the beautiful story of Stuart of Dunleath, and in many a song which is but an echo of the sweet and familiar tone of the poet. A strain of this kind was lately sent to the Easy Chair from Kansas. The singer is stated to be a lady in Illinois, and the old story is hinted in it with pensive grace:

"What mak's my auld een blurred and wet;
My heart ache wi' forgotten thraes?
A pinch o' dust wi'in my hond
O' what was ance a bonnie rose.

"A bonnie rose, yet bonnier far
The lassie on whose bosom fair
It glowed and trembled, while its breath
Grew sweeter frae its restin' there.

"'Twas simmer-time, the flowery days
O' youth and luve to her and me;
We gied nae thought to winter's snaws,
That garr'd the simmer's blooms to dee.

"My lassie lang has gane to sleep;
My bonnie bud maun droop and dee;
A pinch o' dust wi'in my hond
Is a' the rose that's left to me."

Naturally the correspondent who sends this little song falls into reminiscences of other days. He is a native New-Yorker, but long a stranger to the city, to which he returned in 1876 after an absence of thirty-nine years. His grandfather came to the city a hundred years ago, on its evacuation by the British, the centenary of which event will be celebrated in November, and he saw General Washington pass down Broad Street with his troops. Wheat then grew where now the Astor House stands. The open fields lay beyond the City Hall, and our correspondent himself recalls the open country a little beyond. When he was ten years old his grandfather took him to see General Lafayette at the City Hall, and as they came out his grandfather told him that the General said, as he looked at the crowd in the Park, "Why, I see no peasantry or blouses; they are all gentlemen!" This recalls, by contrast, the story of Voltaire, who, when he was insulted and driven home by the London mob, turned upon the door-step, and complimented them upon the nobleness of the national character and their love of liberty.

Our correspondent recalls the cholera in 1832–3, and the crowds of anxious faces peering at the newspaper bulletins, upon which were posted the reports of the Board of Health; and especially he remembers the appalling record of one day when there were reported: "Whole number of cases, 3000; number of deaths, 301." In the same year he saw the packet-ship *Washington Irving* on a bright August morning lying in the East River with all sails set, and just about to put to sea with Joseph Bonaparte as her passenger. Another day he recalls an excited crowd gathered around the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, whose editor had just had an encounter with the editor of the *Herald*—an event which was much more frequent then than now—a fact which will be probably considered to indicate that such collisions tended to improve editorial manners.

The December night of what is still the Great Fire of New York is "photographed on memory." It was a bright moonlight night. The cold was so intense that the engines were useless. The space bounded by the East River and South, Wall, and Broad streets was filled with a roaring flame, in the midst of which stood the Exchange, whose dome fell and buried the marble statue of Alexander Hamilton, the financial genius of American prosperity. Amid the waste of smouldering ruins only one building was left standing in what had been the most thronged and the busiest part of the city. Seven hundred buildings, covering thirteen acres, were destroyed, and the loss was more than twenty millions of dollars. Since that night, and within a few years, Chicago and Boston have suffered still more severely. But in the annals of New York the Great Fire of 1835 will be remembered like that of 1666 in the story of London.

Among the conspicuous persons of that earlier part of the century, our correspondent well remembers Dr. David Hosack, who impressed his young imagination as "a sort of cross between Dr. Samuel Johnson and Daniel Webster, with the pomposity of the former and the dark features of the latter." This impression of the appearance of Dr. Hosack is confirmed by his portrait in the American Portrait Gallery—an interesting collection of likenesses of the people who were noted half a century ago. This portrait is one of the best works of an artist who was very famous in his time, Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia—a welcome guest in the more cultivated society of New York sixty and seventy years ago, when it was said that Clinton, Hosack, and Hobart were the tripod upon which the city stood.

Dr. Hosack's social genius, with his gener-

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ous accomplishment and refined taste, made his house the most attractive in the city. It was the resort of the most distinguished strangers as well as of the most agreeable New-Yorkers, and Mrs. Lamb, the delightful Herodotus of old New York, tells us that the Duke of Saxe-Weimar mentions in his diary the charm of the Hosack Saturday evenings. In the public libraries and upon the book-shelves of the older houses in the city is still to be seen the stately quarto containing Dr. Hosack's eulogy upon his friend De Witt Clinton. On great nights at the old Park Theatre the doctor and his family were always conspicuous—the old Park, where our gossip saw the elder Booth as Richard III., the Woods in *La Sonnambula*, Charles Mathews in a dozen airy parts, and Fanny Kemble's flashing eyes.

Among the other notable figures of the city recalled by our correspondent was Laurie Todd, as Grant Thorburn called himself. He was conspicuous in the street with his leather apron, stooping as he hobbled and jerked himself along, his spectacles shoved up from his sly gray eyes, or as he stood in his shop, behind the counter, surrounded with flowers and singing-birds, and glass globes flashing with gold-fish. Into the shop one day came a brisk youth with the maiden to whom he was betrothed, and as they went they took with them a superb potted plant which was worth at least ten dollars. "My first impulse," said the Scotchman, "was to arrest the fellow for stealing; but on reflection I said, 'Now this young man is worth nothing, so I will wait; he will marry that girl, who is rich, and then I shall get my money.' So one morning, sure enough, they came sailing in in full dress, and proceeded to make selections of flowers for their wedding; and I made out their bill, sir; and the first item I set down in that bill, sir, was, 'One grandiflora, $50,' sir; and I got my money."

Such scenes and persons fill the memory of our correspondent, and it is in such memories that they now mainly live. The city has become great and splendid—a city of palaces, and of the mad extravagance of Sybaris. But amid all its magnificence and lavish profusion it has no social circle like that which made Dr. Hosack's Saturday evenings famous, or that of the club which sparkled with the humor and fancy of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Verplanck, and their companions.

THERE was undoubtedly as much surprise as disappointment at the result of the art competition which was opened some months since by the publishers of this Magazine. They made a munificent and most advantageous offer for the best original illustration of Domett's "Christmas Hymn," which should be designed expressly for the competition, and should be suitable for publication in the Magazine. In response to the announcement three hundred and thirty-eight drawings were offered, and twenty-three were received after the date fixed for closing the competition, and therefore too late for consideration. The committee, with great regret, did not feel themselves justified by the terms of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever. Even the best drawing which was submitted was not suitable for publication in the Magazine. But, unwilling to relinquish the purpose of promoting the interest of art in the country by stimulating a generous rivalry in production, the proposers of the competition have reopened it upon somewhat different terms.

Alfred Domett, whose hymn was selected for illustration, is a poet who has a peculiar interest as the Waring of Robert Browning's charming poem,

> "What's become of Waring
> Since he gave us all the slip?—
> Chose land travel or sea-faring?"

The hymn is a series of pictures of various aspects of Christmas at different epochs and under widely different conditions. It has a strikingly sonorous rhythmic sweep, and invites illustration by its graphic form and its rich suggestion. But whether this very literary excellence did not discourage the young artist by challenging him to cope with the work of a mature master in another art is a fair question. A sensitive beginner might feel that he could only follow the lead of so intrepid and confident a tread as that of Domett in the poem, and so be deprived at the very beginning of that perfect freedom of movement which is indispensable to the best design.

But whatever the feeling of the committee may have been—and a more competent and sympathetic tribunal no aspirant could desire—they have suggested that the competition be re-opened under conditions which propose no restraint upon the invention of the artist except that which is imposed by the object itself. The publishers' intention is to engrave the most suitable design among those which satisfy the terms of the offer for the December or Christmas number of the Magazine for the next year, 1884. It is to be a Christmas illustration, and the simple requirement of the competition is that the work be an original illustration appropriate to Christmas, suitable for publication in the Magazine, of which it will occupy one page. Any sacred or secular aspect of Christmas may be selected. The church, the home, the religious rite, the domestic feast, in any of their details or suggestions, are open to the designer. But of course the combination of different designs in the same picture is to be avoided. This proposal leaves every artist to range, like Queen Elizabeth, although in another sense,

> "In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

The advantage which this competition offers to the young artist is not only the money and

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the opportunity of study of the great works of art in Europe, but it is also the reputation which is at once secured to him by the publication of his work, and its introduction with his name to millions of readers. It opens to him also the most American form of art work, in the sense that it has been carried to the greatest excellence in America. The Yankee faculty and mechanical ingenuity are offered especial opportunity in the process of wood-engraving and printing. Under the spur of American superiority in this art, English magazines are beginning to emulate, but not yet to rival, the American. The art, indeed, in its present excellence, is almost an American art, and the work of the successful competitor for the Harper prize will be engraved in the most perfect manner, and his success will be capital at once supplied to him, whose increase will depend only and wholly upon himself.

It is an error to suppose that talent is not stimulated or evoked by such competition, and that prize poems and prize pictures are always valueless. Such has not been the experience of that modern school of art, France, whose cleverest pupils, sent to study in Italy, have made their names famous. The broad and generous offer now proposed may not, indeed, produce a work worthy of the award. Nevertheless, it invites a friendly competition of excellence, and even if the response should be inadequate, the endeavor is wise. The mere fact that the art demand and activity in the country suggest and justify such an offer is in itself stimulating to artistic taste and ability. It is an evidence of the prosperity of art which tends to make it still more prosperous. It is a hint to the young artist of the direction in which he should turn his talent, and if another surprise and disappointment should be in store for us, such considerations will be our consolation.

AMID all the centennial commemorations with which we have become familiar, none is more worthy of the universal observance which it will receive than the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, which occurs on the 10th of November. At Eisleben, his birth-place, and throughout Germany, and everywhere in the countries that lead civilization, will the auspicious day be gratefully remembered and reverently celebrated. For in the truest sense Luther is the father of modern civilization. He emancipated the human mind from ecclesiastical slavery. He proclaimed that freedom of thought without which it is easy to see that, despite the great modern inventions, the spirit of the Dark Ages must have been indefinitely prolonged, and the course of modern civilization must have been essentially different. It was the spiritual freedom which Luther asserted that produced political freedom and the freedom of the press; Luther's spirit was to make the invention of Gutenberg the true servant of humanity, and to open to the benign genius of liberty the lands to which Gioja's mariner's compass should point the way. Indeed, among human benefactors there are few greater names than Martin Luther.

Of course neither in his own life nor in that of those who followed him most closely was the great doctrine of liberty, for which his name stands, fully developed, nor has that doctrine yet regenerated human society. The right of private judgment carries with it an immunity which is by no means willingly or completely recognized even by the communities which are most truly Lutheran in the sense of sharing his protest against the old order and his affirmation of the authority of the individual conscience. Indeed, much that is strictly Lutheran, in the sense of necessary consequence of his great doctrine, is not to be found in his works, and would have been personally repudiated by him. But it is his, nevertheless, as the free political development of England and America is the result of Puritanism, however different its aspect may be from that of the Puritan Commonwealth, and however sternly the Puritan may have denounced it. Out of strength comes forth sweetness. Out of Luther came forth John Woolman and Channing, and those also at whom Woolman and Channing would look in wonder and even with apprehension.

The lesson of Luther's birthday is not only that the individual conscience alone reveals the truth and the way to the sincere soul, but that the man who has the courage to hold to it firmly will be at last recognized and honored. It is the oldest of sayings that a prophet is not honored in his own country, and that we do not recognize the angels with whom we live. Many a "solid man of Boston" glorifies the memory of Sam Adams who, had he lived in Sam Adams's day, would have thought him a pestilent fellow, and who look askance upon the Sam Adamses of their own day. It may be wisely remembered by the respectable and dominant opinion which delights to pay homage to Luther that the same respectable and dominant opinion of his own time hated and hunted him. The tale is forever repeated. The other day at a public dinner in Boston the Lord Chief Justice of England, who would be heard nowhere more respectfully than in Boston, mentioned several distinguished men of that city and neighborhood, but the four that he first named together were Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster and Joseph Story and Theodore Parker. But how long is it since, to many of the eminent citizens who applauded Lord Coleridge, Theodore Parker was abhorrent as dangerous both to church and state?

Mr. Seward once declined to deliver an oration upon Washington's Birthday, saying that nothing could be more agreeable to his feelings than to accept and join in honoring the illustrious memory of the great patriot, but

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that he was so busily occupied in sustaining the patriots of to-day that it would be a wrong to Washington's memory to suspend his efforts. In Mr. Seward's view, the freedom of the Territories was a cause not less honorable than that of the independence of the Colonies, and it was immediately pressing. The same feeling that inspired reverence for Washington stimulated his endeavor to aid those who were doing Washington's work under changed conditions. And so, extolling the brave, humane, indomitable, and unquailing Luther, the truest commemorative service, when the sermon is spoken, and the oration is delivered, and the festivities have ceased, will be to recognize and sustain the Luthers of to-day, the men who are working in his spirit, and who, amid the bitterest hostility and the most contemptuous ridicule, follow the voice that speaks in their own consciences. Charity begins at home. Good manners are tested by a man's conduct in his own family. Reverence for Luther will be proved by respecting the Lutheran spirit.

In the old mediæval legend Christ comes to the saintly hermit as a feeble old man asking shelter, and again as a little child who had lost his way. The good saint succored them both, and when, says the legend, his Lord asked him how he knew that it was Jesus, the saint replied, "Lord, I knew Thee not; but I did as I thought Thou wouldst have done."

In Mrs. Oliphant's entertaining *Life of Sheridan*, which is just published in the "English Men of Letters" series, we do not find the doubtful but amusing story of his coming out in the gray of the morning from a disastrous night of gambling, and in his ill temper vigorously kicking a man who stood with his foot up apparently busily engaged with his shoe. "What d' ye mean by that?" angrily asked the man; "I'm only tying my shoe." "D—— you," returned Sheridan, "you're always tying your shoe!" This is the kind of mental process which is attributed to the English traveller in the United States, who whips out his note-book at every novel incident, and instantly enters a generalization. In the railroad car some unfortunate gentleman falls in a fit, and our observer records that Americans are subject to epilepsy when travelling; he goes to a watering-place ball, and sees several spindle-shanked boys whirling in the waltz, and remarks in his diary that Americans are undersized, and of dreadfully spare legs.

An American gentleman of great reputation as an acute social observer, and who told the story of himself with infinite amusement, relates that he was sitting at a public dinner table in Switzerland opposite two cockney gentlemen, who watched him with the evident expectation of seeing some extraordinary conduct. By some awkward mischance he struck his bottle of claret with his arm, and it fell into the lap of an English lady who sat next him, and whose dress was drenched before he could seize the bottle and offer a hundred warm apologies, which the lady graciously accepted. The cockneys looked on with an expression of pleased horror, as if they had been quite sure of something of the kind, and the American quietly ordered another bottle. The cockneys, however, were evidently confident that they had not seen the last of the adventure, and could scarcely eat their dinner for eager watching of their opposite neighbor. Suddenly, by an incredible chance, the American again touched his bottle, and away it went, gurgling and flowing once more into the lap of the astounded lady. The scene was so preposterous that the gentleman and lady mutually broke into a hearty laugh, and the ridiculous incident led to a very pleasant friendship. But as the second bottle followed the first, one of the watching cockneys nudged his companion violently in the side, and exclaimed, loudly, with an air of triumph, "There, he's done it again!" Before he slept, doubtless, the good cockney, like Captain Cuttle, had made a note of it, and his faithful diary was made to testify that Americans are exceedingly clumsy, and always empty their wine into the laps of English ladies.

This habit of generalization is amusing, but mischievous, and it is very insidious. Even husbands have been known to say, impatiently, of something done by their wives which was not quite wise or timely, "That's just like a woman." Such a husband obviously invites the retort that his impatience is just like a man. It is a ludicrously disproportioned penalty to exact for a foolish word or act of one poor little woman that the good name of the entire sex shall suffer, and no spirited woman will hesitate to take her revenge upon the whole sex of her slanderer. Such generalization is an exaggeration which speciously undermines veracity. It is due to the desire of producing a striking impression, a strong sensation; and as it is not true, it smooths the way to saying directly what is not true. A man who habitually exaggerates has not a clear perception of the truth, nor an honest regard for it, and when the sensation can not be produced without telling a lie, a lie will be told. Moreover, in the smallest things the exact statement will come to seem to a generalizer tame and ineffective. Like a morbid palate which demands a pungent stimulant with every mouthful, this generalizing disposition requires extravagance in every statement.

The subject has been freshly brought to our attention by a good-natured note from a Canadian, suggesting that a recent paper in these pages upon "The Canadian Habitant" does injustice by making the people of an isolated part of a single province stand for the whole body of Canadians. The people of Canada our remonstrant holds to be in general well educated and progressive, and he thinks it as unfair to cite a Lower Canadian French hab-

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itant as an ideal or distinctive Canadian as to take a greaser or a clay-eater as a characteristic and representative Yankee citizen. At least he condemns it as a very unfair generalization, as the Americans of fifty years ago indignantly denounced Mrs. Trollope's descriptions of vulgar scenes and people which she had observed in the United States as characteristic of the American people.

It is, however, always to be remembered that if the generalizer, and especially the generalizing traveller, is rather ridiculous and even a falsifier in the extent of his assertion, yet that the occasion of his extravagance is worthy of consideration. There were not five hundred cats in the yard, as the eager child reported to his mother, but there was one cat, and if there was also a pan of cream, the one cat deserved immediate attention. If the entire company of passengers in the car did not actually flood it with expectoration, as the disgusted tourists might have asserted, there were perhaps two or three offenders whose offense was disgusting. If every American man, woman, and child does not insist upon opening the car window and smothering the neighbors with dust, smoke, and cinders, yet enough Americans insist upon doing it to make travel often very uncomfortable. If every traveller arriving late at a hotel does not stamp along the passage, and slam his boots down at the door of his room with a thunder which awakens all the neighboring sleepers, yet a certain number of travellers are guilty of that crime, and merit punishment without benefit of clergy.

So as the upright man wondered what rascally thing he had done that a rascal should praise him, when the generalizer asks us why we always wear coats out at the elbows, and why we never "clean our gums" upon the door-mat, and whether we have no hat that is not disgraceful, we may reasonably retire to our closets and ask ourselves whether we are quite as neat and orderly as we ought to be.

Editor's Literary Record.

A HISTORY of the *Negro Race in America*,[1] by whomsoever written, would be an interesting literary event. But such a history, written by a negro, is something more than this. It is also a highly suggestive social and political fact, whose significance lies deeper than any mere personal qualities of the writer, however marked these may be, and however indicative of the capabilities of individuals of the race. That such a history has at length been written by a negro of culture and ability—Mr. George W. Williams—and that his work affords plentiful evidence that he is a man of vigorous and penetrating intellect, an earnest and scholarly thinker, and a graceful, incisive, and eloquent writer, in whose workmanship it is impossible to descry anything that betrays an intellectual or a literary color-line, are certainly very interesting facts, which, taken in connection with other notable individual instances of the capabilities of the negro as developed by education and the chance of a fair opportunity, must compel a revision of many of the traditional opinions that were once entertained relegating him to an inferior grade as a moral and intellectual being. But however interesting all these facts may be, that which invests the publication of Mr. Williams's history with special significance is the certainty that having been written by one of themselves, of whose sympathies they are assured, of whose abilities they may be justly proud, and in whom they have full confidence, *it will be read and laid to heart* by people of the negro race in this country, and will exert upon them the magnetic invigorating influence, as an incentive and an educator, that history has always exerted upon mankind, arousing their ambition, stimulating their self-respect, awakening their energies, and inciting them to redoubled efforts for intellectual improvement and social and political advancement by its indignant story of the wrongs and sufferings endured by their race through long generations before they received the boon of freedom, by its moving pictures of the prejudice and ostracism to which they have been since subjected, and by its copious record of the fine examples their race has furnished, in spite of obstacles such as no other people have ever encountered, of fortitude and fidelity, of probity and magnanimity, of endurance and self-sacrifice, of courage, of patriotism, of love of liberty, of business aptitudes, of intellectual ability, and, in fine, of every virtue and endowment that have been exhibited by men of any race, in any age or nation. For the first time the negro people are now to experience the potency of history as an educator, and that its effect upon their character will be marked and beneficent scarcely admits of a reasonable doubt. The first volume treated of the period from 1619 to 1800, which witnessed the introduction and establishment of negro slavery upon this hemisphere. The second volume brings down the history of the negro race in this country from 1800 to 1880, and shows us its condition, first while in slavery, and afterward when enjoying freedom and citizenship. Naturally, perhaps, Mr. Williams gives comparatively little attention to ethnological details, or to particulars illustrative of social and racial characteristics; and save for a few brief touches

[1] *History of the Negro Race in America.* From 1619 to 1880. Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens, etc. By GEORGE W. WILLIAMS. In Two Volumes. Volume II., 1800 to 1880. 8vo, pp. 611. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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exhibiting some peculiar physiological and psychological features of the negro, and a few of his social, moral, religious, and intellectual traits, his attention is mainly concentrated upon the political and semi-political movements that have affected our negro population, and that were prompted by the fact that slavery was a powerful and disturbing factor in our national politics. His history is therefore very largely a record of what has been done for or against the negro race as an accident of our political conditions by men of another race, rather than of what the negro has accomplished for himself. Nor is this any discredit either to the historian or his race, since the negro while held in slavery, though not intrinsically incapable of either thinking or doing for himself, was so fettered and manacled in mind and body that free action or movement, whether physical or intellectual, was as impossible to him as if he were congenitally impotent. For these reasons it has been Mr. Williams's aim, not so much to give a picturesque sketch of the negro, and of his conditions and relations while in slavery, as to quicken in him the sense of his capabilities and powers now that he is a freeman, to teach him what he may do by the example of what has been done by other men of his own race, and to arouse in him that keen ardor of competition, of self-assertion, self-improvement, and pride of citizenship which shall raise him by his own efforts to a deserved and acknowledged equality with men of the white race. Beginning with the struggle for the restriction of slavery on the one hand and for its extension on the other, which signalized the early part of the present century, and reached its culmination, first in the establishment and afterward in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the volume now under notice is a faithful and—allowance being made for the stand-point of its author—a singularly calm and impartial history of all the movements growing out of the slavery question from the year 1800 until the war of the rebellion, and the events affecting the negro that followed in its train. The recital comprises pithy accounts of the development and decay of antislavery sentiment at the South, including a view of the movement for African colonization under the auspices of the Colonization Society; of the efforts of the Quakers to ameliorate the condition of slaves; of the services of negroes as soldiers and sailors in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812; of the growth of antislavery agitation in the North, including graphic sketches of those who were foremost in it, and of the methods they pursued; of the national legislation on the subject of slavery that grew out of this agitation; of the John Brown expedition; of the conduct of the negroes in the war of the rebellion, both as slaves and as soldiers; of the reconstruction of the Confederate States, its errors and consequences; of what has been accomplished since as well as what was done before the war by negroes as soldiers, public officials, politicians, orators, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, and men of business; and of what the negro people have done for the education and improvement of their race—the whole illustrated and re-enforced by numerous individual examples, and by a large and valuable body of carefully prepared vital, prison, labor, educational, financial, and social statistics. The defect of Mr. Williams's work is its tendency to subordinate every problem in our history to that of the negro, and indeed to see nothing but the negro in American history, as if the slavery question and the subsequent question of the status of the negro were the sole or at least the gravest and most important of all the political questions with which the country has had to deal in the past, or with which it must deal in the future. Undoubtedly these are grave and important questions, and unquestionably for a time the slavery question was one of preponderating influence; but, after all is said, they are only a portion of the congeries of equally difficult, equally vital and momentous, and most engrossing problems which have beset us at every stage of our national life.

In view of the elaborate memoirs of Richard Brinsley Sheridan by Dr. Watkins and Thomas Moore, and the brief but excellent sketch by Professor Smyth, there would seem to have been but little left concerning him that was worth the telling that had not been told already. Certainly nothing new had been revealed of his personal character, of the incidents of his life, or of his career as dramatist, theatrical manager, orator, or statesman, that rendered a fresh biography of him necessary or desirable. Least of all was a new biography demanded by reason of his eminence as a man of letters, his sole claims to consideration on that score being two or three plays of unrivalled brilliance, as many more that were originally worthless and are now as clean dead and forgotten as they deserve to be, and a few verses and prose essays that escape the same fate only because they can not be said to have ever really lived. Nevertheless, on these slight grounds, by a marvellous stretch of posthumous courtesy, Sheridan has been assigned a niche in the "English Men of Letters" by the accomplished editor of the series, and Mrs. Oliphant has compiled a readable sketch of him,[2] in which she makes a plentiful use of old material, skillfully re-arranged and judiciously pieced out by supplementary or interjectional thoughts, deductions, reflections, and conjectures of her own. Mrs. Oliphant's portraiture of Sheridan is an unflattering one, and gives the reader a just idea of the darker and ingrained as well as of the fairer and superficial shades of his erratic and unbalanced charac-

[2] *Sheridan.* By Mrs. Oliphant. "English Men of Letters." 12mo, pp. 199. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ter—its strange medley of splendid follies, tinselled vices, and small virtues—so that the reader rises from the contemplation of the man with a feeling of mingled admiration, reprobation, pity, and contempt. It is only just to say that Mrs. Oliphant's account of the composition and first representation of Sheridan's masterpieces, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*, and her original and acute outline and critical analysis of each, are fine specimens of honest and discriminating literary workmanship.

How it would have startled the gentle soul of Mary Lamb and filled it with dismay, could she have foreseen that in the process of time she should be announced to the world as one of its *famous* women! How, too, it would have delighted the heart of her brother to pillory the prospective rascal-author of her woe, and pelt him with a pitiless shower of mad wit and stinging epithet and jibe! And, in sooth, the title must seem a strange misnomer even to those whose souls are many removes distant from gentleness of the quality that characterized Elia's sister. None the less, however, is the life of *Mary Lamb*,[3] by Anne Gilchrist, now just published in the "Famous Women Series," a thoroughly delightful one, lovingly sympathetic in its portraiture, and charged with much new and interesting matter, quaintly illustrative of incidents in the daily life of Lamb and his sister, and of habits and companionships that clung to them in all their London migrations, which have hitherto escaped the most lynx-eyed of his biographers. The character of Mary Lamb, as it is here ingeniously woven from her own and her brother's letters and writings, is a most engaging one, rich in tender appeals to the sensibilities and affections of the reader. Among the interesting new matter, or matter as good as new, which has been introduced into this delightful memoir, is an essay on needle-work, written by Mary Lamb in 1814, and published in an old periodical of the period in the following year, now unearthed for the first time in nearly seventy years. The exquisite *morceau* is interesting for the sagacious ideas advanced by Miss Lamb with regard to needle-work as a social factor; and apart from this, its practical side, it is invaluable for the strong side light thrown by its autobiographic touches upon the early family life of the Lambs, and also for its unconscious depiction of vanished phases of the social life and habits of people of their class in the early part of this century. But the interest of the volume is properly made to centre on the brother and sister, and this constitutes its great charm. Mary's letters, of which a large number are given, contribute largely to this interest, and besides have an independent value for the intrinsic worth of their matter and the beauty and simplicity of their style. Those especially to her energetic and somewhat eccentric young friend, Sara Stoddard, afterward the wife of William Hazlitt, are wonderfully bright and vivacious—brimful of good-humored sallies, sharp but loving criticisms, gentle raillery, tender counsels, and practical wisdom, and, moreover, abounding in unconscious revelations of the home ways and every-day doings and sayings of Charles and herself, and of their noble bearing under the unexampled wretchedness in which they were periodically plunged by her terrible malady. The memoir is written in a style of quiet vivacity and unstudied simplicity thoroughly in harmony with the character and writings of its pure and gentle-hearted subject.

[3] *Mary Lamb.* By Anne Gilchrist, "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 326. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The ignorance of the elementary principles of political economy which has been exhibited by those who are intrusted with the direction of our public affairs, and more especially by those who exercise the function of making the laws of the nation, has been a reproach of long standing, the more stinging because well founded. It has not been formulated by pessimistic railers and chronic malcontents, but has been sorrowfully and repeatedly iterated not only by those whose business made them practically observant of and conversant with the operations of economic laws, and whose interests have been jeopardized by their violation, but also by able abstract thinkers, who have not been influenced by any personal interests, and who have devoted their lives to the study of the subject in all its ramifications. One of the ablest of these eminent thinkers, Professor Perry, of Williams College, a scholar who is proverbial for his careful and guarded statements, sorrowfully laments this state of things in the latest edition of his most elaborate work on the subject of political economy. Speaking of our own country, he says: "A knowledge of economic science has scarcely ever been a requisite for places of honor and profit—not even for the highest fiscal positions. There has been no demand for this sort of knowledge." And he goes on to particularize that of the Secretaries of the National Treasury, from the formation of the Constitution until the present day, only five could lay any claim at all to a scientific mastery of the subject, while only one of the Presidents of the United States had, to any considerable breadth and depth, a personal control of it. Finally, he adds, "Only a few members of either branch of Congress, from the beginning on, have been economists in the scientific sense; and what is worse, these have been regarded as scarcely better qualified for their place on that account." Naturally enough it follows that "the usual action of Congress has not been guided by much economic wisdom," and that "the fiscal and commercial laws enacted by it have been most complicated and conflicting." It is no marvel that this state of things exists, if we consider the manner in

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which members of the national legislature and departmental officers are chosen or appointed, their entire lack of previous training, and the utter unconcern that is manifested as to the question of qualifications by those from whom they derive their positions. It is safe to say that scarcely a Congressional district in a hundred gives a thought to the question of the ability of its member to deal with economic problems, or, indeed, with any other subjects requiring the grasp of a practiced and statesman-like thinker. And, with slight modification, the same censure will apply with equal pertinence to the election of members of the federal Senate by the State Legislatures. In both cases the availability of the candidate depends not at all upon his knowledge of economic science in any of its departments. The fact is that we have law-makers and public servants who are disgracefully ignorant of the elementary principles of political economy, because the people, from whom they derive their powers and positions, are ignorant or disregardful of it. And it is therefore nothing but the statement of the operation of the well-known natural law that the fountain can rise no higher than its source when we say that the rulers and law-makers of a people can be no better than the people themselves. The remedy undoubtedly lies in the improved knowledge of the people; for if they are educated in the principles of economic science their representatives and public servants will also be so educated, since they are of, and must be taken from, the people. If it be asked, How shall this remedy be applied? the reply is, by agencies that lie close at hand—the rostrum, the lyceum, the public library, the public high school, the college, and, above all, the press. By one or other of these agencies the artisan and the man of business, and our youths in school, college, and factory, may all be reached, so that with the new generation a new and better order of things may be inaugurated. One of the most encouraging signs of the times in this direction is the publication of popular editions of two admirable treatises on political economy, respectively by Professor A. L. Perry,[4] of Williams College, and Professor Francis A. Walker,[5] Superintendent of the Censuses of 1870 and 1880, each of which is sufficiently plain and elementary to be easily mastered by any fairly intelligent youth or adult, and yet exceedingly thorough and comprehensive. Written by political economists of differing though not absolutely irreconcilable schools, who bring the thought and research of years to bear upon the subject, and treat it with conspicuous candor and ability, the studious reader of the two treatises has it in his power to gain from them a luminous view of the history and field of the science, to attain a competent knowledge of the doctrines that have been maintained by the various schools, and by independent individual thinkers who are not restricted by the limitations of any particular school, and to ascertain what has been rejected, what still remains the subject of controversy, and what is received and accepted in common by all. Without entering into the details of their points of difference, whether it involves their methods and definitions, their nomenclature and analysis, or their arrangement and final conclusions, we shall content ourselves with advising all who may desire to master this complex and most important practical science to read the two treatises concurrently, weighing their points of disagreement, and comparing their statements and application of principles—in fine, using each to test the arguments of the other, and to discipline the mind in the practice of prolonged and connected reasoning on complex and abstract subjects.

What Social Classes Owe Each Other[6] is the title of a pungent little volume on social and economic problems by Professor Sumner, of Yale College, in which he mercilessly punctures some of the shibboleths involving social and political fallacies that are current in the mouths of certain agitators of the day, who, under the guise of friends of humanity and philanthropic reformers, are preaching a gospel of envy and unrest, addressed to the ignorance, the passions, the prejudices, and spirit of discontent that prevail among those who are less prosperous and less capable than their fellows. Among other things, Professor Sumner shows with sententious brevity, and a logic that would be more effective if it were less contemptuous, that rights, duties, and obligations are reciprocal, and not all on one side; that there is no individual or class in society which lies under the burden of fighting the battles of life for any other individual or class, or of solving social problems for their satisfaction; that all the schemes for producing equality and obliterating the existing organization of society really involve the sacrifice of the liberty of the best and most useful members of society for the benefit of those who are less good and useful; that all men have the unquestionable *right to pursue*, but not all men have the *ability to secure*, happiness, equality, and well-being; that the state owes nothing to anybody except peace, order, and the guarantees of rights; and especially that in a free state one man can not demand help from, and can not be charged with the burden of giving help to, another. These and other related topics, involving the relations of one man to another, of one class to another, of both to society and the state, and of labor to capital, and *vice versa*, are discussed with singular force and

[4] *Political Economy.* By ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY, LL.D. Eighteenth Edition. 8vo, pp. 608. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *Political Economy.* By FRANCIS A. WALKER. 8vo, pp. 490. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[6] *What Social Classes Owe Each Other.* By WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. 18mo, pp. 169. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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perspicacity by Professor Sumner, and the sharp and bitter logic of his apothegmatic sentences is often relieved by the grim humor that lurks beneath it. But if we ask *cui bono?* the most that can be said of the book is that it is suggestive rather than constructive, it punctures fallacies, but solves nothing, and instead of helping or placating those whose fallacies it punctures, its sneering and contemptuous tone will tend rather to exasperate them and confirm them in their errors and illusions.

EXTENSIVELY as Socialism and Communism have engaged the interest and excited the apprehensions of the friends of law and order, comparatively few, even among the more intelligent classes, have any very precise idea of the distinctive character and objects of the two movements; for although they in reality represent two entirely different yet allied movements, having many widely dissimilar objects and methods as well as theory and practice, they are very commonly regarded as identical, and their names are often popularly used as convertible terms. Not only are the two systems thus often erroneously confounded, but what we know of them having been derived for the most part from hostile sources, our knowledge of their scope and fundamental principles is also very imperfect, and as relates to some of their essential features amounts to little more than a travesty of the reality. Fallacious, and in many of their aspects dangerous, as these movements undoubtedly are, they have some basis in truth and natural equity; and it is not by false or railing accusations and perverted statements of their objects and purposes that the fallacies they inculcate can be exploded, or the dangers they threaten be averted. On the contrary, as has been repeatedly exemplified in the course of their history, the misrepresentations and perversions of their doctrines that have been made, when detected and exposed, have invariably generated a more powerful sympathy in their behalf, which has blinded men to their dangerous tendencies, and has led to a reaction which endowed them with greater vitality than they before possessed, and largely increased the number of their advocates and adherents. There is no disguising the truth that Socialism and Communism are portentous facts growing out of the present conditions of civilized society, that they have come to stay, and that they are not to be got rid of except by a fair and perhaps a desperate fight. They can be vanquished neither by ridicule nor by panic fear, but must be met honestly and boldly on their merits or demerits. Apparently convictions such as these have led Professor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, to prepare a historical sketch of the various socialistic systems of France and Germany,[1] accompanied by brief biographical outlines of the lives and work of their most influential leaders, in which he gives a fair and impartial presentation of the two systems as they have existed and now flourish in those great strongholds, neither concealing their good nor glossing over their evil features. Professor Ely draws a marked line of distinction between Communism and Socialism, clearly defining their points of contact and divergence, of agreement and disagreement, what they hold in common, and in what they are *à l'outrance*. In the course of his highly interesting study, in connection with brief sketches of the founders and more recent eminent thinkers and leaders of the various socialistic and communistic schools—including such noted names as Babœuf, Cabet, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Rodbertus, Karl Marx, and Lassalle—he presents a series of concise but comprehensive summaries, mostly in their own language and from their own point of view, of their theories and principles, and of the application of them which they have advocated or reduced to practice, thus affording, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the two movements at the various stages of their development and on different scenes. Mr. Ely concludes his thoroughly practical and candid little volume with four short essays, furnishing large opportunities for instructive comparisons, severally upon "The Ideal of Social Democracy," on "Social Democracy since the Death of Lassalle," on "Socialism of the Chair," and on "Christian Socialism." In the first of these he embodies a *résumé* of the desires and demands of the German social democratic party of to-day; in the second he gives a succinct sketch of the external history of the social democracy in Germany as manifested in the field of active politics, and of its internal history as displayed by the men who have led it, the ideas which controlled it, and the measures it has adopted in its political and economic propaganda; in the third he describes the principles of the economic system as set forth by the so-called Professorial Socialists of Germany, of whom Bismarck's favorite counsellor, Adolf Wagner, is the leading mind; and in the last he gives brief but extremely interesting outlines of the projects of the Christian Socialists of Great Britain, whose basis is the co-operative union of individuals in general society, and of the Christian Socialists of France and Germany, whose action is predicated upon the authority and social power of the Church.

[1] *French and German Socialism in Modern Times.* By RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D. 18mo, pp. 274. New York: Harper and Brothers.

IN the winter of 1881–2, Professor Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, well known as a naturalist, and as one of the most radical and belligerent of the modern school of skeptical philosophers, visited Ceylon in order to study the forms of tropical organic and vegetable life that exist on that island and the adjacent sea; and he has given the result of his observations during a sojourn there of six months in the most genial and readable volume that has

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been produced by any recent traveller. One who is familiar with the truculence and asperity that frequently disfigure Professor Haeckel's scientific prolusions, and who looks apprehensively for their recurrence, or for a parade of his advanced skeptical theories, in his account of his *Visit to Ceylon*,[8] will be agreeably disappointed. Only distant, cursory, and most good-natured allusions are made to the latter, and instead of the former we meet on every page a gayety that is irrepressible. Although the professor visited the island on a scientific mission as a naturalist, he reserves the more exclusively scientific results of his visit for a more purely technical volume, and in the one before us vouchsafes the reader only such glimpses of his professional work as have a general interest, and convey an idea of the marvellous beauty and variety of the forms of marine life in the Cingalese waters, while attention is mainly directed to the people of the island, their manners, customs, beliefs, and occupations, their attitude to their English masters and rulers, the character of the country and its productions, and the infinite variety of its bird, plant, and animal life. Animated sketches are given of all these, together with highly entertaining accounts of the difficulties he encountered, and the strange incidents he witnessed or that befell him in his free movements among the indigenous or naturalized inhabitants. The book is a delightful introduction to a new field, rich in novel varieties of life, manners, productions, and people.

PROFESSOR CHURCH, of University College, London, has supplemented his excellent *Stories from Homer* by a companion volume of *Stories from Virgil*,[9] drawn from the Æneid, and describing the adventures and exploits of Æneas from the sack of Troy to the death of Turnus. The stories are paraphrases rather than literal translations of the original, and are confined to a presentation of its most striking incidents, in the continuous narrative form which is always so acceptable to youthful readers. The stories are unincumbered by the philosophy and rhetoric which the young have not yet learned to appreciate, but at the same time the chief characteristics of the poet's style and expression are faithfully preserved. They are finely illustrated by richly colored engravings adapted from a series of designs by Pinelli, a Roman artist of the early part of this century, who had a deserved reputation for his power of representing energetic action.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S investigations of the habits, instincts, natural conditions, and mental endowments of the class of insects known as the social hymenoptera, as recorded in a recently published volume entitled *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*,[10] reveal some new facts in the natural history of these interesting creatures which are a substantial addition to the previous knowledge on the subject. The object of his observations being not so much to describe the usual habits of these insects as to test their mental condition and powers of sense, it was the original intention of the author to concentrate his attention principally upon bees. But he soon found that ants were more convenient than bees for most experimental purposes, because they were calmer and less excitable, and evinced greater power and flexibility of mind; and hence, although at the close of his treatise he pays some attention to bees and wasps, and gives some exceedingly interesting results of his scrutiny of them, the chief interest of his work resides in its record of his observations of ants, the new facts concerning them he brings to light, the old theories and alleged facts he confirms or refutes, and the surprising inferences and conclusions his investigations seem to warrant. The introductory chapters give a general preliminary view of the habits, instincts, and behavior of ants, their kinds, habitations, communities, food, character, industry, division of labor, relations to plants and other insects, methods of propagation and self-preservation, and other particulars with which most students of natural history are familiar, but a knowledge of which is highly desirable for an intelligent comprehension by the unscientific reader of the experiments described in the subsequent chapters. It is these later chapters, in which the author records the minute details of his multitudinous patient and ingenious experiments, that stamp his work with a distinctive scientific value, whether we consider the importance and novelty of the facts they apparently establish, or the surprising character of some of the inferences which they render probable or plausible. To follow these experiments closely were impracticable in a notice as brief as this must necessarily be; but their nature, drift, and general scope may be gathered with reasonable clearness from the following summary of results, given as nearly as possible substantially in Sir John Lubbock's own language: Ants have the power of recognizing friends, even when the latter have been reduced to insensibility by intoxication, or after long periods of separation, or when reared from the pupa state in the nests of strangers; but this power of recognition is not effected, as has been supposed by some eminent naturalists, by the use of a sign or quasi pass-word; it is not personal or individual, and is not due to the circumstance that each ant is individually acquainted with every other member of

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[8] *A Visit to Ceylon.* By ERNST HAECKEL, Professor in the University of Jena, etc. Translated by CLARA BELL. 12mo, pp. 337. Boston: S. E. Cassino and Co.

[9] *Stories from Virgil.* By Rev. ALFRED J. CHURCH, M.A. 12mo, pp. 264. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[10] *Ants, Bees, and Wasps.* A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. "International Scientific Series." By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., Bart., etc. 12mo, pp. 458. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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the community—sometimes numbering from 100,000 to 400,000 individuals—to which it belongs. They have some power of communicating their thoughts to each other, of giving information to one another, something approaching to language. If we ask ourselves whether they are conscious beings, it is difficult to deny them the gift of reason when we see them, often in the face of accidental conditions of which they could have had no previous experience, excavating chambers and tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering and storing food, nursing their young, feeding and making use of domestic animals, holding slaves, recognizing friends, and manifesting aversion to strangers and enemies, and, on the whole, there is good ground for the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of man not so much in kind as in degree. Ants have the power of distinguishing light and colors, and of discriminating objects; but their perceptions of objects and their sensations of light and color must be very different from ours, since some colors affect their eyes which are imperceptible to ours, and the same may be true of objects. It would appear, therefore, that the colors and proportions of objects and the general aspect of nature must present to them a very different appearance from what they do to man. Though the subject is still involved in doubt, observations seem to indicate that ants are not deaf, as Huber and Forel maintained, but that they possess some sense of hearing, and that while they are insensible to sounds that affect us, they have the power to distinguish sounds which we can not hear. As regards the senses of smell and touch, there can be no doubt that both are highly developed in them. To sum up: The economy of labor and the ingenuity and inventiveness displayed under exceptional circumstances by ants, the social and friendly relations which exist between those of the same community, and between them and other animals, the hostility they manifest to stranger ants and other insects, their power of communicating their thoughts, their enjoyment of the senses, their prevision, and their ability to accommodate themselves to novel or accidental conditions, all indicate intention, foresight, and calculation; that they have their desires, passions, and caprices; and lead to the conclusion that they are endowed with reasoning powers so marked in kind and degree as to force the admission that "they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

THE novels of the month are fair in quality and comparatively few in number, among them being two by native authors who are deserved favorites, Rev. William M. Baker (recently deceased, many of our readers will regret to learn) and Frank Lee Benedict. Our list comprises the following: *The Price She Paid*,[11] by Frank Lee Benedict; *The New Timothy*,[12] by William M. Baker, a new edition; *Altiora Peto*,[13] by Laurence Oliphant; *By the Gate of the Sea*,[14] by David Christie Murray; *His Triumph*,[15] by Mary E. Denison; *Disarmed*,[16] by Miss Betham-Edwards; and *Thicker than Water*,[17] by James Payn. Of the above it deserves to be noted that *Altiora Peto* and *By the Gate of the Sea* form the initial numbers of the new and tasteful yet cheap "Duodecimo Edition" of "Franklin Square Library" novels, just projected by the Messrs. Harper.

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[11] *The Price She Paid.* A Novel. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT. 12mo, pp. 429. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[12] *The New Timothy.* A Novel. By WILLIAM M. BAKER. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 71. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Altiora Peto.* A Novel. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." Duodecimo Edition, pp. 242. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 58. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *By the Gate of the Sea.* A Novel. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. "Franklin Square Library." Duodecimo Edition, pp. 116. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 29. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *His Triumph.* By MARY E. DENISON. 16mo, pp. 248. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[16] *Disarmed.* A Novel. By Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 42. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Thicker than Water.* A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 74. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of September.—The following State nominations were made: Nebraska Democratic August 29, J. W. Savage for Justice of the Supreme Court, and for Regents of the State University Dr. D. R. Daniels, G. W. Johnson, and J. M. Woolworth; Pennsylvania Greenback August 30, T. P. Rynder for Auditor-General, and Captain A. T. Marsh for Treasurer; New York Greenback September 5, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher for Secretary of State, Louis A. Post for Attorney-General, G. L. Halsey for Comptroller, Julian Winne for Treasurer, E. A. Stillman for State Engineer; New Jersey Democrats September 13, Leon Abbett for Governor; New Jersey Republicans September 18, Judge Jonathan Dixon for Governor.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was completed, August 22, by the joining of the two ends, thirty miles west of Mullen Tunnel, Montana. On the occasion of the formal opening, September 8, a golden spike was driven at the point of meeting.

The Irish Registration Bill was rejected in the House of Lords, August 21, by a vote of 52 nays to 32 yeas.

The French captured Hué, the capital of

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Annam, August 25, and soon afterward a treaty of peace was signed.—On September 1 the French forces, after a desperate engagement, defeated the Black Flags, between Ha-Noi and Sontay.

According to official reports of the recent cholera epidemic in Egypt, there were 27,318 deaths up to September 1.

DISASTERS.

August 15.—Twelve miners killed by the breaking of a rope, near Redruth, England.

August 21.—One-third of the city of Rochester, Minnesota, destroyed by a cyclone. Railroad train on its way from Rochester to Zumbrota lifted from the track and completely demolished. Thirty persons killed and fifty wounded.

August 25.—Twenty-three workmen killed by the fall of a scaffold at the King of Bavaria's new palace on Chiem See.

August 26.—Eighteen of the crew of the steamer *Woodburn* lost, with the vessel, off Eddystone Light.—Many fishing vessels wrecked off the Grand Bank. Over sixty lives supposed to have been lost.

August 27.—Violent volcanic eruptions near the island of Java, followed by a huge tidal wave causing the loss of many thousand lives. Several towns were destroyed, light-houses disappeared, and the mountain of Kramatoa sank beneath the sea. Sunda Strait was greatly changed, and navigation rendered dangerous.

August 28.—Explosion of steamer *Riverdale's* boilers, on the North River, New York. Five persons killed and several injured.

August 31.—News of the loss of the Dutch arctic steamer *Varna*, in the Kara Sea, on July 4.—Steamer *Ludwig*, sixty days out from Antwerp, with seventy persons on board, given up for lost.

September 2.—Forty persons killed in a crowd run into by a railroad train at Steglitz.

September 4.—Nine militiamen killed and fifteen wounded by a railroad accident near Grayville, Illinois.

September 14.—News of the loss of the steamer *Proteus*, of the Greely Relief Expedition, in Smith Sound, July 23.

OBITUARY.

August 18.—At Cardiff, Wales, William Wirt Sikes, author and United States Consul, aged forty-six years.

August 19.—At York, Pennsylvania, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, in his seventy-fourth year.

August 24.—At Frohsdorf, the Comte de Chambord, aged sixty-three years.

August 27.—Announcement of death, on July 13, of Ranavalo II., Queen of Madagascar.

September 3.—At Bougival, France, Ivan Sergyeevich Tourguéneff, aged sixty-five years.

September 11.—In Paris, France, Henri Conscience, aged seventy years.

September 12.—At Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, Hugh J. Hastings, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, aged sixty-five years.

September 16.—At Manchester, Massachusetts, Junius Brutus Booth, aged sixty-two years.

September 18.—In London, England, John Payne Collier, in his ninety-fifth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE appears to be too much electricity around this year, or else it is unevenly distributed. It is a year of uncommon atmospheric disturbance, volcanic activity, and general disaster. We can not yet predict these disturbances and disasters, but in our newly acquired wisdom we fancy that we can assign their cause. We watch what we call electric storms in the sun, and its ominous and changing spots, and though we are not sure that the sun's troubles induce our earthly calamities, yet we are inclined to refer both to one cause. We fortunately have an agency, about which we know little, that can be made accountable for all our unexplained misfortunes. In our empirical condition electricity now is as useful in our perplexity as malaria is to the doctors in their experiments: it is a handy scapegoat. We know, in fact, that electricity is the most skittish agency that man ever attempted to harness to his uses. We have tamed it to go in single and double teams, duplex and even quadruplex; we can send it round the globe on a wire, or we can store it and carry it round in a trunk (subject, of course, when it enters the port of New York, to a duty), and we make it repeat speech, turn machinery, and dispel darkness. We have done all this within a few years, and got to feel quite comfortable in our ability to handle it, and yet every few days it shows new freaks, mocks us with its subtle eccentricity, storms the sun, tears the earth to pieces, and declares itself master instead of servant.

All this is so clearly outside the province of the Drawer that we should not have alluded to it but for another aspect of the electric agency, which is clearly within our purview, and that is the moral. We know that it is usually held nowadays that crime is either hereditary, or caused by badly cooked food, poor clothes, and unwholesome lodgings; at any rate, that it is a disease, with little personal responsibility, caused by something akin to malaria, and to be cured by physical treatment. The so-called criminal should be pitied rather than punished. If a man is properly nurtured he will be pure. It is so well settled that when an exception occurs in the case of a well-nurtured man or woman who steals, we

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put the action out of the catalogue of crimes by calling it kleptomania. And the proof of this is that no poor and shabby person has ever been known to have kleptomania. We are accustomed also to trace other delinquencies to like causes. We know that certain views of life and moral duty, called by their authors systems of philosophy, are due to dyspepsia. We have recently had Carlyle explained by a diagnosis of his stomach made by Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude. We can tell the cause of most of our latter-day poetry: we say at a glance that such a poem came from the undercrust of a pie, and that another one is the result of anæmia, and that another has the sentiment of gin, and that others show a clogged state of the biliary duct. A proper course of medical treatment would cure most of these.

This is, as they say of evolution, a very pretty working theory for philanthropists, but it does not altogether satisfy us. Does it account for the suicides, of which there has been an epidemic in 1883? Or for the eccentric conduct of so many women, which is reported in our daily newspapers? Or for the moral condition of what is called fast and high society in London and New York and Bucharest? Not satisfactorily. But there is an agency that covers the whole like a mantle. We do not say that sin is merely perverted electricity. But we do say that in all our observation of mankind it never before acted as it has done since the sun spots turned up. There may have always been spots in the sun; perhaps there has, as there has always been more or less wickedness around; but we have been very slow to see the connection between the two. We can now, by the light of electricity itself, so to speak, observe the close relation of electric disturbances to moral disorders. If there is anything in this theory, when we have electric storms we ought not only to look out for atmospheric disasters, shipwrecks, tidal waves, earthquakes, and for collisions and railway and steamboat catastrophes, which are directly caused by human stupidity and carelessness, but also for an access of mental disorders, crimes, and eccentricities. People are probably moved to suicide and a general violation of the decalogue (we refer to the old one, and not to the Shapira revision) by electricity. The normal electric conductors of the system are disturbed. Under such a disturbance some are made ill, some fly to poetry, some steal, some slander, some run off with other people's husbands. This of course. But the question is, are we always controlled in our actions by this subtle fluid, even when there is no unusual display of it? For instance, is "affinity" electricity? We have not space here to pursue the subject, which our readers will see has infinite relations to human life.

But assuming the physical, mental, and moral interference of electricity with human beings, and that it is as much the cause of crime as it is of virtue—the latter resulting, of course, from a well-regulated electricity—there is a practical suggestion to be made. Instead of coddling criminals, as we should do if they are simply unfortunate victims of disease, we ought to treat them by electricity. Police courts ought to be provided with electrometers, or whatever machine it is for measuring the quantity of electric fluid in an object, and put those arraigned to a scientific test, not for the purpose of punishment, but of cure. A bad man is merely an overcharged thunder-cloud. Of course he is dangerous. He ought to be shut up until his electric condition is made normal. We can not afford to run the risk of being struck by his lightning. And our jails and penitentiaries ought to be under charge of electricians. We want, in short, to apply electricity to moral diseases as we do to physical, and no one can tell what wonders may be wrought. The treatment can always be adjusted to the condition of the subject. The electrician can strike some of them with lightning at once, and end all. Or he can give just the right charge to induce a flow of virtue through the heart. It must be matter of experiment for a good while. But if the system works well in prisons, a still wider field is opened outside for this moral agency. Perhaps those characters known as "dangerous women" are merely the subjects of electric disturbance. All they need is the battery to become sweet ornaments of society. If this theory is sound, a glorious prospect is before us. What could not a skillful electrician do in Congress and in our State Legislatures? A new era will dawn when we can rectify moral evil as easily as we can whisper the tones of endearment into a beloved, delicate, pink ear fifty miles from our lips.

A MILLIONAIRE in Philadelphia who indorses the views of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., about the dead languages, says that he lives in the most convenient place in the city, for "the horse-cars run *pro* and *con* on his street."

IN this country first, second, and third class cars are not common on our railways, and those who travel much know that occasionally persons who belong in the cattle train get into a passenger-car. An accident of this sort, which is related by the Lynn (Massachusetts) *Transcript*, the Drawer desires to make as conspicuous as possible for the benefit of all concerned. The incident occurred on the Eastern Railroad, between Boston and Lynn.

A very well known citizen of Lynn, returning from Boston, found the cars very much crowded, and in fact only one seat not occupied by a passenger, but utilized by one to hold a valise. Our fellow-citizen, whom we will call Mr. B——, quietly lifted the baggage from the cushion with a view to setting it on the floor and filling the seat himself.

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"What are you doing there?" sharply exclaimed the occupant of the inner seat. "That belongs to a friend of mine."

"Never mind your friend," calmly replied Mr. B——; "I will take care of him when he comes."

Both parties "ceased firing" at this point, and the train moved on to Somerville; but no "friend" claimed the valise and seat, and Mr. B—— reminded his fellow-traveller of that fact, who said,

"Well, that gentleman will be here soon."

But as Everett and Chelsea were passed, and there was no change in the situation, Mr. B—— concluded to make a movement. He accordingly left his seat, and, walking to the rear of the car, said to the conductor:

"There's a suspicious character in this car. A gentleman has left a valise in that seat, and I believe that man means to steal it, and I want you to stop him."

The conductor replied, "Yes, I've seen that class of gentry before, and I'll attend to his case." Whereupon Mr. B—— returned to his seat.

As the train slowed up at Oak Island the traveller gave signs of preparing to leave the car; observing which, the conductor approached. As was expected, the traveller grasped the valise; but the conductor interposed, ordering him to drop it. He indignantly refused, saying,

"It is mine!"

But Mr. B—— here said: "You're a liar, sir! You told me that it belonged to a 'gentleman' who was to occupy the seat."

The traveller retained the valise and attempted to go; but the conductor sternly said:

"If you don't leave that I'll arrest you. I will take it to head-quarters in Boston, where you can get it by proving property."

The Oak-Islander, beaten at all points, was obliged to surrender on the terms offered, and left the train—a specimen of a baffled and disgusted hog (that's the word).

IT is hard to be good, early. A mother recently took her four-year-old boy to church, but had to be constantly chiding him for speaking out in meeting. He finally broke out: "Mamma, if you won't let me talk, take off my shoes so I can work my toes."

A YOUNG couple who had just moved, and found themselves seriously embarrassed by the expense of the operation, were discussing the state of the larder at the dinner table, when the Irish maid thrust her head in at the door and brought this to a crisis with, "Every blessed thing is given out but the tay and coffee, and sure they will if they last long enough."

THERE seems to be a rivalry in various parts of the country as to what place can produce the meanest man. The prize is claimed by a man in the West who unfortunately lost his wife just after he had procured her a new set of teeth. The husband felt the loss deeply, because she was a good woman, and had, as they say, "tongue enough for two sets of teeth," and pondered how he could lessen his cost. Before the funeral he removed the set of teeth and took them back to the dentist, with the request that he should have his money back, as they had been very little used. The award of the prize is, however, disputed in the case of an Israelite in an Eastern city who, having been a grasping miser all his life, repented on his death-bed, and seeming to think that an atonement could be made by burying some of his gains with him, made his wife promise to seal up ten thousand dollars in his coffin. The good wife, reluctant to part with so much money, consulted his brother. Pondering the problem, at last he exclaimed, "I have it. I will put in a *shirtified scheck*."

THE war was just over, and Major B——, of the Confederate army, having gone back to New Orleans and exchanged his tattered gray uniform for a new civil outfit, started out to the extreme frontier of Texas on business. After a long day's ride across the prairies he was not sorry after night-fall to come upon a cabin in whose window a friendly light was gleaming, the only habitation he had seen for hours. Counting confidently upon the well-known hospitality of the people, he rode up to the fence and called loudly several times before he could make himself heard. At last the door was thrown open, and a gaunt, gigantic figure, holding a pine torch flaming above his head, came down the path and out of the gate to see who it was and what was wanted. He inspected the well-dressed, well-mounted stranger, who returned the compliment as well as he could by a light that fell fitfully upon a stern face surrounded by a shock of coarse red hair and beard, a suit of "butternut" clothing, and a pair of enormous rawhide boots in which the trousers were carelessly stuffed.

"Good-evening," said the major, with suavity. "Can I get a night's lodging here? I have been riding all day in the hot sun, and am not long out of a sick-bed, so I am pretty well used up."

The giant advanced, and thrusting his torch near, took another long look, and then said: "No, siree! You kain't stop at no house of mine."

"Well, how far is it to the next place?"

"Nigh on seventeen mile."

"Seventeen miles! I can't make that to-night."

"P'r'aps you kin; p'r'aps you kain't," said the giant, philosophically.

The major was very tired and very hungry, and condescended to expostulate, "Well, I must say I never heard of a Texan turning any man away from his door at this time of night."

The giant shuffled uneasily on his feet, and

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this appeal to his hospitality might have been successful, but the major went on:

"I am willing to pay you well, and I wish you would let me have a little corn for my horse."

"You'd *pay?* You be derned!" swore the giant, greatly incensed. "I ain't keepin' a hotel; no, nor runnin' a livery-stable neither; and I 'ain't got nothin' to give yer, nor any of your sort."

"All right. Then I'll go into camp. I'm used to that. Any water about here?" asked the major.

"Been a soldier?" inquired the giant, in a mollified voice.

"Yes."

"Which side?"

"Confederate."

"You don't say so! Where did you serve? and what's the name of your colonel and brigade commander?"

Satisfactory answers were given to these questions, and the giant, laying aside his suspicious, unfriendly manner, said, heartily:

"That's all right. You kin stay a year, ef you want to. Git down. What mought your name be?"

"Major B——."

"Any relation to General John B—— and Colonel George B——?"

"Yes; nephew."

"Nephew! Git right down off that horse. Git down, I tell you! git down! Come right in. Nephew! Well, ef that don't beat the Jews! I fit the Indians fur ten years with old Jack, and his brother was colonel of my regiment," burst out the giant, and throwing away his torch, he almost seized the major bodily, and having helped him to alight, caught up his saddle-bags and pistols, and led the way into the cabin, shouting to an invisible wife:

"Looisy! Looisy! come here! Here's a nephew of my old colonel. Git some supper. Kill a chicken and make some biscuits right away, and be sure the coffee is good. Be quick about it, now."

"Looisy" was not prepared to meet the public gaze, and remained invisible some time—indeed, until she had cooked the meal her husband had ordered—when she came in to make acquaintance—a pale, delicate-looking woman, in a perfectly new calico dress. Never was a more cordial welcome given a visitor. Supper over, the two soldiers sat talking on the little porch until very late.

"Got any terbacker about yer close?" inquired mine host.

Pipes were lit, and it was under that confiding influence that he said, in a shamefaced, awkward way between the puffs of smoke:

"You must have thought me a low-lived cuss and no gentleman to turn you off like that, but dern me if I didn't think you was one of them Yankee bummers or a Freedman's Bureau! I ax your pardon fur it freely. But you are the first of the boys I've seed dressed up like a wax figger! I ax your pardon again. A soldier, even if he fit agin me, would er been welcome, but I do hate a buzzard bummer worse than a rattlesnake."

Next morning there was a smoking good breakfast ready for the major. His horse, already bridled and saddled, was waiting at the gate, to which his host accompanied him. As he mounted, the giant, as if in justification of his want of penetration, waved his hand toward him, and said:

"You see, major, them breeches was mightily agin yer." And as he rode off, after a hearty shake of the hand, and charged with innumerable messages to "General John and Colonel George," called out, "Better not be wanderin' round Texas in 'em, major; them breeches is *mightily* agin yer."

A GENTLEMAN in an Eastern city, having occasion to publish a paper on local antiquities, stated that a certain old house was formerly occupied by the "*step-mother* of Colonel Lear, Washington's private secretary." Soon after, he received a call from one of the descendants of the same family, who, with great indignation, informed him that "Mrs. Lear was no such a person, but always bore a most respectable character."

SISYPHUS TO THE STONE.

SISYPHUS, having tried in vain to roll the stone to the top of the hill, one day thought it might not be a bad idea to talk to and reason with it, and so he stopped when about half-way to the top, braced his feet against a couple of projecting rocks, lay with his chest against the stone, and remarked:

"Well, now, you are an unsociable sort of a stone, anyhow, to go rolling back against me all the time. I have been acquainted with you a long while now, and you don't seem to like me at all. What did I ever do to you that you should roll back and break my ribs, and knock out my artificial teeth, and keep me in a lather of perspiration all the time? In winter, when it is cold, and the hill is all slippery, you allow me to roll you half-way up, and then suddenly fall back, and we both go rolling down together. And then in the summer-time, when it is ninety in the shade, you get me so warm that my standing collar grows limp, and my collar-button soaks out of the button-hole and works down my back. And when I begin to feel happy because I know I have got you almost to the top, you suddenly whirl back, and down we go to the bottom of the hill, and I get my clothes all torn, and sand down my back."

Here Sisyphus paused, because he was rested, and started to push the stone up a little further. He hadn't pushed it far before he lost his footing, and down they went together. When they reached the bottom, Sisyphus said:

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"Now, then, old stone, here we are again! But why don't you roll past me once, and let me proceed to the top of the hill alone? I would then brace myself on the top and pull you up with a rope, that we might always be together. There is no use of your rolling—a rolling stone gathers no moss—and, come to think of it, I don't know that moss ever did a stone much good, anyhow. You don't gather anything but my ribs, and what good do they do you? No good at all."

At this juncture Sisyphus braced himself, placed his palms against the stone where he knew he could secure the best hold, and remarked:

"I always like to start with the thumb of my right hand against this knob, and the thumb and forefinger of my left hand in these apertures. Now, then, be a good old stone. I have just got time to try to roll you to the top of the hill once, before the whistle blows for six o'clock, and if we can make it all right, my years of labor will be crowned with success before the *table d'hôte* is over."

And Sisyphus stopped talking and commenced rolling the stone. At the start, he went on easy enough, but when he had ascended about sixty feet he stretched himself out, let the stone remain against his left shoulder, while he jammed his hand into one of his pockets, took out some small stones, and placed them under the large one to keep it from moving back. Then he said:

"If I could only put on harness and wear spiked shoes, I might get that rock up all right. I know it is against the rules for me to sit here and rest, just as well as I know it is against the rules for me to keep the stone stationary by putting smaller stones on the under side of it. But still I have something to be thankful for. That stone has no patent-medicine advertisement on it, so I am not a rolling advertisement. If that old rock had a fever-and-ague advertisement on it, the letters would be painted on it afresh every fortnight, and then when the rock would roll back on me I should get my clothes all covered with paint. Besides, the letters would become impressed on me; every time the stone would roll on me I would take a fresh impression, and by the time I resulted in a five-o'clock edition I might have the painter's colic."

Having spoken the above, Sisyphus again got into position, and moved the stone upward an inch or so, when he stopped, and said:

"Come, now, be a nice, dear, good, kind stone, just for old Sis's sake. That's right, move along easy, just like that, a little longer, and we will be all right. There, now, steady, that's a good fellow. Just go on that way a little longer, and old Sis will never go back on you. Any one that says you're a clumsy old stone doesn't know anything about graceful stones; that's all I have to say about it. Now just a little further to the left, and miss that sharp rock that's jutting out, because I can't roll you over that, and it might take me an hour to roll you around it. Now go along all right, and I'll never sharpen my knife on you again. In union there's strength."

Sisyphus at this juncture was suddenly stopped, because one of his feet came in contact with one of the small stones which he had placed under the large one to keep it from rolling back, and in another instant the stone had fallen back into his arms, and they rolled speedily to the bottom of the hill. When they got there, Sisyphus jumped up, and running over to the stone, kicked it several times, and said:

"You're a healthy old rock, anyhow. I believe you just take delight in whirling downhill with me and breaking my bones. Do you think I have nothing else to do but purchase arnica, you mean old thing? I don't believe you're a natural rock anyhow, dern you! I believe you're only made of sand, and haven't a spark of genuine rockhood in you. I guess I've had all the rolling I want. If I got to the top, I might get some of the miasmatic gases that arise from the base. If I remain at the bottom, the people at the top will get the malaria. Besides, I don't believe there is any thing at the top but a German beer garden; and, after all, the bottom of the hill is good enough for me."

Then Sisyphus sat down upon the stone, drew a match angrily across it, lighted his pipe, blew graceful rings from his mouth, and looked as happy as a pasha smoking cigarettes on a silken couch. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE following story is not invented; and the Drawer would not make room for it if it had not confidence in the entire truthfulness of the Union officer, whom we will call Colonel B——, who relates it, and if he had not had confidence in the truthfulness of the soldier who told him the dream and the singular accompanying circumstances, which here follow:

Colonel B——, while lying wounded in a Southern hospital during the late war, became interested in a soldier who was ill and occupied the cot next to his. One day Colonel B——'s servant killed and cooked a hare, which he brought to his master, and the colonel offered a bit of the meat to this wounded soldier, who had been eying it wistfully. To his surprise, the soldier refused it, and when asked the reason, replied that he did not eat meat that day. The colonel, thinking he was a Romanist, said, "You are out in your reckoning, for to-day is not Friday." But the man replied that he knew it was not Friday—he was not a Catholic; but he did not eat meat on Thursday. The colonel's curiosity was aroused by this reply, and he asked the soldier to tell him the reason. He refused at first, but finally said that he was afraid the colonel would laugh at him if he gave his reason. Upon the colonel's assuring him that he would not, the soldier confessed that it was owing to a

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dream he once had. He said that he was once riding through an almost uninhabited part of the country, and coming to a small cabin by the road-side, he stopped to see if he could get shelter there for himself and his horse for the night. Three villainous-looking men came to the door, and he was so repelled by their appearance that he simply inquired the distance to the nearest town, determining to ride on to a more reputable-looking place. However, when they told him that the nearest house was seven miles distant, and night had already come, and both he and his horse were very tired, he decided to ask the men to keep him overnight. After consulting together for a moment they replied that they would. He accordingly put up his horse, and went to the room which was shown him, and in spite of his fears fell asleep directly. Almost immediately, as it appeared afterward, he dreamed that he saw these three men in an adjoining room; one was sharpening an ordinary butcher knife on a whetstone; another was melting some lead, and running it in a mould of peculiar shape; and the third was cleaning an old musket. As he watched them in his dream he saw the man load the musket with the bullet which had been cast in the mould of the peculiar shape. The three men then left the room, and went to a retired part of the garden, which the soldier saw distinctly in his dream, and one of them began to dig a grave with a spade which had a broken wooden handle. At this point the soldier awoke in a great fright, and as the house seemed perfectly quiet, he determined at once to escape. He jumped from the window upon a shed, and from the shed to the ground, and ran, as for his life, until he reached the nearest house. Upon inquiring there he learned that these men were a bad lot, but it was not supposed that they would murder an unoffending traveller. In the morning the soldier persuaded the landlord and his sons to accompany him to the house from which he had escaped, to get his horse. On reaching the house they found it deserted. They entered, and there found the same knife and whetstone and musket which the soldier had seen in his dream. They unloaded the musket, and drew from it the bullet of peculiar shape, and also found the vessel in which the lead had been melted. The soldier then led the way to the garden, and there, in the spot which he had seen in his dream, was the newly dug grave, and the spade with the broken wooden handle lying beside it.

When Colonel B—— asked the soldier what connection all this had with his refusal to eat meat on Thursday, he replied, in rather a shy and shamefaced way, that as his life had been spared in consequence of this dream on a Thursday, to show his gratitude to God he had abstained from eating meat on that day. Colonel B—— believed that the soldier was an honest and trustworthy person.

It gives us pleasure to receive and to print—and we are sure that it will give all those who have enjoyed these pages in previous years pleasure to read—the following just and beautiful tribute to the memory of the late editor of the *Drawer*, Mr. William A. Seaver:

W. A. S.

[*Obiit January* 7, 1883.]

"Good-night, my boy;" and with a smile
He turned his steps and sped away:
Since then 'tis but a little while,
And he is dead to-day:
Dead, and the friend that once I knew,
My comrade both in joy and pain,
So often tried and always true,
Will never smile again.

His days were many, and the world
Had most of all his thought and care;
But now his sails of toil were furled
In Art's serener air.
The evening lamp, the storied page,
The mantling glass, the song, the jest—
These turned the twilight of his age
To morning and to rest.

The thorny paths of life he knew;
His tender heart was quick to feel;
And wounds his pity wept to view
His bounty glowed to heal.
Of worldly ways, of frailty's slips,
Of mortal sin, he had his share;
Yet still could breathe, with childhood's lips,
His artless childhood's prayer.

Good deeds were all the work he wrought;
Sweet thoughts and merry all he prized;
Nor power nor fame by him was sought,
Nor humble things despised.
Strife could not live before his face,
But wheresoe'er his footsteps fell
Came kindness, with its smile of grace,
And everything was well.

He did not strive to win the heights;
Enough for him the lowly vale,
The autumn sunset's pensive lights,
The autumn's perfumed gale.
But toilers on the upward slope,
Who greatly strove and bravely dared,
Had cheer of him, and felt new hope,
Howe'er their fortune fared.

To brighten life, where'er he went,
With laughter's sparkle, and to make
Home's fireside lovely with content,
For gentle Humor's sake—
This was his fate. Ah, darkly shows
The path where yesterday he shone—
That downward path of many woes
That we must tread alone!

Yet he, like us, had lost and grieved:
He knew how hard it is to bear,
When, lone and listless and bereaved,
We sink in dumb despair.
And could those lips, now marble chill,
But speak once more from that true heart,
With what a jocund, blithe good-will
They'd bid our grief depart!

It was but yesterday he went:
This is the room and that the door:
When some few idle days are spent,
'Twill all be as before:
The heavenly morning will destroy
This rueful dream of death and pain,
And I shall hear him say, "My boy,"
And clasp his hand again.

William Winter.

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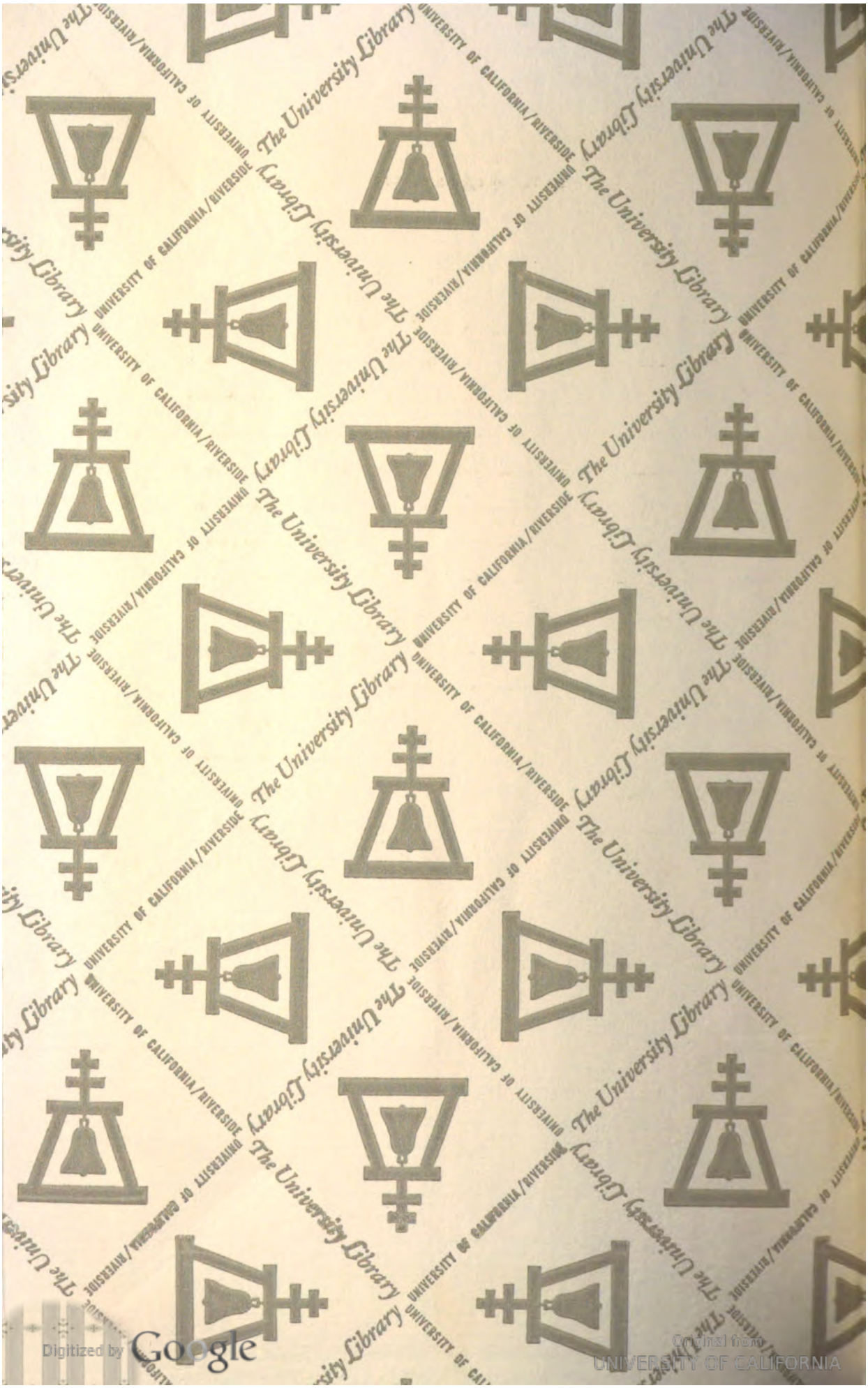
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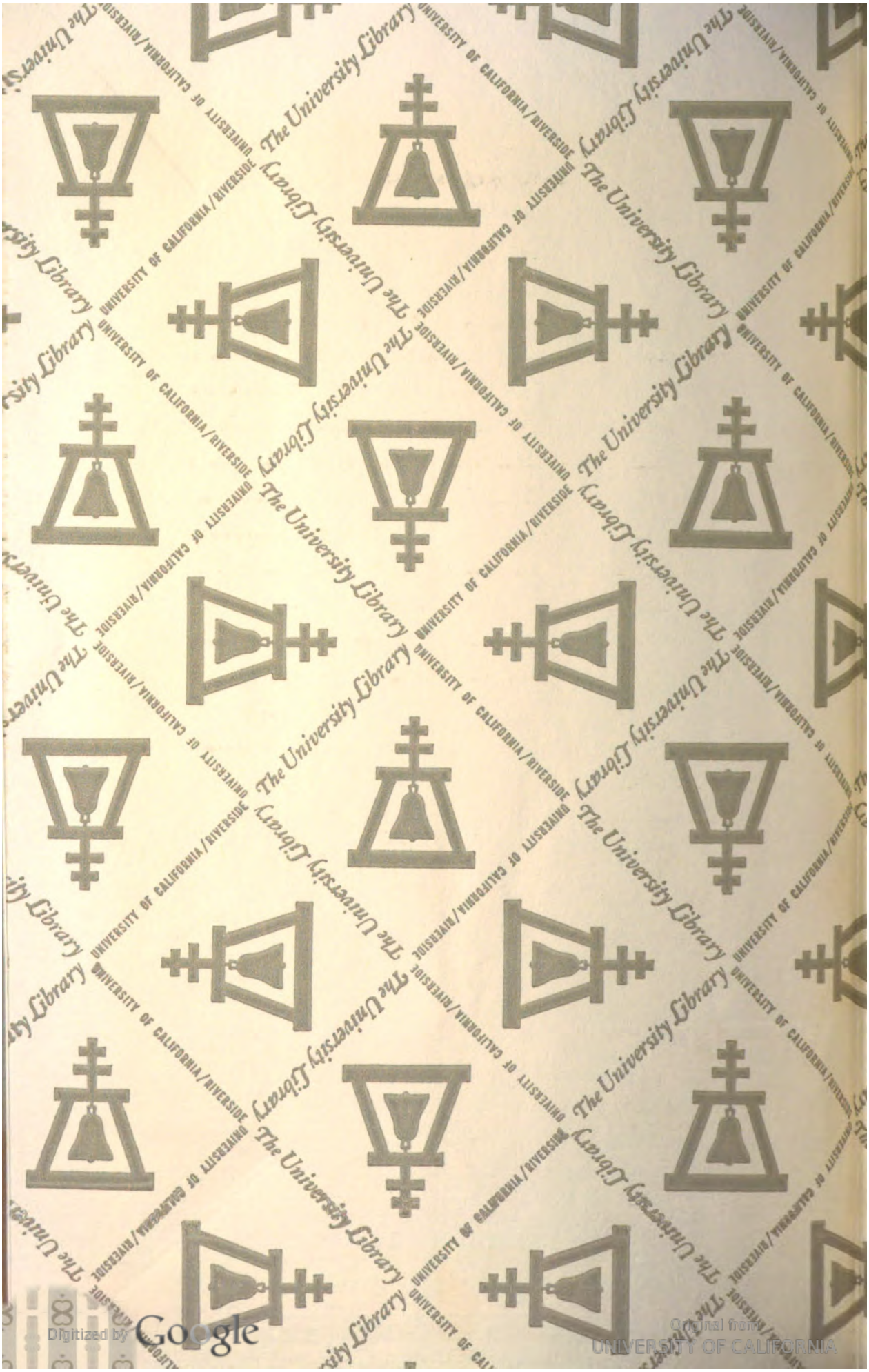
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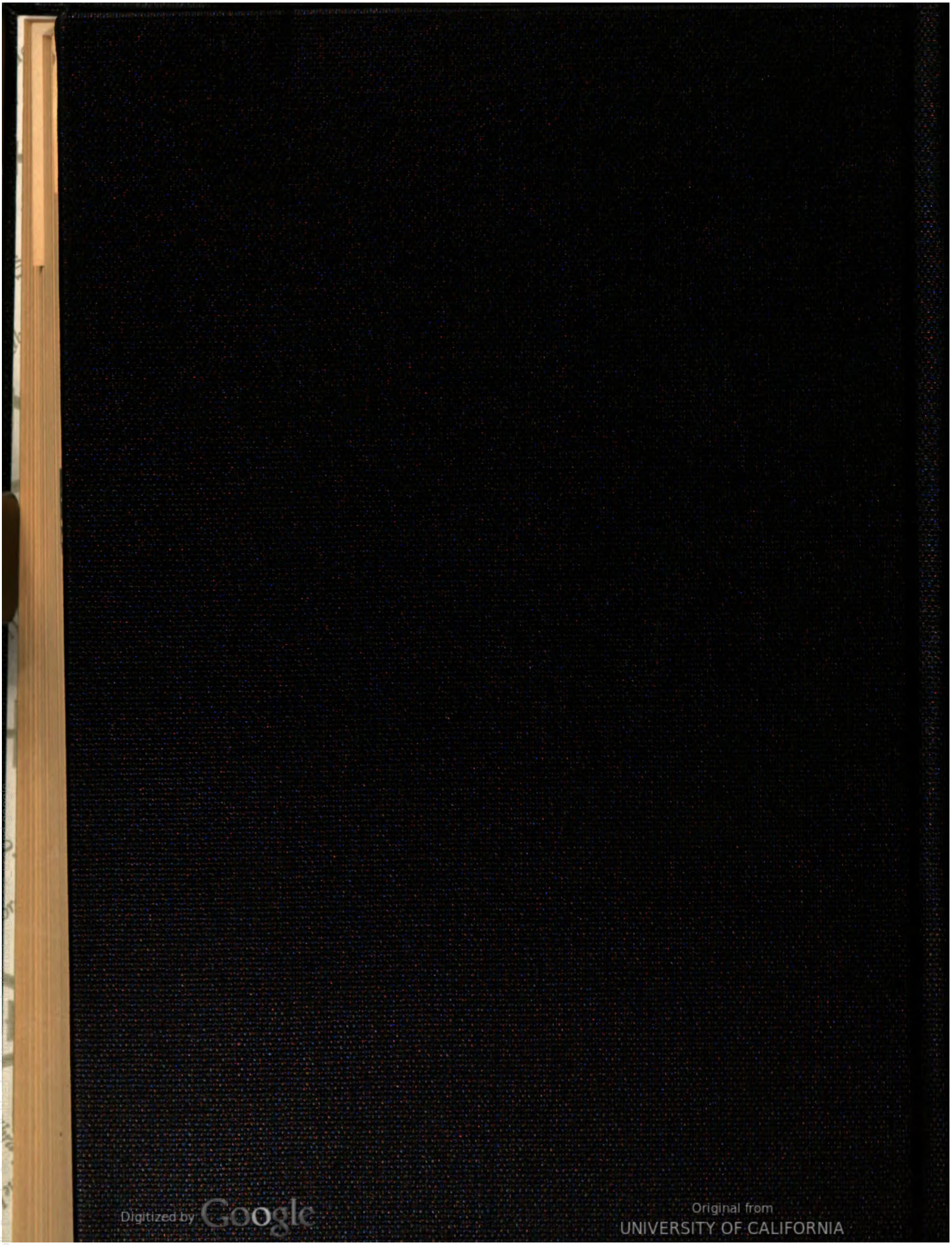
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